









THE  
*Ladies Magazine:*

OR

*Mirror of the Belles-Lettres.*

**FASHIONS.**

**Fine Arts, Music, Drama, &c.**

*A NEW SERIES.*

*Volume the Fifth.*



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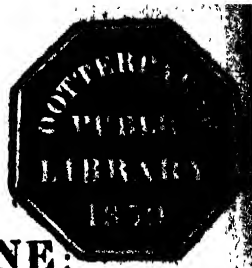
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AMONG the demands of civilised society, literature, if not a primary object, becomes an important and interesting pursuit. When the arts which minister to the support and accommodation of life have been long in full exercise, the fine arts succeed, and polite learning is introduced, to vary the scene of ordinary employment, and throw a lustre over the vulgarities of life. The mind is studiously cultivated, the reasoning powers are expanded, and the taste refined ; and, in the progress of culture, literature is at length elevated into a branch of the general system. It is then requisite that a proper direction should be given to it, so as to prevent it from ranging in corrupt channels ; that its best tendencies should be steadily promoted, and its legitimate influence fully established ; and that, while it rouses the feelings and amuses the mind, it should correct the judgement and purify the heart. These views are more particularly the objects of miscellaneous works, which are consequently more suited to the generality of readers than such as are solely instructive, or are confined to one branch of study.

To meet the prevailing inclination for a well-conducted work of this kind, the Gentleman's Magazine was brought forward by an intelligent speculator ; and the scheme was so successful, that the work still continues its monthly career, when nearly a century has elapsed from its commencement. The London and Universal Magazines followed, and long flourished ; but, from the want of due attention on the part of the proprietors, they gradually declined, and were at length annihilated. As these miscellanies were supposed to be not sufficiently light or amusing for female readers, at a time when the Ladies were not so well educated as they now are, that work which occasions the present appeal to the public was seasonably projected ; and we have the pleasure to find that it has not yet ' descended to the tomb of the Capulets.' On the contrary, it thrives and prospers. We have made it, we trust, the vehicle of varied entertainment and salutary instruction ; we have given it an impulse corresponding with the increased capabilities of the female mind, now more highly cultivated than at any former period ; and we may at the same time affirm, without the hazard of serious contradiction, that it is far from

being unworthy of the deliberate perusal even of the lords of the creation. This, we hope, is not a vain or empty boast : we are confident that a mere reference to the last volume will fully verify the assertion. That our endeavours to instruct and to please are properly appreciated by the public, the fact of a great increase of sale unquestionably serves to evince. A considerable part of this augmentation may be attributed by some of our subscribers to the more attractive beauty of our embellishments ; but let us hope that the intrinsic merit of the miscellany will not be deprived of its fair claims to the honor of that additional encouragement for which we now cordially thank our candid and liberal friends. Still, we must confess, we are not satisfied : we look forward to more extended patronage ; and we can assure the public, that we will strenuously endeavour to deserve it. We have made such arrangements as will secure a continuance of that display of talent and diversified information which our pages have for some years exhibited ; and our future graphic decorations, we doubt not, will be equally worthy of general notice and approbation.

No 1954



# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

*A New Series.*

JANUARY 31, 1824.

## A REMARKABLE CHARACTER, OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

I THINK that, in certain papers of schoolday recollections, to which I must plead guilty, I hinted to the courteous reader that I had been in my younger days, without prejudice to my present condition, somewhat of a spoiled child. The person who, next after my father and mother, contributed most materially to this melancholy catastrophe, was an old female domestic, Mrs. Elizabeth Mosse, who, at the time of her death, had lived nearly sixty years in our house and that of my maternal grandfather. In course, during the latter part of this long period, the common forms and feelings of servant and master were entirely swept away. She was a member of the family, an humble friend—happy are they who have such a friend! Living as she liked up-stairs or down, in the kitchen or the nursery, considered, consulted, and beloved by the whole household, Mossy (for by that fondling nursery name she best liked to be called) had never been married, so that the family of her master and mistress had no rival in her heart, and on me, their only child, was concentrated that intensity of affection which distinguishes the attachments of age. I loved her dearly too, as dearly as a spoiled child can love its prime spoiler,—but, oh! how selfish was my love, compared to the depth, purity, indulgence, self-denial of hers! Dear Mossy! I shall never do her justice; and yet I must try.

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Mrs. Mosse, in her appearance, was very respectable. She must have been tall, when young; for even when bent with age, she was above the middle height, a large-made though meagre woman. She walked with feebleness and difficulty, from the attacks of hereditary gout, which not even her temperance and activity could ward off. There was something very interesting in this tottering helplessness, clinging to the balusters, or holding by doors and chairs like a child. It had nothing of vulgar lameness; it told of age, venerable age. Out of doors she seldom ventured, unless on some very sunny afternoon I could entice her into the air, and then she would only go once round the garden, or to the lawn gate and back again, propped by a very aristocratic walking-stick (once the property of a duchess) as tall as herself, with a hooked ivory handle, joined to the cane by a rim of gold. Her face was as venerable as her person. She must have been very handsome; indeed she was so still, as far as regular and delicate features, a pale brown complexion, dark eyes still retaining the intelligence and animation of youth, and an expression perfectly gentle and feminine, could make her so. It is one of the worst penalties that woman pays to age, that often, when advanced in life, the face loses its characteristic softness; in short, but for the difference in dress, many an old woman's head might pass for that of an old man. This misfortune could never have happened to Mossy.

No one could mistake the sex of that countenance.

Her dress manifested a good deal of *amiable coquetry*; a nice and minute attention to the becoming. I do not know at what precise date her costume was fixed; but, as long as I remember her, fixed it was, and stood as invariably at one point of fashion, as the hand of an unwound clock stands at one hour of the day. It consisted (to begin from the feet and describe upwards) of black shoes of shining stuff, with very pointed toes, high heels, and a peak up the instep, showing to advantage her delicately white cotton stockings, and peeping beneath petticoats so numerous and substantial, as to give a rotundity and projection almost equal to a hoop. Her exterior garment was always quilted, varying according to the season or the occasion from simple stuff, or fine white dimity, or an obsolete manufacture called *Marseilles*, up to silk and satin;—for, as the wardrobes of my three grandmothers (pshaw! I mean my grandfather's three wives!) had fallen to her lot, few gentlewomen of the last century could boast a greater variety of silks that stood on end. Over the quilted petticoat came an open gown, whose long waist reached to the bottom of her stiff stays, and whose very full tail, about six inches longer than the petticoat, would have formed a very inconvenient little train, if it had been permitted to hang down; but that inconvenience never happened, and could scarcely have been contemplated by the designer. The tail was constantly looped up, so as to hang behind in a sort of bunchy festoon, exhibiting on each side the afore-said petticoat. In material the gown also varied with the occasion, although it was always either composed of dark cotton or of the rich silks and satins of my grandmama's wardrobe. The sleeves came down just below the elbow, and were finished by a narrow white ruffle meeting her neat mittens. On her neck she wore a snow-white double muslin kerchief, pinned over the gown in front, and confined by an apron also of muslin; and, over all, a handsome silk shawl, so pinned back as to show a part of the snowy neck-kerchief. Her head-dress was equally becoming, and more particularly precise; for, if ever she betrayed a touch of old-maidishness, it was on the score of her caps. From a touch of the gout in her hands, which had enlarged and stiffened

the joints, she could do no work which required nicety, and the successive lady's maids, on whom the operation devolved, used to say that they would rather make up ten caps for their mistress than one for Mrs. Mosse; and yet the construction seemed simple enough. A fine plain clear-starched caul, sticking up rather high and peaked in front, was plaited on a Scotch gauze headpiece; (I remember there used to be exactly six plaits on each side—woe to the damsel who should put more or less!) and, on the other side, a border, consisting of a strip of fine muslin, edged with narrow lace, clear-starched and crimped, was plaited on with equal precision. In one part of this millinery I used to assist. I dearly loved to crimp Mossey's frills, and she with her usual indulgence used frequently to let me, keeping however a pretty close eye on her laces and muslins, whilst I was passing them with triumphant rapidity between the small wooden machine notched longitudinally, and the corresponding roller. Perhaps a greater proof of indulgence could hardly have been shown, since she must, during this operation, have been in double fear for her own cap strips, which did occasionally get a rev' and for my fingers, which were sometimes well pinched—then she would threaten that I should never crimp her muslin again—a *never* which seldom lasted beyond the next cap-making. The head-piece was then concealed by a satin riband fastened in a peculiar bow, something between a bow and a puffing before, whilst the front was adorned with an equally peculiar small knot, of which the two bows were pinned down flat and the two ends left sticking up, cut into scallops of a prodigious regularity. The purchase of the ribands formed another branch of the cap-making department to which I laid claim. From the earliest period at which I could distinguish one color from another, I had been purveyor of ribands to Mossey, and indeed at all fairs, or whenever I received a present or entered a shop (and I was so liberally supplied that there was nothing like generosity in the case), it was the first and pleasantest destination of money that occurred to me;—so that the dear woman used to complain, that miss bought her so many ribands, that they spoiled in keeping. We did not quite agree either in our taste. White, as both acknowledged, was the only wear

for Sundays and holidays; but then she loved plain white, and I could not always control a certain wandering inclination for figured patterns and pearl edges. If Mossy had an aversion to any thing, it was to a pearl edge. I never could persuade her to wear that simple piece of finery but once; and then she made as many wry faces as a child eating olives, and stood before a glass eyeing the obnoxious riband with so much discomposure, that I was fain to take it out myself, and promise to buy no more pearl edges. The every-day ribands were colored; and there, too, we had our little differences of taste and opinion. Both agreed in the propriety of grave colors; but then my reading of a grave color was not always the same with hers. My eyes were not old enough. She used to accuse my French greys of blueness, and my crimsons of redness, and my greens of their greenness. She had a *penchant* for brown, and to brown I had a repugnance only to be equalled by that which she professed toward a pearl edge;—indeed I retain my dislike to this hour;—it is such an exceedingly cross and frumpish-looking color—and then its ugliness! Show me a brown flower! No; I could not bring myself to buy brown;—so, after fighting many battles about grey and green, we at last settled on purple as a sort of neutral tint, a hue which pleased both parties. To return to the cap which we have been so long making—the finish both to that and to my description was a strip of crimped muslin, with edging on both sides to match the border, quilled on a piece of tape, and fastened to the cap at each ear. This she called the *chinnun*. A straight short row of hair rather grey, but still very dark for her age, just appeared under the plaited lace; and a pair of silver mounted spectacles completed her equipment. If I live to the age of seventy, I will dress so too, with an exception of the stiff stays. Only a waist native to the fashion could endure that whalebone armour.

Her employments were many and various. No work was required of her from her mistress; but idleness was misery to her habits of active usefulness, and it was astonishing how much those crippled fingers could do. She preferred coarse needle-work, as it was least difficult to her eyes and hands; and she attended also to those numerous and undefined avocations of a gentleman's fa-

mily which come under the denomination of odd jobs,—shelling peas, paring apples, splitting French beans, washing china, darning stockings, hemming and mending dusters and house-cloths, making cabbage-nets, and knitting garters. These were her daily avocations, the amusements which she loved. The only more delicate operation of needle-work that she ever undertook was the making of pincushions, a manufacture in which she delighted—not the quips and quiddities of these degenerated days little bits of riband and pasteboard and gilt paper in the shape of books or butterflies, by which at charitable repositories half a dozen pins are smuggled into a lady's pocket, and shillings and half-crowns are smuggled out—no! Mossy's were the real solid old-fashioned silken pincushions, such as Autolycus might have carried about amongst his pedlery ware, square and roomy, and capable at a moderate computation of containing a whole paper of *short-whites* and another of *midlings*. It was delightful to observe her enjoyment of this play-work; the conscious importance with which she produced her satins and brocades and her cards of sewing silk (she generally made a whole batch at once)—the deliberation with which she assorted the colors;—the care with which she tacked and fitted side to side, and corner to corner;—the earnestness with which, when all was sewed up except one small aperture for the insertion of the stuffing, she would pour in the bran or stow in the wool;—then the care with which she poked the stuffing into every separate corner, ramming it down with all her strength, and making the little bag (so to say) hold more than it would hold, until it became almost as hard as a cricket-ball;—then how she drew the aperture together by main force, putting so many last stitches, fastening off with such care,—and then distributing them to all around her (for her lady-like spirit would have scorned the idea of selling them), but reserving the gayest and the prettiest for me. Dear old soul! I have several of them still.

But, if I should begin to enumerate all the instances of kindness which I experienced at her hands, through the changes and varieties of troublesome childhood and fantastic youth; from the time when I was a puling baby, to the still more exacting state of a young girl at home in the holidays, I should never



known when to end. Her sweet and loving temper was self-rewarded. She enjoyed the happiness she gave. Those were pleasant evenings when my father and mother were engaged in the Christmas dinner visits of a gay and extensive neighbourhood, and Mrs. Mosse used to put on her handsomest shawl and her kindest smile, and totter up stairs to drink tea with me and keep me company. From those evenings I imbibed, in the first place, a love of strong green tea, for which gentlewomanly excitement Mossy had a remarkable predilection; secondly, a very discreditable and unladylike partiality, of which I am quite ashamed, which I keep a secret from my most intimate friends, and would not mention for the world—a sort of sneaking kindness for her favorite game of cribbage; an old-fashioned vulgarity which in my mind beats the genteeler pastimes of whist and piquet, and every game except quadrille, out and out. I make no exception in favor of chess, because, thanks to my stupidity, I never could learn that recondite diversion; moreover, judging from the grave faces and fatiguing silence of the initiated, I cannot help suspecting that, board for board, we cribbage-players are as well amused as they are. Dear Mossy could neither feel to deal and shuffle, nor see to peg; so that the greater part of the business fell to my share. The success was pretty equally divided. Three rubbers were our stint; and we were often game and game in the last before victory declared itself. She was very anxious to beat certainly. (N. B. we never played for any thing)—She liked to win; and yet she did not quite like that I should lose. If we could both have won—if it had been four-handed cribbage, and she my partner—still there would have been somebody to be beaten and pitied, but then that somebody would not have been 'Miss.'

The cribbage hour was pleasant; but I think the hours of chat which preceded and followed it were pleasanter still. Mossy was a most agreeable companion, sensible, modest, simple, shrewd, with an exactness of recollection, an honesty of memory, that gave exceeding interest to her stories. You were sure that you heard the truth. There was one striking peculiarity in her manner of talking, or rather one striking contrast. The voice and accent were quite those of a gentlewoman, as

sweet-toned and correct as could be; the words and their arrangement were altogether those of a common person, provincial and ungrammatical in every phrase and combination. I believe it is an effect of association, from the little slips in her grammar, that I have contracted a most unscholar-like prejudice in favor of false syntax, which is so connected in my mind with right notions, that I no sooner catch the sound of bad English than I begin to listen for good sense; and really they often go together (always supposing that the bad English be not of the order called slang); they meet much more frequently than those exclusive people, ladies and gentlemen, are willing to allow. In her they were always united. But the charm of her conversation was in the old family stories and the unconscious peeps at old manners which they afforded.

My grandfather, with whom she had lived in his first wife's time, full twenty years before my mother's birth, was a most respectable clergyman, who, after passing a few years in London amongst the wits and poets of the day, seeing the star of Pope in its decline, and that of Johnson in its rise, had retired into the country, where he held two adjoining livings of considerable value, both of which he served for above forty years, until the duty becoming too severe, he resigned one of them under an old-fashioned notion, that he who did the duty ought to receive the remuneration. I am very proud of my venerable ancestor. We have a portrait of him taken shortly after he was ordained, in his gown and band, with a curious flowing wig, something like that of a judge, fashionable doubtless, at the time, but which at present rather discomposes one's notions of clerical costume. He seems to have been a dark little man, with a sensible countenance, and a pair of black eyes that even in the picture look you through. He was a votary of the Muses too; a contributor to *Lewis's Miscellany*; (did my readers ever hear of that collection?) translated Horace, as all gentlemen do; and wrote love-verses, which had the unusual good fortune of obtaining their object, being, as Mrs. Mosse was wont to affirm, the chief engine and implement by which at fifty he gained the heart of his third wife, my real grandmama, the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring squire. Of Dr. B. his wives and his sermons, the bishops

who visited, and the poets who wrote to him, Mossy's talk was mainly composed; chiefly of the wives.

Mrs. R., the first, was a fine London lady, a widow; and considerably older than her spouse, inasmuch as my grandpapa's passion for her commenced when he and her son by a former husband were school-fellows at Westminster. Mrs. Mosse never talked much of her, and, I suspect, did not much like her, though, when closely questioned, she would say that madam was a fine, portly lady, stately and personable, but rather too high. Her son made a sad *mesalliance*. He ran away with the sexton's daughter, an adventure which cost the sexton his post, and his mother her pride: she never looked up after it. That disgrace, and a cold caught by bumping on a pillion six miles through the rain, sent her to her grave.

Of the second Mrs. R. little remains on record, except a gown and petticoat of primrose silk, curiously embossed and embroidered with gold and silver thread and silks of all colors, in an enormous running pattern of staring flowers, wonderfully unlike nature; also various receipts in the family receipt-book, which show a delicate Italian hand, and a bold originality of orthography. The chief event of her married life appears to have been the small-pox. She and two of her sisters and Mrs. Mosse were all inoculated together. The other servants, who had not gone through the disorder, were sent out of the house: Dr. R. himself took refuge with a neighbouring friend, and the patients were consigned to the care of two or three nurses, gossips by profession, hired from the next town. The best parlour was turned into a hospital; a quarantine, almost as strict as would be required in the plague, was kept up, and the preparation, the disease, and the recovery, consumed nearly two months. Mrs. Mosse always spoke of it as one of the pleasantest passages of her life. None of them suffered much; there was nothing to do; plenty of gossiping; a sense of self-importance, such as all prisoners must feel more or less; and for amusement they had Pamela, the Spectator, and Sir Charles Grandison. My grandfather had a very fine library; but Sir Charles was a female book, having been purchased by the joint contributions of six young ladies, and circulated amongst them once a year, sojourning two months with each fair partner till death or marriage broke up the *coterie*. Is not

that fame?—Well, the second Mrs. R. died in the course of time, though not of the small-pox; and my grandfather, faithful to his wives, but not to their memories, married again as usual.

His third adventure in that line was particularly happy; for my grandmother, beside being a celebrated beauty, appears to have been one of the best and kindest women that ever gladdened a country-home. She had a large household; for the tithes of one rich rectory were taken in kind and the glebe cultivated; so that the cares of a farm-house were added to the hospitality of a man of good fortune, and to the sort of stateliness which in those primitive days appertained to a doctor of divinity. The superintendence of that large household seems to have been at once her duty and her delight. It was a plenty and festivity almost resembling that of Camacho's wedding, guided by a wise and liberal economy and a spirit of indefatigable industry. Oh the saltings, the picklings, the preservings, the cake-makings, the unnamed and unnameable confectionary doings over which she presided! The very names of her territories denoted the extent of her stores. The apple-room, the pear-bin, the cheese-loft, the minced-meat closet, were household words as familiar in Mossy's mouth as the dairy or the poultry-yard. And my grandmama was no hoarder for hoarding's sake, no maker of good things which were not to be eaten—as I have sometimes noted amongst your managing ladies; the object of her cares and stores was to contribute to the comfort of all who came within her influence. The large parsonage-house was generally overflowing with guests; and from the Oxford professor, who with his wife, children, servants, and horses, passed his vacations there, to the poor pew-opener, who came with her little ones at tide-times, all felt the charm of her smiling graciousness, her sweet and cheerful spirit, her open hand and open heart. It is difficult to imagine a happier couple than my venerable grandfather and his charming wife. He retained to the last his studious habits, his love of literature, and his strong and warm family affections; while she cast the sunshine of her innocent gaiety over his respectable age, proud of his scholarship and prouder still of his virtues. Both died long ago. But Mossy was an 'honest chronicler,' and never weary of her theme. Even

the daily airings of the good doctor (who, in spite of his three wives, had a little of the peculiar preciseness in his studies and his exercise which one is apt to attribute exclusively to that dreary person, an old bachelor), even those airings from twelve to two, four miles on the turnpike road and four miles back, with the fat horses and the grey-haired coachman, became vivid and characteristic in her description. The very carriage dog, Sancho, was individualized; we felt that he belonged to the people and the time.

Of these things we talked, mingled with many miscellaneous anecdotes of the same date;—how an electioneering duke saluted madam, and lost master's interest by the freedom; how Sir Thomas S., the Lovelace of his day, came in his chariot and six full twenty miles out of his way, to show himself to Miss Fanny in a Spanish masquerade-dress, white satin slashed with blue, a blue cloke embroidered with silver, and point-lace that might have won any woman's heart, except that of his fair but obdurate mistress; and lastly, how Henry Fielding, when on a visit in the neighbourhood, had been accustomed to come and swing the children in the great barn; he had even swung Mossy herself, to her no small edification and delight—only think of being chucked backwards and forwards by the man who wrote about parson Adams and squire Allworthy; I used to envy her that felicity. Then from authors we got to books. She could not see in my time to read any thing but the folio Bible and common-prayer book, with which my dear mother had furnished her; but in her younger days she had seen or heard parts at least of a variety of books, and entered into them with a very keen though uncritical relish. Her chief favorites were the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Don Quixote*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the equally apocryphal but still truer-seeming history of the plague in London, by the same author, all of which she believed with the most earnest simplicity. I used frequently to read to her the passages she liked best; and she in her turn would repeat to me songs and ballads, good, bad, and indifferent—a strange medley, and strangely confounded in her memory; and so the time passed till ten o'clock. Those were pleasant evenings for her and for me.

I have sometimes on recollection

feared that her down-hill life was less happy. All that the orders of a mistress could effect for her comfort was done. But we were rich then unluckily; and there were skip-jacks of footmen, and surly coachmen, and affected waiting-maids, and vixenish cooks with tempers red-hot like their coals, to vex and tease our dear old woman. She must have suffered greatly between her ardent zeal for her master's interest and that strange principle of concealing evil doings which servants call honor, and of which she was perpetually the slave and the victim. She had another infirmity too, an impossibility of saying no, which, added to an unbounded generosity of temper, rendered her the easy dupe of the artful and designing. She would give any thing to the appearance of want or the pretence of affection; in short, to importunity, however clothed. It was the only point of weakness in her character; and to watch that she did not throw away her own little comforts, to protect her from the effects of her over-liberality, was the chief care of her mistress. Three inferior servants were successively turned away for trespassing on Mossy's goodness, drinking her green tea, eating her diet-bread, begging her gowns. But the evil was incurable; she could dispense with any pleasure except that of giving. So she lived on, beloved as the kind, the gentle, and the generous must be, till I left school—an event that gave her great satisfaction.

We passed the succeeding spring in London; and she took the opportunity to pay a long-promised visit to a half-nephew and niece, or rather a half-niece and her husband who lived in Prince's-street, Barbican. Mrs. Beck (one naturally mentions her first as the person of most consequence) was the only real woman who ever came up to the magnificent abstract idea of the 'fat woman of Brentford,' the only being for whom Sir John Falstaff might have passed undetected. She was indeed a mountain of flesh, exuberant, rubicund, and bearded like a man; and she spoke, in a loud deep mannish voice, a broad Wiltshire dialect; but she was hearty and jovial withal, a thorough good-fellow in petticoats. Mr. Beck, on the other hand, was a little, insignificant, perking, sharp-featured man, with a Jerry-Sneak expression in his pale whey-face, a thin squeaking voice, and a Cockney accent. He had been lucky enough to keep a

little shop in an independent borough at the time of a violent contested election ; and having adroitly kept back his vote till votes rose to their full value (I hope this is no breach of privilege), and then voted on the stronger side, he was at the time of which I speak comfortably settled in the excise as a tide waiter, had a pretty neat house, brought up his family in good repute, wore a flaming red waist-coat, attended a dissenting meeting, and owed no man a shilling.

These good people were very fond of their aunt, who had indeed, before they were so well off, shown them innumerable kindnesses. Perhaps there might be in the case a little gratitude for favors to come ; for she had three or four hundred pounds to bequeath, partly her own savings, and partly a legacy from a distant relative ; and they were her natural heirs. However that might be, they paid her all possible attention, and when we were about to return into the country, petitioned so vehemently for a few weeks more, that, yielding to the above-mentioned infirmity, she consented to stay. I had myself been the ambassador to Barbican to fetch our dear old friend ; and I remember, as if it were yesterday, how earnestly I entreated her to come with me, and how seriously I lectured Mrs. Beck for her selfishness, in wishing to keep her aunt in London during the heat of June. I even, after taking leave, sprang out of the carriage and ran again up stairs to persuade her to come with me. Mossy's wishes were evidently on my side ; but she had promised, and the performance of her promise was peremptorily claimed : so with a heavy heart I left her. I never saw her again. There is surely such a thing as presentiment. A violent attack of gout in the stomach carried her off in a few hours. Hail to thy memory ! for thou wast of the antique world, when service was zealously given for duty, not for need ! M.

#### POPULARITY.

PRINCES and statesmen have experienced the versatility of popular feeling, and have been exalted or depressed by the whim or caprice of the multitude. It is no uncommon thing for a great man to outlive his reputation, and either sink into insignificance, or survive only for execration ; but in despite of the numerous instances furnished by history

of the ingratitude and perfidy of mankind, and the important truths gathered by observation,—though ministers have fallen, and the idols of the nation have incurred general odium,—my ambition has always induced me to aim at popularity. Undismayed by the accidents which have befallen others placed certainly in a higher station than I could ever expect to obtain, I have boldly courted public opinion, and practised with considerable success such arts as have at length raised me to a pinnacle from which I look proudly down upon the circle below ; touched sometimes, I must confess, by a slight apprehension, suggested by the frail foundation of my altitude, and brain-racked by the necessity of hunting for devices to keep possession of my post. When I was a school-boy, I always headed a party. As I scorned to follow, it was my pride to lead, and no enterprise was too desperate for me to undertake, rather than allow any other aspirant to snatch the glory. Whether a campaign against the rats, the plunder of an orchard, or the barring-out of a master, formed the order of the day, I invariably commanded the rebellious troops ; negotiating for this high post by a liberal expenditure, and suffering in consequence many thumps, canings, and floggings. I afterwards spent several years in a militia regiment, and earned the appellation of a good fellow by becoming a sort of majordomo to the corps. I performed the duties of adjutant and quarter-master, whenever those officers were sick or lazy. I kept the mess accounts, ordered the utensils, scolded the cook, and regulated the waiters. I learned to scrape on the violin, and to blow the flute, that I might qualify myself to superintend the band ; and the leader looked up to me as the only musical genius in the regiment : then I never refused to take a guard from a brother officer ; I drank with the colonel, played at chess with the major, hunted with the captains, and smoked with the subalterns, taking care never to compromise my dignity, and to be friendly, not subservient. In this task I found great difficulty ; for a man eager to obtain popularity is apt to degenerate into a mere courtier, and then he loses his aim, his motive is discovered, and he sinks into contempt. A few failures, and an infinity of trouble, nearly disgusted me with my undertaking ; and I should probably have retired altogether from

active life, or contented myself in a very small way, had not an opportunity occurred which offered too strong a temptation for me to resist.

My elder brother died, and I came into possession of a very good income. My estate is situated in the vicinity of a watering-place rising rapidly into notice. I was instantly entreated to become steward to the races and to the balls; to subscribe to the erection of an assembly-room and a methodist chapel; to take the chair at public meetings convened for the establishment of a charity-school and a warm bath, the propagation of Christian knowledge in Otaheite, and the encouragement of the manufacture of straw bonnets at home. Then I was requested to regulate the fares of sedan chairs, to prevent the impositions of pony-chaise-boys, to favor the introduction of gas lights, to present the town with a piece of land for a cricket-ground, to give a sheep annually to the populace on the king's birth-day, encourage the theatre, and suppress the fair. My name is *Blenkinsop*, which is sonorous and commanding, and makes a good figure at the head of a bill. 'Under the patronage of R. S. *Blenkinsop, Esq.*' looks and reads well. Accordingly I sought popularity in my new residence with zeal and alacrity. I was every thing, yet nothing, in the place; I lent money for various speculations and improvements, but claimed no share in the emolument, contenting myself with simple interest, to prove the disinterestedness of my motives, which, as far as regarded pecuniary profits, were certainly of the purest description. I only asked the voice of fame in return for my endeavours to serve the community; and for this I bawled myself hoarse at the races, danced myself lame at the balls, walked at the head of a lodge of free-masons, sate on the bench of magistrates, rode with a procession of yeomanry cavalry, and stood with a plate at the church-door. I was trustee to a saving-bank and an insurance office, perpetual president of a catch-club, a member of the subscription hunt, and subscriptions innumerable; in short, my name was placarded on every wall; nothing was undertaken without my advice, and no measure proposed without the sanction of my authority. I made new laws and new roads, laid the first stone of the toll-bridge, and put the finishing stroke to the bazaar. I bespoke plays, and patronized music-meetings; distri-

buted prizes to the successful candidates for trumpery medals awarded to the owner of the fattest pig and largest turnep in the new market; shut up the public-houses on Sundays, and swore in every shopkeeper in the place as a special constable; there was no end to my toil, no limit to my efforts.

At first every thing went on smoothly; I was admired for my public spirit; my example was quoted upon all occasions, and not a gentleman round could compete with me for popularity. The lord of the manor, proud and indolent, consulted only his own inclination and pleasure, and left me master of the field. Excessive fatigue of body sometimes rendered me a little envious of the ease in which he indulged; but I was soothed by the consideration that he was a mere non-entity, whilst I enjoyed a recompense for my labors in the fame which they acquired. To attain this high degree of estimation, I must confess, cost me much, both of mental and corporeal exertion; but to keep it demands strength, temper, and ability, incessantly engaged. '*R. S. Blenkinsop, Esq.*,' though printed in capital letters, each a foot long, no longer commands universal attention. I am compelled to canvass for supporters, to give dinners at home, as well as attend them abroad, and to ascertain the inclinations of the majority before I venture upon any decided part. I dread the secession of my partisans; the horror of wearing out my interest, and subsiding into a cipher, is always before me. The celebrity of the place has invited a master of the ceremonies to take up his quarters amongst us, and to him I would have willingly delegated all my authority in the ball-room; but unluckily he has made himself enemies in the place. The landlord of the Parade Hotel has built a suite of assembly-rooms, and started an opposition ball, which I am obliged to patronize; and the consequence of this division is shown in thin rooms at both places. My rival has still many friends, who make it a point to stay away from the hotel, notwithstanding the name of Mr. *Blenkinsop*, and a supper (a formidable ally), for the reasonable price of half-a-guinea. A demand of five shillings would better suit the purses of others, who remain at home out of economy, and boast of their kindness to the poor persecuted M. C. As the rock he split on was the not procuring partners for all the young ladies,

when partners were not to be had, beaux being a scarce commodity, I am compelled to entreat, persuade, rally, and bribe a set of idle, conceited, ignorant, impudent dandies and louts, to lead the handsomest girls to the quadrille, and to dance myself with Miss P. because she is ugly, Miss L. because she is an heiress, and Miss G. because she is a stranger. This sort of exertion did very well a few years ago; but I am beginning to lose all enjoyment in violent exercise. I find myself casting side-long glances at the card-room, and wishing to be involved in the destinies of the four kings even whilst tripping it on the light fantastic toe; and yet I go on, I scarcely know why. I have no marriageable daughters to settle in life, nor do I intend to stand for the county; but popularity is still so fascinating that I am loth to relinquish it, though, as I hinted before, I occasionally suffer from the dread of being violently deprived of its honors. The ingratitude of the world in general, and the private malice of particular individuals, are the sources of my fears. It has so happened that some of the institutions, to which, in the zenith of my exertions to improve the town, I affixed my name and seal, have either failed to accomplish their intended object, or turned out intolerable nuisances,—misfortunes which will sometimes occur to the most plausible schemes. Of these sinister accidents all the disgrace has very unfairly been heaped upon me, and I am made answerable for every catastrophe. 'It was Mr. Blenkinsop's doing,'—'he would have it so,'—'I always prognosticated the event,' say the very people who came cap in hand and open-mouthed to entreat my patronage for the infant work, which, according to their account, was to produce every good that could accrue to man. I am derided, brow-beaten, and insulted. The increasing population and wealth of the place have attracted half a dozen *solicitors*, as they call themselves; and I can no longer threaten, command, and insist, as heretofore, when I propose any measure for the public good. Every butcher's boy and huckster's apprentice come armed with the terrors of the law against me, and bid defiance to my authority; my most spirited harangues are cut short by some pert attorney, who presumes to talk about rights and privileges, and warns me to beware of infringing the liberty of the subject. Formerly there was only one newspaper

in the place; and, as that was established by me, I carried every thing my own way. Now there are two, and the squabbles of rival editors in London are nothing, compared with the mighty warfare waged between these worthies of the country press. Obligated to take a part, I am hooted and reviled by the opposite phalanx, and, on a late occasion, I narrowly escaped being burned in effigy. The arrival of a nabob has also turned the heads of half of the community, and consequently so diminished my interest, that I am obliged to take a second-rate character where I was accustomed to lead, which to me is about as agreeable as it would be to Mr. Kean to play Richmond to some new Richard at Drury-lane. But my Indian rival is capricious and ill-tempered; full of his own consequence, and little disposed to consult the interests of others; and to one who was accustomed to Asiatic homage, the sturdy British spirit of resistance which he now and then encounters must be intolerable. When the glare of his opulence has ceased to dazzle the eyes of my townsmen, he will no longer be an object of adoration; and, as I still possess a party of firm and steady friends, who remember all that I have done, and estimate all that I can do; if not a pasha with three tails in the town of —, R.S. Blenkinsop, Esq. is still a great man, and can make a benefit for an actor, and a stir in the vestry, and a speech at a public dinner, which shall command applause. By a little manœuvring I have managed to keep a certain rank and dignity, in despite of all the efforts of my adversaries. I take care to be absent from every meeting when I have reason to believe that the chair will not be offered to me, and shall be ready to burst out in all the splendor of my ancient glory whenever the tide of public feeling may turn in my favor.

A LETTER FROM SCHILLER THE DRAMATIST.

As the letters of men of talent are frequently interesting, I have sent you one which was written by Schiller, in the year 1785, to his friend Schwann, hinting at his prospects in life, and modestly intimating his matrimonial views.

'You have an indubitable right to be angry at my long silence; yet I know your goodness too well to doubt that you will pardon me.'

When a man, unskilled as I am in the busy world, visits Leipzig for the first time during the fair, it is, if not excusable, at least comprehensible, that among the multitude of strange things running through his head, he should for a few days lose the recollection of himself. Such, my dearest friend, has till to-day been nearly my case; even now I have to steal the pleasing moments, which, in idea, I mean to spend with you at Mannheim.

Our journey hither, of which Herr Götz will give you a circumstantial description, was the most fatal you can imagine. Bog, Snow, and Rain, were the three wicked foes that by turns assailed us; and though we used an additional pair of horses, all the way from Bach, yet our traveling, which should have ended on Friday, was spun out till Sunday. It is universally maintained that the fair has visibly suffered by the shocking state of the roads; in my eyes, at all events, the crowd of sellers and buyers is far *beneath* the description I used to get of it in the empire.

In the very first week of my residence here, I made innumerable new acquaintances; among whom, Weisse, Oeser, Hiller, Zollikofer, professor Huber, Jünger, the famous actor Reinike, a few merchants' families of the place, and some Berlin people, are the most interesting. During fair-time, as you know well, a person cannot get the *full* enjoyment of any one; our attention to the individual is dissipated in the noisy multitude.

My most pleasant recreation hitherto has been to visit Richter's coffee-house, where I constantly find half the *world* of Leipzig assembled, and extend my acquaintance with foreigners and natives.

From various quarters, I have had some alluring invitations to Berlin and Dresden, which it will be difficult for me to withstand. It is quite a peculiar case, my friend, to have a literary name. The few men of worth and consideration, who offer you their intimacy on that score, and whose regard is really worth coveting, are too disagreeably counterweighed by the baleful swarm of creatures, who keep humming round you like so many flesh-flies, gape at you as if you were a monster, and condescend, moreover, on the strength of one or two blotted sheets, to present themselves as colleagues. Many people cannot understand how a man that composed the *Robbers* should look like another son of

Adam. Close-cut hair, at the very least, and postilion's boots, and a hunter's whip, were expected.

Many families are in the habit of spending the summer in some of the adjacent villages, and so enjoying the pleasures of the country. I mean to pass a few months in Gohlis, which lies only a quarter of a league from Leipzig, with a very pleasant walk leading to it, through the Rosenthal. Here I purpose being very diligent, working at *Carlos* and the *Thalia*, that so, which perhaps will please you more than any thing, I may gradually and silently return to my medical profession. I long impatiently for that epoch of my life, when my prospects may be settled and determined, when I may follow my darling pursuits merely for my own pleasure. At one time I studied medicine *con amore*: could I not do it now with still greater keenness?

This, my best friend, might of itself convince you of the truth and firmness of my purpose; but what should give you the most complete security on that point, what must banish all your doubts about my steadfastness, I have yet kept secret. *Now or never* I must speak it out. Distance alone gives me courage to express the wish of my heart. Frequently enough, when I used to have the happiness of being near you, has this confession hovered on my tongue: but my confidence always forsook me, when I tried to utter it. My best friend, your goodness, your affection, your generosity of heart, have encouraged me in a hope, which I can justify by nothing but the friendship and respect you have always shown me. My free unconstrained access to your house afforded me the opportunity of intimate acquaintance with your amiable daughter; and the frank, kind treatment, with which both you and she honored me, tempted my heart to entertain the bold wish of becoming your son. My prospects have hitherto been dim and vague: they now begin to alter in my favor. I will strive with more continuous vigor when the goal is clear; do you decide whether I can reach it, when the dearest wish of my heart supports my zeal.

Yet two short years, and my whole fortune will be determined. I feel how *much* I ask, how boldly, and with how little right I ask it. A year is past since this thought took possession of my soul; but my esteem for you and your excellent daughter was too high to allow room

for a wish, which at that time I could found on no solid basis. I made it a duty with myself to visit your house less frequently, and to dissipate such feelings by absence; but this poor artifice did not avail me.

The duke of Weimar was the first person to whom I disclosed myself. His anticipating goodness, and the declaration that he took an interest in my happiness, induced me to confess that this happiness depended on an union with your noble daughter; and he expressed his satisfaction at my choice. I have reason to hope that he will do more, should it come to the point of fulfilling my wishes in this matter.

I shall add nothing farther, except the assurance that perhaps hundreds of others might afford your good daughter a more splendid fate, than I at this moment can promise her; but I deny that any other *heart* can be more worthy of her. Your decision, which I look for with impatience and fearful expectation, will determine whether I may venture to write in person to your daughter.

FREDERIC SCHILLER.

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DENMARK DELINEATED, OR SKETCHES OF THE PRESENT STATE OF THAT COUNTRY.

DENMARK is not a very important or powerful kingdom; nor are the objects of nature or of art, which the country exhibits, so striking as to attract numerous visitants, or to excite general curiosity. Yet it does not deserve the neglect with which it appears to be treated; and we ought to thank the present writer for introducing us to a better acquaintance with it. But the work is not finished; the chief towns are not yet described; and therefore we shall only at present take a slight notice of it.

Among other pleasing accounts, the descriptions of the beauties of Esrom Lake and its environs, which in luxuriance and softened richness surpass even Loch Lomond, and those of the royal residences of Fredensborg and Fredericsholm, will be perused with interest by the admirers of fine scenery, and by those who delight in the historical reminiscences attached to the latter. But, without allowing ourselves to be detained by them, we hasten to Jagerspris, the favorite retreat of Christian the Fifth, where is a grove embellished by monu-

ments erected to the principal worthies of Denmark; so that the spot may be considered as the Westminster Abbey of that country. Among the illustrious characters, to whose memory the deserved tribute of patriotic gratitude has here been paid, we meet with the names of Tycho Brahe, Griffenfeld the great statesman, Tordenskiold the naval hero, and the no less eminent military commanders Absalon, Lykke, and Ranzau. The baron Holberg, of course, is not excluded from this Elysian grove; and it is to him that we shall now principally direct the attention of our readers. His portraiture of character and manners is too national, and, moreover, describes a state of society that is now become obsolete. His satire is too local to be generally relished by foreigners; and, ingenious as the plots of some of his comedies undoubtedly are, we observe, at the same time, a certain rudeness, simplicity, and inartificiality in the conduct of his pieces, strongly characteristic of an infant state of the drama. Grotesque scenes frequently occur, while the dialogue is sometimes diffusely spun out, and not raised above the common-place tone of ordinary life. Yet even these imperfections have an interest which we should probably not find in them, if the garb of a foreign language did not conceal much of what would otherwise appear tame, insipid, and jejune, and invest them with a power of pleasing, similar to that which painting confers upon objects indifferent and inattractive in themselves. Holberg, however, possesses positive merits and beauties as a dramatic writer; his touches of satire are frequent and keen, and his powers of humor considerable.

'Holberg (says our author) was the founder of polite literature in Denmark. He supplied us with useful works on universal and national history, and produced a variety of entertaining performances of a comic and satirical cast. He excited among the people a taste for reading books in our own language, the Latin having been hitherto the only vehicle for communicating the thoughts of our writers. He kindled and diffused among us a propensity to think and write; and our literary efforts began to attract the notice of foreign nations, from the circumstance of his works being translated into the English, French, German, Italian, Swedish, and Dutch languages. 'Holberg,' says Suhm, 'gave to his nation the impulse which Cicero gave to



his countrymen: both incited them to write, think, and philosophize, in their own language.

An historian of the present day, Dr. Baden, also states Holberg's claims to the gratitude of his countrymen, for the beneficial influence of his writings on their intellectual improvement. The learned doctor, in proceeding to point out the baron's pre-eminence above all his contemporaries, takes occasion to assert that, had he not existed, the people of Denmark and Norway would have been a whole century behind in the attainment of knowledge. He wrote from thirty to forty comedies, many of which have been translated and imitated in the most current European languages. In illustration of the merits of his plays it may be proper to quote the opinions of some competent judges. Some of his admirers go so far as to affirm, that Holberg's plays do not yield in any respect to the best of Moliere's, and in many instances surpass them; and that in comic vigor and delineation of character they might bear a comparison with Shakspeare's. Professor Steffens, in a work entitled, the Present Age, observes that Denmark possesses in Holberg a comic dramatist such as scarcely any other modern nation can boast of: and M. Heiberg, a Danish gentleman who has resided many years in France, and whose name will be familiar to such of my readers as are conversant with modern French literature, expresses the following sentiments respecting the baron: 'After having for many years studied the dramatic poets of all ancient and modern nations, I may say that I have come to the conclusion that there are only three comic dramatists who really deserve that name—Plautus, Moliere, and Holberg.'

This praise is evidently hyperbolic, and little weight can be attached by our own countrymen to this opinion.

The writer thus proceeds: 'The mock-heroic poem of Peder Paars, and Niels Klim's Subterraneous Journey, have chiefly contributed to the extension of his fame. The reputation of the former production, from its local character, is principally confined to Denmark, where it is a great favorite with all classes of people: it is found in the libraries of the great and the grave, and is among the cottager's scanty stock of books. The Subterraneous Journey is perhaps Holberg's masterpiece. It is

an exquisite piece of satire, written in imitation of Lucian and Swift, on philosophical, political, and religious subjects, full of important and useful rules to rulers. As such, it excited great indignation among the preachers of *passive obedience*, and was very near being suppressed. Niels Klim was originally written in Latin, which, from not being sufficiently understood by the gentlemen who were charged with the *surveillance* of the Danish muses, probably secured Holberg against persecution.'

Denmark has given birth to men who possessed more extensive learning, a deeper reach of thought, a wider compass of historical research, and greater poetical powers, than Holberg can be said to have displayed; but it has not produced a writer whose works have proved so extensively beneficial to the mass of the people. Some years after his death, Evald arose, and became the founder of the tragic drama, as Holberg had been the father of comedy. But Evald fell upon times inauspicious to his character and genius. 'He stood,' (says Oehlenschläger) 'diametrically opposed to the age in which he lived. Denmark neither knew nor understood him, and could not therefore appreciate his worth.'

The last-mentioned writer, who died in 1781, at the age of thirty-eight, was not only admirable as a tragic, but equally so as a lyric poet. His odes and similar compositions are distinguished by boldness of thought and vigor of expression. Among the tragic writers of the present day, it will be sufficient to name Oehlenschläger and Ingemann, both of whom are in some degree known to the English reader.

In speaking of Overod, a village where Sulm had a villa, the author takes an opportunity of mentioning his merits as an historian, who deserves to be classed with the most eminent modern writers in this department of literature.

#### A MEMOIR OF ROSSINI.

THE great influence and attractions of music necessarily recommend composers to our notice; and, as Rossini is now in this country, inquiries with regard to his attainments and his progress in life will naturally arise. This wish has been gratified by the labors of a friend who is well acquainted with him, and from whose biographical sketch, lately pub-

lished at Paris in the assumed name of Stendhal, we extract the following particulars.

The father of Rossini was a player on the French horn, one of those perambulating symphonists who gain a scanty subsistence by frequenting fairs, and forming a part of the little impromptu orchestras, which are collected in the provincial towns for the performance of operas. A wife who had some pretensions to beauty co-operated with him on these occasions; and they were living in *harmony* at Pesaro, when (in 1792) their son Gioacchino was born. They took him to Bologna in 1798; but he did not begin to study music before he attained the age of twelve years. His instructor was Angelo Tesei, who soon took great notice of his rising talents. He officiated as a singer in the churches for about three years, and was admired for the beauty of his soprano. In 1807 he entered the Lyceum of Bologna, and received lessons in music from Mattei. In the course of the next year he produced his first musical composition, a symphony and cantata, and was soon after elected director of the Concorde, a musical society at Bologna. His talent soon displayed itself in several minor productions; but it was not until 1812 that he brought out, at Venice, *l'Inganno Felice*, an opera of considerable merit. This great success of the young composer did not secure him from the insolence of the manager of the theatre San Mosé; and Rossini revenged himself in a manner which is sufficiently ludicrous and original. In a new opera of his own composition he introduced all the extravagances and absurdities that he could invent. The audience, which was very numerous, as it always is in Italy upon the night of a new opera, was filled with astonishment, and regarded the conduct of Rossini as a personal insult. He was wholly unmoved by hisses and other marks of displeasure, laughed at the manager, and went to Milan, where his friends had procured him an engagement. In the Carnival of 1813 he produced *Tancredi* at Venice. The Venetians were delighted with this opera, even to folly, and exclaimed that Cimarosa had returned to the world. His fame was instantly spread throughout Europe, as one of the most elegant and spirited of all living composers. At the age of twenty, he composed *la Pietra del Paragone*, his *chef-d'œuvre* in the *buffo* style. This

opera is wholly unknown to an English audience, and was played in a mutilated form to the Parisian critics, with very equivocal success. In Italy, however, it covered the young musician with fresh glory, and won for him other favors than those which were lavished on his genius. Though habitually cold and indifferent, he often speaks with enthusiasm of this period, as one of the happiest portions of his life.

After this success, he revisited Pesaro and his family, to which he was passionately attached. During his absence his sole correspondent had been his mother, his letters to whom he addressed 'To the most honored Signora Rossini, mother of the celebrated composer, at Bologna.'—'Such,' adds his biographer, 'is the character of the man; half serious, half laughing. Happy in his genius, in the midst of the most susceptible people in Europe, intoxicated with praise from his very infancy, he is conscious of his own glory, and does not see why he should not naturally, and without concession, hold the same rank as a minister of state. The latter has drawn a great prize in the lottery of ambition; Rossini has drawn a great prize in the lottery of nature. This phrase is his own.'

The severe critics of Bologna charged Rossini with transgressing the rules of composition. He agreed with them. 'I should not (said he) have so many faults to reproach myself with if I were to read my manuscript twice over. But you know that I have scarcely six weeks allowed me to compose an opera. During the first month I amuse myself; and pray when would you have me amuse myself if not at my present age and with my present success? Ought I to wait till I am old and full of spleen? The last fortnight comes, however. Every morning I write a duet, or an air, which is rehearsed in the evening. How is it possible that I can perceive the errors in the accompaniments?' The accusation was repeated at Paris by M. Berton, who made a comparison between Rossini and Mozart, disadvantageous to the former. This produced a very animated reply from M. de Stendhal, and a furious paper war ensued.

The fame of Rossini now procured him numerous engagements, and he was in the habit of producing four or five operas in the year, at the price of about 1,000 francs (42*l.*) for each. He visited

in succession almost all the towns of Italy, remaining two or three months in each. On his arrival in a town he was generally received with carresses, and for fifteen or twenty days engaged in all sorts of dissipation. After this period he refused invitations, and studied the voices and capacities of the performers; and, when two or three weeks had passed in this kind of examination, he set himself to work. Rising late, he used to compose in the midst of his friends, undisturbed by their conversation. Then came dinner, supper, and enjoyment, and at three in the morning his most brilliant conceptions thronged upon him. He wrote in haste, without a piano, on little pieces of paper, and the next day he would arrange them, and try them upon an instrument whilst talking with his friends.

In 1814 he composed *Aureliano in Palmira* for the Milan theatre. It has been rarely played on any other stage; and, upon the strength of its being unknown, he transferred the overture to some other operas. He composed for the same theatre *Il Turco in Italia*. It was not very successful, and he was accused of having copied himself; a carelessness not to be pardoned by the frequenters of the grand theatre Della Scala. It was afterwards recomposed, and received with enthusiasm.

The fame of Rossini had at length reached Naples, and excited an ardent desire amongst the amateurs to have amongst them the great musical wonder. He was therefore engaged by Barbaia, the manager of San-Carlo, for several years, at 12,000 francs (500*l.*) per annum, to compose two operas each year, and arrange all the music of such operas as Barbaia might bring out at either of the two great theatres of Naples. This engagement required very great exertions from Rossini: but his gay and elastic spirit enabled him to triumph over all difficulties. The manager had a favorite whom he employed as his *prima donna*, and to whom Rossini became so attached that he afterwards married her. This was Mademoiselle Colbran, whose voice was so feeble, that her young lover was induced to adopt a more complicated system of composition, in exchange for the simple beauty of his former melodies, and resolved, like the Germans, to depend so much on the orchestra, as to convert the accessory into the principal.

In 1816, he composed, during the car-

nival at Rome, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, one of the most spirited, gay, and graceful of all his operas. It is to this piece, more than any other, that his reputation in Paris must be ascribed. It is more in the French style than any of his previous compositions. In 1817, *La Gazza Ladra* was played for the first time at Milan. The success was astonishing, and M. de Stendhal observes, that 'it requires all the energy of the Italian language to describe it. Every moment the people rose to express their joy by acclamations. Rossini, the same evening relating his success, said that he was quite worn out by the number of obeisances he had been obliged to make to the admirers of the piece,—who were crying out every moment, *bravo maestro! viva Rossini!* This applause was the more honorable, as Milan at that time contained some of the best literary and musical critics in Italy. *Mosè in Egitto* was produced at Naples in 1818. It has been played in London with new words, under the title of *Peter the Hermit*, as M. de Stendhal says, 'out of respect for the Bible.' This opera was very successful until the third act: when the absurd manner in which the arrangements for passing the Red Sea were managed filled the audience with laughter, and endangered the triumph of the piece. The next year, when it was repeated, the following circumstances occurred, as told by M. de Stendhal: 'The night before *Mosès* was to be performed, one of my friends called upon Rossini about mid-day, and found him as usual idling in bed, and surrounded by twenty or more of his acquaintance; when, to the great delight of the assembly, Totola (the poet of the theatre) appeared, and, without saluting or addressing any one else, cried out, 'Master, master, I've saved the third act.'—'And what the devil have you done, my poor friend?' asked Rossini, imitating the half-burlesque and half-pedantic manner of the poet. 'Master, I've written a prayer for the Hebrews before they pass the Red Sea.' Upon this the poor devil drew out of his pocket a great bundle of papers, tied up as if they belonged to some lawsuit, and gave them to Rossini; who began to read some lines scrawled on the largest paper. The poet in a low tone said, 'Master, it's only an hour's work,' and repeated this about half a dozen times, with a complacent smile. 'What,' said Rossini, 'this is an hour's work, is it?' The unhappy poet, afraid of some

sarcasm, trembled, and bending himself into the space, replied with a forced simper, 'Yes, master; yes, master.'— 'Well, as you have been an hour in writing this prayer, I mean to compose the music for it in a quarter of the time.' At these words Rossini jumped out of bed, and seating himself down to the table, *tout en chemise*, composed the music of the prayer of Moses in eight or ten minutes at the most, without a piano, and during the loud conversation of the persons present. 'There, take your music!' said he to the poet, who vanished in a moment, and he jumped into bed again, laughing at the frightened looks of poor Totola. The next day I was at San-Carlo. The first act went off as usual with the greatest applause; in the third, when the passage of the Red Sea approached, the same jokes were cut, and the same preparation for laughter made as usual, when Moses began a new air, *Dal tuo stellato soglio*. It was a prayer which all the Israelites repeat in chorus after Moses. Surprised at the novelty, the pit remained silent, and the laugh instantly ceased. When the prayer and chorus were finished, it is impossible to describe the thunder of applause which echoed through the theatre. *Bello, bello! o che bello!* burst forth from every side. Never did I witness such a *fury* of delight, or so complete a success; which was so much the more complete as it followed on the heels of intended ridicule. *Moses* is regarded by the Germans as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Rossini, because it is more learned, and more in the *harmonious* style than any of his other productions; but it is, in point of melody, tenderness, and general effect, greatly inferior to some others. It was the first of his operas for which he was ever paid as he ought to be. He received 4,200 francs for it, whilst *Tancredi* brought him only 600, and *Otello* 100 louis. In Italy the music-sellers make large fortunes, whilst the composers remain in a state little removed from poverty.

In 1819, the *Lady of the Lake* (borrowed, says M. de Stendhal, from a bad poem of Sir Walter Scott) augmented the fame of Rossini. An amusing account is given of its first representation. 'Mademoiselle Colbran rowed her boat on the lake with grace and dexterity, and sang her first air very well. The duet which followed with David was less skilfully sung. Then appeared No-

zarri, entering from a distant scene. He swelled his voice into a magnificent burst, that might have been heard in the street of Toledo; but as, in the situation in which he was, he could not hear the orchestra, this *port de voix* was about a quarter of a note lower than it ought to have been. I yet hear the sudden clamor of the pit, and its joy at having a pretext to hiss. Nozarri's air was followed by the appearance of a number of bards, who came to animate the Scotch army about to march to the combat. Rossini had entertained the idea of competing with the three orchestras at the ball in *Don Juan*. He had divided his harmony into two parts; namely, the chorus of the bards, and the military march accompanied by trumpets, which, after having been heard separately, united. That day was a gala-day. The theatre was illuminated: the court was not there; nothing could control the extreme gaiety of the young officers, who filled by right the first five benches of the pit, and who had been drinking the king's health like good and loyal subjects. One of these gentry, at the first sound of the trumpet, set himself to imitate with a cane the noise of a horse in full gallop. The audience seized the idea, and in an instant five hundred people in the pit were imitating, with all their force, and in exact time, the noise of horses. The ears of the poor composer could not bear such a hubbub. He fainted. On the same night, in order to keep an engagement which he had made some time before, he got into a carriage, and posted to Milan. A fortnight afterwards we learned that on arriving at Milan, and on the whole of his road, he spread the news that the *Donna del Lago* had been applauded to the skies. He believed that he told a lie; yet the assertion was true. On the next day the enlightened audience of Naples, conscious of their injustice, applauded the opera as it deserved, that is with transport.' About the same time, a mass by Rossini was performed at Naples. He employed three days in giving the character of church music to some of his finest pieces. The result was so delightful, that one of the priests thus addressed him: 'Rossini, if thou strikest at the door of Paradise with this mass, in spite of all thy sins, St. Peter will not be able to prevent himself from opening it to thee.'

The talents of this ingenious man are

thus estimated by our author, with some force and precision—'The first characteristic of his music is a rapidity which divests the mind of all the sombre feelings so strongly excited by the slow notes of Mozart. All the strains of that composer appear dull and tiresome in comparison with those of Rossini. Were Mozart to make his *debut* at the present day, such is the judgement we should pronounce. To please us we must hear him for a whole fortnight; but he would be hissed on the first day. If Mozart keeps his ground against Rossini, if we frequently prefer him, it is because he is strong in his antiquity, and in our recollection of the pleasure we have derived from him.

'Lively, light, never dull, seldom sublime, Rossini seems expressly constituted to throw persons of moderate talents and powers into ecstasies. Much surpassed as he is by Mozart in tender and melancholy expression, and by Cimarosa in the comic and passionate style, he is unrivalled for vivacity, rapidity, piquancy, and all the efforts derived from those qualities. Never was any *opera buffa* composed like *La Pietra del Paragone*; never was any *opera seria* written like *Otello*, or *La Donna del Lago*. Rossini has a hundred times painted the pleasures of successful love, and, in the *duetto* of *Armida*, in a manner never before known. Sometimes he has been absurd, but he has never shown a want of mind; and he is equally incapable of writing without faults, and without a great display of genius.'

THE DOCTOR.

Dono tibi et concedo  
Virtutem et puissanciam  
Medicandi,  
Purgandi,  
Seignandi,  
Perçandi,  
Taillandi,  
Coupandi,  
Et Occidendi,

Impune per totam terram.

Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, cent fois vivat,  
Novus Doctor qui tam bene parlat!  
Mille, mille annis, et manget, et bibit,  
Et seignet, et tuat!

MOLIERE.

BEFORE I offer my own remarks on the medical profession, I shall take leave to introduce part of a scene from Moliere's *Malade imaginaire*, which I shall

translate for the benefit of those very few persons who have not passed from Dover to Calais. The scene selected is free from the general color of the piece, being rather of a reasoning character, and partaking very little of burlesque or caricature. It is that between the pretended invalid and his brother:—

*Beralde*. Is it possible that you should be always thus infatuated with your apothecaries and physicians, and resolve to be sick in spite of nature?

*Argan*. What do you mean, brother?

*Ber*. I mean, brother, that I know no man less sick than yourself, and that I would not wish to have a better constitution than yours. One great proof that you are well, and that you have an excellent constitution, is, that with all the pains you have taken, you have not yet been able to spoil it, and are still alive after all the physic they have made you swallow.

*Ar*. But know, brother, that this is the very thing which has preserved me; and that Monsieur Purgon says that I should certainly drop, if he suffered three days to pass without his care.

*Ber*. If you are not on your guard, he will take so much care of you, that he will infallibly send you to the other world.

*Ar*. Come, brother, let us reason a little. Have you then no faith in medicine?

*Ber*. No, brother; nor do I see that, for one's health, it is at all necessary to have any.

*Ar*. What! you do not hold that to be true, which is admitted by all the world, and which all ages have revered?

*Ber*. Far from holding it to be a truth, I consider it, *entre nous*, one of the greatest follies to be found amongst mankind; and looking at things with the eye of a philosopher, I cannot conceive a more absurd piece of mummery, or any thing more ridiculous, than one man pretending to cure another.

*Ar*. Why do you think that one man may not be able to cure another?

*Ber*. For this reason, that the resources of our machine are mysteries, of which men are entirely ignorant, and because nature has placed before our eyes a veil too dense to be penetrated.

*Ar*. Physicians know nothing then, according to your account.

*Ber*. Not so, brother: they have in general much human knowledge. They know how to speak Latin; they know

the Greek names for all maladies, how to define and to divide them ; but, as to their cure, that is what they know nothing about.

*Ar.* But, at any rate, it must be admitted that in this matter physicians know more than other people.

*Ber.* They know, brother, what I have told you, which does very little in the way of cure ; and the whole excellence of their art consists in a pompous *galimatias*, balderdash, or specious babble, which offers words for reasons, and promises for effects.

*Ar.* But, after all, brother, there are persons as wise and as able as yourself, and we see that in sickness all the world have recourse to physicians.

*Ber.* That is a proof of human weakness, not of the truth of their art.

*Ar.* Well now let us come to the point. What is to be done when one is ill ?

*Ber.* Nothing.

*Ar.* Nothing ?

*Ber.* Nothing. It is only necessary to remain quiet. Nature of her own accord, when we leave her alone, extricates herself by degrees from the disorder into which she has fallen. It is our restlessness, our impatience, that spoils all, and almost all men die of the remedy, not of the disease.

*Ar.* But you must agree, brother, that this Nature of yours may be assisted by certain things.

*Ber.* Heaven knows, brother, that this is pure ideal food with which we love to regale ourselves ; and from all time these precious imaginings have insinuated themselves into men's brains, which we are inclined to believe because they flatter us, and which it is to be wished were true. When a physician talks to you of aiding, supporting, and comforting Nature, of removing what hurts her, and supplying what she needs ; of re-establishing her, and restoring her functions ; when he speaks of purifying the blood, cooling the brains, abating the spleen, putting the stomach in order, cleansing the liver, fortifying the heart, reviving and preserving the natural heat, and of possessing secrets by which he is able to prolong life, he merely entertains you with the *romance of medicine*. But when you come to truth and experience, you find that it is all *moonshine*, and that in this case, as in that of a delightful dream, nothing remains, when you

awake, but the miserable satisfaction of having believed it.

*Ar.* That is to say, your head contains all the science in the world, and you wish me to believe that you know more than all the great physicians of the age.

*Ber.* In discourse and in fact, these great physicians of yours are two sorts of persons—to hear them talk, they are the most able persons in the world ; to see them act, they are the most ignorant of all mankind.

*Ar.* Hoity toity ! you are a great doctor, I see—I only wish that some of these gentlemen were here to overturn your reasoning, and put an end to your clack.

*Ber.* Not I, brother—I pretend not to fight with physic. Let any one at his personal peril, and the peril of his fortune, believe in it as he pleases. What I say of it, is only between ourselves ; and I could have wished to draw you a little from the error under which you labor, and to take you for diversion to see, on this head, one of Moliere's comedies.

*Ar.* This Moliere of yours is a very impertinent fellow, with his comedies ; and I think it a very offensive thing indeed that he should make sport of such worthy persons as physicians.

*Ber.* He does not make sport of physicians, but of the absurdity of medicine.

*Ar.* Zounds ! were I the physicians, I would revenge myself of his impertinence ; when he is sick, I would leave him to die without succour. If they are wise, they will do this.

*Ber.* He will be more wise than your physicians ; for he will not apply to them for succour.

*Ar.* So much the worse for him, if he will not have recourse to remedies.

*Ber.* He has his reasons for wishing to have nothing to do with them ; for he maintains that such rashness is only permitted to robust and vigorous persons, who have sufficient strength to bear the remedy as well as the disorder ; but that he, for his part, has no more than will suffice to bear the *disease*.\*

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\* ‘ Friar Bacon wished to teach his contemporaries that the *true regimen of health* consisted in attending to meat and drink, to sleeping and awaking, to rest and exercise, to the quality of the air, and lastly, to the affections of the mind : but the multitude who wished to be healed, no less than those who wished to

We rarely find any thing so sensible as this in our comic writers.

The answer to that significant question

—'Which kills most, Death or the Doctor?' should in my opinion be thus qualified—Death in the *long run*, the Doctor in the *short*. Shakspeare understood these matters, when he made one say, in the play of Richard II., 'Now put it, Heaven, in his physician's mind, to help him to his grave *immediately*.'

I am not 'one that hath by physic persecuted time with hope.' I may be prejudiced, but my prejudice is unquestionably on the right side, and I 'err with Plato,' which was once thought to be wiser than to be right with any body else. Physic, naturally abhorrent from our nature, is my aversion and fear; even in sickness, I look on it with terror. Did the pill or potion do its work, 'and there an end,' it were bearable; but

'Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.'

Calling in the aid of medicine reminds me of the Horse and the Stag. The former, to be avenged of the latter, prayed the aid of man, and for that purpose suffered him to mount. The horse had his revenge, it is true; but what then?—The man would not get off again! So with physic—the disease may be driven out, but the dose stays, or its effects, to plague and torment in a thousand ways the simpleton that first courted the alliance.

It is now some years since I retired into the country on my means, and though a country life is considered little better than *vegetation*, and is deemed most 'melancholy and gentleman-like,' as master Stephen says, I have never been *hyp'd*, nor ever once cut down from any of the boughs of the numerous trees in the neighbourhood. That this may not appear incredible, it is perhaps fit to state that I never fancy myself ill when I am not, and that when I am, I get through my disorder as well as I can, without increasing my complaints by the application of *the Doctor*.

The medical profession, in all its branches, has been matter of observation and amusement to me through life—others have been more intimate with it,

heal, despised those vulgar and intelligible precepts. A physician of the Baconian school would seldom have touched a fee. In one shape or another the physician still has continued to pour drugs, of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less.—*Quarterly Review*.

but have not, I fancy, on that account found so much merriment in it. Every thing in it (to the mere observer, who proceeds with due respect for its proper motto, *noli me tangere*), is mixed up with something ludicrous and inexplicable.

Look, for instance, at the shop of a druggist. Was there ever any thing like it devised by man in his sober senses? See how it is tricked out—why, you may see it a mile off. Behold its red, blue, green, and yellow globes, gleaming like a meteor to the troubled air, and, like the poet's comet, threatening pestilence and ruin to nations. But the joke of the thing is this; that all this blaze, this gaudy show, is by the way of *attraction*! So, when you go (or I would advise you rather only to peep) into the shop, this goodly display of gaily labeled boxes, bottles, jars, and gallipots, rank and file, is an attraction or temptation! What in the name of wonder can be the necessity of attraction to a druggist's or an apothecary's shop? Is any one allured by this display, to drop in and take a pill or a dose, as you would a tart or a basin of soup? Can any thing but compulsion drive them in? Doubtless, it is intended as an attraction; but, as rocks and quicksands do not consent to the erection of beacons and light-houses, why should druggists and apothecaries? A profusion of gilding too of pots and boluses—Ah, me! '*it is not all gold that glisters*!' 'It chanceth often in apothecaries' shops,' says an old writer, '*ut tituli habcant remedia, pixides venena*, i. e.

If you look at the titles,

Caring nought for your vitals,

A cure you may there cast your eyes on;

But look under the label,

Writ in jargon of Babel,

You'll find in the gallipots poison!

Then comes,—for it is sure to come, and, though last, it ought in these cases at least to be always first in our thoughts,—the office of *undertaker*. What can mean his windows gaudily decked out with glittering escutcheons, and above all a dainty picture over the door representing a funeral procession, hearse, coaches, weepers, grave-digger, church-yard, and all? Well might the Frenchman fancy that the inscription '*funerals performed*' was some *entertainment*. Is this to induce some passenger, thoughtless of these matters before, to exclaim suddenly, 'Very pretty indeed! this must be an excellent shop for coffins—egad, I'll step in, and order one!' In both these cases, the

expense is utterly thrown away, unless it be productive of chance customers—(Oh! yes, I am wrong—I must be wrong—the apothecary's shop is irresistibly tempting, and, when you leave that, a call at the undertaker's is the most natural and prudent thing in the world!)

The medical tribe, regulars and irregulars, resemble in my mind our troops, the regulars and volunteers; the latter cut no figure on a field-day, as they discharge their pieces at random, and spread the mischief to the right and left without direction; while the former keep up a steadier fire, and the slain have at least the satisfaction of falling in a regular way, and with all the honors of medical war.

Our globe has been likened unto a man; the rivers are its veins, and so on: the metropolis of England has also, it seems, been considered in this light; for, as London has, I suppose, a heart (though whereabout it is, now that its houses have run into the country, I cannot say), so another part, that lies to the north, is called 'the kidney,' from its shape, as I have heard; and in this division the following circumstance took place not many centuries ago. A surgeon-apothecary (for, as in the case of *Dicky Gossip*—a most proper name for a fashionable apothecary—these professions run together, and *bleeding* copiously follows physicking) once attended a gentleman, and exhausted his day-book upon him in potions by the dozen. My friend, at one of the visits, or rather visitations, expostulated with him, observing that he sent such an immoderate quantity of doses that no purse or person could stand it.—'I have taken none,' said he, 'for a week, and am quite well (that of course); but you have nevertheless sent six bottles each day!'—'Ah!' said Galen's head (shaking it) 'a workman is nothing without his tools.'—'Well,' replied my friend, 'I admit that you are a great workman, for you have worked me famously; but you must excuse me if I decline being any longer one of your tools.'

Nothing has amused and astonished me more, in a short sojournment from the country with several of my relatives and friends in the squares of the metropolis, than the conduct, practice, and success of those professors of the medical art (*medicus a non medicando*), who

platoon on their doors '*Apothecary and Surgeon*,' not to omit *Accoucheur*: seeing them daily skim about on foot, in gigs or chariots, through the squares and neighbourhood, one would swear that the most open parts of the town were the most unhealthy. For a fortnight together have I observed that not a door in \*\*\*\*\* square has been missed, and they only differ from the butcher and baker in this, that the latter call only once a day. Their activity is surprising, and they seem entitled to the premium for discovering *perpetual motion*, or perhaps I should say, motions, not only in their own persons, but in those of their patients. In these quarters, if not disease, apothecaries are epidemic. I am acquainted with a hundred opulent families, and have found them all laboring under one. In many, I really perceive no other complaint. Is it possible that pills and potions, like bugles and sarsenets, are a *fashion*?—a very expensive one—for it is one that is paid both in purse and person. Husbands might well drink their *magnum* of claret, or bottle of Champagne, if they had not the apothecary's daily hamper of phials to pay for.

My aunt, with whom I now am, is, it is true, a sort of Mrs. *Neverwell*—but how the deuce should she be otherwise, with two visits a day from the apothecary, and physic to take every two hours? I think, however, from my observation, that it is not (and how should it be?) the medicine that is coveted, but the apothecary; he is such a nice, simple, tattling, fascinating creature, that not to see him for a whole day is, with many persons to be in the last stage of illness—a knock, as it were, at death's door, from which there is no rescue but the apothecary's knock at theirs.

Indeed I would have the proprietors of journals look to these wheeling arts and their professors; for, if I may judge from some experience, a fashionable apothecary is a *walking newspaper*, and his daily visits quite supersede the necessity of reading one:—the expense, it is true, of taking a newspaper is saved, but then there is the dose to take! How he manages, I know not; but he is absolutely treated like a favored suitor, and one would vow, in the words of Falstaff, that he had given the ladies powders to make them love him. They all dress expressly to receive him, and receive him in the most languishing posture, such as

\* Patient, a *sufferer*, has a much more sensible derivation.



they deem most becoming, which they appear to consult as deeply as if they were preparing to sit to sir Thomas Lawrence. This, with very distant and unintelligible allusions to any complaint, proves that there is not much the matter with them. The husband has no time to be sick—in fact he cannot afford it. Towards Christmas, that *bill-i-ous* season, however, he has an attack, when the medical gentleman's charms and fascinations are for a time suspended; but there is soon a relapse, and the fever again at its height. Were there nothing in all this, but the relief that idleness and *ennui* derive from the company and tattle of these non-descript, insinuating creatures, it might be well enough; but there is the *draught* to be taken, and the draft to be given; and the filling up of his bills is the filling up of the *bills of mortality*.

Moralists tell us that 'pleasure is poison,' and such in my opinion is the pleasure of the apothecary's company. These are the ladies who, in the slip-slop of the day, may indeed be said 'to enjoy a bad state of health.' Strange infatuation! that people will not leave well alone, but must take the road to death in pursuit of more health than their frames are susceptible of, while they shut the door against themselves and the fresh air, to open it wide to pestilence and the apothecary. Heroic creatures! having fixed on an object, they cheerfully die in the pursuit.

During a late visit in \*\*\*\*\* square, our apothecary himself died. I then ventured to suggest to the disconsolate grief and despondency of my fair friends, that they and their neighbours ought to erect a little monument to him, and, without daring to translate it in their presence, proposed this epitaph:—

*Hæc sub humo, per quem tot jacuere, jacet.*

Beneath for him a grave's provided  
Through whom so many of us lie dead!

One thing more I wish to disburthen my mind of, and it is a proposition for the benefit of the profession. Intimately connected, like cause and effect, as physicians and apothecaries are with undertakers, I have always wondered that there should never have been a better understanding between them in one particular. Can any thing be more wasteful and wrong, than that the numerous stud of fine black horses used at funerals should be so used exclusively? Surely,

if there is any thing like friendship, or affection, or gratitude in the world, it should appear in the breast of undertakers towards medical men. Would it then be too much to ask, or rather should it not have suggested itself to themselves, that these horses, while unemployed in carrying home the work, might be offered to physicians and apothecaries to draw their chariots and gigs? What a saving would this be to them, and (far from a hindrance) a promotion of business to the undertaker! Indeed I think it would better suit the solemn augury, if they had the use of the black coaches also; and those in great practice might not, for the conveyance of copious doses of medicine, find the hearse inconvenient. The thing would then be more compact and of a piece; and, till the apothecary has finished his visits, it is quite impossible that the undertaker can have any use for his horses or carriages:—

*'Alterius sio*

*Altera poscit open res, et conjurat amicè.*  
HOR.

So th' undertaker and apothecary  
Are to each other made auxiliary.

Here we have gratitude and mutual advantage mingled—one *good mixture*, at any rate.  
HAWTHORN.

#### CUPS AND SAUCERS.

SITTING the other morning at my solitary breakfast, and having finished the pleasant task of reading the newspaper, I was amusing myself with trying how cleverly I could balance the spoon on the edge of my cup, examining the dregs to look for a sweetheart, and doing various other matters too numerous and too silly to mention; when the thought struck me of the extreme usefulness of *cups and saucers* (not for the last-mentioned purposes to be sure), from the plainest common yellow ware to the most superbly painted and gilt china; and not only their usefulness, but the exceedingly various hours and purposes, at and for which they are used. Wise thoughts truly! yet they amused me; and I will put them together, in the hope that they may amuse others. *Cups and saucers*, it appears to me, are in use *sans intermission*; and I shall endeavour to show their employment, &c. throughout the twenty-four hours.

Four o'clock in the morning.—At this hour, or a little before, Susan Soapy,

herself scarcely awaked, having just left her truckle bed, knocks with one deep heavy thump at some gentleman's door, being engaged for a day's washing, to arouse the scarcely rousable Deborah Duster, house and laundry maid, to her hateful labor. Thump follows thump at the door; Debby is unwilling to hear it; and till her mistress's bell from the bed-room comes in as an auxiliary, she does not stir. At last she pops down stairs in her under petticoat, with a shivering, ghost-like sort of glide, and lets in Mrs. Soapy, immediately gliding back again to dress. Mrs. Soapy knows full well what to do in the interim; the kitchen fire is lighted, the kettle put on, and the *cups and saucers* are set forth in due array for the *first breakfast* (for be it known that the same parties will want them again at eight o'clock, for the second breakfast, as it is called). By the time the copper fire is lighted, and Deborah has made her appearance, the kettle sings, and presently the water boils; when down they sit with their four rounds of toast, their basin of eightpenny moist, and their three spoonfuls of mixed; for Mrs. Soapy likes a drop of mixed, and moreover she inevitably puts the glass of brandy left out for her *first breakfast* in the *last cup*; which last cup is generally the fifth or sixth: it *strengthens* it, she says, and settles her stomach for the day; and she is thought to be a good judge of these matters. It has been said that 'there is a pleasure in madness, which none but madmen know;' and I believe it may be added, by way of parody, that there is a joy in washerwomen's first breakfasts, which none but washerwomen know; for, while Susan and Deborah are *over their cups*, they rehearse all they know of the neighbourhood;—did I only say *all*?—verily, a little *more* than that; for, like the story of the three black crows, things lose nothing by being repeated, but like a snow-ball gather as they go; and you know, if Mrs. Soapy related to Deborah all the out-of-door news, the latter was bound, as a matter of course, to acquaint her with all the in-door intelligence; such as family quarrels, young ladies' sweethearts (and where are the young ladies without?), faults to be found with the style of living, as respects the poor *sartants* (and they generally find a few of these), complaints of low wages, and the not being able to buy above one laced cap every quarter. In short, so

much tea is to be swallowed, *toast* to be eaten, and so many topics to be discussed, that I must leave Susan and Deborah to finish their early breakfast at their leisure, and begin washing *when it suits them*; for it is time to attend to my next set, or sets, of *cups and saucers*.

Five o'clock. At this hour a goodly muster of fish-fags, porters, carmen, boatmen, salesmen, Gravesend boat passengers, &c. may be found congregated, in the most Babel-like confusion, at a certain place in Darkhouse-lane, Billingsgate—(what a suitable name!)—chiefly occupied with their *cups and saucers*, over which they pour forth an endless variety of oaths and slang, as little to be understood by *some folks*, as would be the language of the natives of those countries which supply the tea, coffee, and sugar they are partaking of. One groupe may be heard discussing the price of sprats and herrings, or bewailing the interference of a late worshipful lord mayor, as to unwholesome salmon; another party of amphibious fellows, fishermen, boatmen, and sailors, are jabbering in their own peculiar lingo, which seems to be as amphibious as themselves; these, together with carmen debating and squabbling about their different jobs, good or bad,—poor passengers inquiring how soon the various packets will start,—and the natty fish-lads from the *Vest-end*, talking about the speed of their respective nags, accompanied by the eternal clatter of *cups and saucers*,—make up a *scene* of confusion, and *Life in London*, which I do not think even Tom and Jerry, with all their perseverance, were said to have visited. At this hour too there may be found in each of the wholesale markets, whether for meat or vegetables, one or more houses open, where the cups and saucers are rattling for the gratification of their temporary inmates; such as the spruce red-cabbage-colored market-gardeners' wives and daughters, at Covent-garden, or the carcase-butchers, country dealers, and London vendors of roasting and boiling at Newgate or Leadenhall.

Six o'clock. The last-mentioned places are generally employed at this hour as well as at five; but in addition may be seen the muffled-up, snuffy-looking old women, at sundry corners of streets and courts, with their smoking saloop, their white cups and saucers, their plates of thick bread and butter, slices of gingerbread, &c. to tempt each passer-by to

*stand* and breakfast with them. You may see this *sassafras beverage* partaken of by a variety of characters; poor miserable wretches who have been passing the night in the streets from necessity; guilty ones who have done so by choice, or who have been rambling from one night-house to another; watermen at hackney-coach stands; the coachmen themselves; laborers going to their work; watchmen going off their beats; and men going to beat carpets: these, and many utter non-descripts, who either have not the time to spare for, or the means to procure, better accommodation, lay out their twopence or threepence with old Snuffy, who now and then, to oblige an old friend or *reglar* customer, may be seen to surrender up, for a few minutes, her rush-bottomed chair, the only seat to be found at this sort of *public breakfast*. I understand that these old ladies are much aggrieved by the late establishment of so many coffee-shops, some of which are always open, and that they mean to petition parliament either to do away with them entirely, or to prevent them from opening at their especial hours of business. I wish them success, and think the humane Mr. Martin would do well to take them under his powerful protection.

Seven o'clock. Now may be seen a bustle and a bellows-blowing extraordinary in private families, where the master is about to take a journey; ship-shod, half-dressed maids, mistresses, and daughters, are driving about in all directions, and for all sorts of purposes, lest the good gentleman should be too late at the Swan with two Necks, the Spread Eagle, the Saracen's Head, or any other monstrous sign from which he may intend to take his departure. His boots are to be cleaned, his hat and great coat to be brushed, his trunks corded, his sandwiches to be cut, the cups and saucers to be set, tea made, &c. and for one hour all is 'confusion worse confounded;' after which the silence is so much more perceptible, that a good wife will be apt to take up the burthen of the old Scotch song, and sing or say,

'There's nae luck about the house,  
For my gude mon's awa!'

Almost as bustling and uncomfortable, at this hour, is the breakfast of the citizen, who must be at business in Watling-street by nine o'clock, but who lives a few miles out of town that he

may enjoy the country, into which he seldom gets before eight or nine at night, and from which he starts about eight in the morning, Sunday, to be sure, is an exception; and then he generally swallows more eatables and drinkables than fresh air; but he *loves the country*, and likes the gossip in the stage.

Eight o'clock. Susan Soapy and her sisterhood are engaged at their second breakfasts. Young gentlemen employed in private and public offices, who are to be at business by nine;—all little boys and girls under marching orders for school; most of the poorer classes of society, and many respectable tradesmen, who are, or wish to be thought, early and industrious,—are at this time taking their morning's meal. No hour in the day is so full of peril and employment for the brittle fraternity of *cups and saucers*; such rattling and washing; such destruction of whole hecatombs of hot rolls, toast, bread and butter, together with tea, coffee, and 'three times skimmed sky-blue,' as poor Bloomfield called milk; or as our own milk-maids and men so wittily and so learnedly cry it, '*Micau*,'—half water: the world does not sufficient credit to our wandering pail-bearers for their knowledge of the French language.

Nine o'clock. This, if not an exceedingly genteel hour, is at all events a very comfortable one for breakfasting: it is extremely pleasant at this hour, in a good round-numbered respectable family, to hear the cups and saucers give token, by their well known rattle, of the approaching social meal. Where a family is blessed with health and competence, and where the thoughts and feelings of the members of it are such as they ought to be, this is the most delightful meal of the day. The large round table is covered with a snow-white damask cloth, on which are spread all the *paraphernalia* of a good substantial breakfast; the steaming urn, the silver tea-pot, the white and gold breakfast-set of china, &c. Now are discussed the various occurrences of yesterday; the ladies' shop-pings, the gentlemen's rides, walks, or business; the criticism of last night's play, or the recollections of some pleasant party; these, with plans for the operations of the present day, fill up a charming hour; for this is the only meal at which all the members of a family are almost sure of being assembled; for, when they separate, each to their

various avocations, many contingencies may intervene to prevent the whole party from meeting again before the following morning.

Ten o'clock. About this time the respectable coffee-houses begin to be busy with cups and saucers (indeed they are so, more or less, the whole day, for you may see one man breakfasting, and another dining at three o'clock in the afternoon); and it is not an unamusing speculation to observe the different occupants of the boxes taking their morning's meal. In one you may see the country gentleman, plain and neat in his dress, rotund in his person, and healthy in his looks: he is come to town on some business relative to funded property, and is anxiously looking at the price of three per cent. consols in the newspaper; meanwhile his breakfast is of the substantial order, beef on one plate, and ham on another; but he does not seem to like the 'Vauxhall slices' in which they are cut, and would evidently rather see the respective joints there, as he has them at home. In the next box is probably a London buck, who, having been one of a party that dined there the day before, and having been too late, and too much *done over* with sacrificing to the jolly god, to get home to bed, had taken one there. His breakfast is of a very different order from that of his neighbour, who seems to have a scorn of *cups and saucers*, and takes a glass of ale after his meat; while our buck has hardly touched his muffin, but is pouring down plentiful libations of tea to allay his 'infernal thirst,' as he would call it. He too is looking at the newspaper, but it is only at the fashionable news, and the theatrical comments and amusements. I might extend this almost *ad infinitum*; for here is the naval officer come to make his bow at the admiralty; the army officer to the commander in chief; and the clergyman to his bishop: here too are some attorneys, come to take counsel's opinion, or to attend that endless matter—a cause in chancery; the foreign merchant to make his purchases, and the English one to meet him; each person having a newspaper in his hand, and perusing it in his own particular manner; the officers looking at the list of promotions in the *Gazette*, the parson peering about for something headed 'clerical affairs,' the lawyer for the reports of cases in the different courts, and the merchants for

the price current. At this hour, too, cups and saucers will be found in full use at the chambers or apartments of lazy young men, and wealthy old ones; the latter, if at all of the *quidnunc* order, deeply buried in their newspapers over the foreign and political intelligence.

Eleven o'clock. Cups and saucers still in use at coffee-houses, for breakfast, and in the rooms of lying-in ladies for white or brown caudle, that cheering beverage for all good gossips, who discover at every sip, as in duty bound, a great resemblance to papa and mama in the poor babe's unformed features.

Twelve o'clock. Your very genteel fellows may be still seen at coffee-houses over their cups and saucers; for he who can contrive to take his meals the latest is allowed to be the genteelst man. Now too the last night's quadrillers and rout-hunters begin to shake off their slumbers, and, though rather unfashionably early, think it is morning; while, with a declaration of being more fatigued than when they went to bed, they condescend to sip a little chocolate out of their superb china. At this hour also cups and saucers are employed in a way that the sons and daughters of splendor and affluence have little conception of. In some lone garret, or back room, scantily and miserably furnished, and with a bed of straw, perhaps, on the floor in one corner, may be seen a squalid family seated (if they have seats enough) round a crazy deal table, taking—not their breakfast—but their dinner, consisting of poor diluted twice drawn tea, without milk, and bread thinly spread, not with butter, but dripping, purchased at a chandler's shop, the keeper of which gets his supply of the article from the pampered menials of the nobleman's or gentleman's kitchen. This is the nearest approach that many a poor man can make to the flavor of meat; and with such men, tea, or the extract of roasted corn, enters into the formation of almost every meal.

One, two, and three o'clock. Cups and saucers may still be seen in use for breakfast at the mansions of the great and the would-be-great; the diners-out of yesterday, and the dancers or rakes of the preceding night.

Four o'clock finds our first friends, Susan and Deborah, at their comforting cup of afternoon tea: richly enjoyed is this pause in their labor; and in spite of a cold brick floor and a washhouse full

of steam, the cups and saucers are held by their sodden and wrinkled hands, in as satisfied and as sipping a position as could be done by any lady who wished to display a hand and arm of alabaster, with taper fingers decorated by all the gems of the 'East and Western Ind.' At this hour the poorer classes in general are to be seen taking their deep-colored decoction of tea-dust, with infinite comfort and satisfaction.

Five o'clock is a most vulgar hour for tea; but there are still left many perverse, old-fashioned, foolish tradespeople, who, in spite of all the entreaties of Miss Laura, or Master Henry, who would fain be genteel, and teach their parents to be so too, will have their cups and saucers set forth at five; for they like a bit of supper, and if they were to have tea late, they could not eat a morsel at nine, when they invariably sup. What a strange world it is! While Brown of the Minorities is taking his Welsh rabbit at nine, the honorables and dishonorables at the West are just drinking 'the King' after dinner; and, though the aforesaid Brown might be able to 'buy them all,' as a city man would say, yet they look down upon him with all imaginable disdain for two reasons; namely, because he breathes the vulgar pitchy air of Tower-hill, and dares to dine before eight o'clock in the evening.

Six o'clock. This is a decent and comfortable, if not a very genteel hour for tea; and the man of business, after the fatigues of the day, can join his family circle with comfort and quiet: it matches, as it were, the hour of nine for breakfast, and therefore 'now o'er one half the world' cups and saucers are spread. It is an excellent hour likewise for a public breakfast. Start not, ye simple ones, who may deem such a thing impossible; I have written the word and I repeat it, *breakfast!!!*—There now, I have given you three notes of admiration, upon which you may pause half an hour if you please. If a nobleman or gentleman has a seat some ten or twenty miles from London, and feels a wish to show all the world his best cups and saucers, &c. how can he do it so well, as by giving a public breakfast? in summer time under tents upon his lawn, and all that sort of thing. Well then, every body must see that his London friends, who do not begin the morning till about two o'clock, could not conveniently come

all that distance, and have an appetite 'for breakfast, before six o'clock p. m.; therefore I once more affirm that six o'clock is an excellent time for a member of either house of parliament to give a public breakfast.

Seven o'clock. This is thought by some a tolerably genteel hour to take their souchong. Poor, ill-judging, unfashionable beings! they know no better; but, if they are happy in their ignorance, never mind. When autumn has embrowned the groves, or altogether robbed them of their leafy glories,—matters, by the bye, that we Londoners know little about—when a hand at cards becomes the *sine qua non* to fill up the tedium of a long dreary evening; then seven o'clock is an hour of consequence to consequential people; and numerous indeed are the tea-and-turn-out parties in this vast, overgrown, and still-growing metropolis, which assemble at that time over cups and saucers, muffins, crumpets, and 'nice Yorkshire cakes,' as the itinerant dealers in such articles temptingly describe them. Mrs. Trott, for instance, of St. Martin's-le-grand, has issued her cards for seven, and the neighbourhood is accordingly disturbed and alarmed by the thundering knocks at the *side door*, as it is called, of the pork-shop, in which house she occupies the first floor. First appear the Browns from Budge Row, then the Smiths from St. Peter's Alley, and then the Jacksons, who always do the thing genteelly, in a hackney coach, the driver of which, as if aware of the importance of his cargo, absolutely shakes the house with his inimitable knocks. I will not enumerate any more of the party, but fancy them seated, to the number of fifteen or twenty, in a room eight feet by twelve, and Mrs. Trott, that paragon of tea-makers, enthroned behind the table, in all the dignity of souchong, bohea, and gunpowder, poured from a silver tea-pot, into the best cups and saucers. Now the smoking beverage is sent round, and the young unmarried gentlemen of the party skip round after Molly the maid, with the well-loaded plates of muffins, &c.; pressing Miss Biddy or Miss Betsy to take this or that bit, which their politeness fancies to be the nicest.\* I would fain give the conversation; but it is too confined, and too *low*,—I mean in tone—to be regularly caught. Now and then an old lady will admire some of the articles which Mrs. Trott exhibits, and she will civilly respond to the said

admiration; but beyond this, and an occasional ejaculation from some dandy who had seen Sinclair on the first night of his re-appearance, or who had been at the play-house when his majesty was there, the talk is very small indeed. At length, when the cups and saucers are taken away, the best bit of green baize is spread on the polished mahogany table, one of the old pillar and claw sort, that had been Mrs. Trott's great aunt's, and the happy throng crowd round it for a good game at five-farthing loo; but, as this is not properly part of my subject, I shall merely say, that after spending a happy evening, the whole of the party will get home by ten o'clock, and leave the astonished neighbourhood of St. Martin's-le-grand to its accustomed repose. And though the folks at the west end may turn up their great and scornful noses at the thought of such a party, yet I do not see any reason why the members of it should not enjoy themselves in their own way.

Eight o'clock is an improved edition of the last-mentioned time for tea; but it needs no description as varying from it, except in the greater display.

Nine o'clock is an absolutely genteel hour for a commoner to take his tea; none but the nobility may presume to set forth their cups and saucers, or have them handed round at a later hour than this, at least as a *regular* hour; but the man who can constantly set himself down to his decoction of twelve-shilling green at this hour may consider himself as being *quite* the thing.

Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock. These hours may form a gradation from the peer to the prince, as to their fitness for tea-time; say a baron at ten, an earl at half past, a marquis at eleven, a duke at half past eleven, and royalty itself at midnight. If this arrangement should not be satisfactory, the Court of Claims might be assembled to decide upon it; but, as a simple man (simple enough say some of them), those are the times which I would assign to the respective orders of nobility, to be employed with their cups and saucers.

One, two, and three o'clock in the morning. What! exclaim some of my readers; one, two, and three in the morning for cups and saucers to be in use? nonsense! Indeed it is no such thing; for, whether the parties, from their late hours, are to be deemed genteeler than those last enumerated, or not,

still at these hours, thanks to the mildness of our police, you may find coffee-shops open, from what are called the *back slums* of Westminster to those of Wapping; and not only open, but full of customers, such as they are; rogues of every order and degree; women who cannot be described, and who, whatever they may once have been, are not now of the *gentle* sex; thieves who have stolen valuable property, and watchmen who have stolen off their beats to toast their noses and their muffins at the same time; and a confused medley of beings who beggar all description.

This brings me round to Susan Soapy's hour, the first heroine of my story; and I think I have clearly shown, that every other article of the Crockery family must succumb in point of usefulness to those eternally-employed and always-welcome children of the earth,—*cups and saucers*.

J. M. LACEY.

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LETTERS FROM THE CAUCASUS AND GEORGIA, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY INTO PERSIA. 8VO. 1823.

In the productions of female tourists we generally observe a sprightliness of manner and an amusing vivacity. Indeed, ladies who are grave and dull are not so communicative as to be fond of imparting to the world their stores of remark. A lady of the name of Freygan, whose husband was sent into Persia in a diplomatic capacity, ventured to accompany him through the horrid passes of the Caucasus, in defiance of every danger that might be apprehended either from nature or from man. As she had two infants under her care, her maternal feelings were constantly alive, and her anxiety never gave way to apathy or indifference.

Speaking of her mountainous journey, she says, 'I seated myself in my basket, with the children in my lap.' It is to be sure the most inconvenient vehicle that ever was used. I was obliged to sit in a stooping posture, with knees bent, and scarcely able to hold my children; having at the same time to defend them from the cold. To complete the awkwardness of this machine, it was hardly ever balanced properly, although placed upon a sledge. My husband and the four Ossetinians were continually employed in propping it, and were frequently plunged to their shoulders in the snow, during the laborious march. We proceeded

slowly, our horses and oxen sinking every now and then in the drift; ~~for~~ our path was only of the width the leading horses made it by their track. We marched on in mournful silence, which was interrupted only by the whistling of the wind, or the cries of my children.

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'We had not proceeded far, before we came to descend a hill, having on the left a declivity of some depth, at the bottom of which flowed the rapid Aragua. Our guides did not allow us to get out of the carriage, but contented themselves with locking the wheels and going at a foot's pace; but, alas! they drove over a large stone, the carriage lost its balance, and rolled down the bank. At the first bound my husband was thrown upon the rocks, where he lay senseless; the next jerked out our nurse and my boy, and the last shock dashed the calèche, already broken, into the river. I, however, remained in the carriage with my other child; whom, to save from injury, I held close to my bosom. Large pieces of rock, loosened by our fall, rolled with a crash into the water; add to this, the cries of affright from the men remaining on the hill, the noise of the torrent breaking against the calèche, and the groans of the driver, who was dragged along with the vehicle, and had received some severe bruises.'

The character of the Caucasian tribes, given by this lady, cannot be deemed very favorable. In fact, they are a race of robbers; and, while they so firmly retain this vile propensity, they cannot be reckoned among civilised communities. Of two of their principal tribes we have the following account:—

'The Tchetchinzi are masters in the art of robbery; in the pursuit of which they show no pity, even for their countrymen. If a Tchetchintz get the better of another in single combat, the victor will strip and put him to death; but if one of these people seize an European, he will plunder his prisoner, yet preserve his life in hope of ransom. Notwithstanding such a continual system of pillage, the very profession of a Tchetchintz, his dwelling is a mere den, destitute of any convenience; his bed a skin placed by the hearth; his food, coarse bread, half baked, which he eats in a smoking state, with half-roasted meat: these, with ardent spirits, of which they are particularly fond, are their luxu-

ries. As long as the pilfered provision lasts, the wretch remains idle, and want alone drives him to active exertion in search of more. The Tchetchinzi do not take much trouble about agriculture; they cultivate only a little barley and wheat, with some tobacco and onions. The women perform all the domestic offices, while the men give themselves no care but in the chase and robbery. They are of a middling height, and very hardy. When influenced by fear or mistrust they can be obliging, and are particularly so to the rich, or to strangers, in hope of some profit. Their arms consist of a fusil, a sabre, and a dagger; sometimes also they carry a lance with a shield. A Tchetchintz never goes out of his house without being armed, if only with a stick, at the end of which is fixed a ball of iron having three triangular points.

'The Ossitians differ little from the Tchetchinzi; they use bows and arrows, although their usual arm is a fusil. They are great boasters and quarrelers, threatening each other continually, either with a gun, a dagger, or the bow: usually, however, they content themselves by making a great uproar, and are quickly friends again, if any third person will celebrate the reconciliation with a glass of brandy, or a draught of their country beer, which is very strong. Their houses are, for the most part, enclosed by a wall or paling, surmounted with horses' heads and other bones.

'Upon the death of an Ossitian, his widow shrieks, tears her hair and face, and beats her bosom; but frequently this despair is only occasioned by the impossibility of her ever marrying again: she pretends at every moment to be ready to kill herself with a knife or a stone, to drown herself, or to cast herself from the top of some rock, but is as invariably withheld by her neighbours, who never leave her during the three days of mourning. These friends employ the next three days in administering consolation to the widow, and in eating and drinking at her expense; while the conversation consists in praises of the deceased, who is usually soon after forgotten.'

The manners and customs of the people of Georgia are pleasantly described; but those who have perused the volumes of Sir Robert Ker Porter will find little novelty in this work.—The Georgian marriages are thus noticed:

'On the nuptial day, the bride, loaded

with jewels and other ornaments, and covered with a veil reaching to the ground, is placed on a carpet, where she sits with her legs folded according to the custom of the country. To complete her resemblance to an Indian pagod, this statue of a wife remains the whole day in the same position without eating or drinking, and, what is more extraordinary, without speaking a word. It would seem as if, in Georgia marriage were one of those associations, into which none can be admitted until proved by severe trials; but it is some consolation to the novice, that her intended partner is subjected to the same ceremony. Having been introduced into the house, he places himself by the side of his fair unknown, and in like manner remains silent for an equal length of time. Were they to turn their backs on each other for a moment, it would be deemed a serious lovers' quarrel: but, in this submissive posture, they appear to say to each other—'they would marry us, don't be angry with me, it is not my fault.' After the ceremony, the bride is unveiled, and a banquet concludes the festival.

Her description of the Georgian dress is accompanied with some remarks on the oriental costume.—'Though this (she says) may seem extraordinary to us, I think it is perfectly adapted to the climate and habits of the country. In Persia, for example, where the men pass the greater part of their time on horseback and in the use of arms, they wear a dress conveniently loose; but that of the ladies is made to fit closer to the shape, as they seldom quit their sofas. In Europe the man takes off his hat; but the Persian, who never uncovers his head, puts his shoes off upon entering a house, that he may not injure the carpet, which is often of great value. There are many other customs which are quite opposite to those of Europe; as the Georgian dinner for instance, which commences with what is our dessert, and the extreme heat induces the people to take no food that is not light and cooling: in consequence of this temperance, they are generally robust, and attain to an advanced age. The men are clad warmly even in summer, for the evenings are always more or less cool. Thus we see that the Turks and Moldavians, as well as the Spaniards, prefer enduring the heat, rather than being exposed to a chill after sunset; at which time the air becomes cold, as is usually the case in

southern countries. There are still to be seen at Tiflis some women of the lower class, who adhere to the ancient fashion of hiding the face with a veil, in which are two small openings for the eyes.'

M. Freygan's narrative of his Persian journey is not entitled to high praise. The information which he gives is very scanty and imperfect; and the historical sketch which he has added is altogether unsatisfactory. We may allow that he excels his wife as a scholar and a politician: but in the communication of his thoughts he is not so amusing or so interesting.

#### THE UNFORTUNATE SLAVE;

*from the new Romance of Hajji Baba.*

ONE night (says the hero of the tale), soon after the sun had set, as I was preparing my bed, I perchance looked over a part of the wall that was a little broken down, and on a slip of terrace that was close under it I discovered a female, who was employed in assorting and spreading out tobacco-leaves. Her blue veil was negligently thrown over her head, and, as she stooped, the two long tresses which flowed from her forehead hung down in so tantalizing a manner as nearly to screen all her face, but still left so much of it visible, that it created an intense desire in me to see the remainder. Every thing that I saw in her announced beauty. Her hands were small, and dyed with *henna*; her feet were equally small; and her whole air and form bespoke loveliness and grace. I gazed upon her until I could no longer contain my passion; I made a slight noise, which immediately caused her to look up, and, before she could cover herself with her veil, I had time to see the most enchanting features that the imagination can conceive, and to receive a look from eyes so bewitching, that I immediately felt my heart in a blaze. With apparent displeasure she covered herself; but still I could perceive that she had managed her veil with so much art, that there was room for a certain dark and sparkling eye to look at me, and to enjoy my agitation. As I continued to gaze upon her, she at length said, though still going on with her work, 'Why do you look at me? it is criminal.'—'For the sake of the sainted Hosein,' I exclaimed, 'do not turn from me; it is no crime to love: your eyes



have made roast meat of my heart: by the mother that bore you, let me look upon your face again.' In a more subdued voice she answered me, 'Why do you ask me? You know it is a crime for a woman to let her face be seen; and you are neither my father, my brother, nor my husband; I do not even know who you are. Have you no shame, to talk thus to a maid?'—At this moment she let her veil fall, as if by chance, and I had time to look again upon her face, which was even more beautiful than I had imagined. Her eyes were large and peculiarly black, and fringed by long lashes, which, aided by the collyrium with which they were tinged, formed a sort of ambuscade, from which she leveled her shafts. Her eyebrows were finely arched, and nature had brought them together just over her nose, in so strong a line, that there was no need of art to join them together. Her nose was aquiline, her mouth small, and full of sweet expression; and in the centre of her chin was a dimple which she kept carefully marked with a blue puncture. Nothing could equal the beauty of her hair; it was black as jet, and fell in long tresses down her back. The sight of her explained to me many things which I had read in our poets, of cypress forms, tender fawns, and sugar-eating parrots. It seemed to me that I could gaze at her for ever, and not be tired; but still I felt a great desire to leap over the wall and touch her. My passion was increasing, and I was on the point of approaching her, when I heard the name of Zecnab repeated several times, with great impatience, by a loud shrill voice; upon which my fair one left the terrace in haste, and I remained riveted to the place where I had first seen her.

Having found an opportunity of visiting the beautiful slave, I learned from her the following particulars.—'We are five in the harem, beside our mistress,' she said: 'there is Shireen, the Georgian slave; then Nur Jehan, the Ethiopian slave girl; Fatmeh, the cook; and old Leilah, the duenna. My situation is that of hand-maid to the *khanum*, so my mistress is called: I attend her pipe, I hand her her coffee, bring in the meals, go with her to the bath, dress and undress her, make her clothes, spread, sift, and pound tobacco, and stand before her. Shireen is the *sandukdar*, or house-keeper; she has the care of the clothes

of both my master and mistress, and indeed of the clothes of all the house; she superintends the expenses, lays in the corn for the house, as well as all the other provisions; she takes charge of all the porcelain, the silver, and other ware; and, in short, has the care of whatever is either precious or of consequence in the family. Nur Jehan acts as *ferash*, or carpet-spreader: she does all the dirty work, spreads the carpets, sweeps the rooms, sprinkles the water over the courtyard, helps the cook, carries parcels and messages, and, in short, is at the call of every one. As for Leilah, she is a sort of duenna over the young slaves: she is employed in the out-of-door service, carries on any little affair that the *khanum* may have with other harems, and is also supposed to be a spy upon the actions of her master. Such as we are, our days are passed in peevish disputes; and, at the same time, some of us are usually leagued in strict friendship, to the exclusion of the others. At this present moment I am at open war with the Georgian, who, some time ago, finding that her good luck in life had forsaken her, contrived to procure a talisman from a dervish. She had no sooner obtained it, than on the very next day the *khanum* presented her with a new jacket; this so excited my jealousy, that I also made interest with the dervish to supply me with a talisman that should secure me a good husband. On the very same evening I saw you on the terracc. Conceive my happiness! But this has established a rivalry between myself and Shireen, which has ended in hatred, and we are now mortal enemies: perhaps we may as suddenly be friends again.'

In the *khanum's* absence, I went into her apartment. It opened upon the garden by an immense sash window, composed of stained glass; and in the corner was the accustomed seat of the lady, marked by a thick felt carpet, folded double, and a large down-cushion, covered with cloth of gold, with two tassels at the extremities, and veiled by a thin covering of muslin. Near this seat I observed a looking-glass, prettily painted, and a box containing all sorts of curiosities: the *surme* (collyrium) for the eyes, with a small instrument for applying it; some Chinese rouge; a pair of armlets containing talismans; a *toul zoulfeh*, or an ornament to hitch into the hair, and hang on the forehead; a knife, scissors, and other things. A guitar

and a tambourine lay close at hand. Her bed, rolled up in a distant corner, was enclosed in a large wrapper of blue and white cloth. Several pictures, without frames, were hung against the walls, and the shelf which occupied the top of the room was covered with different sorts of glasses, basins, &c. In a corner were seen several bottles of Shiraz wine, one of which, just stopped with a flower, appeared to have been used by the good lady that very morning; most likely in order to keep up her spirits during the melancholy ceremony she was about to attend.—‘So,’ said I to myself, ‘the Prophet is not much heeded in this house. I shall know another time how to appreciate a sanctified and mortified look.’ By the time I had satisfied my curiosity here, and had inspected the other rooms, which belonged to the servants, Zeenab had prepared our breakfast. Nothing could be more delicious than the meal which she had prepared: there was a dish of rice, white as snow, and near it a plate of roast meat, cut into small bits, wrapped up in a large flap of bread; then a beautiful Ispahan melon, in long slices; some pears and apricots; an omelette warmed from a preceding meal; cheese, onions, and leeks; a basin of sour curds, and two different sorts of sherbet: added to this, we had some delicious sweetmeats and new honey.

‘How, in the name of your mother,’ exclaimed I, as I pulled up my whiskers, and surveyed the good things before me, ‘how have you managed to collect all this so soon? This is a breakfast fit for the shah himself.’—‘Oh, as to that,’ she replied, ‘do not trouble yourself, but fall to. My mistress ordered her breakfast to be prepared over-night, but on second thoughts this morning she determined to make her meal at the house of the deceased, and has left me, as you see, but little to do. Come, let us eat and be merry.’

Accordingly we did honor to the breakfast, and left little for those who might come after us. After we had washed our hands, we placed the wine before us, and, having each broken the commandment by taking a cup, we congratulated ourselves upon being two of the happiest of human beings.

Such was my delight, that taking up the guitar, which was near me, and putting aside all apprehension for the present, and all care for the future, I tuned it to my voice, and began to sing.

Zeenab was quite in ecstasy: she had never heard any thing so delightful in her life, and forgetting that both of us were wretched individuals,—she a slave, I the most destitute of beings,—we acted and felt as if we had thought that our joy and love would last for ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our happiness was at length exposed to a dreadful shock. The shah, admiring the beauty of Zeenab, resolved to take her into his service for the gratification of his licentious love; but the report of her interviews with a presumptuous youth reached his ears. I saw her master and mine (the *hakim* or physician) come out of the shah’s private apartment, looking full of care, with one hand stuck in his girdle, the other in his side, his back more bent than usual, and with his eyes fixed on the ground. I placed myself in his way, and gave him the salutation of peace, which caused him to look up. When he had recognised me, he stopped, saying, ‘You are the very man I was seeking; come hither;’ and he took me on one side. ‘Here is a strange story afloat,’ said he; ‘this Curd has brought all sorts of ashes on my head. By Heaven, the shah has run mad. He talks of making a general massacre of all that is male, within and without his harem, beginning with his vizirs, and finishing by the eunuchs. He swears by his own head, that he will make me the first example, if I do not find out the culprit.’—‘What culprit? who? what?’ said I; ‘what has happened?’ ‘Why, Zeenab,’ answered he, ‘Zeenab.’ ‘Oh! I understand,’ said I; ‘Ah! she whom you used to love so much.’ ‘I?’ said he, as if afraid of being himself suspected, ‘I? Heaven forbid! Do not say so, for pity’s sake, Hajji; for, if such a suspicion were once hinted, the shah would put his threat into immediate execution. Where did you ever hear that I loved Zeenab?’ ‘Many things were reported concerning you at that time,’ said I, ‘and all were astonished that a man of your wisdom, the Locman of his time, the Galen of Persia, should have embarked in so frail and dangerous a commodity as a Curdish maid, one of the undoubted progeny of the devil himself, whose footsteps could not be otherwise than notoriously unfortunate; who, of herself, was enough to bring ill luck to a whole empire, but more particularly to a single family like

yours.—‘You say true, Hajji,’ said Mirza Ahmak; and upon this, looking up tenderly at me, he said, ‘Ah, Hajji! you know how much I have always loved you: I took you into my house when you were houseless—I placed you in a good situation—allow that there is, or that there ought to be, such a thing in the world as gratitude—you have now an opportunity of exercising it:’ then pausing for a while, and playing with the tip of my beard, he said, ‘Have you guessed what I wished to say?’ ‘No,’ said I, ‘it has not yet reached my understanding.’ ‘Well, then,’ said he, ‘in two words, own that you are the culprit. A great loss of consideration would accrue to me, but none to you; you are young, and can bear such a story to be told of you.’ ‘Loss of consideration, indeed!’ exclaimed I, ‘what is that when the loss of life will ensue? Are you mad, or do you think me so? Why should I die? why do you wish to have my blood upon your head?’

In the midst of our conversation, one of the shah’s eunuchs came up to me, and said that his chief had been ordered to station the lieutenant of the chief executioner, and five men, at the foot of the high tower at the entrance of the harem, at the hour of midnight; and that they were to bring a *tuboot*, or hand-bier, with them, to bear away a corpse for interment. All I could say in answer was ‘*be theshmh*,’ (by my eyes.) A cold sweat broke out all over my body, my eyes swam, my knees knocked under me, and I should perhaps have fallen into a swoon, if the fear of being seen in such a state, in the very centre of the palace, had not roused me.

‘What,’ said I to myself, ‘is it not enough that I have been the cause of her death, must I be her executioner too? Cannot I fly from the horrid scene? Cannot I rather thrust a dagger into my heart? But no, it is plain my fate is ordained, sealed, fixed! and in vain I struggle,—I must fulfil the task appointed for me!’

With these feelings, oppressed as if the mountain of Demawend and all its sulphurs were on my heart, I went about my work, collecting the several men who were to be my colleagues in this bloody tragedy; who, heedless and unconcerned at an event of no unfrequent occurrence, were indifferent whether they were to be the bearers of a murdered person, or themselves the instruments of

murder. The night was dark and lowering, and well suited to the horrid scene about to be acted. The sun had set, surrounded by clouds of the color of blood; and, as the night advanced, they rolled on in unceasing thunders over the summits of the adjacent range of Albors. At sudden intervals the moon was seen through the dense vapour, which covered her again as suddenly, and restored the night to its darkness and solemnity. I was seated lonely in the guard-room of the palace, when I heard the cries of the sentinels on the watch-towers, announcing midnight, and the voices of the muezziins from the mosques, the wild notes of whose chant, floating on the wind, ran through my veins with the chilling creep of death, and announced to me that the hour of murder was at hand! They were the harbingers of death to the helpless woman: I started up—I could not bear to hear them more—I rushed on in desperate haste, and as I came to the appointed spot, I found my five companions already arrived, sitting unconcerned on and about the coffin that was to enclose the remains of Zcenab. The only word which I had power to say to them was, ‘*Shoud?*’ Is it done? to which they answered, ‘*Ne shoud*,’ It is not done. An awful silence ensued. I had hoped that all was over, and that I should have been spared every other horror, except that of conducting the melancholy procession to the place of burial; but no, the deed was still to be done, and I could not retreat.

On the confines of the apartments allotted to the women in the palace stands a high octagonal tower, seen conspicuously from all parts of the city, at the summit of which is a chamber, in which the shah frequently reposes and takes the air. It is surrounded by unappropriated ground, and the principal gate of the harem is close to its base. On the top of all is a terrace (a spot, ah! never by me to be forgotten!) and it was to this that our whole attention was now riveted. I had scarcely arrived, when, looking up, we saw three figures, two men and a female, whose forms were lighted up by an occasional gleam of moonshine, that shone in a wild and uncertain manner upon them. They seemed to drag their victim between them with much violence, whilst she was seen in attitudes of supplication, on her knees, with her hands extended, and in all the agony of the deepest desperation. When they were

at the brink of the tower, her shrieks were audible, but so wild, so varied by the blasts of wind that blew round the building, that they appeared to me like the sounds of laughing madness.

We all kept a dead and breathless silence: even my five ruffians seemed moved—I was transfixed like a lump of lifeless clay, and if I am asked what my sensations were at the time, I should be at a loss to describe them,—I was totally inanimate, and still I knew what was going on. At length, one loud, shrill, and searching scream of the bitterest woe was heard, which was suddenly lost in an interval of the most frightful silence. A heavy fall, which immediately succeeded, told us that all was over. I was then roused, and with my head confused, half crazed and half conscious, I immediately rushed to the spot, where my Zeenab lay struggling, a mangled and mutilated corpse. She still breathed, but the convulsions of death were upon her, and her lips moved as if she would speak, although the blood was fast flowing from her mouth. I could not catch a word, although she uttered sounds that seemed like words. I hung over her in the deepest despair, and, having lost all sense of prudence and of self-preservation, I acted so much up to my own feelings, that if the men around me had had the smallest suspicion of my real situation, nothing could have saved me from destruction. I even carried my frenzy so far as to steep my hands in her blood, saying to myself, ‘This, at least, shall never part from me!’ I came to myself, however, upon hearing the shrill and demon-like voice of one of her murderers from the tower’s height, crying out—‘Is she dead?’—‘Ay, as a

stone,’ answered one of my ruffians.—‘Carry her away, then,’ said the voice. ‘To hell yourself,’ in a suppressed tone, said another ruffian; upon which my men lifted the dead body into the tabooot, placed it upon their shoulders, and walked off with it to the burial-ground without the city, where they found a grave ready dug to receive it. I walked mechanically after them, absorbed in most melancholy thoughts; and when we had arrived at the burial-place, I sat down on a grave-stone, scarcely conscious of what was going on. I watched the operations of the Nasackchieh with a sort of unmeaning stare; saw them place the body in the earth, then shovel the mould over it, then place two stones, one at the feet, and the other at the head. When they had finished, they came up to me and said ‘that all was done:’ to which I answered, ‘Go home; I will follow.’ They left me seated on the grave, and returned to the town.

The night continued dark, and distant thunders still echoed through the mountains. No other sound was heard, save now and then the infant-like cries of the jackall, that now in packs, and then by two or three at the time, kept prowling round the mansions of the dead. The longer I remained near the grave, the less I was inclined to return to my home, and to my horrid employment of executioner. I loathed my existence, and longed to be so secluded from the world, and from all dealings with those of high authority in it, that the only scheme which I could relish was that of becoming a real dervish, and passing the rest of my days in penitence and privations.

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TO THE LOVED MEMORY OF MISS SARAH PERKINS FRAMPTON, OF LOME,  
SELWOOD,

*who died of a rapid decline in the 22d year of her age.*

WEEP for the young, the fair, the good,  
Untimely snatch'd from earth away:  
To one with choicest gift endued,  
Grief's tribute pay!

Weep for the child, so fondly lov'd,  
The relative, so justly dear,  
The sweet associate, friend approv'd;  
Stint not the tear!

Weep, that the cold, damp grave encloses  
 That graceful mien, that cherish'd form !  
 Weep, that those cheeks, which bloom'd with roses,  
 Now feed the worm !

Weep, that an intellect so bright,  
 Which promis'd still a brighter ray,  
 Is shrouded in the veil of night,  
 To death a prey !

Weep, for a heart—so gentle, kind,  
 Pure as the flake of falling snow—  
 Lost to each sympathy refin'd  
 Of joy or woe !

Weep, yet rejoice ! the mortal clay  
 Alone lies mould'ring in the tomb :  
 The deathless spirit wings its way  
 To Heaven, its HOME !

Rejoice ! a suff'ring child of dust  
 With seraphs finds a blissful rest :  
 Think, that the mem'ry of the just  
 Is ever blest.

Rejoice, that she has won the prize !  
 The chast'ning hand of God adore !  
 Prepare to meet her in the skies,  
 To part no more !

MARY ANNE DAVIS.

THE INDIAN LOVER'S SONG ;

*from the Oriental Herald.*

HASTEN, love ! the sun hath set ;  
 And the moon, through twilight gleaming,  
 On the mosque's white minaret  
 Now in silver light is streaming.

All is hush'd in soft repose,  
 Silence rests on field and dwelling,  
 Save where the bulbul\* to the rose  
 A tale of love is sweetly telling.

Stars are glitt'ring in the sky,  
 Blest abodes of light and gladness :  
 Oh ! my life ! that thou and I  
 Might quit for them this world of sadness !

See the fire-fly in the tope †  
 Brightly through the darkness shining,  
 As the ray which heav'nly hope  
 Flashes on the soul's repining.

Then haste, bright treasure of my heart !  
 Flowers around, and stars above thee,  
 Alone must see us meet and part,  
 Alone must witness how I love thee.

The nightingale.

† A grove is so called.

## A VIEW OF SOCIETY AT A NOBLEMAN'S VILLA;

*by Lord Byron.*

THERE WAS Parolles too, the legal bully;  
 Who limits all his battles to the bar  
 And senate: when invited elsewhere, truly,  
 He shows more appetite for words than war.  
 There was the young bard Rackrhyme, who had newly  
 Come out and glimmer'd as a six-weeks' star.  
 There was lord Pyrrho too, the great freethinker;  
 And sir John Pottledeep, the mighty drinker.

There was the duke of Dash, who was a—duke,  
 'Ay, every inch a' duke; there were twelve peers  
 Like Charlemagne's—and all such peers in look  
 And intellect, that neither eyes nor ears  
 For commoners had ever them mistook.

There were the six Miss Rawbolds—pretty dears!  
 All song and sentiment; whose hearts were set  
 Less on a convent than a coronet.

There was Dick Dubious the metaphysician,  
 Who loved philosophy and a good dinner;  
 Angle, the soi-disant mathematician;  
 Sir Henry Silvercup, the great race-winner.  
 There was the Reverend Rodomont Precisian,  
 Who did not hate so much the sin as sinner;  
 And lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet,  
 Good at all things, but better at a bet.

There was Jack Jargon, the gigantic guardsman;  
 And general Firciace, famous in the field,  
 A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,  
 Who ate, last war, more Yankies than he kill'd.  
 There was the waggish Welsh judge, Jeffries Hardsman,  
 In his grave office so completely skill'd,  
 That when a culprit came for condemnation,  
 He had his judge's joke for consolation.

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,  
 Or hunt: the young, because they liked the sport—  
 The first thing boys like, after play and fruit:  
 The middle-aged, to make the day more short;  
 For ennui is a growth of English root,  
 Though nameless in our language:—we retort  
 The fact for words, and let the French translate  
 That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.

The elderly walk'd through the library,  
 And tumbled books, or criticised the pictures,  
 Or saunter'd through the gardens piteously,  
 And made upon the hot-house several strictures,  
 Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,  
 Or on the morning papers read their lectures,  
 Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,  
 Longing at sixty for the hour of six.

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—  
 Met the morn as they might If fine, they rode  
 Or walk'd; if foul, they read, or told a tale,  
 Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from abroad;  
 Discuss'd the fashion which might next prevail,  
 And settled bonnets by the newest code,  
 Or cramm'd twelve sheets into one little letter,  
 To make each correspondent a new debtor.

For some had absent lovers, all had friends.  
 The earth has nothing like a She epistle,  
 And hardly heaven—because it never ends.  
 I love the mystery of a female missal,  
 Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,  
 But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,  
 When he allured poor Dolon:—you had better  
 Take care what you reply to such a letter.  
 Then there were billiards; cards too, but *no* dice.

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field-days,  
 For then the gentlemen were rather tired)  
 Display'd some sylph-like figures in its maze;  
 'Then there was small-talk ready when required,  
 Flirtation—but decorous; the mere praise  
 Of charms that should or should not be admired.  
 The hunters fought their fox-hunt o'er again,  
 And then retreated soberly—at ten.

The politicians, in a nook apart,  
 Discuss'd the world, and settled all the spheres;  
 The wits watch'd every loop-hole for their art,  
 To introduce a hon-not head and ears;  
 Small is the rest of those who would be smart;  
 A moment's good thing may have cost them years  
 Before they find an hour to introduce it,  
 And then, even *then*, some bore may make them lose it.

WALKS IN THE COUNTRY,  
 NO. IX.

OCTOBER 27th.—A lovely autumnal day; the air soft, balmy, genial; the sky of that softened and delicate blue upon which the eye loves to rest,—the blue which gives such relief to the rich beauty of the earth, all around glowing in the ripe and mellow tints of the most gorgeous of the seasons. Really such an autumn may well compensate our English climate for the fine spring of the south, that spring of which the poets talk, but which we so seldom enjoy. Such an autumn glows upon us like a splendid evening; it is the very sunset of the year; and I have been tempted forth into a wider range of enjoyment than usual. This *walk* (if I may use the Irish figure of speech called a bull)

will be a *ride*. A very dear friend has beguiled me into accompanying her in her pretty equipage to her beautiful home, four miles off; and having sent forward in the style of a running footman the servant who had driven her, she assumes the reins, and off we set.

My fair companion is a person whom nature and fortune would have spoiled if they could. She is one of those striking women whom a stranger cannot pass without turning to look again; tall and finely proportioned, with a bold Roman contour of figure and feature, a delicate English complexion, and an air of distinction altogether her own. Her beauty is dutchess-like. She seems born to wear feathers and diamonds, and to form the grace and ornament of a court; and the noble frankness and simplicity of her countenance and manner

confirm the impression. Destiny has, however, dealt more kindly by her. She is the wife of a rich country gentleman of high descent and higher attainments, to whom she is most devotedly attached, —the mother of a little girl as lovely as herself, and the delight of all who have the happiness of her acquaintance, to whom she is endeared not merely by her remarkable sweetness of temper and kindness of heart, but by the singular ingenuousness and openness of character which communicate an indescribable charm to her lively conversation. She is as transparent as water. You may see every color, every shade of a mind as lofty and beautiful as her person. Talking with her is like being in the Palace of Truth described by Madame de Genlis; and yet so kindly are her feelings, so great her indulgence to the little failings and foibles of our common nature, so intense her sympathy with the wants, the wishes, the sorrows, and the happiness of her fellow-creatures, that, with all her frank speaking, I never knew her make an enemy or lose a friend.

But we must get on. What would she say if she knew I was putting her into print? We must get on up the hill! Ah! that is precisely what we are not likely to do! This horse, this beautiful and high-bred horse, well fed, and fat and glossy, who stood prancing at our gate like an Arabian, has suddenly turned sulky. He does not indeed stand quite still, but his way of moving is little better,—the slowest and most sullen of all walks. Even they who ply the hearse at funerals, sad-looking beasts who totter under black feathers, go faster. It is of no use to admonish him by whip, or rein, or word. The rogue has found out, that it is a weak and tender hand that guides him now. Oh for one pull, one stroke of his old driver the groom! How he would fly! But there is the groom half a mile before us, out of ear-shot, clearing the ground at a capital rate, beating us hollow. He has just turned the top of the hill;—and in a moment—ay, *now* he is out of sight, and will undoubtedly so continue till he meets us at the lawn gate. Well! there is no great harm. It is only prolonging the pleasure of enjoying together this charming scenery in this fine weather. If once we make up our minds not to care how slowly our steed goes, not to fret ourselves by vain

exertions, it is no matter what his pace may be. There is little doubt of his getting home by sunset, and that will content us. He is, after all, a fine noble animal; and perhaps when he finds that we are determined to give him his way, he may relent, and give us ours. All of hissex are sticklers for dominion, though, when it is undisputed, some of them are generous enough to abandon it. Two or three of the most discreet wives of my acquaintance contrive to manage their husbands sufficiently with no better secret than this seeming submission; and in our case the example has the more weight since we have no possible way of helping ourselves.

Thus philosophising, we reached the top of the hill, and viewed with 'reverted eyes' the beautiful prospect that lay bathed in golden sunshine behind us. Cowper says, with that boldness of expressing in poetry the commonest and simplest feelings, which is perhaps one great secret of his originality,

'Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily seen,  
Please daily, and whose novelty survives  
Long knowledge of the scrutiny of years.'

Every day I walk up this hill—every day I pause at the top to admire the broad winding road with the green waste on each side, uniting it with the thickly timbered hedgerows; the two pretty cottages at unequal distances, placed so as to mark the bends; the village beyond, with its mass of roofs and clustered chimneys peeping through the trees; and the rich distance, where cottages, mansions, churches, towns, seem embowered in some wide forest, and shut in by blue shadowy hills. Every day I admire this most beautiful landscape; yet never did it seem to me so fine or so glowing as now. All the tints of the glorious autumn, orange, tawny, yellow, red, are poured in profusion amongst the bright greens of the meadows and turnep fields, till the eye is satiated with color; and then before us we have the common with its picturesque roughness of surface, tufted with cottages, dappled with water, edging off on one side into fields and farms and orchards, and terminated on the other by the princely oak avenue.—What a richness and variety the wild broken ground gives to the luxuriant cultivation of the rest of the landscape! Cowper has described it for me. How per-



pettally, as we walk in the country, his vivid pictures recur to the memory! Here is his common, and mine!

'The common overgrown with fern, and rough  
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and de-  
form'd

And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,  
And decks itself with ornaments of gold;—  
————— there the turf

Smells fresh, and, rich in odoriferous herbs  
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense  
With luxury of unexpected sweets.' \*

The description is exact. There, too, to the left is my cricket-ground (Cowler's common wanted that finishing grace); and there stands one solitary urchin, as if in contemplation of its past and future glories; for, alas! cricket is over for the season! Ah! it is Ben Kirby, next brother to Joe, king of the youngsters, and probably his successor—for this Michaelmas has cost us Joe! He is promoted from the farm to the mansion-house, two miles off; there he cleans shoes, rubs knives, and runs upon errands, and is, as his mother expresses it, 'a sort of 'prentice to the footman.' I should not wonder if Joe, some day or other, should overtop the footman, and rise to be butler; and his splendid prospects must be our consolation for the loss of this great favorite. In the mean time we have Ben.

Ben Kirby is a year younger than Joe, and the schoolfellow and rival of Jem Ensdon. To be sure his abilities lie in rather a different line: Jem is a scholar, Ben is a wag: Jem is great in figures and writing, Ben in faces and mischief. His master says of him, that, if there were two such in the school, he must resign his office; and, as far as my observation goes, the worthy pedagogue is right. Ben is, it must be confessed, a great corrupter of gravity. He hath an exceeding aversion to authority and decorum, and a wonderful boldness and dexterity in overthrowing the one and puzzling the other. His contortions of visage are astounding. His 'power over his own muscles and those of other people' is almost equal to that of Liston; and indeed the original face, flat and square and Chinese in its shape, of a fine tan complexion, with a snub nose, and a slit for a mouth, is nearly as comical as that matchless performer's. When aided by Ben's singular mobility of feature, his knowing winks and grins and shrugs and nods, together with a certain dry shrewd-

ness, a habit of saying sharp things, and a marvellous gift of impudence, it forms as fine a specimen as possible of a humorous country boy, an oddity in embryo. Every body likes Ben, except his butts (which may perhaps comprise half his acquaintance); and of them no one so thoroughly hates and dreads him as our parish school-master, a most worthy king Log, whom Ben dumbfounds twenty times a day. He is a great ornament of the cricket-ground, has a real genius for the game, and displays it after a very original manner under the disguise of awkwardness—as the clown shows off his agility in a pantomime. Nothing comes amiss to him. By the bye, he would have been the very lad for us in our present dilemma; not a horse in England could master Ben Kirby. But we are too far from him now—and perhaps it is as well that we are so. I believe the rogue has a kindness for me, in remembrance of certain apples and nuts, which my usual companion, who delights in his wit, is accustomed to dole out to him. But it is a Robin Goodfellow nevertheless, a perfect Puck, that loves nothing on earth so well as mischief. Perhaps the horse may be the safer conductor of the two.

The avenue is quite alive to-day. Old women are picking up twigs and acorns, and pigs of all sizes doing their utmost to spare them the latter part of the trouble; boys and girls groping for beech-nuts under yonder clump; and a group of younger elves collecting as many dead leaves as they can find to feed the bonfire which is smoking away so briskly amongst the trees,—a sort of rehearsal of the grand bonfire nine days hence; of the loyal conflagration of the arch traitor Guy Vaux, which is annually solemnised in the avenue, accompanied with as much of squibbery and crackery as our boys can beg or borrow—not to say steal. Ben Kirby is a great man on the fifth of November. All the savings of a month, the hoarded halfpence, the new farthings, the very luck-penny, go off *in fumo* on that night. For my part I like this day-light mockery better. There is no gunpowder—odious gunpowder! no noise but the merry shouts of the small fry, so shrill and happy, and the cawing of the rooks, who are wheeling in large circles overhead, and wondering what is going forward in their territory—seeming in their loud clamor to ask what that light smoke

may mean that curls so prettily amongst their old oaks, towering as if to meet the clouds. There is something very intelligent in the ways of that black people the rooks, particularly in their wonder. I suppose it results from their numbers and their unity of purpose, a sort of collective wisdom. Yet geese congregate also; and geese never by any chance look wise. But then geese are a domestic fowl. We have spoiled them; and rooks are free commoners of nature, who use the habitations we provide for them, to haunt our groves and our avenues, and never dream of becoming our subjects.

What a labyrinth of a road this is! I do think there are four turnings in the short half-mile between the avenue and the mill. And what a pity, as my companion observes—not that one good and jolly miller, the very representative of the old English yeomanry, should be so rich, but that one consequence of his riches should be the pulling-down of the prettiest old mill that ever looked at itself in the Loddon, with the picturesque low-browed irregular cottage, which stood with its light pointed roof, its clustered chimneys, and its ever-open door, looking like the real abode of comfort and hospitality, to build this huge, staring, frightful, red-brick mill, as ugly as a manufactory, and this great square house, ugly and red to match, just behind. The old building always used to remind me of Woollett's beautiful engraving of a scene in the *Maid of the Mill*. It will be long before any artist will make a drawing of this. Only think of this redness in a picture! this boiled lobster of a house! Falstaff's description of Bardolph's nose would look pale in the comparison.

Here is that monstrous machine of a tilted waggon, with its load of flour, and its four fat horses. I wonder whether our horse will have the decency to get out of the way. If he does not, I am sure we cannot make him; and that enormous ship upon wheels, that ark on dry land, would roll over us like the car of Juggernaut. Really—Oh no! there is no danger now. I should have remembered that it is my friend Samuel Long who drives the mill-team. He will take care of us. 'Thank you, Samuel!' And Samuel has put us on our way, steered us out of the way of his waggon, escorted us over the bridge; and now, having seen us through our

immediate difficulties, has parted from us with a very civil bow, and good-humoured smile, as one who is always civil and good-humoured, but with a certain triumphant masterly look in his eyes, which I have noted in men, even the best of them, when a woman gets into straits by attempting manly employments. He has done us great good though, and may be allowed his little feeling of superiority. The parting salute he bestowed on our steed, in the shape of an astounding crack of his huge whip, has put that refractory animal on his mettle. On we go fast! we pass the glazier's pretty house, with its porch and its filbert walk; along the narrow lane bordered with clus, whose fallen laves have made the road one yellow; near that little farm-house with the horse-chestnut trees before, glowing like oranges; by the white-washed school on the other side, glowing with October roses; by the park and the lodge and the mansion, where once dwelt the great earl of Clarendon;—and now the rascal has begun to discover that Samuel Long and his whip are a mile off, and that his mistress is driving him, and he slackens his pace accordingly. Perhaps he feels the beauty of the road just here, and goes slowly to enjoy it. Very beautiful it certainly is. The park paling forms the boundary on one side, with fine clumps of oak, and deer in all attitudes; the water, tufted with alders, flowing along on the other. Another turn, and the water winds away, succeeded by a low hedge and a sweep of green meadows; whilst the park and its paling are replaced by a steep bank, on which stands a small, quiet, village ale-house; and higher up, embosomed in wood, is the little country church, with its sloping church-yard and its low white steeple, peeping out from amongst magnificent yew-trees:

'Hug' trunks! and each particular trunk a growth  
(Of intertwisted fibres serpentine,  
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved.'

WORDSWORTH.

No village church was ever more happily placed. It is the very image of the peace and humbleness inculcated with its walls.

Ah! here is a higher hill rising before us, almost like a mountain. How grandly the view opens as we ascend over that wild bank, overgrown with tern and heath and gorse, and between

those tall hollies glowing with their coral berries! What an expanse! But we have little time to gaze at present; for that piece of perversity, our horse, who has walked over so much level ground, has now, inspired, I presume, by a desire to revisit his stable, taken it into that unaccountable noddle of his to trot up this, the very steepest hill in the county. Here we are on the top; and in five minutes we have reached the lawn gate, and are in the very midst of that beautiful piece of art or nature (I do not know to which class it belongs) the pleasure ground of F. Hill. Never was the 'prophetic eye of taste' exerted with more magical skill than in these plantations. Thirty years ago this place had no existence; it was a mere undistinguished tract of field and meadow and common land; but now it is a mimic forest, delighting the eye with the finest combinations of trees and shrubs, the rarest effects of form and foliage, and bewildering the mind with its green glades and impervious recesses and apparently interminable extent. It is the triumph of landscape gardening, and never more beautiful than in this autumn sunset, lighting up the ruddy beech and the spotted sycamore, and gilding the shining fir-cones that hang so thickly amongst the dark pines. The robins are singing around us, as if they too felt the magic of the hour. How gracefully the road winds through the leafy labyrinth, leading imperceptibly to the more ornamented sweep. Here we are at the door amidst geraniums, and carnations, and jasmines still in flower. Ah! here is a flower sweeter than all, a bird gayer than the robin, the little bird that chirps to the tune of 'mama! mama!' the bright-faced fairy, whose tiny feet come pattering along, making a merry music, mama's own Frances! And following her guidance, here we are in the dear round room time enough to catch the last rays of the sun, as they light the noble landscape which lies like a panorama around us, lingering longest on that long island of old thorns and stunted oaks, the oasis of B. Heath, and then vanishing in a succession of gorgeous clouds.

October 28. Another soft and brilliant morning. But the pleasures of to-day must be written in short-hand. I have left myself no room for notes of admiration.

First we drove about the coppice; an

extensive wood of oak and elm and beech, chiefly the former, which adjoins the park paling of F. Hill, of which demesne indeed it forms one of the most delightful parts. The roads through the coppice are studiously wild, so that they have the appearance of mere cart tracks; and the manner in which the ground is tumbled about, the steep declivities, the sunny slopes, the sudden swells and falls, a close narrow valley, and a sharp ascent to an eminence commanding an immense extent of prospect, have a striking air of natural beauty, developed and heightened by the perfection of art: all this indeed was familiar to me; the coloring only was new. I had been there in early spring, when the fragrant palms were on the willow, and the yellow tassels on the hazel, and every twig was swelling with renewed life; and I had been there again and again in the green leafiness of midsummer; but never as now, when the dark verdure of the fir-plantations, hanging over the picturesque and unequal paling partly covered with moss and ivy, contrasts so remarkably with the shining orange leaves of the beech already half fallen, the pale yellow of the scattering elm, the deeper and richer tints of the oak, and the glossy stems of the 'lady of the woods,' the delicate weeping birch. The underwood is no less picturesque. The red spotted leaves and redder berries of the old thorns, the scarlet festoons of the bramble, the tall fern of every hue, seem to vie with the brilliant mosaic of the ground, now covered with dead leaves and strewn with fir-cones, now, where a little glade intervenes, gay with various mosses and splendid fungi. How beautiful is this coppice to-day! especially where the little spring, as clear as crystal, comes bubbling out from the 'old fantastic' beech root, and trickles over the grass, bright and silent as the dew in a May morning. The wood pigeons (who are just returned from their summer migration and are cropping the ivy berries) add their low cooings, the very note of love, to the slight fluttering of the fallen leaves in the quiet air, giving a voice to the sunshine and the beauty. This coppice is a place to live and die in. But we must go. And how fine is the ascent which leads us again into the world, past those cottages hidden as in a pit, and by that hanging orchard and that rough heathy bank! The scenery in this one spot has a wildness, an abrupt-

ness of rise and fall, rare in any part of England, rare above all in this rich and lovely but monotonous county. It is Switzerland in miniature.

And now we cross the hill to pay a morning visit to the family at the great house,—another fine place, commanding another fine sweep of country. The park, studded with old trees, and sinking gently into a valley, rich in wood and water, is in the best style of ornamented landscape, though more according to the common routine of gentlemen's seats than the singularly original place which we have just left. There is however one distinctive beauty in the grounds of the great house;—the magnificent firs which shade the terraces and surround the sweep, giving out in summer odors really Sabeian, and now in this low autumn sun producing an effect almost magical, as the huge red trunks, garlanded with ivy, stand out from the deep shadows like an army of giants. In-doors—Oh I must not take my readers in-doors, or we shall never get away.—In-doors the sun-shine is brighter still; for there, in a lofty light-some room, sits a damsel fair and arch and *piquante*, one whom Titian or Velasquez should be born again to paint, leaning over an instrument\* as sparkling and fanciful as herself, singing pretty French romances and Scottish Jacobite songs, and all sorts of graceful and airy drolleries picked up I know not where—an English improvisatrice! a payer Annot Lyle! whilst her sister, of a higher order of beauty, and with an earnest kindness in her smile that deepens its power, lends to the piano, as her father to the violin, an expression, a sensibility, a spirit, an eloquence, almost human—almost divine! Oh to hear these two instruments accompanying my dear companion (I forgot to say that she is a singer worthy to be so accompanied) in Haydn's exquisite canzonet, 'She never told her love,'—to hear her voice, with all its power, its sweetness, its gush of sound, so sustained and assisted by modulations that rivaled its intensity of expression; to hear at once such poetry, such music, such execution, is a pleasure never to be forgotten, or mixed with meaner things. I seem to hear it still.

As in the bursting spring-time o'er the eye  
Of one who haunts the fields fair visions creep  
Beneath the closed lids (afore dull sleep  
Dims the quick fancy) of sweet flowers that lie  
On grassy banks, oxslip of orient dye,  
And palest primrose and blue violet,  
All in their fresh and dewy beauty set,  
Pictur'd within the sense, and will not fly:  
So in mine ear resounds and lives again  
One mingled melody,—a voice, a pair  
Of instruments most voice-like! Of the air  
Rather than of the earth seems that high strain,

A spirit's song, and worthy of the train  
That sooth'd old Prospero with music rare.

M.

#### ST. RONAN'S WELL;

by the Author of Waverley. 3 vols. 1821.

THE composition of so many novels has proceeded from the fertile pen of the celebrated writer of this work might be supposed to have in a great measure exhausted his talents, and drained his stock of fancy, of ideas and characters. Yet his faculties do not seem to be impaired: his mental *stamina*, originally strong, are not yet enfeebled; and he is still qualified to hurl with effect the shaft of ridicule, to amuse the idle, to instruct and delight every class of readers. Whence then can arise that opinion which seems now to prevail, that there is a 'sad falling-off' on this occasion, a 'woful decline' of that interest and entertainment which the productions of this author were accustomed to excite and afford? The haste with which he writes, for the evident purpose of rapid emolument, will partly answer the question; the want of that novelty into which a proper delay and mature deliberation might lead him, and his occasional repetition of himself, in which he imitates Rossini, may also be alleged as derogatory from the force of his attraction. When a person who has established his name can procure (as it has been confidently stated) ten thousand pounds for producing three novels in a year, however slovenly and flimsy may be the composition and texture of each, he is induced to attend more to the prospect of lucre than to the able and skilful performance of his task. As, however, he displays uncommon talent and great knowledge of the world in every one of his pieces, we may excuse his imperfections, while we regret the precipitancy of his effusions.

The scene of this novel is laid on the

\* The dial harp.

southern side of the Forth; and it opens with a picturesque description of the village of St. Ronan; the chief mansion of which, being no longer occupied by the Mowbray family, had been converted into an inn, kept by Meg Dods, of whom a curious character is given. The pretended discovery of a salubrious well in the neighbourhood, and the consequent erection of a watering-place and a new inn, diminished the resort of strangers to Meg's house; but she was still patronised by some steady customers.

At length the hero of the tale, Francis Tyrrel, appears at the old inn.—'He was a well-made man, rather above than under the middle size, and apparently betwixt five-and-twenty and thirty years of age—for, although he might, at first glance, have passed for one who had attained the later period, yet, on a nearer examination, it seemed as if the burning sun of a warmer climate than Scotland, and perhaps some fatigue, both of body and mind, had imprinted the marks of care and of manhood upon his countenance, without abiding the course of years. His eyes and teeth were excellent, and his other features, though they could be scarce termed handsome, expressed sense and acuteness; he bore, in his aspect, that ease and composure of manner, equally void of awkwardness and affectation, which is said emphatically to mark the gentleman; and, although neither the plainness of his dress, nor the total want of the usual attendants, allowed Meg to suppose him a wealthy man, she had little doubt that he was above the rank of her lodgers in general.'

The object which Tyrrel has in view is the recovery of the title and estates of his father the earl of Etherington, usurped by a half-brother. While he is promoting his aims, which are necessarily counter-acted by the usurper, various characters are introduced, not indeed having much connexion with the main story, but tending to diversify the subject. The projector of the new establishment, lady Penelope Penfeather, is thus pleasantly characterised:

'She was at bottom a well-principled woman, but too thoughtless to let her principles control her humor, therefore not scrupulously nice in her society. She was good-natured, but capricious and whimsical, and willing enough to be kind or generous, if it neither thwarted

her humor, nor cost her much trouble; would have chaperoned a young friend anywhere, and moved the world for subscription tickets, but never troubled herself how much her giddy charge flirted, or with whom, so that, with a numerous class of Misses, her ladyship was the most delightful creature in the world. Then lady Penelope had lived so much in society, knew so exactly when to speak, and how to escape from an embarrassing discussion, by professing ignorance, while she looked intelligence, that she was not generally discovered to be a fool until she set up for being remarkably clever. This happened more frequently of late, when perhaps, as she could not but observe that the repairs of the toilette became more necessary, she might suppose that new lights, according to the poet, were streaming on her mind through the chinks that Time was making. Many of her friends, however, thought that lady Penelope had better consulted her genius by remaining in mediocrity, as a fashionable and well-bred woman, than by parading her new-founded pretensions to taste and patronage; but such was not her own opinion, and, doubtless, her ladyship was the best judge.'

Another member of the watering-place *coterie* is humorously described:

'Lady Binks, lately the beautiful Miss Bonnyrigg, made the company at the Well alternately admire, smile, and stare, by dancing the highest Highland fling, riding the wildest pony, laughing the loudest laugh at the broadest joke, and wearing the briefest petticoat of any nymph of St. Ronan's. Few knew that this wild, hoydenish, half-mad humor was only superinduced over her real character, for the purpose of—getting well married. She had fixed her eyes on Sir Bingo, and was aware of his maxim, that to catch him, "a girl must be *hang up* to every thing;" and that he would choose a wife for the neck-or-nothing qualities which recommend a good hunter. She made out her catch-match, and she was miserable. Her wild good humor was entirely an assumed part of her character, which was passionate, ambitious, and thoughtful. Delicacy she had none—she knew Sir Bingo was a brute and a fool, even while she was hunting him down; but she had so far mistaken her own feelings, as not to have expected that when she became bone of his bone, she should

feel so much shame and anger, when she saw his folly expose him to be laughed at and plundered, or so disgusted when his brutality became intimately connected with herself. It is true, he was on the whole rather an innocent monster; and between biting and bridling, coaxing and humoring, might have been made to pad on well enough. But the unhappy boggling which had taken place previous to the declaration of their private marriage had so exasperated her spirits against her help-mate, that modes of conciliation were the last she was likely to adopt. Not only had the assistance of the Scottish Themis, so propitiously indulgent to the foibles of the fair, been resorted to on the occasion, but even Mars seemed ready to enter upon the tapis, if Hymen had not intervened.

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'The manners of the young lady were no less changed than was her temper, and, from being much too careless and free, were become reserved, sullen, and haughty. A consciousness that many scrupled to hold intercourse with her in society rendered her disagreeably tenacious of her rank, and jealous of every thing that appeared like neglect. She had constituted herself mistress of Sir Bingo's purse; and, unrestrained in the expenses of dress and equipage, chose, contrary to her maiden practice, to be rather rich and splendid than gay, and to command that attention by magnificence, which she no longer deigned to solicit by rendering herself either agreeable or entertaining. One secret source of her misery was, the necessity of showing deference to Lady Penelope Penfeather, whose understanding she despised, and whose pretensions to consequence, to patronage, and to literature, she had acuteness enough to see through, and to contemn; and this dislike was the more grievous, that she felt she depended a good deal on lady Penelope's countenance for the situation she was able to maintain, even among the not very select society of St. Ronan's Well; and that, neglected by her, she must have drooped lower in the scale even there. Neither was lady Penelope's kindness to lady Binks extremely cordial. She partook in the ancient and ordinary dislike of single nymphs of a certain age to those who make splendid alliances under their very eye—and she more than suspected the secret disaffection of the lady.

But the name sounded well, and the style in which lady Binks lived was a credit to the place. So they satisfied their mutual dislike with saying a few sharp things to each other occasionally, but all under the mask of civility.

'Such was lady Binks; and yet, being such, her dress, and her equipage, and carriages, were the envy of half the Misses at the Well, who, while she sat disfiguring with sullenness her very lovely face (for it was as beautiful as her shape was exquisite), only thought she was proud of having carried her point, and felt herself, with her large fortune and diamond bandeau, no fit company for the rest of the party. They submitted, therefore, with meekness to her domineering temper, though it was not the less tyrannical, that in her maiden state of hoydenhood she had been to some of them an object of slight and of censure; and lady Binks had not forgotten the offences offered to Miss Bonnyrigg. But the fair sisterhood submitted to her retaliations, as lieutenants endure the bullying of a rough and boisterous captain of the sea, with the secret determination to pay it home to their underlings, when they shall become captains themselves.'

Another leading personage at this place of resort is Dr. Quinbus Quacklen.—'This man of medicine claimed a right to regulate medical matters at the spring upon the principle which of old assigned the property of a newly-discovered country to the first buccaneer who committed piracy on its shores. The acknowledgegment of the doctor's merit, as having been first to proclaim and vindicate the merits of these healing fountains, had occasioned his being universally installed first physician and man of science, which last qualification he could apply to all purposes, from the boiling of an egg to the giving of a lecture. He was indeed qualified, like many of his profession, to spread both the bane and antidote before a dyspeptic patient, being as knowing a gastronome as Dr. Redgill himself, or any other worthy physician who has written for the benefit of the *cuisine*, from Dr. Moncrieff of Tippermalloch, to the late Dr. Hunter, of York, and Dr. Kitchiner, of London. But pluralities are always invidious, and therefore the doctor prudently relinquished the office of caterer and head carver to the man of taste, who occupied regularly and *ex officio* the head of the table,

reserving to himself the occasional privilege of criticising, and a principal share in consuming the good things which the common entertainment afforded. We have only to sum up this brief account of the learned doctor, by informing the reader, that he was a tall, lean, beetle-browed man, with an ill-made black scratch-wig that stared out on either side from his lantern jaws. He resided nine months out of the twelve at St. Ronan's, and was supposed to make an indifferent good thing of it, especially as he played whist to admiration.

The character of Mr. Winterblossom is one which we have sometimes witnessed in real life.—'He was a civil sort of person, nicely precise in his address; he wore his hair cued and dressed with powder, and knobbycles set with Bristol stones, and a seal-ring as large as Sir John Falstaff's. In his heyday he had a small estate, which he had spent like a gentleman, by mixing with the gay world. He was, in short, one of those respectable links which connect the coxcombs of the present day with those of the last age, and could compare, in his own experience, the follies of both. In latter days he had sense enough to extricate himself from his course of dissipation, though with impaired health and impoverished fortune.—He was possessed of some taste in the fine arts, at least in painting and music, although it was rather of the technical kind than that which warms the heart and elevates the feelings. There was, indeed, nothing about him that was either warm or elevated. He was shrewd, selfish, and sensual; the last of which qualities he screened from observation, under a specious varnish of exterior complaisance.'

The retired manners and gloomy habits of Tyrrel having procured him, from the gay frequenters of the Well, the appellation of the misanthrope, rather from a sarcastic impulse than from a wish to avoid his society, he is invited to join the party, and thus finds an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with Clara Mowbray. This lady is the heroine of the novel, and not only from that circumstance, but because the parts which relate to her are the best in the work, claims our particular notice. An interesting shade of mystery is thrown around her first appearance; and the singularity of her character is well delineated. Her occasional fits of levity are varied by intervals

of sadness; she is flighty and wild, yet not ungentele or intractable; she wavers between confidence and suspicion, has something that repels, but more that fascinates, and is eccentric without being boldly masculine. It appears, on a subsequent developement of the plot, that Francis and his younger brother Valentine had met her in the neighbourhood of the Well, where her brother was the ruined lord of the manor; and that the latter, having reason to believe that the earl of Etherington was disposed to do justice to the elder son, artfully promoted a marriage between him and Clara, in the hope of incensing the peer against him. The interviews of the lovers being prohibited by the young lady's friends, the treacherous brother still offered his services as the medium of communication, and urged Francis to propose a secret marriage. The overture was accepted, and arrangements were made for the performance of the ceremony, the minister of the parish being assured that it was expedient for the honor of a betrayed maiden. While this scheme was depending, Valentine resolved to supersede it by another contrivance, founded on a report of the bequest of a considerable fortune by a great-uncle to that son of the earl who should unite himself with a lady of the house of St. Ronan. Thus stimulated by rapacity, he personated his brother at the kirk, and carried off the deceived bride to some distance; but, being intercepted by Francis, he was thrown under the feet of the horses, and narrowly escaped with his life. Clara was reduced to a state of mind bordering on distraction; and her lover only consented to a suspension of his revenge on an arrangement, that Valentine should give up all idea of seeing his betrothed again, or even of returning to that part of the country in which she resided. Meanwhile, the father died during the travels of Francis, and the traitor, assuming the title, took possession of the estates. It was only on hearing that his perfidious brother was, in defiance of his stipulation, about to return to the Well, that Francis repaired thither to watch his motions. He at length procured documents which required only a legal process in order to enable him to assert his claims. Mowbray, ignorant of the transaction in which his sister was concerned, received with pleasure the earl's proposals for an union with her; but she rejected them with dis-

just and even horror.—On pretence of vindicating alleged rights (she says to him), ‘You abuse a power most treacherously obtained—you break a heart that never did you wrong—you seek an alliance with a wretch who only wishes to be wedded to her grave. If my brother brings you hither, I cannot help it—and if your coming prevents bloody and unnatural violence [against Francis], it is so far well.—But by my consent you come *not*; and were the choice mine, I would rather be struck with lifelong blindness than that my eyes should again open on your person—rather that my ears were stuffed with the earth of the grave, than that they should again hear your voice!’

In a state of desperation arising from the loss of the small remnant of his property in gaming with the earl, and from an imputation of disgraceful conduct to his sister, Mowbray resolves to hasten her marriage; and the scene in which he reproaches her is powerfully wrought; but his harshness is too unmanly and brutal. The story now approaches to its close. Through the intervention of a worthy old gentleman of the name of Touchwood, one of those excellent but eccentric persons, who, having amassed great wealth, are on the look-out for an heir, the intrigues of the titular earl end in his complete discomfiture. But the catastrophe is tragical in the extreme—indeed unnecessarily so. Clara, in an agony of fear, flies from her brother's house, and, after wandering about the greater part of a November night, is attracted by a light to the manse of a clergyman, into which had been removed a few days before a wretched woman who had been one of the instruments of the earl's villany. Leaving this woman on her death-bed, she hastens to the inn, and meets her lover.

‘He was deeply engaged in writing, when something suddenly gleamed on a large, old-fashioned mirror, which hung on the wall opposite. He looked up, and saw the figure of Clara, holding a light (which she had taken from the passage) in her extended hand. He stood for an instant with his eyes fixed on this fearful shadow, ere he dared turn round on the substance which was thus reflected. When he did so, the fixed and pallid countenance almost impressed him with the belief that he saw a vision, and he shuddered when, stooping beside him, she took his hand. ‘Come away!’

she said, in a hurried voice—‘come away: my brother follows to kill us both. Come, Tyrrel, let us fly—we shall easily escape him.—Hannah Irwin is on before—but, if we are overtaken, I will have no more fighting—you shall promise me we shall not—we have had too much of that—but you will be wise in future.’

‘Clara Mowbray!’ exclaimed Tyrrel.—‘Alas! is it thus?—Stay—do not go,’ for she turned to make her escape—‘stay—stay—sit down.’

‘I must go,’ she replied, ‘I must go—I am called—Hannah Irwin is gone before to tell all, and I must follow. Will you not let me go?—Nay, if you will hold me by force, I know I must sit down—but you will not be able to keep me for all that.’

‘A convulsive fit followed, and seemed, by its violence, to explain that she was indeed bound for the last and darksome journey. The maid, who at length answered Tyrrel's earnest and repeated summons, fled terrified at the scene she witnessed.

‘The old landlady was compelled to exchange one scene of sorrow for another, wondering within herself what fatality could have marked this single night with so much misery. When she arrived at home, what was her astonishment to find there the daughter of the house, which, even in their alienation, she had never ceased to love, in a state little short of distraction, and attended by Tyrrel, whose state of mind seemed scarce more composed than that of the unhappy patient. The oddities of Mrs. Dods were merely the rust which had accumulated upon her character, but without impairing its native strength and energy; and her sympathies were not of a kind acute enough to disable her from thinking and acting as decisively as circumstances required.

‘‘Mr. Tyrrel,’ said she, ‘this is nae sight for men folk—ye maun rise and gang to another room.’

‘‘I will not stir from her,’ said Tyrrel—‘I will not remove from her either now, or as long as she or I may live.’

‘‘That will be nae long space, Master Tyrrel, if ye winna be ruled by common sense.’

‘Tyrrel started up, as if half comprehending what she said, but remained motionless.

‘‘Come, come,’ said the compassionate landlady; ‘do not stand looking



on a sight sair enough to break a harder heart than yours, hinny—your ain sense tells ye, ye canna stay here—Miss Clara shall be well cared for, and I'll bring word to your room-door frae half-hour to half-hour how she is.'

'The necessity of the case was undeniable, and Tyrrel suffered himself to be led to another apartment, leaving Miss Mowbray to the care of the hostess and her female assistants. He counted the hours in an agony, less by the watch than by the visits which Mrs. Dods, faithful to her promise, made from interval to interval, to tell him that Clara was not better—that she was worse:—and, at last, that she did not think that she could live over morning. It required all the deprecatory influence of the good landlady to restrain Tyrrel, who, calm and cold on common occasions, was proportionably fierce and impetuous when his passions were afloat, from bursting into the room, and ascertaining, with his own eyes, the state of the beloved patient. At length there was a long interval—an interval of hours, so long indeed, that Tyrrel caught from it the agreeable hope that Clara slept, and that sleep might bring refreshment both to mind and body. Mrs. Dods, he concluded, was prevented from moving, for fear of disturbing her patient's slumber; and, as if actuated by the same feeling which he imputed to her, he ceased to traverse his apartment, as his agitation had hitherto dictated, and throwing himself into a chair, forbore to move even a finger, and withheld his respiration as much as possible, just as if he had been seated by the pillow of the patient. Morning was far advanced, when his landlady appeared in his room with a grave and anxious countenance.

'Mr. Tyrrel,' she said, 'ye are a Christian man.'

'Hush, hush, for Heaven's sake!' he replied; 'you will disturb Miss Mowbray.'

'Naething will disturb her, puir thing,' answered Mrs. Dods; 'they have mickle to answer for that brought her to this.'

'They have—they have indeed,' says Tyrrel, striking his forehead; 'and I will see her avenged on overy one of them!—Can I see her?'

'Better not—better not,' said the good woman; but he burst from her, and rushed into the apartment.

'Is life gone?—Is every spark extinct?' he exclaimed eagerly to a country

surgeon, a sensible man, who had been summoned in the course of the night. The medical man shook his head—he rushed to the bedside, and was convinced by his own eyes that the being whose sorrows he had both caused and shared was now insensible to all earthly calamity. He raised almost a shriek of despair, as he threw himself on the pale hand of the corpse, wetted it with tears, devoured it with kisses, and played for a short time the part of a distracted person. At length, on the repeated exposition of all present, he suffered himself to be again conducted to another apartment, the surgeon following, anxious to give such sad consolation as the case admitted.

'As you are so deeply concerned for the untimely fate of this young lady,' he said, 'it may be some satisfaction to you, though a melancholy one, to know, that it has been occasioned by a pressure on the brain, probably accompanied by a suffusion; and I feel authorized in stating, from the symptoms, that if life had been spared, reason would, in all probability, never have returned. In such a case, sir, the most affectionate relation must own, that death, in comparison to life, is a mercy.'

'Mercy?' answered Tyrrel; 'but why, then, is it denied to me?—I know—I know!—My life is spared till I revenge her.'

'He started from his seat, and rushed eagerly down stairs. But, as he was about to rush from the door of the inn, he was stopped by Touchwood, who had just alighted from his carriage, with an air of stern anxiety inprinted on his features, very different from their usual expression. 'Whither would ye? Whither would ye?' he said, laying hold of Tyrrel, and stopping him by force.

'For revenge—for revenge!'—said Tyrrel. 'Give way, I charge you, on your peril!'

'Vengeance belongs to God,' replied the old man, 'and his bolt has already fallen.—This way—this way,' he continued, dragging Tyrrel into the house. 'Know,' he said, as soon as he had led or forced him into a chamber, 'that Mowbray, of St. Ronan's, has met Bulmer within this half hour, and has killed him on the spot.'

'Killed whom?' answered the bewildered Tyrrel.

'Valentine Bulmer, the titular earl of Etherington.'

‘You bring tidings of death to the house of death,’ answered Tyrrel; ‘and there is nothing in this world left that I should live for.’

\* \* \* \* \*

‘There remains little more to be told. Mr. Touchwood is still alive, forming plans, which have no object, and accumulating a fortune, for which he has apparently no heir. The old man had endeavoured to fix this character, as well as his general patronage, upon Tyrrel; but the attempt only determined the latter to leave the country; nor has he since been heard of, although the title and estates of Etherington lie vacant for his acceptance. It is the opinion of many, that he has entered into a Moravian mission.’

Without asserting the high excellence of this novel, we may venture to affirm that it does not deserve the contempt with which it has been treated by some critics. The story, indeed, is not very probable, and there are various inconsistencies in the plot; the characters, though apparently intended to be completely modern, are in some instances more suitable to the last generation: the hero's portrait is feebly drawn: the moral tone of the work is less correct and legitimate than that which pervades the author's former productions, and the impulses of feeling and humanity are less natural and forcible: but it is still a work which bears the marks of a master's hand, the interest is well sustained, the incidents are related with spirit, many of the dialogues are lively and pleasant, and not only the character of the heroine, but also those of the landlady and of Touchwood, are drawn with a discriminating and powerful pencil.

#### THE CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON.

##### *Tenth and last Tale.*

THE tenth speaker in our little party addressed the company as follows.

I must beg leave to refer you to our original agreement, which included journeys, characters, and slight anecdotes, as furnishing subjects for our evening amusements, since it is only in my power to offer a detail of this nature. As pictures of life, my views, though deficient in brilliancy, and without pretension to coloring or good composition, may yet not be destitute of interest or instruction.

During the term which preceded the

long vacation of the last year, my health was seriously injured by too close application; and consequently that vacation was devoted to the means of recovery. Change of air, and variety of company, constituted those means, and my parents were particularly desirous that I should find them within such a distance as to preclude the necessity of foreign travel, which had been hinted at by my medical adviser.

‘Go and see your cousin Tom,’ said my father—‘he has often pressed you—and he is a very good creature. He married foolishly, it is true, by taking a girl without a shilling; but then he could afford it, for his own fortune was handsome; and I fancy the girl was really pretty, and an orphan like himself; so there was one point of similarity in their situation, at least,—and perhaps on the whole the young man did right.’

‘Or else go to your cousin Frank—he was here not a month since,’ said my mother, ‘and will be delighted to see you; but he is a gay man—so you must be careful of yourself. He has married a woman of large fortune, and lives in great style, perhaps too much for an invalid; but — Park is remarkable for its fine air.’

I had been at school with these cousins; but, being older than myself, they had left it long before I moved off; and, from various circumstances, none of which had tended to produce shyness or coldness, we had not met since that period. I remembered the first as a kind but quiet boy, who was my constant friend and protector—the second, as a lively rattle, who gave me alternate cuffs and apples, as the whim of the moment dictated. My curiosity became stimulated, my early affections excited, and I determined upon visiting these cousins, beginning with him whom I loved the best, and at whose house, in the days of his father, I had often been happy as a boy.

Accordingly I set out on horseback and alone, determined to bestow, or inflict, a surprise. My journey was about thirty miles, and proved rather more than, in the state of languor which I then felt, I ought to have encountered. The last three miles would have been very wearisome, if I had not perceived places which renewed pleasant though distant recollections; and by degrees all came before me like the scenes of a play beheld in insanity, and dwelt on with

the partiality given by early impressions. I well remembered that Lea Hall was an old house, but full of solid comforts, which cousin Tom even as a child assisted to dispense, and I anticipated only the greater sense of future ease from the weariness and exhaustion which affected me. A cup of excellent tea (the nectar of a collegian), an old-fashioned easy chair, a sparkling fire, and two yet more sparkling countenances, danced in my mind's eye, and beguiled the tedium of the way.

'Ha!' said I on my approach, 'what alterations have been made!—the whole of Lea wood has been cleared away, it seems, and the old garden seems also to have disappeared, with the espaliers and terraces. Undoubtedly by day-light I shall find every thing greatly improved—yet I well remember what excellent apples we used to get in that garden and—but here is the house itself!'

The casement windows were all turned to smart sashed ones, in which were many lights—'surely, nobody is ill,' said I, perceiving them flickering both upstairs and below, and feeling a reviving interest in every thing which belonged to the family. This was my first question to the gay footman who opened the door to me, and summoned a groom from within to take my horse—'only master Tom,' was the reply given with that half-insolent survey of my person and my horse, which was intended to inform me that, as a guest of no importance, I had arrived at a very *mal-à-propos* time, when the house was full of genteel company. My name, announced as the same with that of their master, produced an increase of courtesy; and, as I was not fashionably dressed for the drawing-room, and I declined entering the dining-room, where the gentlemen were still seated, I was finally shown into a breakfast-parlour, now occupied by the lady's-maid and her assistants, who were busied with the many cares arising from the entertainment of a large party, at a period when some of the servants were unavoidably detained in the nursery by the sickness of the young heir.

You will readily conceive that I wished myself at home again, or at least repented of my scheme of coming unannounced into a family, whose habits and style of living were evidently much altered, and in the usual acceptance of the word much improved, within the

ten or twelve years which had elapsed since my last visit. I was taking comfort in the reflection that I was not bound to spend any great length of time there, when the master of the mansion suddenly rushed into the room, and welcomed me with such a burst of hearty good-will and self-congratulation, and made so many affectionate inquiries after every particular of my health, and that of each of my beloved parents, that every unpleasant feeling vanished, and I felt as if I had gained at once a friend and brother, from whom I had been long and painfully separated.

On looking again at my relative, to retrace those features which my memory recognised in his school-boy time, I thought him handsomer than I had expected, and his manners were evidently greatly improved; but, when the flush of surprise and pleasure, occasioned by my arrival, had subsided, I saw with pain that his once ruddy complexion was pale, his countenance careworn, and there was a sharpness in his contour indicative of incipient disease or concealed sorrow—it might arise from anxiety for his child, to which I adverted by sympathetic inquiry.

'My little darling,' he answered, 'is ill of the measles, and we are in great fear of his sister and the baby taking them, for the fever runs high and the sort is bad: of course we keep them as far apart as possible, and, having company in the house, we find ourselves rather pinched for bed-rooms—but—'

'Don't trouble yourself about me—the coach will drop my portmanteau at the nearest public-house, and there I will sleep—my inquiries after the health of your boy had no reference to myself—I should be extremely sorry to add to the trouble Mrs. Alderson must be in at this time.'

'You have never seen her, by the way,' said he, starting, and hastily quitting me.

Scarcely was he out of the room, when a maid entered it, earnestly asking for her master, who, she said, 'must come up stairs that moment—the child was quite out of his senses, and she could not manage him: in her opinion, Dr. B. must be sent for.'—'Coffee for the drawing-room,' said the footman, pushing past the maid, with the right of one who has the more legitimate claims to attention.

My cousin quickly reappeared, lead-

ing with an air of proud satisfaction his lovely and fashionable wife, who advanced 'something loth,' but received me with those polished manners which her sex have the exclusive faculty of acquiring much more speedily than ours, while her welcome was united with reflections, delicately but pointedly given, on the necessity of dropping a line before an intended visit to a family in the country. My apologies only served to remind the lady of her guests, whose number was now increased by the gentlemen whom we heard pouring into the drawing-room; but the consciousness of pressing engagements could not affect her mind more strenuously than the information of the servant did that of her husband, when he understood the state of his child. In a few moments more both had vanished: the fond and anxious father flew to soothe the fevered petulance of his suffering child; the mother to dazzle, and perhaps charm, a circle in which hospitality was the medium, by which vanity sought to establish the claims of one, who was truly

• Of outward form elaborate—of inward less exact.'

Thus circumstanced, I rode to the inn, where I commanded speedily those supplies for 'man and horse' which each needed, and found myself in a plain but comfortable bed at an hour when the inhabitants of Lea Hall were entering on their evening amusements. Very early in the morning, its master, with all the frankness of our school-boy days, entered my apartment.

'My dear friend,' said I, yawning, 'surely I have overslept myself?'

'Oh! no, I am to blame for disturbing you, but I could not bear the idea of your remaining here, and perhaps intrude on you too soon—I have not been in bed myself, but have the satisfaction of believing my child is better—not that I can be easy on that head till I have seen the doctor again. I will not apologize to you for my solicitude on this head, because the kindness of your own parents through life must have taught you to estimate the feelings of a parent.'

I arose, and returned with him to his house: our walk was nearly a mile, and afforded us the power of glancing at the improvements in the grounds, and the alterations which had taken place since my holiday visits. To all my observa-

tions, Tom replied with the ability, acuteness, and good taste, of a clever and reflecting man; but his heart was evidently ill at ease on more subjects than one, for he endeavoured to hide his uneasiness, as if at times he forgot his legitimate cause of anxiety, and recurred to an habitual veil, to certain but less evident causes of trouble. When we arrived at the house, all things bespoke that drowsiness and listlessness which are the inevitable consequences of dissipation, and are, by contrast with all without, rendered more disgusting and annoying than the same appearances in town can become; and we were glad to escape from the operations of the pail and broom, by pacing the lawn which had now banished my favorite terraces and espaliers.

A walk fatiguing from its prolongation, a visit to the nursery, a consultation with the medical man, and innumerable exhortations to the servants, had taken place before any symptoms of breakfast appeared; and one half-awakened guest, after another, had dropped in to the amount of a respectable party, before the mistress of the mansion arrived. She was, however, dressed in a most expensive *deshabille*, and, although pale and rather languid, might have been termed interesting, as well as elegant; but an invalid waiting three hours for his breakfast, and a husband who has been up all night, have not the proper sight on these occasions. To such persons Venus herself, as she sprang from the foam of the sea, would be less inviting than rolls, sugar, and cream. Yet Tom's address was courteous and even kind to his lady, until after various chat she recollected to inquire about the child, thereby betraying that her long delayed appearance had not been occasioned by a visit to the nursery—at this moment it was evident, that the 'iron entered into his soul,' and somewhat of acrimony seemed likely to taint his speech: but the sweetness of his temper, the tenderness of his heart, the habitual forbearance of his manners, and the respect he felt for his guests, checked the expression of his feelings, and he became suddenly silent.

A party of pleasure had been proposed the day before, which the lady now brought forward as indispensable, especially on my account, to whom she condescended to be very gracious. Her

husband calmly but firmly opposed this plan, saying that I had need of a day's rest, and he certainly required it himself; that they could go very well without us, as a party would be at the ruins with whom they had arranged it the evening before. Some one, in this party, was, I apprehend, an object of fear, perhaps of jealousy, to the husband, and he warmly animadverted on the impropriety of the measure at such a time; yet checking himself lest any one should join in the self-evident justice of his remarks, he hastily abandoned his argument, and consented to adopt that which his judgment condemned, and from which his paternal feelings revolted, from pure affection to a woman who considered neither.

Happy would it have been if the habitual yieldings of this most amiable man had not gone beyond the present renunciation of his own satisfaction, and the duty of his wife to him and her lovely child. Alas! I found that her extravagance had already deeply injured his fortune, and her love of display placed him in a situation so conspicuous, that it was not possible for him to take one step toward the retrieval of his affairs, which would not subject him to animadversions from which he shrank, or consequences at which he trembled. Fondly attached to his wife and child, he hoped, but hoped in vain, to see his own feelings animate the bosom of the selfish, vain, and frivolous being to whom he had attached himself; and concluded that, whenever that day should arrive, all the past might be redeemed, and the future rendered as happy as circumstances (once so rich in promises of felicity) would admit.

This time never *has*, never *will* arrive. The heart that is untouched by gratitude, uninfluenced by principle, and unmoved by sensibility, will never return to the path of duty from any motive short of the coercion of severity or the compulsion of poverty. The more I saw of poor Tom's showy but comfortless house, his handsome, frivolous wife, lovely, neglected little one, fashionable unfriendly friends, noble but wasting estate, corroding, heart-consuming cares, and gentle, generous disposition, the worse became all my symptoms. Being soon aware that my presence only added to his troubles, by awakening his affections and increasing his difficulties: as

an innocent dissembler I took my leave, and set out for the residence of that cousin whom I understood to have married from far different motives than the pure disinterested passion, which had led poor Tom to choose a heartless beauty, who, without fortune to assist in the support of a family, or connexion to strengthen its interest, could daily diminish its resources, refuse domestic comforts to the husband who merited them by every claim, and entail upon all her family evils which I had not the courage to contemplate.

*(To be concluded in our next number.)*

THE HONOR OF IRELAND, OR THE EXCELLENCE OF ITS ANCIENT POLICE.

UNDER the government of O'Brien, one of the old Irish kings, such a spirit of justice, virtue, and equity, prevailed among the people, that a person who carried valuable property about him, and even a defenceless female, might traverse the realm without fear of injury or molestation. 'A young lady of great beauty (says Dr. Warner), adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with only a wand in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceedingly great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.'

The incident is thus versified in Mr. Moore's Melodies, and it has furnished a pleasing subject for the exercise of the talents of two of our most ingenious artists.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;  
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

'Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,  
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?  
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold  
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?'

'Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;  
No son of Erin will offer me harm:  
For, though they love woman and golden store,  
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more.'

On she went, and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;  
And bless'd for ever is she who reled  
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride!





## Fine Arts.

THE artists continue their progress with unabated zeal, if they do not meet with that full encouragement which their efforts deserve. The times, we believe, are still unfavorable to that fullness of patronage to which the arts have a fair claim. Many individuals are exceedingly opulent, and some of these, either from ostentation or taste, are disposed to exercise occasional liberality; but there is, we apprehend, an extent of general poverty which necessarily narrows the stream that would fertilise the soil of art.

A new panorama has been exhibited with greater success than the subject, in the opinion of many persons, gave reason to expect. The artist, Mr. Burford, has displayed more skill in the representation of the adjacent country than of the ruined town; but he has not failed even in the latter respect, though it was the more unpromising part of his subject. The buildings are delineated with such accuracy of detail, that we can distinguish the various materials employed in their construction. Of the nearer objects the effect is very fine, particularly of some pieces of foreground. The paintings represented on the walls of several of the buildings have an astonishing air of verity, and convey a complete idea of that vividness of color for which the ancient pictures have always been

noted. There are few groups of figures, but some are introduced in a very happy manner, so as rather to heighten, than to detract from, the prevailing air of desolation.

A panorama, more striking in consequence of its subject, but not so well executed, consists of twelve views of the different stages of the battles of Waterloo, Ligny, and Quatre-bras, painted on 10,000 square feet of canvas. The figures are of the size of life, and the whole is calculated to gratify the admirers of animated scenes and of military heroism.

We are pleased with an opportunity of informing our readers, that the arrangements of the new society, instituted for the encouragement of the fine arts, are now completed. Six rooms are provided in Suffolk-street, near Pall-mall, for a grand display of varied works in the departments of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving; and the roof is so constructed, that the light will be most happily distributed over all parts which require it. The society will consist of sixty members, ten of whom will compose a committee, under the administration of a president. All works of art, intended for exhibition and eventual sale, will be received in the first week of April next.

## Music.

THE winter is as favorable to music as the spring or the summer; for, although its occasional inclemency may affect the physical powers of the vocalists, the inclination for musical enjoyment is certainly promoted by the social spirit of the season.

In December last, there were concerts at Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Hull, at which Mrs. Salmon, with Mori and Hawes, assisted.

The pieces were well chosen; and neither a want of zeal and alacrity nor a deficiency of taste or of skill, appeared on these occasions.

At Bath, Italian operas have been lately performed with considerable effect, but not without the aid of a part of the London company, headed by Signor de Begnis. A young bass singer, of the name of Philips, distinguished himself

as one of the performers in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, not (as was sometimes the case formerly) by giving the dialogue in English, in answer to an Italian speaker, but by assuming the character and language of a native.

Of the late musical publications, some are highly worthy of notice, and few are contemptible.

Bochsa has published a set of *Variations for the Harp*, as a supplement to his book of instructions; and he has perspicuously explained, in his preface, the peculiar construction of each variation, and the style in which it should be played.—He has also given a *Grand Fantasia on the Irish Melody of Sly Patrick*—a lesson of great fancy and powerful execution.



In Hummel's *Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-forte*, melody, harmony, and expression, are skillfully blended.

A *Moldavian Air with Variations*, and two *Sonatinas*, by Ries, exhibit ease, grace, and elegance.

Nicholson's *Progressive Studies for the Flute* are carried on with ability and spirit. By collecting into one view most of the difficult passages peculiar to any composer, he affords the pupil an opportunity of familiarising himself with those difficulties which might otherwise appear insurmountable, and he has en-

deavoured with success to simplify and facilitate those passages.

Carulli's *Fourteen easy Pieces*, and eight short *Preludes for the Guitar*, will be found very useful to the performer on that instrument; and Sola's arrangement of Moore's national airs, and his Italian canzonets, may be recommended with the same view.

*Four Songs, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte*, by Mrs. Frances Wensley, are very pleasingly composed; and the tunes strictly harmonise with the words and sentiments of the songs.

## Drama.

### THE KING'S THEATRE.

THE opening of this house under the auspices of Rossini aroused all the ardor of expectation. A new administration seemed to promise improvement, and the hope of a better course was general and lively. When the composer took his seat at the piano-forte, he was saluted with loud acclamations, which were repeated when, with looks and gestures of gratitude, he testified his sense of the homage paid to his talents. The orchestra then gave the introduction to the opera in a fine style and with extraordinary spirit. The piece selected for the evening was *Zelmira*, of which the plot may thus be given.—Polidoro, sovereign of the island of Lesbos, has a daughter, named *Zelmira*, married to Ilo, a Trojan prince. Resenting the refusal of the hand of *Zelmira*, the king of the neighbouring island of Mitylene, in the absence of Polidoro, had invaded and made himself master of Lesbos. Polidoro, whose death was necessary to confirm the new conquest, was concealed in a tomb by his daughter, who, to render discovery more difficult, presented herself before the usurper, and, pretending to wish for the death of her father, diverted his attention by pointing out a different place of concealment. Two conspirators, Antenore and Leucippo, having put to death the king of Mitylene, the former succeeded to the dominion of both islands. In this state of affairs Ilo arrives in Lesbos with an army to restore Polidoro to his throne. Various attempts are made by the agents of Antenore to paralyse his efforts, by making it appear that *Zelmira* is the murderess both of her father and of her

infant son, and that she has even formed a design against the life of Ilo. She is thrown into prison on the former of these accusations; but, her innocence being fully established, Ilo deposes the usurper, and Polidoro, emerging from his retreat, is re-placed on the throne.

Madame Colbran has a quality of voice which we think will render her singing almost as popular in this country, as her husband's music. Her voice, it is true, wants power, but with that exception, it is one of the best we ever heard. There is a roundness and uniform sweetness in all its parts, of which Fodor alone has given us an idea. In her chromatic divisions she is remarkably effective, and her style without being ambitious, is animated and sometimes brilliant. Her acting is highly dignified and graceful. The air, *Terra amica ore respira*, was given by Garcia with inimitable force, and it may be reckoned among the finest parts of the opera. He also shone in other parts of the piece; and, indeed, it was chiefly indebted to him for its favorable reception. Franceschi, who made his *debut* on this occasion, gave little satisfaction, and Placci's voice and manner did not exactly suit the part of Polidoro, which was assigned to him. The opera was succeeded by our great national anthem, and a general call was then made for Rossini, who, led forward by Garcia, received the congratulations of a very numerous and fashionable audience.

### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WHEN the note of preparation had long been sounded, the *Genius of Pantomime* resumed, at the recurrence of

Christmas, the exercise of his potent sway. The title of the new piece, *Harlequin and the Flying Chest*, promised something wonderful; and so anxious were the people to witness it, that the tragedy of *Jane Shore* could scarcely be endured. It must be very unpleasant to performers to go through a play, when even its finest passages are heard either with clamor or with indifference. At length, the welcome sounds of lively music announced the pantomime. The most marked attention was paid to it during its whole progress, though the story was not so clearly or connectedly developed as fully to gratify the understanding. A ruined merchant is by chance introduced to a great necromancer; the latter has been fortunate enough to form a magic chest, which leaves Pacolet's wooden horse far behind; and in this chest the young gentleman hastens to his previously-unknown fair one, pays his addresses to her, and, after a *quantum sufficit* of misery in the shape of Harlequin, marries her. In the course of the piece, scenery of all kinds, and dresses of every description, are displayed. The Castle of a Hundred Gates is one of Marinari's monstrosities. He appears to have taken a great deal of trouble to give us an idea of 'the inexplicable.' You have ranges of buildings, you have apparent lines of connexion; but, when you attempt to trace them to any intelligible principle of architecture, you discover that you have been viewing a chimera: yet, in the midst of this eccentricity, it is a fine and striking scene. The moving diorama is another grand display of scenery, exhibiting various points of the Plymouth breakwater. A pretty little girl, Miss S. Smith, played the laborious part of Columbine. She danced gracefully, and gave promise of future excellence. Howell was an active Harlequin: his leaps were bold, and executed with as much force as precision. Blanchard's Pantaloon was good. He deserves thanks for his new mode of dressing the character. The ancient 'slipperd pantaloon' had grown stale. His 'spectacle on nose, and pouch on side,' had become common. Blanchard has made him 'a gay creature of the element'—a perfect peacock—a being all feathers and flutter. Paulo is not (like Grimaldi) a clown of genius. What is set down for him, he does well; but, if left to his own resources, he shows at once that his means

are not very abundant. He is, however, an amusing clown. The piece was not merely received without disapprobation: it was loudly applauded, and has since been performed without intermission.

During the triumphant progress of the *Flying Chest*, a tragic and melodramatic play was brought forward, under the title of *Kenilworth, or the Days of Good Queen Bess*. The novel on which it is founded is one of the best and most interesting productions that have emanated from the pen of the author of *Waverley*; and from such materials we expected a better piece than the present compilation. Yet it is not destitute of merit, or deficient in attraction. The queen and the fair Amy are the best-preserved and best-acted characters in the piece. Mrs. Bunn looked 'brave Bess' admirably, although we doubt whether, at times, she was not rather too masculine and vehement in her tones and action even for the virgin queen; we will not, however, be so ungallantly censorious as to blame her for a little high coloring. In one respect the story of the play deviates considerably from that of the novel. Here it is Varney who perishes in his own toils, while Amy is timely informed of the death which is prepared for her by him. This alteration in the catastrophe, for the sake of poetical justice, may not please the stern critic; but it evidently was more agreeable to the majority of the audience than the cruel death of the countess would have been. After four acts, a pageant was produced, which was certainly a grand spectacle, representing the queen's entrée into Kenilworth, a tournament, &c. The music was pleasing, but rather selected than new.

The zeal of the manager for novelty was again displayed; for, on the 13th, he presented the public with a comic opera, called *Philandering, or the Rose Queen*, of which Mr. Beazley is the reputed author. Count Amaranth and his friend Philander (Braham and Liston) are enamored of Matilda and Emilio (Miss Forde and Miss Stephens); but, being doubtful of the constancy of their sweethearts, they determine, as an experiment to try their faith, that each shall address himself to the other's mistress, and report to his friend his eventual reception. This scheme, which is overheard by Anselmo (Mercer), is detailed to the young ladies, who, for the sake

of tormenting their lovers, receive their addressees with an apparent degree of favor, and, after a little entreaty, give up their respective portraits. The count and his friend, being now convinced that their mistresses are unfaithful, tear themselves away, and proceed to a village a few miles off, where the ceremony of choosing the Rose Queen, from the most virtuous of its maidens, is about to take place. Here they both admire Pauline (Madame Vestris), a pretty villager, who pretends to favor them, and appoints a meeting with both, on the same evening, in her father's garden. Matilda and Emile, in the mean time, learning what has become of their admirers, follow them in the disguise of gipsies, and chancing to meet with Jerome (Dowton), the father of Pauline, who is the chief magistrate of the village, inform him that two wandering Troubadours are lurking about his house with the intention of carrying off his daughter; in consequence of which the old man watches them, and at the place of assignation seizes them and sends them to prison. After having been confined for some time, Philander makes his escape, and is proceeding to the count's castle to fetch a party to his rescue, when he is met by his own and his friend's mistress, who, going to the magistrate's house, explain every thing to his satisfaction. A reconciliation ensues, and the lovers are united.

The music of this piece, as far as novelty is concerned, is not very striking; but the borrowed portions of it are good, and the airs assigned to Miss Stephens and Madame Vestris are suited to their respective powers and talents. Miss Forde was enthusiastically encored in a pretty air, 'the Moth,' which she sang very sweetly. Braham had two original songs, 'Did I try to paint Temptation,' and 'Reason and Love,' which he executed in a brilliant style. Dowton and Terry made excellent fathers in their way, and were a great support to the piece; but we cannot applaud the character or the exertions of Harley, who enacted a country schoolmaster,—a sort of graft on the piece, rather intended to augment its comic strength than to improve its quality. Liston's character was not completely in his line; but it may be said that he is never out of his line when he makes the audience laugh—and this he did, certainly. The play was decidedly successful, and announced for repetition without a dissentient voice.

#### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE splendors of scenery, the evolutions and tricks of machinery, and the comicalities of humor, have, since Christmas-day, gratified and enlivened on every evening the visitants of this theatre. We allude to the new pantomime called *Harlequin and Poor Robin, or the House that Jack built*. The ground-work of the piece is a provision, real or supposed, in our forest-laws, importing that, if a man should build a house upon common land, between sun-set and sun-rise, and have a fire kindled, a chimney smoking, a beast feeding, &c. within the time, such dwelling he shall hold free from all demand for rent—and this feat, Jack the Miller (Ellar), proposes to accomplish, from the impulse of love. The serious introduction displays some pretty scenery, but the business of it is not highly effective. Jack is foiled in building his cottage, and consequently runs some hazard of losing his mistress. Squire Sap (Ducrow) arrives upon a shooting pony, and brings a present to the lady's father; and the parish priest, for such a suitor, can do no less than put in his good word. Jack, without any ally but a fine Newfoundland dog—unless we include a cat (not alive) who catches a rat very much to the satisfaction of the audience—at length seeks assistance from the village conjuror, Poor Robin; and a lady, flying down from the sky, changes the miller into Harlequin, Ducrow into the Mock Lover, Jack's sweetheart into Columbine, and Mr. Grimaldi, jun. into the Clown. The comic business of the pantomime then commences, a great deal of which is very adroit; and the scenery surpasses even what we are accustomed to find at this theatre. The skinning of the moon-shine over the lake, in the scene at Poor Robin's cave, is an imitation of the effect produced in the Diorama; it is inferior, as may be supposed, but the attempt is ingenious. The Hyde-park-corner scene is good; and in the change to St. James's-park, with the canal and Buckingham-house in the distance, an exhibition is introduced of the newly contrived skates which were shown some time back at the Fives Court, which run upon wheels, and consequently may be used indifferently on any smooth surface as well as on ice. A large square of painted oil-cloth represents the surface of the canal, upon which persons are seen skating with great dexterity. In the midst of the sport, the ice breaks,





*Opera Dress.*

*Designed by Miss Thompson, & engraved for the Lady. November 3<sup>d</sup> 1804*



*Walking Dress*

*Designed by Miss Perpoint & engraved for the Ladies Magazine Nov 1844*



and the skaters and spectators find their way into the water together; and the ceremony concludes by Harlequin's bringing up an aquatic giant, who gradually enlarges himself, from a stature of about five feet to the full height of the theatre. There are several other points about the pantomime, in which the comic arrangement is ingenious. A kitchen—seen down the area from the outside of the house, in which the Clown, after descending through the coal-hole, pays his addresses to the cook—the inside of the same habitation, and the effect of that amorous despair which prompts him to shoot himself in the looking-glass—Leaden-hall-market at Christmas, produced at a touch of the wand—and the civic feast in Guildhall, given with extraordinary celerity and splendor, and broken up by the actual coming of Gog and Magog,—are exhibited with considerable effect; but are less striking than the ascent of the balloon from Vauxhall, and its journey to Paris. The back scene descending as the ropes of the balloon are cut, produces the sensation that the audience, as well as the machine, are rising; and in this way a moving panorama (in bird's-eye view) is presented—first, of London, the river and the suburbs—next, of the line of country bearing toward the coast—then the sea, with the moon rising—passage of the balloon through clouds, rain, &c.; and, lastly, its arriving over the coast of France, hanging for a time above Paris,

and descending in the illuminated gardens of the Tuileries. The contrivance and execution of this part of the piece deserved and obtained great applause.—Ellar is the best dancing Harlequin upon the stage; and Ducrow is comical as the Lover. Mrs. Vedy, though not a first-rate dancer, has a bold showy figure, which goes some way towards making a Columbine; and young Grimaldi is decidedly better than we had anticipated. Without being equal to his father, he shows talent and adroitness; he is alert, lively, and humorous.

During the run of this popular piece, the plays have in general been well selected by the manager; but another novelty has not since been thought necessary. The tragedies of Julius Cæsar and Cato have been performed in a spirited manner; and Colman's comedy of John Bull, which is considered by many as his best production, has been repeatedly acted with applause. No actor can equal Johnstone in the part of Dennis Bulgruddery; but Connor proved a respectable substitute for that admirable representative of Hibernian manners. Rayner was the new Dan, and his unconstrained humor and rustic simplicity reminded the audience of Emery, to whom he is scarcely inferior. Miss Chester was an interesting Mary, and the languor remaining after her late indisposition seemed to accord with the pensive air and mild features of the character.

## Fashions.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

#### OPERA DRESS.

Dress of white satin, with China-asters, set on in three rows without stalks; next the hem, a *clochette* trimming of crape, forming full plaits, or quillings. The bust trimmed with *bouffant* puffings of silk net, confined by bows of white satin. Andalusian mantle of pink satin, trimmed with ermine without spots: a high standing-up collar, lined with spotted ermine, finishes the cloak. The hair arranged in long ringlets, and ornamented with small red roses, and white Spanish bows, the latter very sparingly adopted. Necklace of two rows of very large pearls.

#### WALKING DRESS.

Pelisse of *gros de Naples*, the color of the marshmallow-blossom, fastened down the front with three large wrought buttons. Black velvet bonnet, tied with marshmallow-colored riband, and crowned with a large full-blown rose and bows of velvet. Long black Chantilly lace veil: the pelisse is made with a narrow French collar, surmounted by a double frill of Urling's lace. A double gold chain with a watch depending. Black kid half-boots, and yellow gloves.

The above dresses were furnished by Miss Pierrepont, Edward street, Portman-square.



## MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

Now is the time that London draws together all the votaries of fashion, forming, in one mighty mass, an assemblage of all that is gay, diversified, or elegant; yet, though it appears to yield an inexhaustible store for the records of the whimsical goddess, there has been, we find very little change in many articles of dress, since the last month.

Pelisses still continue to be but partially worn; ladies of high rank, however, often adopt fashions of their own, and, at times, prove their independence of all general fashion; on one of these privileged members we saw a few days ago a very beautiful pelisse of puce-colored *gros de Naples*, lined with white twilled sarcenet: it was made plain, but not singularly so; being finished down the sides of the skirt with two folds of puce-colored satin, and rouleaux of the same material crossed the bust, each rouleau terminating at the end by a single leaf of the lotos. However, Spanish mantillas, Venetian and French cloaks, have still a decided preference; and some of these, even in the carriage, are adopted merely for warmth, being made of fine cloth, lined with satin; a full throat tippet, of sable or racoon, is tied over the standing-up collar, the hood falling beneath.

The bonnets are chiefly of figured *gros de Naples*, or of black velvet; they are reckoned most elegant for the promenade, or for the morning drive, when unornamented: for the park, or for paying visits in the morning, they have a short, neat plume; the colored flowers on black bonnets are beginning to be laid aside, and are seldom seen except on a velvet bonnet of slate-color, Esterhazy, or some other unobtruding color.

Levantine of various dyes, and colored bombazines of bright scarlet, are much in favor for home costume; the latter have three narrow flounces falling over each other in festoons; the corsage and sleeves are made very plain, the conspicuous color requiring but little aid from ornament: the levantine dresses are trimmed with many narrow flounces, set on rather scanty, and in festoons, the way in which now almost all flounces are placed: above these flounces are full wadded rouleaux, separating each flounce: some ladies prefer braided satin for this purpose; it is rather

heavy, but looks well on black dresses. Evening dresses are chiefly of gossamer satin, flounced with gauze, and ornamented with winter flowers; the corsage is either *à la Senignté*, Gallo-Greek, or made *en gerbe*, both at the back and in front. Ball dresses are made of colored tulle, and are worn over white satin: chenille, pearls, and flowers laid on, formed of white satin, are the chief ornaments.

With regard to the hair, the ringlets of young ladies are slightly parted from the forehead, and the long tresses behind are brought together in a close plait, from which is formed the Apollo knot. Ladies of a certain age wear turbans, Valois hats, with feathers, and Scotch caps; coronettes are confined to the breakfast table, or only worn through the day for slight indispositions: for half-dress, a few Spanish knots, the color of the hair, or feather rosettes, are preferred by those ladies who do not approve the mere ornament of their own tresses. For full dress, splendid tiaras, either of precious gems, or antique cameos, are placed in front of the hair: flowers and pearl bandeaux are sometimes seen in the ball-room; and at evening-dress parties, a drooping feather, and a diadem composed of white satin and pearls, with a cameo in the centre, have been remarked as composing a very beautiful head-dress on a lady of high distinction.

The favorite colors for turbans, ribands, and trimmings, are amber, marshmallow-blossom, Spanish-fly green, and pink. For pelisses, mantles, and dresses, scarlet, Japanese-red, dark lavender, puce, and Hortensia. Feathers and flowers of scarlet and yellow, yet continue in esteem.

We take this opportunity of observing, that Smith's patent for the improvement of Norwich crapes, appears to have been deservedly obtained, for we have lately seen some dresses of this description which we thought very elegant. They fall with the softness of cloth, and satin trimmings render them suitable for winter dresses, although in themselves they are singularly light, and therefore calculated for spring. From uniting the appearance of bombazine and kerseymere, they are remarkably well calculated for mourning, and will probably take the lead in that department over every other manufacture.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE;  
OR,  
MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.  
**A New Series.**

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FEBRUARY 29, 1824.

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FRENCH EMIGRANTS.

NO. I.

SEVERAL years ago, when a little girl at school, I was in the habit of passing the interval, from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning, at the house of a female relative who resided in London. This lady had married a French emigrant of high family, who, being a man of sense and ability, applied himself with diligence to mercantile pursuits, dropped his title, anglicised his name and habits, and, by dint of his own talents and his wife's fortune, soon became a thriving man on 'Change. I believe he would have been very sorry to exchange his new station for his old, his credit at Lloyd's for his marquisate, his house in Brunswick-square for his Norman chateau, or his little wife for any thing. He was become at all points an Englishman, ate roast-beef and plum-pudding with a truly national relish, drank Port wine and porter, spoke our language almost like a native, read Pope, talked of Shakspeare, and pretended to read Milton. Could complaisance go farther?

He did not, however, in his love for his adopted country, forget that in which he was born: still less did he neglect the friends and countrymen who, less fortunate than himself, languished in London and the suburbs in a miserable and apparently hopeless poverty. Nothing could exceed the kindness and politeness, with which all whom he had ever known, and many who were now first introduced to him, were received by

himself and his good little wife at their hospitable table. Seldom a day passed without one or more guests dropping in, sure of the most cordial welcome; but Saturday was the regular French day: on that day there was always a *petit souper* for Mr. S.'s especial coterie; and in the evening the conversation, music, games, manners, and cookery, were studiously and decidedly French. Tric-trac superseded chess or backgammon, reversi took the place of whist, Gretry of Mozart, Racine of Shakspeare; omelettes and salads, Champagne moussu, and *cavi sucré*, excluded sandwiches, oysters, and porter.

At these suppers their little school-girl visitor of course assisted, though at first rather in the French than the English sense of the word. I was present indeed, but had as little to do as possible either with speaking or eating. To talk French and to discuss French dishes (two evils which I constantly classed together) seemed to me an actual insult on that glorious piece of British freedom, a half-holiday,—a positive attack on the liberty of the subject. Accordingly, as far as a constant repetition of blushing noes (not *nons*) inwardly angry and outwardly shy, could proclaim my displeasure, I did not fail. Luckily the sentiment was entirely unsuspected by every one but my good cousin, a person of admirable sense, who, by dint of practising the let-alone system (the best system of all when a prejudice is to be overcome), aided by a little innocent artifice on her part, and some-

thing of latent curiosity, abetted by the keenness of a girlish appetite, on mine, succeeded in passing off a slice of a superb *tête du sanglier* for a new sort of Oxford brawn; and then, as in the matter of heads and suppers *ce n'est que le premier pas quicoute*, left it to my own senses to discover the merits of brioche and marangles and eau de gosseille. In less than three months I became an efficient consumer of good things, left off my noes and my sulkiness, and said 'oui, monsieur,' and, 'je vous remercie, madame,' as often as a little girl of the age of twelve years ought to say any thing.

I confess, however, that it took more time to reconcile me to the party round the table, than to the viands with which it was covered. In truth they formed a motley groupe, reminding me now of a masquerade and then of a puppet-show; and, although I had been brought up in habits of proper respect for rank and age and poverty, yet there were contrasts and combinations about these coeries too ludicrous not to strike irresistibly the fancy of an acute observing girl, whose perception of the ridiculous was rendered keener by an invincible shyness which confined the enjoyment entirely to her own breast. The etiquette, the rouge, the coquetry, the self-importance of those poor draggle-tailed duchesses and countesses; the buttoned-up crosses, the bows and shrugs of their out-at-elbow dukes and counts; their mutual flatteries, their court jealousies and court hatreds, buttoned up like the crosses, but like them peeping out from the breast, the total oblivion which pervaded the whole party of poor England and all its concerns, the manner in which they formed a little nation in the midst of London, and the comfortable vanity which thought and called that little circle of emigrants the great nation; all this, together with the astounding rapidity and clatter of tongues, the vehemence of gesticulation, and the general sharp and withered look of so many foreign faces, working in every variety of strong expression, formed a picture so new and amusing, that I may be pardoned if I did not at first fully appreciate the good-humored resignation, the cheerful philosophy, which bore all that they had lost so well, and found so much comfort in the little that remained; the happy art of making the best of things, which rendered even their harm-

less personal vanity, their pride in a lost station, and their love of a country which they might never see again, pleasant and respectable.

At first I only looked on them in the groupe; but I soon learned to individualise the more constant visitors, those who had been ten years before accustomed to spend their evenings in the superb hotel of the duchesse d'\*\*\*, glittering with gilding and lined with mirrors, and whose gayest and most splendid meetings were now held in the plain undecorated drawing-room of a substantial merchant in Brunswick-square. I shall attempt to sketch a few of them as they then appeared to me, beginning, as etiquette demands, with the duchess.

She was a tall meagre woman, of a certain age (that is to say, on the wrong side of sixty), with the peculiarly bad unsteady walk, something between a trip and a totter, that Frenchwomen of rank used to acquire from their high heels and the habit of never using their feet. Her face bore the remains of beauty, and would still have been handsome, had not the thin cheeks and hollow eyes, and the pale trembling lips, been contrasted almost to ghastliness by a quantity of glaring rouge, and very white teeth, constantly displayed by a smile originally perhaps artificial, but which long habit had rendered natural. Her dress was always simple in its materials, and delicately clean. She meant the fashion to be English, I believe,—at least she used often to say '*me voilà mise à l'Angloise*;' but, as neither herself, nor her faithful *femme de chambre*, could or would condescend to seek for patterns from *les grosses bourgeois de ce Londres là bas*, they unconsciously relapsed into the old French shapes; and madame la duchesse, in her hideous shrouding cap, with frills like flounces, and her long-waisted pigeon-breasted gown, might really have served for a model of the fashion of Paris at the epoch of the emigration. Notwithstanding these take-offs, our good duchess had still the air of a lady of rank and a gentlewoman,—a French gentlewoman; for there was too much coquetry or affectation, too pervading a consciousness, for English gentility. Her manner was very pleasant and affable towards her usual associates, and with strangers condescending, protecting, gracious; making remarks and asking questions without waiting for answers, in

the manner usual with crowned heads. She had contracted this habit from having at one time of her life enjoyed great influence at court,—an influence which, with her other advantages of rank and fortune, had been used so kindly as to retain friends and secure gratitude even in the heat of the Revolution.—Most amply did she repay this gratitude. It was beautiful to hear the ardent thankfulness with which she would relate the story of her escape, and the instances of goodness and devotion which met her at every step. She accounted herself the most fortunate of women, for having, in company with a faithful *femme de chambre*, at last contrived to reach England with jewels enough concealed about their persons to purchase an annuity sufficient to secure them a snug apartment up two pair of stairs in a retired street, and to keep them in soups and salad, with rouge and snuff into the bargain. No small part of her good fortune was the vicinity of her old friend the marquis L., a little thin withered old man, with a prodigious mobility of shoulders and features, a face puckered with wrinkles, and a prodigious volubility of tongue. This gentleman had been madame's devoted beau for the last forty years;—I speak it in all honor, for, beautiful as she had been, the breath of scandal never glanced on the fair fame of the duchess. They could not exist without an interchange of looks and sentiments, a mutual intelligence, a gentle gallantry on the one side, and a languishing listening on the other, which long habit had rendered as necessary to both as their snuff-box or their coffee. It really was a peculiar stroke of good fortune, that, after a separation of eight months, each, fearing that the other had fallen by the guillotine, took lodgings in adjoining streets in the same parish.

The next person in importance to the duchess was madame de V., sister to the marquis. Perhaps (though she had never filled a *tabouret* at Versailles\*), she was, in the existing state of things, rather the greater lady of the two. Her husband, who had acted in a diplomatic capacity in the stormy days preceding the Revolution, still maintained his station at the exiled court, and was at the moment of which I write employed on a

secret embassy to an unnamed potentate; some thought one emperor or king, some another, some guessed the pope, and some the grand signor; for, in the dearth of Bourbon news, this mysterious mission excited a lively and animated curiosity amongst these sprightly people. It was a pretty puzzle for them, a conundrum to their taste. Madame kept the secret well,—if she knew it. I rather suspect she did not; she talked so very much that it certainly would have escaped her. In person she was quite a contrast to the duchess; short, very crooked, with the sharp odd-looking face and keen eye that so often accompany deformity. She added to these good gifts a prodigious quantity of rouge and finery, mingling ribands, feathers, and beads of all the colors of the rainbow, with as little scruple as a *belle* of the South Seas would discover in the choice of her decorations. She was on excellent terms with all who knew her, unless perhaps there might be a little jealousy of station between her and the duchess, who had no great affection for one who seemed likely to 'push her from her stool.' She was also on the best possible terms with herself, in spite of the looking-glass, whose testimony, indeed, was so positively contradicted by certain couplets and acrostics addressed to her by M. le comte de C., and the chevalier des I., the poets of the party, that to have believed one uncivil dumb thing against two witnesses of such undoubted honor, would have been a breach of politeness of which madame was incapable. Notwithstanding this piece of womanly blindness, she was an excellent person, a good sister, good mother, and good wife.

Of the comte de C., I shall at present say nothing, except that he was a poet, and the most remarkable individual of the party, being more like a personification of a German play than a living man of flesh and blood. His contradictions and oddities quite posed me at the ripe age of twelve; but I met with him afterwards, and made him out, or thought I did, and so shall my readers in the next number. A thorough-paced sentimental French poet requires room, 'ample room and verge enough.' A bravura song must not be mixed up with a chorus. The gentleman was a poet: that must suffice for the present.

His wife was just such a person as

\* A privilege annexed to the rank of duchess; that of being seated in the royal presence.

Rubens has often painted, tall, large, and finely complexioned. She would have been very handsome, but for one terrible drawback;—she squinted; not much, not glaringly; it was a very little squint, the least in the world, but a squint it certainly was, quite enough to diminish the lustre of her beauty. Even when from the position of her face we happened not to see it, the consciousness that there it was broke the charm. I cannot abide these ‘cross-cyes,’ as the country people call them; though I have heard of ladies who, from the spirit of partisanship, admired those of Mr. Wilkes, —to say nothing of a certain popular orator in a different line, whose squint I have seen gravely reckoned by able critics amongst the causes of his celebrity. The French gentlemen did not seem to participate in my antipathy; for the countess was regarded as the beauty of the party. Agreeable she certainly was, lively, witty, abounding in repartee and innocent mischief, playing off a variety of amusing follies herself, and bearing with great philosophy the eccentricities of her husband. She had also an agreeable little dog called Amour; a pug, the smallest and ugliest of the species, who regularly after supper used to jump out of a muff, where he had lain perdu all the evening, and make the round of the supper-table, begging cake and biscuits. He and I had established a great friendship; he regularly, after levying his contributions all round, came to me for a game at play, and sometimes carried his partiality so far as on hearing my voice to pop his poor little black nose out of his hiding-place before the appointed time. It required several repetitions of *Fi donc* from his mistress to drive him back behind the scenes till she gave him his cue.

No uncommon object of her wit was the mania of a smug and smooth-faced little abbé, the politician *par eminence*, where all were politicians, just as madame de V. was the talker amongst a tribe of talkers. M. l’Abbé must have been an exceeding bore to our English ministers, whom by his own showing he pestered weekly with labored memorials, —plans for a rising in La Vendée, schemes for an invasion, proposals to destroy the French fleet, offers to take Antwerp, and plots for carrying off Bonaparte from the opera-house, and lodging him in the Tower of London. This last was his favorite project; and well

it might be, for a bolder idea never entered the mind of man. Imagine the abduction of the emperor, in the midst of his court and guards and his good city of Paris! Fancy him carried off by the unassisted prowess and dexterity of M. l’Abbé, and deposited in the Tower, like a piece of old armour or a lion newly caught, whilst all France was staring and running about in search of her ruler, like the Harlowe family after the *enlèvement* of Miss Clarissa! What a master-stroke would this have been! Ministers, as he used to complain, refused to avail themselves of this brilliant idea, thereby prolonging the war and incurring a needless waste of lives and treasure. Indeed any little misfortune that befel our government, the sinking of an East-India-man, the failure of an expedition, or the loss of a motion, was commonly ascribed by him to the neglect of his advice; whilst, on the other hand, any eminent success in the cabinet, the parliament, or the field, was pretty sure to be traced up by him to some one of his numerous suggestions. Of the victory at Trafalgar, for instance, we English people have generally attributed the merit to the great commander who fell in the fight; but (I do not exactly remember on what score) he claimed full half of the honor; and doubtless he ascribes the campaigns in Spain, the frost in Russia, the burning of Moscow, the capture of Paris, the crowning victory at Waterloo, and the restoration and establishment of the Bourbons, in a great measure, if not wholly, to the effect of his counsels. I would lay a wager that he is at this moment wasting reams of paper in memorialising the French government on this subject, as well as favoring them with hints on any other that falls in his way. In the matter of advice and projects, his liberality is unbounded. He alone, of all the Brunswick-square coterie, condescended to bestow the slightest attention on English affairs, and had the goodness to apply himself with unfeigned earnestness to the improvement of our condition. Thus, whilst one pocket was filled with proposals to cut off the French army, and schemes to blow up the Tuileries, (for, though one of the most benevolent and mild-tempered men on earth, he was a perfect Guy Vaux on paper), the other was crammed with plans to pay off the national debt, thoughts on the commutation of tithes, and hints for a general

enclosure bill. He had usually some little private projects too, and many an unwary fellow-speculator hath used his patents for making coals better than those of Newcastle out of dirt and ashes, his improved Argand lamps, and self-working fishing nets. In short he was a thorough projector, one that 'never was, but always to be,' rich; quick, imaginative, plausible, eloquent, and the more dangerous because he was thoroughly honest, and had himself an entire faith in one scheme, till it was chased away by another—a bubble like the rest!

Then came the chevalier des I.—

————— 'By my life,  
That Davies hath a mighty pretty wife!'

The chevalier was a handsome man himself, tall, dark-visaged and whiskered, with a look rather of the new than of the old French school, fierce and soldierly; he was accomplished, too, in his way, played the flute, and wrote songs and enigmas; but his wife was undoubtedly the most remarkable thing belonging to him; not that she was a beauty either; I should rather call her the prettiest of pretty women; she was short, well-made, with fine black eyes, long glossy black hair, a clear brown complexion, a cocked-up nose, red lips, white teeth, and a most bewitching dimple. There was a tasteful smartness in her dress, which, with a *gentillesse* in her air, and a piquancy of expression, at once told her country, and gave a promise of intelligence and feeling. No one could look at her without being persuaded that she was equally sensible and lively; but no one could listen to her without discovering the mistake. She was the silliest Frenchwoman I ever encountered,—I have met with some as stupid among my own countrywomen; Heaven forbid that we should in any thing yield the palm to our neighbours! She never opened her lips without uttering some *bêtise*. Her poor husband, himself not the wisest of men, quite dreaded her speaking; for, besides that he was really fond of her, he knew that the high-born circle of which she formed a part, would be particularly on the watch for her mistakes, as she was *roturière*, the daughter of a farmer-general who had fallen a sacrifice to the inhuman tyranny of Robespierre, leaving her no dower but her beauty. She was a most innocent and kind-hearted person, and devotedly attached to her husband;

and yet his bitterest enemy could hardly have contrived to say more provoking things to and of him than she did in her fondness. I will give one instance; I might give fifty.

L'Abbé de Lille, the celebrated French poet, and M. de Calonne, the no less noted ex-minister, had promised one Saturday to join the party in Brunswick-square. They came; and our chevalier, who had a tolerable opinion of his own powers as a verse-maker, could not miss so fair an opportunity of display. Accordingly, about half an hour before supper, he put on a look of *distractedness*\*, strode hastily two or three times up and down the room, slapped his forehead, and muttered a line or two to himself; then calling hastily for pen and paper, began writing with the illegible rapidity of one who fears to lose a happy thought, a life-and-death kind of speed; then stopped a moment, as pausing for a word, then went on again fast; then read the lines, or seemed to read; then made a slight alteration;—in short, he acted incomparably the whole agony of composition, and finally with becoming diffidence presented the impromptu to our worthy host, who immediately imparted it to the company. It was heard with the lively approbation with which verses of compliment, read aloud in presence of the author and of the parties complimented, are sure to be received; and really, as far as I remember, the lines were very neatly turned. At last the commerce of flattery ceased. Bows, speeches, blushes, and apologies, were over; the author's excuses, the ex-minister's and the great poet's thanks, and the applause of the audience, died away; all that could be said about the impromptu was exhausted, the topic was fairly worn out, and a pause ensued, which was broken by madame des I. who had witnessed the whole scene with intense pleasure, and now exclaimed, with tears standing in her beautiful eyes, 'How glad I am they like the impromptu! My poor dear chevalier! No tongue can tell what pains it has cost him! There he was all yesterday evening writing, writing,—all the night long—never went to bed,—all to-day—only finished just before we came,—about that impromptu. My poor dear chevalier! I should have been so sorry if they had not liked it.'

\* According to the French idiom, not madness, but absence of mind.

Now he'll be satisfied.' Be it recorded to the honor of French politeness, that, finding it impossible to stop or to out-talk her (both which experiments were tried), the whole party pretended not to hear, and never once alluded to this impromptu *fait à loisir*, till the discomfited chevalier sneaked off with his pretty simpleton, smiling and lovely as ever, and wholly unconscious of offence. Then, to be sure, they did laugh.

I have committed a great breach of etiquette in mentioning the chevalier and his lady before the baron de G. and his daughter Angelique. I question if the baron would forgive me; for he was of Alsace, and, though he called himself French, had German blood and quarterings, and pride enough for a prince of the empire. He was a fine-looking man of fifty, tall, upright, and active, and still giving tokens of having been in his youth one of the handsomest figures and best dancers at Versailles. He was the least gay of the party, perhaps the least happy; for his pride kept him in a state of prickly defiance against all mankind. He had the miserable jealousy of poverty, of one fallen from his high estate, suspected insults where they were never dreamed of, and sifted civility, to see whether an affront, a lurking snake, might be concealed beneath the roses. The smallest and most authorised presents, even fruit and game, were peremptorily rejected; and, if he accepted the Saturday-evening's invitation, it was evidently because he could not find in his heart to refuse a pleasure to his daughter. Angelique was, indeed, a charming creature, fair, blooming, modest and gentle, far more English than French in person, manner, and dress, doting on her father, soothing his little infirmities of temper, and ministering in every way to his comfort and happiness. Never did a father and a daughter love each other better; and that is saying much. He repaid her care and affection with the most unbounded fondness, and a liberality that had no limit but his power. Mademoiselle de G. was the best-drest, best-lodged, and best-attended of any lady of the circle. The only wonder was how the baron could afford it. Every one else had some visible resource, of which they were so little ashamed, that it was as freely communicated as any news of the day. We all knew that the

ambassadress and her brother the marquis lived together on a small pension allotted to the lady by a foreign court, in reward of certain imputed services rendered to the Bourbons by her husband; that the count taught French, Latin, and Italian; that the abbé contrived in some way or other to make his projects keep him; and that the pretty wife of the chevalier, more learned in bonnets than in impromptus, kept a very tasty and well-accustomed milliner's shop somewhere in the region of Cranbourne-alley: but the baron's means of support continued as much a puzzle as the ambassador's destination. At last chance let me into the secret. Our English dancing-master waxed old and rich, and retired from the profession; and our worthy governess vaunted loudly of the French gentleman whom she had engaged as his successor, and of the reform that would be worked in the heads and heels of her pupils, grown heavy and lumpish under the late instructor. The new master arrived; and, whilst a boy who accompanied him was tuning his kit, and he himself paying his respects to the governess, I had no difficulty in discovering, under a common French name, my acquaintance the baron. The recognition was mutual. I shall never forget the start he gave when, in the middle of the first cotillon, he espied the little girl whom he had been used to see at the corner of the supper-table in Brunswick-square, every Saturday evening. He colored with shame and anger, his hand trembled, and his voice faltered; but, as he would not know me, I had the discretion not to appear to know him, and said nothing of the affair till I again visited my kind cousin. I never saw any one more affected than she was on hearing my story. That this cold, proud, haughty man, to whom any thing that savored of humiliation seemed terrible, should so far abase his nobility for Angelique and independence, was wonderful! She could not refrain from telling her husband, but the secret was carefully guarded from every one besides; and, except that they showed him an involuntary increase of respect, and that I could not help drawing myself up and sitting rather more upright than ordinary when he happened to look at me, nothing indicated any suspicion of the circumstance.

In the mean time the fair Angelique, who was treated with the customary

disregard shown to unmarried beauties by her countrymen, whose devoirs the old duchess, the crooked ambassadress, and the squinting countess, entirely engrossed, was gradually making an English conquest of no small importance. The eldest son of a rich merchant, who had been connected with our host in several successful speculations, and was exceedingly intimate with the family, begged to be admitted to the Saturday-evening coterie. His request was readily granted; he came at first from curiosity, but that feeling was soon exchanged for a deeper and a more tender passion; and at last he ventured to disclose his love, first to the lady of his heart, and then to their mutual friend. Neither frowned on the intelligence, although both apprehended some difficulties. How would the baron look on a man who could hardly trace his ancestors farther back than his grand-father? And how again would these rich citizens, equally proud in a different way, relish an alliance with a man who, however highly descended, was neither more nor less than a dancing-master? But pride melts before love, like frost in the sunshine. All parties were good and kind, all obstacles were overcome, and all faults forgotten. The rich merchant forgave the baron's poverty, and the baron (which was more difficult) forgave his wealth. The calling which had only been followed for Angelique's sake, was for her sake abandoned; the fond father consented to reside with her; and, surrounded by her lovely family, freed from poverty and its distressing consciousness, and from all the evils of false shame, he has long been one of the happiest, as he was always one of the best, of French emigrants. M.

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THE MODERN POETS; A VISION.

I HAVE long wished to be a poet. How frequently have I said to myself, when I have had pen, ink, and paper before me, 'Oh, if I were a poet!' I encouraged the wish by saying, Nothing in the world is easier than to think oneself a poet; and next to it, nothing is more common than to be thought so by others. Aye, but to *be* a poet,—why, to be sure, that is quite a different thing. Well, but if I were a poet how could I illumine these blank leaves, and adorn them with imagery more imperishable

than the sculptures of Greece! If, for example, I were Scott! Impossible! Campbell!—next to impossible! Byron!—more than impossible! Make what you will of the phrase, it is not a thousandth part so absurd as the thought. Well then, if I were Southey!—No. Wordsworth!—No. Moore!—No. I was so disheartened by these negatives, that I durst not hazard another if; but it was my good fortune to fall immediately into a reverie, when, to my astonishment and delight, the above-mentioned personages, one by one, came into the room, and sitting down on the very chair which I had occupied—(how I happened to vacate my seat I know not, any more than by what spell I was replaced in it, at the end of two hours), each in his turn made use of my pen, ink, and paper. A hearty-looking middle-aged country gentleman came in with a smile of indescribable good humor on his countenance, through which some gay apparition of thought seemed breaking, like the moon out of a cloud:—he sat down, and presently covered the paper with an eight-syllable lay of the easiest verse in the world, that ambled and cantered in all the paces of a Highland Pegasus, through an episode concerning barons and knights, and ladies and lakes, and fields and tournaments, and feasts and songs, and forests and mountains, and minstrels,—so unlike any thing that any body else ever wrote, and so like all that he himself had written, that I could not mistake the author. No sooner, however, had he risen up, than the whole,—which I read as he penned, and which he penned as fast as I could read,—vanished from the paper and from my mind, leaving both as blank as before. I caught the disappearing face of this visitor, turned over his shoulder with an arch significance of expression, which made it at once 'another and the same,' and left me bewildered with transport at having discovered the author of the Scottish novels, yet tempted to doubt whether I had made any discovery at all. Of one thing, however, I am positive to this hour, that as the sun shone from the passage into the room, when the door was closing, I saw the shadow of sir Walter Scott following the person who went out.

The next was in no hurry for display; and he pored so long over his task, writing very slowly, halting sometimes on the down-stroke of a letter, and so fre-



quently retracing, interlining, and blotting out, that, having lost all patience, I was ready to push him from the seat, when he suddenly rose; his eye kindled into rapture; and, from a completely disfigured and illegible sheet,—in tones that yet ring in my ear, like music remembered from infancy,—he recited about twenty lyric lines; a spell in which he had bound up so much harmony, splendor and pathos of language, imagination and feeling, that I could have listened to the repetition of the strain a thousand times. He had scarcely read them once, when Southey, who had been walking to and fro in the passage, till he could hold out no longer, burst into the room, and Campbell, whom I forgot to name before, vanished in a moment; but whether he went through the door, the window, or the ceiling, I could not distinguish.

Southey, with an air of supercilious arrogance, wrote some stanzas which he seemed to think excellent, and then retired with a look of self-complacency. But his feeble strains melted away while I perused them. I had not time to regret the loss; for another of the tuneful fraternity, of diminutive stature, but with the airiness and vivacity of a bird, darting in at the door, lighted on the chair, and rapidly cross-lined and speckled my paper with the words and the melody of a song, composed and set to music by himself, which he immediately warbled forth with the sweetness of a redbreast, at the fall of the leaf. It was simple and passionate, tender and indignant at the same time. The burthen, of course, was the beauty and the wrongs of a female, but whether she was his mistress or his country I could not precisely determine; if it was Ireland of whom he sang, his patriotism had the fervor of love; if it was Delia, his love had the impetuosity of patriotism. Would that he had always written as worthily or as ambiguously; the name of the bard, then, would never have been degraded under that of Little, much less under that of Moore!

Wordsworth then appeared, and ran through half a dozen of his nightingale cadences, and might have sung till next morning without hazard of interruption from me, when a being of almost superhuman aspect entered. The singing bird, perceiving him, instantly flew away, and left me alone with the mysterious apparition. It was Byron! he seized the

pen; it became a magician's wand in his grasp; he touched the ink-stand—it expanded into a caldron like that of the witches in Macbeth, and there was a dance of 'black spirits and white,—blue spirits and grey,' about it, using their ineffable incantations with such effect, that the walls of the house fell into nothing before them, and, the peer suddenly unfolding the paper, it stretched itself into a landscape, under the gloom of night, with a wan ray of the moon in the last quarter gleaming along it. Instantly we found ourselves, the mighty lord and I, in a corner of Lara's hall.

A loud succession of raps at the door now roused me and dissipated my day-dream.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE PLEASURE DERIVABLE FROM THE PERUSAL OF LETTERS.

NO. II.

THE AGE of Elizabeth is rich in its treasury of letters. Reading and writing, in her reign, were not only fashionable but necessary accomplishments: epistolary communications were frequent between friends; and, whilst the historic annals of England, notwithstanding the authentic records, are comparatively meagre and dry, the deficiency of entertaining intelligence is amply supplied by the correspondence of courtiers and ladies. We may lounge in idea through the apartments of the old palace at Westminster with as perfect a picture of the building and its inhabitants in the mind's eye, as if it had been placed before us by the elaborate pen of Richardson. Every trait in the character of that extraordinary woman, styled by courtesy Good Queen Bess, lies open to animadversion. We view the masculine energy of her soul, and the feminine weakness of her heart, the arbitrary temper, excessive vanity, the various accomplishments, the deep studies, mingled with the most frivolous pursuits, the love of learning, and neglect of learned men, the magnificence, the meanness, and the unrelenting rigor of this petticoated despot; whilst a life might be spent in the study of the glittering constellation around her, the heroes, the statesmen, the philosophers, and the poets, who remain the model and the wonder of succeeding ages. Elizabeth's love for

the earl of Leicester has been made the subject of so many romances, that very little, it may be supposed, remains to be said upon this exhausted topic; yet we learn to estimate the extraordinary degree of attachment which she bore to the audacious yet hypocritical minion, by circumstances which novelists have disregarded, and historians have left untold. Her jealousy, derived from the undoubted fact of her determination to commit Dudley to the Tower on the discovery of *one* of his marriages, is the constant theme of writers who have chosen Elizabeth as their heroine; but her renunciation of an alliance with France, solely through the arts which he so well knew how to put in requisition for the accomplishment of any purpose, is scarcely mentioned in history, or alluded to in romance. We learn, however, by the letters of the day, that when Elizabeth put a ring upon the hand of the duke of Anjou, the company present mistook it for a contract of marriage; and Leicester, with the rest of his faction, who had spared no pains to frustrate the project, exclaimed, 'that the queen, the realm, and the reformed religion, were undone.' The ladies of honor, likewise, who were all in the earl's interest, broke out into bitter lamentations. The scandalous chronicle of the time did not scruple to assert, that there were not two noble ladies about the court who had not sacrificed the strictness of their honor to his solicitations, and thus were they enslaved to his ambition. In the present instance, whatever might have been their motives, his female coadjutors exerted themselves with zeal and effect in his service; and Elizabeth, terrified by their clamors, dismissed her suitor. The earl of Essex, more open, generous, and noble-minded, was not equally fortunate in blinding his royal mistress to his gallantries; or probably, with the increase of years, her disposition became more strongly tinctured with suspicion. In despite of her inordinate vanity, some doubts might creep in respecting the power of her charms over the heart of the young, the handsome, the accomplished Essex; and, though lavish in his compliments to her beauty, when he delegated his page to be the bearer of the most extravagant encomiums, the wandering of his eyes in her presence was too strong a proof of infidelity to be disregarded.

History does not present a more interesting object than this unhappy favorite, ruined by the excess of his talents and his graces. Every fault that he possessed sprang from a virtue, his courage degenerated to rashness, his liberality might be termed profusion, and his high-spirited consciousness of internal worth led him imprudently to express his scorn of his inferiors: he could not stoop to dissimulation, and too unguardedly disclosing the sentiments of his heart, he became the victim to an opposing faction. Even in his dying moments his enemies took advantage of the strength of his religious feelings to urge him, as a duty, to that great blemish of his life, the discovery of his abettors in his last intemperate schemes. The untimely death of this friend of Shakspeare, this patron of Spenser, and munificent benefactor of Bacon, wrought by the implacable cruelty of a host of enemies, can never fail to awaken a sigh in the breasts of the compassionate.

The earl's flirtation with Elizabeth, though terminating so fatally, is mingled with so many whimsical circumstances, that it excites the most opposite emotions in our hearts. It appears that, somewhat in the style of Leicester, Essex paid considerable attention to one of the maids of honor, which the queen no sooner perceived than she resented it with great violence. Walpole quotes two entertaining paragraphs from letters concerning this curious affair. 'The queen hath of late used the fair Mrs. B. with words and blows of anger.'—'The earl has again fallen in love with his fairest B., it cannot choose but come to the queen's ears, and then he is undone. The countess is greatly unquiet—not, it should seem, at the palpable estrangement of her husband's affection, but for fear that Elizabeth's jealousy should be awakened. What a picture of the uncasiness of a wife, smothering all the natural feelings of her heart in the deeper agony of the apprehension which she entertained for her husband's life, still so exquisitely dear, though his love was given to another! The steady opposition of Cecil to the unfortunate Essex, and his open persecution of this ill-fated nobleman even to the block, excite less indignation than the mean revenge of \* lord Nottingham, who, pro-

\* The earl of Nottingham was ambassador to the court of Spain, and he and his suite

voked by the earl's refusal to allow him any share in the taking of Cadiz, frustrated the last hope of royal clemency by preventing his wife from executing the commission entrusted to her by the condemned favorite,—the delivery of the ring, that pledge of affection which the honor of a queen and the tenderness of a woman were equally engaged to redeem. Swayed even by a viler passion than that which inflamed the breast of Nottingham, no shadow of an excuse appears for the relentless hatred of Raleigh, an early rival set up by the policy of the Cecils. It is said that the first quarrel which arose between these candidates for royal favor was occasioned by the earl, who braved sir Walter at a tilt, and appeared there in defiance of him with '2000 orange tawny feathers,'—an affront which did not appear to Walpole to be very intelligible, but which Miss Aikin justly attributes to the show of followers which the earl could muster bearing his badge, in scorn perhaps of the single esquire of the knight. Raleigh's dreadful letter to sir Robert Cecil, afterwards earl of Salisbury, will remain for ever an indelible blot on his character. What a frightful portraiture is here exhibited of the mind of an ambitious man! with all the powerful eloquence of his extraordinary genius, he urges the minister to persecute the earl to ruin and to death, particularly dwelling upon one base argument, the little danger to be apprehended from the vengeance of his descendants. 'The son of Essex,' he observes, 'shall be the youngest earl in England but one.'—'Even-handed justice returns the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to our own lips.' Raleigh, in this atrocious letter, is pressing forward, for a rival, that snare by which he afterwards himself perished. He urged Cecil to get rid of Essex; by that riddance he became no longer necessary to Cecil, as a counterpoise to the earl's power: and persecuted by his enemies, and abandoned by his friends, he fell at

length by the hand of the executioner. It is painful to contemplate the brave, the adventurous Raleigh, as the malignant and artful antagonist of a gallant and generous rival. Endearred to the nation by his sufferings, and by the untiring perseverance of his ardent mind in the pursuit of science, though disdaining to court the multitude by those condescending manners which rendered Essex so popular, his undaunted bearing on the scaffold commanded equal respect, and obtained equal commiseration.

Less interesting, but not less instructive, are the letters which enable us to read the hearts of the Cecils. Calm, dispassionate, just, and honorable, the prudent counsel which lord Burleigh gave his son, 'Seek not to be Essex, shun to be Raleigh,' was treasured in the memory of Salisbury; but the wisdom of the father degenerated into cunning in the mind of the son. We admire the undeviating line of policy maintained by Burleigh, his steady adherence to the true interests of the realm, in despite of the unpopularity of his measures, and the factious opposition of discontented nobles. His refusal to sanction the wishes of Leicester and the queen to despatch the unfortunate Mary of Scotland by poison, and, when convinced of the necessity of the sacrifice of a turbulent prisoner, his defiance of the indignation of the world by recommending an open execution, prove him to have been both wise and upright, and a man whose courage equaled his conduct: but we turn with horror and disgust from the base intrigues and crooked politics of his son. Walpole observes, that 'the earl of Salisbury was remarkable for succeeding his father as prime minister, and imitating his prototype the duke of Lerma in every treachery, except that he did not supplant him.' It is said that when there was a proposal for obtaining a capitulation and charter of liberties from James the First, his opposition defeated the scheme. Are not the bloody civil wars in England, and the disasters of the Stuarts, to be attributed to the civil counsels of this traitor to his country, the man who, basely preferring his own paltry interests, bartered the happiness of the state for the king's favor? Salisbury failed in the qualities of the heart, not in those of the head. Gifted with wisdom to perceive the right, he sometimes chose

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being handsome persons, dressed with richness and elegance, were the more admired in consequence of an endeavour on the part of the Jesuits, to impress the vulgar mind with a belief that, since the English had left the Roman religion, they were transformed into strange horrid shapes with heads and tails like beasts and monsters.—*Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary.*

the wrong; but, when not tempted by personal advantages to swerve from the strict path of duty, he served his country with zeal and ability. Amongst his writings is one entitled, 'The State of a Secretary's Place and the Peril thereof;'—a topic on which he was well qualified to descant. Following the example of his father, who steadily opposed the treacherous and insidious measures of Leicester, he guarded the realm from the equally dangerous administration of the rash and headstrong Essex; and Elizabeth seems indebted for the glories of her reign to one solitary circumstance, her prudence in retaining ministers equal to Burleigh in wisdom, and superior in sincerity to Salisbury, against the advice and entreaties of her two most beloved favorites, the cherished Dudley, the idol of her youthful heart, and the no less valued Essex. As she thus shone with a borrowed lustre from the splendor of the talent which surrounded her, we gather little which redounds to her credit from the letters of private individuals, her contemporaries. The task of pleasing her does not appear to have been a very easy one. Sir John Stanhope writes to his friend sir Robert Cecil, 'I was all this afternoon with her majesty at *my booke*, and then thinking to reſte me, went in with your letter; she was pleased with the *Filosofer's stone*, and hath ben all this daye reasonably quyettt.' The epistles of sir John Harrington, her witty godson, are exceedingly amusing, but do not give a very favorable idea of her temper. In one he tells us that, 'Elizabeth stamps with her feet at ill news, and thrusts her rusty sword at times in the arras in great rage;' but the letters which are the most injurious to her reputation, are those of her tutor Roger Ascham, who is said to have been the pride and in one respect perhaps the shame of her days. Though, when the news of his death reached her, she *emphatically* declared that she would have given a thousand pounds to be assured that he was still alive, she suffered him to languish in poverty. In a letter to the earl of Leicester, who had been god-father to one of his sons, he laments that, through tedious and expensive suits of law and other difficulties, he had been obliged to sell his plate, and (that which grieved him most), his wife's poor jewels, and was not very like to live long, nor to leave his family any thing but beggary. 'And yet,' says

he, 'that poor service that I have done to quoen Elizabeth, shall live still, and never die so long as her noble hand and excellent learning in the Greek and Latin tongue shall be known in the world.' Though it is impossible to justify the excessive penuriousness of this great queen, some palliation may be adduced from the low state of her exchequer, and the difficulty of procuring supplies. Few of her generals or her ministers acquired wealth in her service. Those who were liberal and magnificent in their expenditure ruined their private fortunes in the support of the lustre of her crown. Sir Francis Walsingham, her ambassador at Paris, being zealously attached to the interests of his country, spent large sums in the purchase of intelligence. Deeply versed in diplomatic arts, he even contrived to outwit the Jesuits, and foil them at their own weapons; he fathomed the darkest secrets of the French court, penetrated the intrigues of the Vatican, and turning every discovery to the advantage of his sovereign, maintained peace amid a thousand jarring interests; but England's happy escape from a ruinous war abroad, whilst she was threatened with contending claims at home, was purchased at the expense of his fortune, as well as his wit. He writes from Paris, 'Sometimes I have neither money, furniture, or credit;' and, after his return to London, he died so poor, that his friends were obliged to bury him by night in St. Paul's church. His daughter, not less celebrated for her misfortunes, than for a promptitude to shake off afflictions, which might have broken a heart of tender mould, was the wife of sir Philip Sidney, and, after having lost that hero at Zutphen, married the earl of Essex. Again surviving a beloved husband, she dried the tears which flowed for his more terrible death, threw off her weeds a second time, and became the countess of Clanrickarde, the wife of a nobleman of whom it is said, that he possessed the virtues and the talents of his predecessors in his lady's love, linked with a happier fate.

Those times were fertile in extraordinary women. Passing over Walpole's catalogue of noble authoresses, and all those learned ladies whose acquirements seem to be prodigies even in this educated age, we proceed to the notice of one, who, without being celebrated for Latin or Greek, turned her knowledge to

very excellent account, and contrived not only to solve the riddle which has puzzled so many wise heads, What is Woman's Will? but to have her will at all times; and in despite of any opposition to her mercenary pursuits which any one of her four husbands might have essayed. Married at an early age to Robert Bewly, Esq., and afterwards to sir William St.-Lo, she induced those gentlemen to leave her all their estates. She accepted sir William Cavendish for her third husband, and, being a third time a widow, persuaded the earl of Shrewsbury to settle his property upon her children by sir William Cavendish, to the prejudice of his own, and to raise her to the rank of a countess. An accomplished statesman, one who sat at queen Mary's council-board, and retained his station when Elizabeth came to the throne, though he could in some degree manage two women even with crowns on their heads, was unable to rule the third, one too, who had sworn fealty to him at the altar; and such duty as a subject owes to his prince,

'Even such a woman oweth to her husband.'

But this, it seems, was not the countess's creed. The representative of the Talbots, that long and illustrious line which had escaped the common fate of the peers of England, and never stained the boards of a scaffold with their blood, or bowed their haughty necks to the stroke of an executioner, became the slave of a despotic virago. The earl's state of bondage, it should appear, was no secret; for the bishop of Litchfield and Coventry endeavoured to comfort him in a letter which contains this paragraph: 'It is a common jest, yet true in some sence, that there is but one shrew in all the worlde, and evere man hath her.' An adept in manœuvring, this lady managed to relieve her husband from the invidious task of guarding queen Mary of Scotland, though by a measure which might have ruined him with Elizabeth. She felt or feigned jealousy of his attentions to the royal captive, and entreated the queen to remove so dangerous an object from his eyes. It is curious to observe the different style in which this lady is chronicled in the annals of the two noble families of which she was so distinguished a member. In a great measure the foundress of the fortunes of the Cavendishes, she is described in the re-

cords of that illustrious house, as the first and best of women, whilst a character of a very opposite nature is ascribed to her by the Talbots. Her grasping avarice, overbearing disposition, the masculine energy of her mind, and the daring boldness of her conduct, justified the censure of those who saw the inheritance of their forefathers alienated for the aggrandisement of strangers. Surviving her fourth husband, outliving old friends, and incapable of attaching new ones, she lived to old age, in a state of forlorn grandeur; yet, as she had fixed her affections upon things below, though bereft of all the endearing ties of life, the idea of a departure to an unknown world became more hateful as the time approached: in this dilemma she consulted soothsayers according to the fashion of the age, and being told that she should not die whilst she was employed in building, she turned her thoughts and her riches to the erection of palaces: but, a hard frost preventing the masons from continuing their labors on one of these structures, 'the juggling fiend kept the word of promise to the ear, but broke it to the mind;' for she expired during that brief cessation of the workmen's toil, to the admiration of every believer in judicial astrology.

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A TOUR THROUGH THE UPPER PROVINCES OF HINDOSTAN, WITH REMARKS AND AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES. 8vo. 1824.

SKETCHES IN INDIA; BY WILLIAM HUGGINS.

FROM the great extent of our oriental empire, and the uninterrupted intercourse which has subsisted, more particularly since the victorious career of lord Clive, between our countrymen and the different races that inhabit Hindostan, it might be expected that we should have a complete and most satisfactory acquaintance with the region and its occupants. But that is far from being the case; and we ought therefore to be thankful to those writers who endeavour to throw light on the subject, and to extend our knowledge of curious manners and a remarkable country.

For the Tour we are indebted to a lady, who, without pretensions to learning or science, writes in a lively manner, and gives with seeming fidelity the result of her observations. She presents

an artless journal of her progress through the country, mingling displays of manners with descriptions of scenery and miscellaneous notices. Mr. Huggins is equally unpretending and not less candid; and he thus states his own views.—‘In presenting the world with a series of letters upon the domestic habits and characteristic features of the people who inhabit and reside in our Bengal possessions, the author’s object is to draw a line of approximation between them and their fellow-subjects resident in England, and, by a distinct sketch of the minute traits in the picture, to instruct the Englishman who never visited India on points which may interest the members of his family.’

Much has been said of the mild and inoffensive character of the Hindoos; but, in the affairs of religion, their gentleness gives way to horrible cruelty, and their seeming apathy does not lead them, in calamitous accidents, into a display of manly or patient fortitude. ‘Their natural indolence (says the lady) is indeed very great; no plea but necessity induces them to move at all. They would like to sit and smoke the whole day long. ‘Better,’ say they, ‘to sit than stand; better to lie down than sit; better to sleep than either.’ But, if assailed by any sudden misfortune, they instantly lose all presence of mind, and run bawling about like so many mad creatures.’

No people are more prejudiced than the Hindoos in favor of old absurdities.—‘They are uniformly tenacious in whatever respects ancient custom, but particularly so in regard to the difference of *caste*. A girl of superior beauty had by chance been seen and admired by a youth of the same religion, but of inferior *caste*. Knowing the latter to be an insurmountable barrier to the parents’ consent, he at length prevailed on her to clope with him and marry him in his own village. Her family soon discovered their retreat, and contrived by a stratagem to get her again into their power. Accordingly her mother was despatched to negotiate the pretended reconciliation, and prevail on her to return, in order that the marriage might be properly celebrated at her father’s house. The poor girl, delighted at the prospect of so fortunate an issue, readily accompanied her mother, and was received by her father and brother with open arms. When three days had elapsed, and no

marriage feast been proclaimed, she began to suspect the treachery, and determined on seizing the first opportunity of returning to the husband she had chosen. A favorable one seemed to present itself; but she had not been gone long before she was overtaken by her brother, who affected to sympathize with, and offered to see her safe home. The road lay through an unfrequented path, which taking advantage of, he drew his sword, and severed her head from the body. She was found the next morning weltering in her blood.’

Obstinate in their attachment to the trades and callings of their fathers, the Hindoos even decline all attempts to improve upon their hereditary pursuits. ‘This, in the East, is a characteristic of more than one people.—‘I asked a baker once to make muffins, and offered to translate a receipt I had for them into Hindostanee, promising him at the same time a recommendation to all my acquaintance, which being pretty large, and at one of the principal military stations, must have been highly lucrative to him. He listened very patiently until I had finished my speech, when closing his hands in a suppliant posture, ‘Pardon me, lady,’ said he, ‘but my father never made them, and how can I presume to do it? My grandfather brought up sixteen children, my father fourteen children, without making *muffeens*, and why should not I?’ Such close reasoning as this I was by no means prepared to parry: so bowing assent, I dismissed him, and there the matter ended. The Hindoos are, beyond a doubt, the least enterprising people in the world.’

A remarkable instance of apathy, involving a strange disregard of life, is thus related; but it seems scarcely credible.—‘A malefactor, having committed some crime for which he was sentenced to be hanged, received the awful *fiat* with so much coolness, that the judge was disposed to believe the man had not understood him, and accordingly caused it to be repeated by one of the native counsellors. The man replied, that he understood the judge very well. ‘You are to be hanged to-morrow,’ repeated the barrister. ‘*Saheb ko koosi*,’ ‘as the gentleman pleases,’ returned the culprit, and followed his conductor out of court, apparently unconcerned. A few days elapsed before the sentence could be put in execution; and when brought forth, as they supposed, to suf-

for the punishment of his crime, there appeared quite a different person. This being reported to the judge, he was ordered to be brought before him, and it was discovered that the other had given this man three rupees to be hanged in his place. The former one had of course made his escape; and, strange as it may appear, the substitute was afraid of being discharged, lest he might insist upon his refunding the three rupees, which he had spent, he said, on *metais*, cakes of which they are particularly fond, made of sugar and flour.

Of the ordinary habitations of the people, and of their costume, we have the following account:—‘The villages of Bengal differ materially from those in the upper provinces of Hindostan; the huts of the former being composed of bamboos covered with matting, while those of the latter are uniformly built of mud, and thatched. Those of Bengal are generally found within groves of the bamboo plant, having small round granaries near them, formed of the same materials, but raised a few feet from the ground, upon blocks of wood, not unlike those that support our wheat ricks. The habitations of the natives in the upper provinces serve also as receptacles for their grain; a deep hole is dug in the centre of each, lined with straw, wherein it is deposited, and thus secured as well against the weather as against the marauders, with whom these provinces abound.

‘In Bengal, the people wear no turbans, merely their long black hair strained up round the head, and fastened in a knot at the top; a few yards of thin silk, of various colors, fastened round the waist, and loosely wrapped about the thighs, leaving the legs quite bare; a drapery of thin muslin, thrown carelessly across the shoulders, one end hanging in front, the other behind, completes their dress, as far as apparel is concerned. But a Bengalee gentleman has not completed his toilette until he has painted his face and arms. They have their beaux as well as other nations, who seldom appear without a wafer on their forehead, consisting of a white patch, with a spot of bright scarlet in the centre, and a stripe of white paint down the middle of the nose. These men universally wear earrings of the purest gold, and excellent workmanship.’

Mr. Huggins does not materially differ from the fair writer with regard to

the Hindoos: but he pays more attention to the European residents than she does, and exhibits a striking picture of their manners and customs: but let us first attend to what he says of the Moslem inhabitants.—‘They are versatile and changeable in disposition, but not more addicted to intrigue and dissimulation than the Hindoos. A Mussulman has not so much scheming and trickery as a Bramin, but resembles the rajahpoot more in temper. Men of rank affect to speak in the Persian language; are very choice respecting their phrases; respectful and polite in their deportment. I know of no man more refined in his manners and address than an accomplished Mussulman; none more easy and agreeable: he entertains high and lofty notions, despises any thing mean or degrading, and possesses an emulation to shine, to please, which is sure to succeed; he is attentive, but not importunate,—affable, but not subservient. They live in villages together with the Hindoos, sometimes more, but generally less numerous; those animosities which are so frequent between distinct people do not find footing among them: both are descendants of the soil, and live together in peace; there are distinctions, but not divisions; party quarrels and feuds do not operate upon men who are constantly employed. They possess villages, engage in agriculture, and follow service like the Hindoos. Whilst native writers are all Hindoos, the Lascars, and most of the boatmen employed in the internal navigation, are Mussulmans, from which it would appear they are more addicted to active than sedentary employments. The domestic servants of Europeans are Mussulmans, as our mode of living is too repugnant to the prejudices of the Hindoos to admit their serving us; many of them are employed in the army, others as chaprasses, but here the connexion ends. Natives employed in the private and public offices are Hindoos; the judge’s onlahs, thannedars, and the head servants of indigo-planters, are generally Hindoos; so that, in all civil departments, they enjoy a superiority over the Mussulmans.’

The Europeans in India, though not inattentive to business, seem to be fond of pleasure and dissipation; and, in connexion with this propensity, hospitality is a prevailing trait of their general character.—‘The places of public resort and amusement in Calcutta are the course,

the ball-room, and the theatre. The course is a fine broad road, which leads out to the suburbs, and on which the fashionable figure in the evening. Here landaus, coaches, chariots, curricles, phaetons, &c., press forward in close ranks, full of gentlemen and ladies, well dressed: on every side you behold equipages, horses, ostrich feathers, and dandies. Over this scene of magnificence and show a thick dust is spread, as if sent by some envious power to embitter its sweets, as if to mortify human vanity, by soiling those elegances in which it takes pride. Here the Calcutta ladies come to court the gaze of admiration, and display their charms; to court, too, the tepid breezes of a climate, which, alas! soon withers their bloom, and plants the drooping lily where the rose was wont to dwell. Many a lady would think this gaiety and splendor dearly bought at such a sacrifice; perhaps, too, they are. The gentlemen who bestride steeds are well dressed, and ride well; the course, in gaiety and splendor, horses and equipages, beaux and belles, resembles Hyde Park, only wanting the cool breezes of England to make it equally agreeable. Public balls are given in the Town Hall, and, like the course, attract the most respectable inhabitants. Stewards are appointed beforehand to make what arrangements may be necessary, so that every thing is conducted with great order. Quadrilles and country-dances are generally practised; however, waltzing has been lately introduced. Here the prettiest faces and finest waists in India are to be seen; pleasure and gaiety hold their court, the dance flies, and all seem happy. This scene of festivity is peculiarly grateful to the young beauties and the young beaux of India, as such public occasions for exhibition are rare, and therefore valuable. The lustre of chandeliers, dress, address, dancing, and music, animate the duldest tempers. Such a scene is pleasant to contemplate, and should be encouraged; where man forgets his labours, difficulties, and cares—bounds from the load that presses on his heart, and enjoys happiness, even for an hour. The public dances are in an elegant style, and attended by the fashionable or accomplished, as persons in humble circumstances seldom make their appearance there.

‘The stage in Calcutta has not arrived at any great eminence, and the duties of

the Chowringhee Theatre are performed principally by amateur actors; for, wealthy as the city is, it cannot afford to keep a regular company; or rather the emoluments are not sufficient to recompense their labors, notwithstanding the exorbitant price of admission. This want of support for the theatre arises from various causes: the terms of admission are too high for persons of confined income to indulge much in theatrical amusements, whilst other modes of diversion abound, and can be enjoyed without expense. The dances at schools, private parties, and convivial pleasures, occupy this part of the community, so that the audience is composed of persons whose circumstances put them above thinking of the charge for admittance: They, too, have their routs and assemblies, which prevent a regular attendance at the theatre, were they so disposed.’

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‘I know of no place where hospitality is more prevalent and more munificent than in Calcutta: a man of property has generally a number of guests at his house, sees company frequently, and keeps an excellent table, at which luxuries abound of every kind; the choicest wines of Europe are served up (be their price ever so high), and the most delicious meats which can be procured; every thing that can delight the palate is supplied, on which the nicest epicure might banquet with pleasure, and conviviality is carried to a sociable and proper length, without deviating into bacchanalian riot. Men of rank keep a sumptuous table, those of small income a good one; so that a stranger and a guest are well treated wherever they go. Persons to whom fortune has acted as a churlish stepdame, and left without employment, generally find a friend to receive and entertain them, until more favorable circumstances occur; so that the hospitality of Europeans at Calcutta is, in an eminent degree, generous and kind.’

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#### STRICTURES ON THE FASHIONABLE MANNERS OF LONDON.

I HAVE spent (says a French gentleman to an English friend) six months in England, and during that time mixed in the gayest circles. I should be ungrateful not to add, that I have universally been received with splendid hospita-



lity. Yet, with the single exception of one family, I know not the house in London where strangers are permitted to enjoy that free, easy, and familiar access, which, from early habit, is essential to the happiness of a Frenchman. Of assemblies, concerts, quadrille parties, masquerades, and grand dinners, I have partaken almost to satiety. My eye is tired of the blaze of crowded ball-rooms, my ear of the sound of music, and I am surfeited with the luxuries of the table. In short, I am sick of living in public, and sigh for the pleasures of that intimate and unceremonious communication which constitutes the charm of real society.

It is indeed a most extraordinary circumstance, that, of all the nations in Europe, the English, though the most esteemed for their simplicity and domestic virtues, are the least easily known, because seldom seen in their natural characters. In other countries the haughtiest noble allows not only his friends, but even his common acquaintance, to view him in his hours of retirement. If discovered at his toilette, he is not distressed at being gazed at in his bed-gown; and if found at table with his wife and children, he blushes not at the modesty of his ordinary meal—a meal of which, without ceremony or restraint, he asks the accidental visitor to partake. All this is reversed in England. If, in spite of contrary orders and strict prohibitions, an awkward servant allows an unexpected guest to find his way beyond the threshold, the utmost confusion is sure to ensue. He is either met by a better-disciplined servant, who, with a thousand bows and apologies for the mistake which has been made, assures him that his master is not at home; or, conducted into an empty room, and left there for half an hour, while he hears bells ringing and people running about, he is at last waited on by the gentleman of the house, whose assumed politeness and repeated excuses ill accord with the embarrassment which is legible in his countenance. But when, without such interruption, the intruder is led at once into the presence of the persons whom he comes to visit, a side frown given to the stupid attendant by whose error he has gained admittance, a similar look exchanged between the husband and the wife, the dismissal of the children, or the sudden disappearance of the lady,

too plainly discover how little he is welcome.

If the stranger, unacquainted with the manners of London, happens to knock at the door near the time of dinner, and is by some unlucky mismanagement permitted to pass the porter's lodge, the mischief is still greater, and every possible manœuvre is practised to get him out of the house with the utmost expedition. Foreigners are astonished at finding, that he who receives them on one day with the most lavish profusion, will on the next carefully abstain from exercising the lowest act of ordinary hospitality. I have indeed been often asked to *family dinners*; but these family dinners (true symbols of proud humility) have always proved no less luxurious than the professed banquets which your daily newspapers are so fond of describing, for the amusement and edification of the world.

What renders the system of giving ruinous entertainments particularly ridiculous is, that no one is deceived by it. Who imagines that the donor of a gala lives with equal magnificence on ordinary occasions, and who doubts that it is an effort of vanity, which can be seldom repeated? The fashion therefore in London of exchanging great dinners, is little more than a general agreement to visit each other in assumed characters, and to play a game of *humbug* which imposes on none but the weakest and least experienced of mankind. Perhaps, indeed, the perpetual feasting of the appetite, unaccompanied by any endeavour to gratify the mind or heart, may be the cause of that apathy and *ennui* which form the two prevailing maladies of your richer countrymen. In hopes to get rid of those evils, they are for ever in motion; and, not content with going from their country-houses to London, and from London to Bath and Cheltenham, they migrate in flocks to the most distant corners of the earth. Abroad, they live exclusively together, and follow the same habits to which they owed their misery at home. Change of place, therefore, produces no change of feeling, and they continue to wander about, laughed at by those who thrive by their extravagance, and the living pictures of woe; while envied and hated by the rest of the world, for the possession of that wealth which affords them so little gratification.

Society is the first blessing of civilized man; and, as no nation enjoys this less than you or more than we, I am inclined to think that during our late political misfortunes, when so many of our first families, after losing every thing but their honor, found a generous asylum in England, it often happened that a little *coterie* of French emigrants, partaking of an *omelette* or a salad in a garret, were infinitely gayer, and, in spite of all their calamities, infinitely happier, than your British nobles in their brilliant circles.

THE CHARACTER OF THE RUSSIANS,  
AND A DETAILED HISTORY OF MOS-  
COW,

by Robert Lyall, M. D.—4to. 1824.

THE Russians appear to be in a middle state between barbarism and civilisation. Even the higher classes, amidst their pretended refinement, mingle coarse and impure manners with occasional politeness, and, while they acknowledge the dignity of virtue and the obligations of morality, frequently sink into the vilest profligacy. Dr. Lyall accuses Dr. Clarke of having vilified their character: yet his own account is scarcely more favorable. He attributes their ignorance and vices, in a great degree, to the despotism of the government, which fosters political meanness and moral degradation.

He speaks of an infamous association called the Physical Club of Moscow, which would have disgraced even the sensualists of Otaheite. Its existence was denied by the advocates of Russian honor and morality; but he affirms that it consisted of ladies and gentlemen of the most distinguished families in the empire, and that it continued (we will not say that it *flourished*) until Catharine II., though grossly licentious in her own conduct, suppressed the society by a proper exertion of her undisputed authority.

He imputes to persons of rank a spirit of pilfering, of which he gives several instances.

A nobleman of the highest rank invited his friends to an elegant dinner and splendid entertainment, in his fine gardens on the banks of the Moskva. The most distinguished personages of the metropolis were present. With surprise, one of the guests was remarked, as he most dexterously conveyed a silver

spoon, which he had been using, into his pocket. Immediately after dinner, this noble left the party, and, attended by his livery servants, got into his carriage and drove home.—A prince of the empire, having entered one of the magazines at Moscow, wandered up and down, passed a number of articles in review, and demanded their prices. Whilst the proprietors and their assistants were busily occupied in showing a variety of wares to numerous purchasers, the said nobleman clandestinely, and, as he thought, without being seen, seized a gilded tea-cup and saucer; conveyed it under his cloak; commenced a general conversation; pretended to have forgotten something; ran off with his booty; deposited it in his carriage; re-entered the magazine; bought some trifling article; departed, and, followed by a couple of servants in gorgeous apparel, seated himself in his vehicle, and no doubt dwelt with complacency on his triumph, as he was hurled along the streets to his own palace.

He admits the moral respectability of the superior clergy; but he animadverts with severity on the general character of the inferior ecclesiastics, whose ignorance is as shameful as their manners are dissolute. To the merchants he is not more lenient, whose avarice and want of integrity he warmly censures, while he suggests some excuse for them by saying, that 'their pitiable state is deeply entwined with the wofully corrupt administration and the political condition of the empire,' and forms one of the rotten spokes of one of the rotten wheels which hitherto have kept the mighty rotten machine of civil administration in motion.

The author's account of the civil administration exhibits a melancholy picture of abuses and grievances. The courts of justice are deformed by rank corruption and abominable injustice; and an openness to bribery, he says, 'is as much characteristic of the cabinet council of his imperial majesty as of the meanest tribunal or police-office in the empire. These evils are so common, that volumes of shameful and nefarious histories might be annually composed. In the senate, justice may truly be said to be put up to auction, and to be bought by the highest bidder; and the fluctuations of decision, according to the presents or the promises of the opposing parties, have at times exceeded

all credibility.' It is the same in the department of the post-office, and the merchants are obliged to pay a large bribe every year, to secure to themselves their legitimate rights and privileges. The venality of the custom-house is not less alarming, and the army and navy are not free from the same pernicious influence.

Even in this gloomy state of affairs, and amidst general ignorance, the cultivation of the mind is not wholly neglected. Russia has her poets, historians, men of science, and artists; and the Lancasterian system of education has been introduced with considerable effect. Dr. Lyall is of opinion, that the necessity of rebuilding Moscow has given a great impulse to the genius of Russian improvement, and may be considered as the origin of immense advantages, not only to that city, but to the whole empire.

His description of this ancient capital is very copious, and apparently accurate, and the illustrative views are well executed. The Kremlin, he says, is the most singular, beautiful, and magnificent object he ever beheld. It is a multifarious assemblage of buildings, surrounded by lofty walls and battlements. A palace, senate-house, arsenal, museum, and numerous public offices, beside churches and monasteries, are thus enclosed, and separated, like a sacred asylum, from the mass of the town.

The warm baths, which abound at Moscow, and are established in all parts of Russia, are highly praised by this physician for their convenience as a source of recreation, and for their utility in the cure, the alleviation, or the prevention of disorders; and he strenuously recommends the erection of such baths at all the public hospitals in Great-Britain, as a measure that deserves the immediate attention of the legislature. They are not very complicated in their construction, and would certainly be useful in a variety of cases.

#### MISCELLANEOUS VARIETIES.

*Illustration of the old Saying, that Time seems short to those who are employed.*—THE poet Cowper, having asked himself how seven or eight hundred years of life could be endured with patience amidst so little variety, thus pleasantly answers the question. 'I will suppose

myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's-milk, and a dozen of good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow; and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stripped off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers, and passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity and at some loss for leisure?'—*Cowper's Private Correspondence.*

*Concatenation of Punishment.*—The same poet, writing to a friend, says. 'A man who had stolen some iron-work was ordered to be whipped, which operation he underwent at the cart's tail. He seemed to show great fortitude, but it was all an imposition upon the public. The beadle, who performed it, had filled his left hand with red ochre, through which, after every stroke, he drew the lash of his whip, leaving the appearance of a wound upon the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by a constable who followed the beadle, he applied his cane, without any such management or precaution, to the shoulders of the too merciful executioner. The scene immediately became more interesting. The beadle could by

no means be prevailed upon to strike hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder; and this double flogging continued, till a lass, pitying the pitiful beadle thus suffering under the hands of the pitiless constable, joined the procession, and placing herself immediately behind the latter, seized him by his capillary club, and pulling him backwards by the same, slapped his face with a most Amazonian fury. This concatenation of events has taken up more of my paper than I intended it should; but I could not forbear to inform you how the beadle thrashed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and how the thief was the only person concerned who suffered nothing.'

*Alms.*—When the Anglo-Saxon kings died, the poor sat in the streets, expecting the broken remains which were collected by the almoner, a custom not peculiar to this country. Edward I. received six hundred and sixty-six every Sunday, beside many on saints' days; and thirteen seemed to be a favorite number for relief at one time, or for placing in alms-houses, on account of its corresponding with the number of Christ and his apostles.

*Sanctuary.*—Recourse was had to the benefit of this institution in early times. 'Among us (says Mr. Fosbroke) to take a person from sanctuary was deemed unheard-of wickedness. It was the method by which the rigor of the common law was moderated; for it allowed the criminal time to make restitution, or, under the Saxon laws, he must have suffered immediate punishment. At Durham, two men lay in two chambers over the north door of the church, and when any offenders knocked they let them in, and tolled a bell, to give notice that some person had taken sanctuary. They were dressed in a black gown, with a yellow cross upon the shoulder. They lay upon a grate, made only for that purpose; and they had meat, drink, and bedding for thirty-seven days, at the cost of the house. In the sanctuary of Westminster, was an open place of punishment and reproof, where ill-behaving persons were put in the stocks.'

*Antiquity of Beds.*—The Romans at first slept upon straw, to which succeeded dry leaves, skins of beasts, and at length

mattresses of the wool of Miletus, and down-beds, imported from Egypt, on account of the quantity of geese there kept. Many of the opulent had beds of peacocks' feathers amazingly stuffed, and these, with others of hay, leaves, rushes, chaff, &c. descended to the middle ages. Flock-beds were invented by the Gauls.

*Army Provisions.*—In the year 1782, the French attempted to lay siege to Gibraltar. A Frenchman, of very high rank, who commanded a part of the army, apprehending that he might not have a sufficiency of those luxuries of the toilette, which were at that time deemed absolutely requisite to the existence of a Gallic beau, is reported to have taken, along with his other camp equipage, five hundred rolls of pomatum highly scented, a bushel of hair-powder, seventy-seven wash-balls, nineteen tooth-brushes, thirty-nine quarts of lavender and Hungary water, six tailors, four milliners, seven hair-dressers, a sword that never was drawn, and a musket that missed fire.

*Curious Fact.*—In order to prepare hogsheds for the reception of wine, it is customary to burn some sulphur in them. The reason of this is little known, even by those who practise it; but it is satisfactorily explained by the following experiment. If two or three drops of the oil of tartar are poured into a glass of very fine red wine, the wine will lose its red color, and become opaque and yellowish; but, if two or three drops of the spirit of sulphur, which is a very strong acid, are afterwards poured into the same glass, the same wine will soon resume its redness. The reason, therefore, why sulphur is burned in hogsheds to preserve wine, is this: the inflammable parts of the sulphur are in this respect of no benefit; but its acid spirit enters, and, to use an expression of Mr. Boyle, *permeates* the wood of the vessel.

*American Tea.*—It appears that the tea-plant begins to thrive in the southern territories of the United States. A letter from New Orleans states, that Mr. Mallet, of Louisiana, has succeeded in raising green tea from the seed. His plantation is near the river Amitté, and is of considerable extent. A specimen of the tea thus raised was sent with the letter, and, on repeated trial, it was found to be

palatable and refreshing. The rolling and twisting operations upon the leaves, and the scenting and flavoring by odoriferous substances, seem however requisite to render it equal to the article imported from Canton.

*The Arracacha, an esculent Plant.*—In this northern part of South-America, this plant is found to be as useful as potatoes are in Ireland. The root is very grateful to the palate, more close than mealy, so tender, that it requires little cooking, and so easy of digestion, that it is the common practice in the country to give it to convalescents and persons with weak stomachs, being thought of a much less flatulent nature than potatoes. Of its fucula are made starch and a variety of pastry; reduced to a pulp, this root enters into the composition of certain fermented liquors, supposed to be very proper to restore the lost tone of the stomach. There is reason to believe that this plant will thrive in our climate; but it has not yet had a fair trial.

*Edible Ants.*—A singular description of food is used by several tribes of the Snake Indians, consisting chiefly, and sometimes wholly, of a species of ant. The women go in the cool of the morning to the hillocks of these active insects, knowing that then they are assembled in the greatest numbers. Uncovering the little mounds to a certain depth, they scoop them up in their hands, and put them into a bag prepared for the purpose. When a sufficient stock is obtained, they repair to the water, and cleanse the mass from all the dirt and small pieces of wood collected with them. The ants are then placed upon a flat stone, and by the pressure of a rolling-pin are crushed into a dense mass, and rolled out like pastry. Of this substance a soup is prepared, which is relished by the Indians, but not by the white men.

*A Night-Scene in Africa.*—Our station (says Mr. Burchell) was in a thick grove of acacias on the top of a high bank, at the foot of which flowed the Gariep, glittering with the reflection of the warm harmonious colors of the western sky, and the last rays of the setting sun. Evening was quickly leading forward the darkness of night, when the broad moon in unclouded brightness

rose to give us a day of milder and serenest light, and, as she cast her beams obliquely through the branches of our sylvan hall, made us forget the hour of rest, and pass our time as if the night were not yet come. On one side the Bushmen and my own men, mingled in a group round the fire, sat with mutual confidence, talking and laughing with each other, or silently engaged in smoking, though frequently taking the pipe from the mouth to join in the laugh. The subject of their conversation I could not discover; but the women were eager to bear their share in it, and it was, I believe, merely a natural overflowing of pleasure which they felt at receiving a present of tobacco. In another quarter, our patient oxen lay quietly chewing the cud; and nearer at hand the sheep, with their heads turned towards the light, stood peacefully looking on. Some of the dogs lay in different places asleep at the foot of the trees, while others familiarly took their places in the circle round the fire. Various parts of our baggage, the guns and the saddle, the karosses and skins of my Hottentots, were hanging on the branches. Every nearer object within the grove was partially illuminated by the blaze, and their reddened hue contrasted strongly the pale silvery light which the bright moon shed on all without, and which here and there gleamed between the stems, or played upon the thin and feathery foliage. On the edge of the bank, under a wide-spreading acacia of many stems, my own sleeping-place and baggage appeared at the distance of a few paces, in a more retired situation, while close at hand stood my horse, made fast to one of the trees. Between the light foliage above our heads, the twinkling stars enlivened our aerial canopy; and at that hour the brilliant Sirius in the zenith rivaled the brightest of the planets. For a long time after I had lain down for the purpose of taking my night's rest, the novelty and singularly romantic character of the scene kept me from sleep; and admiration at the objects by which I was surrounded gave rise to the most agreeable sensations and reflections.

*African Reticule.*—With the Bushmen, as with us, the reticule is a fashionable and useful appendage in a morning walk. That which they use differs from ours only by its want of cleanliness and of elegance, and in being called a *bulb-bag*.

No Bushman goes abroad to collect roots, without a bag of this kind. It is, in most instances, worn constantly, and is with them what pockets are with us. It is generally suspended at the side by a leathern strap passing over the opposite shoulder, and is ornamented with a great number of strings.

*Singular mode of Drinking.*—At a house in a village of Bushmen, a little family group (says Mr. Burchell) were drinking goat's-milk from a leathern bowl, and in a manner perfectly novel. Of all the instruments for conveying liquid to the mouth, a *brush* must appear the least adapted to such a purpose: but with no other means than this, they emptied their bowl; and perhaps have discovered that the greater length of time which this mode requires, prolongs also the pleasure of their meal. The brush was made of strong hair, and of a thickness sufficient to fill the mouth. The manner of using it was by dipping it into the bowl, and sucking the milk out of it.

*The black-maned Lion.*—When a lion appeared, our dogs (says Mr. Burchell) boldly flew between him and us, and kept him at bay by their violent and resolute barking. The courage of these faithful animals was most admirable: they advanced up to the side of the huge beast, and stood making the greatest clamor in his face, without the least appearance of fear. The lion remained unmoved at their noisy attempts, and kept his head turned towards us. At one moment, the dogs, perceiving his eye thus engaged, had advanced close to his feet, and seemed as if they would actually seize him; but they paid dearly for their imprudence; for, without discomposing the majestic and steady attitude in which he stood fixed, he merely moved his paw, and at the next instant I beheld two lying dead. We had now no doubt that he would spring upon us; but he moved quietly away. This was considered by our party to be a lion of the largest size, and seemed to be, though less bulky, as large as an ox. He was certainly as long in body, though lower in stature; and his copious mane gave him a truly formidable appearance. He was of that variety which the Hottentots distinguish by the name of the *black lion*, and which is said to be al-

ways larger and more dangerous than the *pale lion*.

*The Wild Dog or Hyena.*—This species of *hyena* is remarkable for hunting in regular packs: though in general a nocturnal animal, it frequently pursues its prey by day; and, as it is well formed by nature for speed, none but the fleetest animals can escape. Sheep and oxen, therefore, are more particularly exposed to its attacks: the former openly, but the latter only by stealth; for it surprises them in their sleep, and suddenly bites off their tails, which, by the large opening and great power of its jaws, it is enabled to do with ease.

*The Pasha of Egypt.*—The courage, talents, and address, of this extraordinary man, not only secure the general submission of the people, but maintain the country against the lawful authority of the Porte. When he is inflamed with resentment, he sometimes rages like a wild beast; but his ordinary government is exercised for the benefit of the state, and he eagerly encourages the useful arts, and promotes civilisation. A specimen of his firm and decisive character was exhibited not long ago, when the grand signor sent an agent, with two executioners, to stop his career of independence. The pasha's spies gave him speedy intelligence of the danger which awaited him. He made his preparations accordingly, and the ministers of death, before they could display the fatal firmness, were deprived of their heads, which the pasha pickled and sent to Constantinople, with an account of his providential escape from the plots of assassins. Since that time he has remained unmolested in the prosecution of his grand and useful designs.

*A Persian Farce.*—Two Persians (says M. Freygan) were the performers: one had a pot of curds and whey to sell; the other, who came to buy, appeared in each scene under a different character, and always made some new attempt to rob the market-man. This farce afforded abundant diversion to all the Persian spectators, who were ready to die with laughing, even the begler-beg himself; and particularly at the close of the piece, when the milk-man, having discovered the cheat, got his face bedaubed all over with curds by the rascal. This

ending called forth the loudest plaudits from the assembly, who, in the most natural terms, asked my opinion of the play. For the conclusion, another Persian came forward and jumped into a pond near us, where he performed several feats, plunging and diving in various ways, which drew forth a repetition of applause from all quarters.'

*Character of the Russians, by Dr. Lyall.*—The Russians are insinuating and cunning, deceitful and perfidious, sensual and immoral; given to levity, fond of novelty, and improvident; with the command of little money, they are avaricious and mean; when cash abounds, they are generous, ostentatious and prodigal: they are cheerful, good-humored and social; they are luxurious, hospitable and charitable; they love light occupations and amusements, as plays, operas, masquerades, exhibitions, dancing, singing and instrumental music; chess, and draughts, and billiards; but, above all, playin; at cards, to which whole days, weeks, months and years, are devoted. They have a great curiosity to pry into the affairs of others; they have quick apprehension; their talent for imitation is universally allowed; they are fluent in languages; a few are endowed with good parts and ingenuity, and are men of literature; the generality are moderately well-informed and accomplished, as to what regards the exterior of life; few are distinguished for their proficiency in the sciences; they are accustomed to good living, but are generally moderate in their cups; they are disposed to a sedentary mode of life, and to much sleep. They are too little in the habit of taking bodily exercise, and yet, when urged by affairs or necessity, they are excessively active, and withstand extraordinary hardships and fatigues. In what country, except in Russia, could a prince quit his house, filled with the luxuries of the different parts of the world, and be so easily satisfied as a Russian in the camp or while traveling? What noble but a Russian could with impunity exchange his comfortable carriage for a *telega*, and travel, by night and by day, thousands of versts in that dreadful jolting uncovered equipage, and with a celerity that is astonishing?

*Literary Ladies at Paris.*—Many French ladies, having (as the craniolo-

gists would say) a more extended organ of ideality than ordinary women, are so fond of literature, that, as they are not allowed to become members of the French academy, they have organised a similar association among themselves. They hold regular meetings, write essays on various subjects, pronounce discourses, distribute prizes, and communicate to the world progressive accounts of their proceedings. In this kind of amusement there is no impropriety, unless it should appear that they attend more to this object than to their domestic duties.

*Mirth for Midsummer, Merriment for Michaelmas, Cheerfulness for Christmas, Laughter for Lady-Day; forming a Collection of Parlour Poetry and Drawing-Room Drollery, suitable for all Seasons, and supplying Smiles for Summer, Amusement for Autumn, Wit for Winter, Sprightliness for Spring.*—This is the title of a poetical jest-book. We have given it at full length, because it affords a remarkable series of alliteration; and the *body* of the book, being pleasant and facetious, is well suited to the *head*. There is little novelty in it; but the jokes and stories are versified with some degree of skill, and with ludicrous quaintness. We will present our readers with a few specimens.

#### *Half a Memory.*

It was said with truth  
Of a careless youth,  
Who ne'er remember'd his debts to pay;  
'Tho' he look'd very grim  
Upon all who owed him,  
That *half* of his mem'ry had flown away.

#### *The civil Barber.*

Said a fop to a boy at a barber's one day,  
To make a display of his wit,  
'My lad, did you e'er shave a monkey, I pray  
For you seem for nought else to be fit'  
'I never did yet,' said the boy, 'I confess;  
Shave a monkey, indeed! no, not I;  
It is out of my line; but, sir, nevertheless,  
If you please to sit down, I will try.'

#### *A creditable Countenance.*

My lord, to a peer a poor officer said,  
'I am forced to hand round a petition:'  
But his bonny round face was so plump and  
so red,  
That it seem'd in a thriving condition.  
The nobleman answer'd, 'I'm sorry for that;  
But your tale I am slow of believing;  
Your countenance looks very rosy and fat;  
Little symptoms of fasting or grieving.'  
'My fat and my color belong not to me.'

He replied, 'and with truth I have said it ;  
They belong to my hostess, poor woman ! for  
she  
This twelvemonth has fed me on credit.'

*A flattering Opinion.*

An artist who rated his skill rather high,  
Was thus to a brother revealing  
His future intentions respecting the sky  
Which embellish'd his drawing-room ceiling.

'This plan I have thought of, and now mean  
to try,

This is far the best method, now *an't it ?*  
To whitewash it first, let it carefully dry,  
And then at my leisure to paint it'

'Why, sir,' said the other (and nearly had  
burst

In his face in a loud fit of laughter),  
'I think I should set about painting it *first*.  
And then, you know, whitewash it *after*.'

*Irish Advice.*

'O, dear mamma,' said little Ann,  
'The ice I was induced to take  
By that kind Irish gentleman,  
Has really made my stomach ache.'  
'My dearest love, then, take advice,'  
Her mother said ; 'I'm sure you will ;  
Don't eat another glass of ice  
Without first taking off the chill.'

*The Importance of Ten Minutes.*

A buffoon once complaining to Francis the  
First,

That a lord he had held up to laughter  
Had threaten'd to kill him ; said he, 'If he  
durst,

I'll hang him in five minutes after.'

'That will do me no good,' said the courtly  
buffoon ;

So your majesty's grace I implore  
To grant me in mercy this one little boon  
Just hang him five minutes *before*.'

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ODE TO GENIUS.

THE following irregular Ode, which is now published for the first time, was written ten years ago at the request of a friend, and recited by him at the conclusion of a course of lectures on the *belles lettres* at a public institution :—

Spirit ! that nor in air, nor sea, nor earth,  
Our grosser mortal sight hath known,  
Whose heavenly nature speaks a heavenly birth,  
The world thy kingdom, man's firm mind thy throne !  
Genius ! thou emblem of Divinity !  
If aught save the Eternal One  
Could claim the bended knee,  
To thee should earthly homage bow alone,  
And worship his high attribute in thee.  
Thou only pure unchangeable  
Amidst a world of change ;  
Whose never-dying principle  
Through ages and through climes can range,  
Like molten gold unmix'd remain,  
And undebas'd unite again ;  
Ductile to all that virtuous is and good,  
Nor ever with the wicked blending ;—  
Genius ! at thy mysterious altars bending,  
A thousand tongues thy power proclaim,  
A thousand bards exalt thy fame,  
A thousand lyrics re-echo to thy name ;  
But who hath raised the impenetrable hood ?  
Shrouded by 'excess of light,'  
More than by Cimmerian night,  
Still hath thy power been felt, but never understood.

Unsearchable thy source ; and vain  
It is to seek the hidden chain,  
The electric impulse, sudden, bright,  
That flashes forth thy radiant light.



We hear the clash, we see the blaze ;  
 But He alone, who formed the maze  
   Of man's wild trackless mind,  
 He only knows the magic sweet,  
 Which bids the maddening pulses beat,  
 And spreads unscen its vital heat,  
   Like sunbeams on the blind.  
 Enough for us in every race,  
   Which time and war and vice have spared,  
 The unconquerable flame to trace,  
   The sacred ashes guard.

Nursed in Beauty's native clime,  
   Where Love lay hid in myrtle bowers,  
 Whence sprang old Homer's lay sublime?  
   Whence Sophocles' and Pindar's powers?  
   Whence but from thee? Oh! ne'er again  
 So bright, so god-like, shalt thou reign,  
 As when the bards of Greece arose  
   Victorious o'er thy deadly foes,  
 And vanquish'd space and time.  
   Yes! proudly eminent they stand,  
   The glory of their fallen land!  
 Vain was in sculptured domes thy trust;  
 Vainly thou breath'dst in every bust;  
 Thy gorgeous temples sink to dust;—  
 Of Phidias mangled heaps remain,  
   Of Zeuxis but a name;  
 Whilst slumb'ring nations wake at Homer's strain,  
 And dazzled votaries veil at Pindar's flame.  
   The mortal body fades away,  
   The immortal spirit springs to deathless day.  
 Alas! how changed thy classic scene!  
 Still Athens breathes her air serene;  
 Still fragrance down her valleys floats;  
 Still echo there in soften'd notes  
 Sweet songs of love from maidens fair;  
   But vanish'd now is Greece's spell;  
   Her cities of the spoiler tell;  
   Decen'rate and unmourn'd she fell\*,  
 When weeping Genius fled before despair.

Where didst thou fly? Imperial Rome,  
   With thee awhile the spirit stay'd,  
 And vassal nations own'd thy doom:  
   And the world trembled and obey'd.  
 Then Virgil's song and Tully's speech  
 Seem'd half the Grecian strength to reach;  
 Till luxury and vice with victory came,  
   And Genius fled away!  
   Where, heavenly spirit, didst thou stray  
   Through that long night in which no genial ray  
 Flash'd thy undying flame?  
   Say, didst thou seek in rosy bowers  
 The lovely maids of Cachemire's vale,  
   Re-echoing through the moonlight hours  
 The warblings of the nightingale?

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\* The author requests the reader to remember the time when this ode was composed. The foregoing passage would certainly not have been written now.

Or didst thou wake in Iceland's storms  
 The magic notes of Odin's shell,  
 And 'mid Valhalla's shadowy forms  
 Sing those who conquer'd, those who fell?  
 Or didst thou, in a world unknown,  
 Pour the wild Indian's warlike tone,  
 Where courage, seeking but to die,  
 Climbs undesign'd the heights of Poesy?

Still ling'ring in thy lovely Italy,  
 When Europe from her trance awoke,  
 Thy meteor fire in Dante's vision broke,  
 And in Orlando's tale of witchery.  
 Then was it quench'd ;—and then was heard  
 In northern climes thy gifted word.  
 Scarce on the flow'ry plains of France,  
 Ethereal Genius, didst thou glance ;  
 Scarce from the mitred prelate roll  
 One peal of eloquence to wake the soul ;  
 While England, happy England, was thy home ;  
 Oh, never more to roam !  
 Shakspeare and Spenser claim'd thee all,  
 And he who sang of Eden's fall,  
 Sightless himself to give to others sight ;  
 And the long train of bards in heaven-born radiance bright.  
 Oh Genius of the liquid lay !  
 How sweetly in her varied day  
 O'er Albion's hills thy visions play,  
 And breathe thy spirit ever !  
 Here fix thy dwelling-place, and say,  
 ' England, I leave thee never !'

Oh vain and idle prayer ! to give  
 Unbounded spirit bounds to live !  
 Where liv'st thou not ? Let pedants tell  
 That only dream in learning's cell ;  
 E'en in the minstrel's lighter-spell  
 Thy magic shines confest ;  
 Still let them wage their narrow strife :  
 Thou liv'st wherever man hath life !  
 Wherever love can warm the breast,  
 Where'er the hero's glories nest,  
 Where'er the peasant's mountain rest  
 Is snatch'd from tyranny.  
 Yes ! from Arabia's burning zone  
 To where from giant Nature's gorgeous throne  
 The northern Indian views lake, river, tree,  
 Majestic as the sky's bright panoply,  
 And calls them all his own,  
 The earth his vassal, man, man only, free !  
 Yes ! even there, or on the Lapland rock,  
 Which seems the sounding surge to mock,  
 The fisher, whose unceasing toil  
 From ocean plucks his scanty spoil,  
 And, like the eagle in his eyrie, shares  
 With one dear mate his joys, his griefs and cares ;—  
 Yes ! even with him, blest Genius, may'st thou dwell ;  
 And though the grand ideas that may swell  
 His bursting spirit scarce his tongue can tell,

Yet not extinct though smother'd is thy flame,  
 And brighter the wild flash that none may claim ;  
 And dearer is its power  
 To cheer the toilsome hour,  
 Than the forced sickly blaze that lends wit's flickering fame.  
 Genius ! presumptuous reason may not dare  
 Thy bounds to scan ;  
 But where is love, and liberty, and man,  
 Genius, thou wilt be there.

M.

## TO HARRIET.

THERE is not aught this earth affords  
 Can pleasure yield to me ;  
 Nor eyes of blue, nor glitt'ring hoards,  
 Can make me false to thee.

I care not for the worldling's frown,  
 Though sternly hurl'd at me :  
 This heart will ne'er forget to love,  
 Or cease to think of thee.

Relentless fate may interpose.  
 Between my love and me,  
 And separate true faithful hearts ;  
 Yet still I'll think of thee.

THERE is not aught this earth affords  
 Can pleasure yield to me :  
 My pathway dark and dreary seems  
 When absent, love, from thee.

I sigh, and think of former hours  
 Which gave delight to me,  
 When oft I sat at evening's close  
 In converse sweet with thee.

Oh, that such happy hours would soon  
 Return with joy to me !  
 This heart would beat with gratitude,  
 And bless those hours and thee.

I crave not wealth or pow'r or state ;  
 These charmless are to me :  
 Contented in an humble sphere,  
 I only wish for thee.

Without my love there's little else  
 To make life sweet to me ;  
 I'd cheerfully resign my breath,  
 Unless—to live for thee !

It is not aught this earth affords,  
 Can pleasure yield to me ;  
 For, wandering through this ' vale of tears,'  
 My thoughts will dwell on thee !

J. W. J—R.

## STANZAS ADDRESSED TO MARY,

by *H. S. Van-Dyk.*

My Mary, when each summer flow'r  
 Is blooming in its pride again,  
 I'll flee to thee, and one sweet hour  
 Shall pay me for an age of pain.  
 One gentle word—one dear caress—  
 One look or smile will then suffice  
 To welcome, from the wilderness,  
 A wand'rer into Paradise.  
 Though here, when friends around I see,  
 My heart its sorrow smothers,  
 'Twould rather weep its tears with thee,  
 Than joy in smiles with others.

For, when my young heart's prospect seem'd  
 A cheerless waste, all gloom and night,  
 Thine eye upon its darkness beam'd,  
 And sunn'd it into life and light;  
 And, as a lone but lovely flow'r,  
 Which, when all other flow'rs depart,  
 Still blooms within its ruin'd bow'r,  
 Thou bloomest in my lonely heart.  
 And shall I, then, the rose forget,  
 Which seem'd in hope's wreath braided,  
 And, like a spirit, lingers yet,  
 Now all the rest have faded?

Oh, no! the heart, which is the seat  
 Of love like mine, can never rove;  
 Its faithful pulse may cease to beat,  
 But never—never cease to love:  
 For love is past the earth's control,  
 And soaring as the ocean-wave:  
 It is eternal as the soul,  
 And lives and blooms beyond the grave:  
 It is a link of pleasure's chain,  
 A never-ending token,  
 Whose lustre and whose strength remain  
 When all save that are broken.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

'Whom the gods love die young' was said of yore,  
 And many deaths do they escape by this:  
 The death of friends, and that which slays even more—  
 The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,  
 Except mere breath.' —————

LORD BYRON.

I THOUGHT once more to have look'd upon  
 Thy azure eye and forehead fair,  
 I thought to have view'd the locks that shone  
 With such gentle radiance there;

I thought to have view'd again that smile  
 Which so breath'd of thy heart and mind—  
 A *mind* too high and pure to beguile,  
 And a *heart*, alas, too kind.

I thought to have roam'd awhile with thee,  
 As of late we were wont to do,  
 When I said life's hopes had fled from me,  
 And a tear dimm'd thine eye of blue ;

When we look'd at the flowers that bloom in the morn,  
 Yet fade when the evening draws nigh,  
 And I told thee that they were like Love, which is born  
 Of a smile, and expires in a sigh.

I thought—but why should I now recall  
 The joys I expected to meet?—  
 They are gone—but yet not a tear should fail,  
 Since thou art in Paradise, sweet !—

I look'd for thy light laugh of welcome,—I sought  
 Thy frankness, and beauty, and bloom :  
 Alas, (bitter lesson !) too soon was I taught  
 To seek for all these in thy tomb !

Thy tomb ! my fair girl, how much fitter thy years  
 For gay life and the bridal bed !—  
 Thy sun hath gone down amid sorrow and tears,  
 And the earth-worm is thine instead !

Yet 'tis better that thus thou should'st flee from us all  
 In youth's lightest and purest time,  
 Than have lived to see truth and affection fall,  
 The victims of falsehood and crime.

J. W. DALRY.

THE CAMBRIDGE DECAMERON.

*Tenth and last Tale.*

(concluded from page 48.)

I RODE forward in pensive reflection, and, after a short stop for the benefit of my horse in a pleasant village, the cheerfulness and simplicity of which in some degree restored my mind to composure, I reached the habitation of my other relative without any particular occurrence. I found — Park worthy of my mother's favorable report; the ground was gently elevated, richly wooded, and watered by a beautiful rivulet. The mansion partook at once of the solidity of old and the elegance of modern times, and every thing around it was of a piece. No modern tinsel degraded, whilst it affected to ornament, the unpretending but sterling good taste, which was visible in the disposition of the house and all that belonged to it.

'Well,' said I internally, 'Edward Charlton has at least some possessions worth having, whatever may be the encumbrances attached to them. In my

present humor, like Othello, I would not resign 'my unhousted free condition' for any lady in the land; yet I can scarcely wonder that a man fond of expense, proud of his descent, and whose pride had already deeply involved his estate, should have been tempted by such a place as this, and the other property of its heiress.' These reflections brought me to the nearest entrance, where an old grey-headed servant, holding a horse in a garden chair, immediately saw me, and quitting his tame charge (which was waiting for the mistress of the mansion) begged leave to take my horse: the lady, her maid, and a footman, came from the house at the same moment.

Mrs. Charlton was enveloped in a large shawl, and she wore a close bonnet, beneath which I caught the view of a pale countenance. I also observed that her figure was tall and remarkably elegant; but her attendants then divided my attention, not only because some bundles which they carried indicated that their mistress was setting out on some errand of charity, but from their

apparent anxiety for her accommodation, that unbought homage of the heart, and solicitude of the affections, which are evinced perhaps most strongly when a servant takes the trouble to think—a trouble from which the whole race, for themselves perhaps happily, are in a great measure exempt. My appearance interrupted the arrangement; and, when my name was announced, the lady advanced toward me with that increased celerity of motion and friendly recognition of affinity, which left no doubt of full and heartfelt welcome; and it was uttered in a voice so sweet and gentle, yet spirited, that I thought soft speech, ‘that excellent gift in a woman,’ had never before approached my senses so agreeably. ‘Ah!’ thought I, ‘wise is the lover who sees through his ears, rather than he who hears through his eyes.’

In despite of my entreaties, Mrs. Charlton declined her ride; but, as it was not one of mere pleasure, she deputed her maid in her stead, and conducted me into the house. When her habiliments for riding were removed, I saw that she was indeed pale, and a little marked by the small-pox; but her countenance was so open and urbane, lighted by eyes of such mild lustre, and pure intelligence, that I thought she only needed more perfect health to render her as lovely as she was graceful. Our first conversation consisted of inquiries and condolences; but it soon turned on better topics. The beauty of the neighbourhood led us to the consideration of painting, which in its turn drew us to poetry; and thence we proceeded to general literature: my companion was well versed in all. Without affecting the least display, or indeed conceiving that she had the power of making it, her conversation was full of all those charms which characterize the language and the information of her sex. It blended knowledge with imagination and sentiment, the warm hues of fancy and the tenderness of a feeling heart, somewhat tamed and occasionally dejected, with a highly cultivated mind and deep reflection.

The hours fled, and I started on finding that it was time to dress for dinner. The room to which I was now-conducted bespoke me an honored guest, and every little circumstance observable in the establishment showed the mistress in a fairer point of view, as the minister of its comforts, the liberal fountain from

which flowed a noble yet æconomic hospitality. On entering the drawing-room, I found several pleasant guests, two of whom were visitants staying in the house, while the others were neighbours who had arrived to dinner.

The master of the house was the last to appear; he received me with marked pleasure in the first moment, but lamented in the second that I should come to so dull a place;—adding that, ‘if I could get over it for a day or two, he would go with me any where—to Brighton, to Cheltenham, or even to Paris, as he was always ready for a trip from home.’

‘You have only been at home ten days, my love,’ said his lady, deprecatingly.

‘Well, ma’am, what is that to the purpose? to me it seems as many weeks—besides, I choose to go, that is enough—I don’t ask you to go.’

‘I have no objection at all to going. I have been advised to go to Italy, and my uncle has pressed us repeatedly to join him at Florence:—so, if we should go next to Paris’——

‘You might go forward—good!—very good! to give you your due, Mrs. Charlton, no lady interferes less with the plans of her *caro sposo*.’—‘Well, what do you say, my dear Alderson? will you go to Paris just for a little change? we will only convey Mrs. C—— there, after which we shall be at liberty, you know.’

‘Oh! fie!’ exclaimed a married lady—‘leave your wife to make such a long journey alone?’

‘My uncle would meet me,’ replied Mrs. Charlton hastily, with a faint endeavour at a smile,—‘he would meet me any where.’

‘And he would be an inestimable guide,’ observed a gentleman—‘sir William is’——

‘Inestimable indeed!’—trembled on the lips of his niece; but she durst not at that moment trust herself to speak: many remembrances of the love and tenderness of this her guardian, and the only parent she had ever known, doubtless rose to her heart, and she retired as soon as the hospitable functions, which she exercised most kindly and gracefully, permitted.

When the ladies had left us, my cousin enumerated all the advantages attending a residence in Paris, which he described as the birth-place and the abiding-home of pleasure; and, on ob-

serving that I did not enter with the warmth he expected into his scheme, mistaking the cause, he went on to assure me that what he had said to Mrs. Charlton was a mere hoax to keep the women quiet. 'No, no,' said he, 'she must stay at home—there is no occasion to increase her expenses—money flies quick enough at Paris, and'

'But if her health requires change of air (and I understand it has been ordered) you know'—

'Oh! that is all humbug—this is her native air, and of course the best for her; her ailments, take my word for it, are all fancy—that is (*in a whisper*) on the mind. You understand, she won't speak of course; but some little peccadilloes of mine are at the bottom, and she wishes for the old man's company to soothe and cheer her—not that she would make him her confidant, no, I'll trust her there—but she is low, she wants nursing in fact, and I was not made for a Benedict, you know, Charles.'

'Then why did you marry?' cried I, hastily. 'For excellent reasons. I had played deep, of course mortgaged deep; something must be done—besides, the pill was well gilt, and the woman is a fine woman, and, if she would wear rouge, very passable. Although six and twenty, she was surrounded by lovers, so that I was piqued into it partly—however, it is over; I am married, not therefore tamed; pleasure is my object, and I will have it: so we will go to Paris, where alone it is to be had in perfection—you will go?'

'Indeed I will not,' said I, rising, for I was unable to contain all marks of the indignation I felt toward this heartless, selfish, worthless man. He read my feelings, for he knew the principles in which I had been educated, and perhaps recollected the profession to which I was self-devoted. The guilty, if not quite lost, are soon cowed, and Charlton lost no time in convincing me that he had put the worst face on his own character and intentions; and, as I was very willing to believe him, and he was a man well calculated to make a favorable impression where he chose to do it (in fact he paid me the compliment of becoming plausible to render me comfortable), I consented to remain a few days with him, in the full persuasion, that the idea of his projected journey, and his affected nonchalance toward his

amiable wife, would alike wear off, when he perceived that they rendered him despicable, instead of enviable. But alas! every succeeding hour convinced me, that in this union there was a total deficiency of those ingredients which alone constitute matrimonial happiness. The lady had been accustomed during her whole life to elegant retirement, to select, high-born, and highly cultivated society, to active duties and liberal protection, to a wide circle which acknowledged her as lady of the manor, the last representative of an old and respected family. The gentleman had suffered his sense of such charms, or rather of the duties attached to them, to be absorbed in his individual self-love, and in his pursuit of pleasures and excitements, incompatible with the quiet harmonics of domestic life and the sober exercise of intelligent power. He was the life of a racing party, the charm of a convivial hour, and unhappily possessed the person and manners which render the voluptuary attractive and insidious, and therefore tempt him to become a tempter. To a woman of sound principles and warm affections, such a man cannot fail to be a perpetual torment; she loves him, fears him, despises, and yet dotes on him. When he leaves her, his hours of absence are those of alarm, doubt, and jealousy; and when he stays with her, it is either in the exercise of those specious graces which renew the thralldom of her heart, or those cold negligent manners which are a present offence, and a cruel memento of the very different way in which he treats others. All this I was compelled to see and to reflect upon; my dreams of domestic felicity were completely at an end, and the baseness, duplicity, and insensibility, of human nature, together with the blindness produced by passion and the misery awakened by unkindness, so sickened me, even in the sweetest scenes, and the most polished society, that I found I never should get well at the Park, and I suddenly resolved to return home, in order to secure peace in lieu of pleasure, tranquillity instead of variety.

Charlton was not very sorry to lose me, I am sure, though he protested to the contrary; but his wife, who said little with her tongue, yet much with her eloquent eyes, was sincerely so; for I saw she had begun to hope that I should greatly improve her husband, and her increased cheerfulness, and per-

petual exertions for his amusement, proved how much her heart and her mind were employed to this end,—how willing she was to forego her wishes, her taste, all except her highest hopes and duties, for his good. All her sacrifices will alike prove vain, she will live to suffer long, and then die the victim of inward pining and uncomplaining grief, enhanced probably by the shame of poverty, if not by its actual pressure.

You will be certain that marriage occupied my thoughts entirely, as I rode slowly through the long woods and beautiful inequalities of the surrounding grounds, and that I was not tempted to exclaim, 'Hail, wedded love!' *au contraire*, I deprecated the lot of all those persons who are irrevocably tied to partners whom they cannot love, or have ceased to esteem. I felt assured that to live daily with an unworthy partner, to be at once confidential from circumstance, yet estranged by feeling, tied by irrevocable bonds, yet parted by not less irrevocable perceptions, is a state of existence so unhappy in itself, so subversive of all good in the human mind, that no other state of suffering, no other mode of evil, can be compared with it.

'And alas!' I exclaimed, 'who shall know that they have escaped this affliction, if they venture on the state which subjects them to it? that marriage is a lottery all must own, who perceive how differently every human being appears to the eye of reason and of passion. Alderson married under the idea that his wife possessed every virtue, as well as every outward charm, and that she loved him, as he loved her, fondly, faithfully, disinterestedly. What has he found? a thing whose beauty may still charm his eye for the moment, but leaves the heart listless and unsatisfied at the best, and often wrings it with sorrow, or harasses it with vexation. He has no friend, his babes have no mother, his dependents no example, he is solitary and companionless without the tranquillity of retirement, and surrounded by crowds without the sweets of society. Indeed, since it is truly said by Solomon, 'a man's enemies are those of his own household,' he seems to live always in a state of open or implied warfare with a wife who exhausts his property, servants who injure it, and hangers-on, who at once use and despise him. And when the claims and rights of those dear little ones (who at once soothe and distress him) shall in-

crease, what will be the agonies of a man who feels and deplores with so much acuteness?'

Shocked at the contemplation of my poor cousin's misery, yet unable to tear myself from a subject so engrossing, and to a man of my age so interesting, I turned myself, rather for change than relief, to analyse the feelings of the wife I had just quitted. I pursued her to her chamber and her closet; I saw the indignation of one moment, the sorrow of another, the silent sinking of a warm and tender bosom, beneath the scornful negligence, the cutting unkindness of ingratitude, from him to whom she looked at least for the support of a husband, the guardianship of a brother, the protection of a friend, the politeness of a gentleman. I saw her, as the excitement of indignation subsided, and the returning softness of her nature and strength of her attachment prevailed, cast herself on her knees, and pray, and weep, and wrestle with Heaven in his behalf, humbling herself in contrition for his offences, entreating strength from Providence, that she might bear his burthen, and renew her own daily race of painful duties, with still sorer brow and more uncomplaining heart.

Moved (even to tears) by pictures which, although awakened by imagination, were unhappily *no fiction*, and probably fell far short of truth (for there are a thousand shades in the touches of such grief, that the unmarried can never give, and perhaps none but the female bosom can conceive), I had entered the village where I formerly rested without perceiving it, till the motions of my horse pointed out our arrival by wisely halting at the little inn. Full of sad and cynical reflection, I looked round, and perhaps for the first time felt the power of rural quiet and picturesque beauty unavailing to charm away the sense of care and disappointment which oppressed me. To the quiet green, surrounded by neat cottages and gardens, to the ruddy children loitering near the babbling brook, or sitting on the churchyard steps, and even to the smiling faces of the landlady and her smart daughter, curtsying at the gate of the Golden Lion, 'I said in my haste, ye are all liars,' for there is no happiness on earth. Yet it looked well when the landlady left even her guest, to fetch her husband a tankard of foaming ale, as at this moment he drove his weary team up to his own door, and stood



wiping his forehead, and yet ready to take his honor's horse, which he remembered feeding last Friday, being 'a remarkable pretty bit of blood.'

'This is Lutterwick, I think—you have a very pretty church.'

'Yes, your honor, and a very fine parson too—not that he is the parson neither, being only the curate; but for preaching, I don't know his fellow.'

'Nor for nothing else, father,' said Nancy, blushing as she added, 'poor and rich, all adore him. Well, to be sure! if he ben't coming out of dame Richmond's close, hard by.' I naturally turned my eyes in the direction of the girl's, and instantly saw an old Cambridge acquaintance who had rendered me many little kindnesses when I was a fresh-man. He had a shabby black coat on; but it was carefully brushed, and the whiteness of his linen, and the sprightliness of his step, his clear complexion, brilliant eye, and the gladness of his looks in the moment of recognition, bespoke his possession of much general comfort, and (at this moment) of the highest gratification; and the vapors which had clouded my head and weighed on my heart half vanished at the sight of him.

'And so you live here, Mr. Western?' 'Yes, thank God. I do indeed live here, as you shall see; for, although I cannot offer a stable to your horse, I hope you will immediately accompany me home. My wife has—' 'Your wife! are you married?' 'Yes, I am so happy as to be married—nay and still more pleased at being a father; and I was about to say that my wife has promised to dine with me down-stairs to-day:—of course it is a little holiday, or a kind of red-letter day in a man's existence, and, if you will share it, we shall be happy indeed.' 'God help thee, these are early days,' said I inwardly. I took his arm, and we were soon across the green and the churchyard; we passed the handsome well-appointed dwelling of the rector, entered a little shady lane, and then a neat garden, and a small dwelling, which was the very bower of comfort and tranquillity. It was decorated with 'flowers of all hues,' and contained almost every article of furniture requisite for the pleasure and convenience even of polished life, although the materials of each were not costly. 'My house is very small,' said the curate; 'but we make the most of it, and can even offer

you a bed; and I can truly say in the words of the ballad,

— 'though our welcome is but small,  
We give it with good-will.'

My wife has applied herself ever since our marriage to household cares, and made such a progress in that necessary knowledge, that we make shift to live as well as we wish, and have a trifle to spare for these new expenses.'

'I suppose the living is a rich one?' 'Pretty well, and my rector holds another; yet he is not wealthy, and cannot conveniently spare more than the law compels him to bestow on a curate; so that, on coming here, I entered on life with a very heavy heart. Almost from childhood I had loved a very amiable orphan, whose views, like my own, had never been those of ambition, but yet sought for decent competence; and, although we were both young, we were not childish visionaries—we knew we could not live on air. The greater part of her little fortune had been expended on her education, and for several years she had been the beloved governess of a young heiress who would not permit her removal until her own marriage; but at length, when that circumstance was likely to take place, she had a home to seek just at the period when I too was at liberty to take a wife—a double temptation to commit matrimony. Yet to take her from all the elegances and luxuries of life, though it might give her independence and love, was a serious thing. Many an hour of anxiety did it cost us both, until the very hour of parting with her late charge arrived, when (judge of her feelings) the good old gentleman settled fifty pounds *per annum* upon the object of my affectionate regard.'—'And then you married?'

'Certainly! for then we knew we could live—not as she had lived, but as she was content and even happy to live.' Besides, we have friends who will remember us, and my attainments at college warrant me something, I trust, in time; hope itself is a good thing, especially when you are not compelled to live upon it; for although it makes a delicious dessert, it is thin aliment. We use it only as an incentive to happiness and a stimulant to piety. We are always provident, and therefore never subject to solicitude; and if at any time we are sensible of poverty (since it is only for

the sake of each other), if by any little expedient the want in question is supplied, we have a sensible enjoyment, an actual attainment of good, that affords a pleasure of which those are utterly ignorant who have every want supplied without effort or anxiety. For instance, when Lucy had completed her baby's toilette, including the little purse which its first wants demanded—when I last week procured a dozen of red wine and half a dozen of white, both of us were rich and happy—still more happy when one has been enabled by some deep-laid scheme of economy to procure a little luxury for the other, such as a few books for me, or a picture-frame for her beautiful drawings.

We were interrupted by Mrs. Western's entrance, who, although looking delicate, had the same kind of happy countenance with her husband, rendered more interesting by the shade of mild care and thoughtfulness, which belonged to the new maternal character, and which her delicacy and good sense taught her how to govern so wisely, that it became (as it ought to be) a charm and virtue in her.

She was indeed a most companionable woman, with a mind and temper well fitted to sweeten the evils and enhance the pleasures of life. With a cultivated mind, persuasive manners, and most lady-like deportment, perhaps in her station it was still higher merit to have become a wise, active housekeeper, willing to compromise her claims to elegance, and her habits of polite occupation, for those humble avocations which her husband's comforts demanded. Every thing around her bespoke this care—the trout and the barn-door fowl which composed our dinner were excellent, and her gooseberry wine rivaled that of Mrs. Primrose, and threw her husband's purchase in the back-ground. In short, there was no getting away; for, the longer we sat together, the better we liked each other. Mrs. Western pressed me to stay, because it was such a treat to her dear Edward to have a college friend, and he so rarely enjoyed it: it was doubtless a treat to him to see that friend cordially enter into his feelings, admire his wife, visit his parishioners, comment on his sermons, and inspect his wife's folios, or listen to her singing. One only fear could intrude, that of putting these kind but poor friends to inconvenience; but even this was obviated. In a retired

village every arrival is soon circulated, and the double tidings of a visitor at the curate's house, and his lady's restored health, drew so many presents, the pure offerings of affection and good-will, that we became distressed with our abundance, and held many a ludicrous consultation on the subject. Oh! we were very happy!—the squire lent Western a horse, and we rode all over the country together, sure on our return to find a good meal and a smiling face to welcome us. In short, I regained my health and spirits with this worthy and happy couple, extended my knowledge of human nature, and my faith as to its capabilities of virtue and happiness. I am now convinced that a married life is most conducive to both, and a state of mediocrity most favourable to it by uniting the hopes, fears, and mutual endeavours of the parties. I am at the same time convinced that unhappy marriages have more of sorrow than any single person can possibly experience; for, if 'keener than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child,' so it is to have an ungrateful wife or an unfaithful husband. The heart which has fondly and cordially loved, when exasperated by injury, irritated by disappointment, and goaded by the very frequent recurrence of petty vexations, may in time hate as strongly as it once loved; and, although christian principles and gentle recollections may subdue this horrid passion, yet, in the soil where it is liable to spring, happiness can never be expected to flourish. Let us therefore never allow ourselves to love those whom we may possibly hate; for so only can we be saved from the temptation. To beauty we may grow cold, to talents indifferent; but we shall never cease to esteem virtue, or to love good-temper and benignity.

11.

#### A LECTURE ON NATURAL HISTORY.

At a late meeting of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh, Dr. Richardson, who accompanied captain Franklin in his northern expedition, gave some curious details of Arctic zoology. He began with the wolverine. Among other things, he related the mode in which the Arctic dogs hunt an animal, which, from its size, they may be afraid of attacking. They approach it gradually and cautiously in a semicircle; when the animal shows no symptoms of fear, they pause;

if, on the contrary, it should appear terrified, they drive it about till it is exhausted, when they attack it, and easily overcome it. The hair of this quadruped is dark-brown, long and wiry; on the sides near to the tail it has a yellowish tinge. The tail is short, and furnished with longer hair; and the ears are short.

Of the fox three specimens were produced, to show the varieties of color and appearance, at different periods of the year. Its winter clothing is white; and Dr. B. observed that this alteration happened, not from a change of the hair, but from a change of its color. In winter, the soles of its feet are covered with a thick coat of hair, which is by some naturalists considered a sufficient characteristic to constitute a specific difference between the Arctic and the more southerly fox. The skins of these foxes form a valuable article of commerce.

The next animal mentioned was the mouse. These mice are about the size of the Hanoverian rat; the body looks round and fat, the head is roundish, the snout not being pointed, as in our mice; the feet are short: but the most remarkable feature which characterizes this mouse is its tail: this member, so prominent and conspicuous in all the rat and mouse family, is most particularly short in the mouse of Hudson's Bay: it seems rather to have been appointed for the purpose of showing the spot to which tails are usually affixed, and by way of an apology for the absence of that appendage, than to have been intended for one. This mouse much resembles the mole in the shape and size of the body and tail, but not in any other particulars. Occasionally, very numerous bodies of these animals were seen traveling over the ice, and darkening it in large spots; and it is probable that want of food causes such migrations.

A species of marmot larger than our common squirrel was next described. The fur was of a light-brown hue, slightly, but thickly, spotted over the back with white. The eyes were large and prominent; the head rather roundish. In its stomach, at one period of the year, were found the fruit of the cranberry; at another the seeds of a polygonum, and some other seeds. Its cry resembles the sound of a watchman's rattle, and the Esquimaux call it the *Sic Sic*, a name formed by an attempt to convey a notion of the sound ejaculated by the creature.

The lecturer did not say much of the

Arctic rein-deer; but he noticed a great variety in the shape of the horns, and also in the growth of those ornaments, which some of the animals shed in February, or even as late as May, instead of the autumn. He also observed, that the natives use every part of the body as food.

With regard to the musk oxen, he affirmed that, when they are fired at in a body, if the huntsman keeps himself well concealed, they imagine the noise to be thunder, and crowd close together; but if by the excellence of their smell, which sense they possess in great acuteness, or by other means, they discover a human being, they immediately disperse. It occasionally happens that a wounded ox will turn on the hunter, and endeavour to make a very violent attack on him; in this case he will be perfectly safe, if, with a little activity and much presence of mind, he starts on one side, and takes the opportunity of stabbing the disappointed ox as he rages near him.

In speaking of the musk rat, he said that he supposed the musky odor to be emitted from all parts of the skin; but that it was only at particular periods of the year that the animal was observed to have a very strong scent. This rat is nearly as large as our common cat, and must indeed be a most formidable inmate in any house, if its habits were like those of our common rat, and its resolution increased in proportion to the size.

Two specimens of white hares were shown: one from Scotland, the other from the Arctic Regions. They were exhibited together for the purpose of comparison. The latter specimen was rather larger than the Scottish variety; in general it was a stouter animal; the tail was longer and larger; the face appeared more full; the ears thicker and more covered with fur: the fur itself was much thicker all over the body; it seemed also to be rather longer, and was much finer and softer. It would be undoubtedly one of the most valuable white furs that could be brought into the market, if it could be procured in sufficient abundance.

#### A MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE.

PERSONAL beauty has frequently inspired love at the first sight; but, in the case of Dr. Fordyce (the celebrated preacher) and Miss Cummyng, love was

produced by the first sight of the young lady's letters to a female friend, or by the contemplation of her intellectual charms. After corresponding with the fair writer for two years, the enamored divine met her in London, and found that he was not a rejected lover: yet she pretended to wish for delay. His sister-in-law, lady Margaret Fordyce, thus hastened the marriage.

'The house-keeper at Roehampton (says the bride's biographer) one morning after breakfast stood with her bill of fare, when lady Margaret, glancing her eye over it, drew her gold ink-stand nearer, and having made the alterations and additions which she thought proper, ordered supper to be served in the grand salon, to use the full service of plate, and the gold dessert-service.—'Have you a formal party to-night, that you make more than ordinary preparation?' asked the countess of Balcarras—'Rather so,' replied lady Margaret; 'though not numerous. Mr. Fordyce brings a few friends with him from the city, who, he desires, may be properly received and entertained.—'Must we dress for the city?' asked lady Anne. 'They are all bachelors, I believe,' answered her sister; 'so I would advise all those who wish to exchange the snood for the fly-cap of our day, and single blessedness for better and for worse, to give all due honor to the guests.'

'During the day, a French hair-dresser made his appearance, and the ladies' heads soon exhibited a formidable *cheveux de frise* of pins, and piles on piles of curls, which would startle the nerves of our modern dandies to approach. This important business being over, the duties of the toilette were to be considered. Lady Balcarras was first dressed, and made her appearance in lady Margaret's dressing-room, attired with a magnificence becoming her rank and age, and sparkling in all the family jewels; lady Margaret in white satin and silver net, blazing in diamonds; lady Anne in the same color and costume, and wearing her sister's finest pearls. Miss Cummyng, without a wish to vie with her illustrious friends in splendor, was yet desirous to appear as became their cherished, honored guest; and she therefore selected a pink brocade, ornamented with silver trimmings, made by herself, and designed by her own exquisite taste.

'You always dress becomingly, and with propriety, Henrietta,' said lady

Balcarras, 'and you look very well; but that pink gown has become so familiar to my eye, that I hope you will oblige me; and, as lady Margaret and lady Anne are both in white, let me see you dressed in the same color this evening.' Miss Cummyng blushed 'rosy red' in recollecting that her white dress, with all its chastely beautiful appendages, had been presented to her by the countess for that ceremony which was to make her Dr. Fordyce's for ever. The subject was *debateable* ground, and expostulation might lead her over the border; yet she hesitated, blushed, said something (she scarcely knew what), when lady Balcarras arose, kissed her cheek, and saying, in a voice which forbade appeal, 'You are very good; I knew you would oblige me,' quitted the room, and left her *protégée* to settle the matter with herself.

'The evening arrived, and the ladies assembled in the grand suite of drawing-rooms, which were brilliantly illuminated. Soon after they had descended, the rolling of carriages was heard driving round the court-yard; and in a few minutes more the groom of the chambers announced the three brothers of the mansion, and two gentlemen who were strangers. The guests were each saluted with an appropriate compliment; and the whole party appeared to be entirely at their ease, except that Miss Cummyng felt a beating at her heart which she could neither define nor understand. She observed that the dress of her Cicero\* was as gay as the sober costume of a minister of the kirk would admit: his habit was entirely new, and he wore light gray silk stockings; gold shoe, knee, and stock buckles; and his full-curved wig was newly and becomingly arranged. A smile of chastened pleasure irradiated his serene countenance, while an attempted joy shone in his fine expressive eye. Sir William Fordyce looked as he felt, delighted; Alexander looked arch. The ladies were on their feet, when the doctor, calm and collected, approached Miss Cummyng, and said, 'Best beloved, my Henrietta, our wishes are sanctified: fear nothing!' He took her hand; she grew very pale, trembled, and the tears started into her eyes.

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\* She fancied that he resembled the great Roman orator in his look and style.

“ Sister,” said sir William, taking her other hand, and with gentle force raising her from the chair, “ all here unite to make you happy ; and you are above affection.” She was led to the chapel belonging to the mansion. It was lighted up and prepared for the solemn occasion. The mysteries of the day were at an end ; the bride resumed herself : and every one knelt devoutly round the altar. The dean of \*\*\*\*, who had been engaged to perform the ceremony, began, and continued to pronounce the words with impressive solemnity till the doctor had to say, ‘ With my body I thee worship,’ when he substituted the words, ‘ With my body I thee honor.’ The dean repeated *worship* ; the doctor repeated *honor*. Three times the dean reiterated *worship* ; and as often the doctor, in a voice which inspired awe, repeated *honor*. The dignitary paused ; a momentary red suffused his cheek ; but he proceeded, and the ceremony was concluded.

#### THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY.

WE have lately received intelligence of the death of this distinguished lady, who was the widow of James the Second’s grandson, styled the Pretender. She was admired for her beauty and talents ; and honorable mention is made of her by an English tourist, who says,

‘ There is a house open in Florence, which has a character and interest peculiarly its own ; through which all Europe passes on its way to various destinations ; which is entered with intense curiosity, and left (to speak from the conviction of my own feelings) with infinite regret—I mean the little palace on the Arno, where, on Saturday evenings, a congress, more strictly European than that of Laybach, assembles to offer its homage to the only *legitimate queen*, who unites the suffrages of all parties in her favor, Louisa, princess of Stolberg, countess of Albany. This lady has, however, another, and perhaps a deeper claim to interest than these titles give her, as being the ‘ *mia Donna*’ of Alfieri, his destiny and muse ; the only woman whose ‘ *aurea catena*’ could bind that vagrant heart in eternal fetters, which none before could fix—the woman without whose friendship, he observes, he never could have effected aught of great or good. His description of his

first interview with madame d’Albany (or, as he terms her, ‘ *quella gentilissima e bella signora*’) is feeling and poetical. He describes the German princess as a stranger in the midst of strangers, distinguished above all, attracting all, and served by all, till even his sentimental cynicism and morbid shyness yielded to the spell of her personal and intellectual charms, and his destiny became dependent on the will of a young and unhappy woman.

‘ I went to my first interview with this distinguished lady, impressed with the sense of all the respect due to my queen, but still more with the recollection of that sweet picture drawn of her by Alfieri, in colors over which time holds no jurisdiction. ‘ *Un dolce foco negli occhi nerissimi, accopia con candidissima pelle e biondi capelli, davano alla di lei bellezza un risalto, di cui difficile era di non rimanere colpito e conquistato* \*. Time has spared so much of the rudiments of this fair portrait in the original, that it would be neither just nor civil to record the thefts which he may have committed ; but enough remains to judge of the fidelity of the drawing. If the *dolce foco* of the dark eye has lost something of its lustre, the *candidissima pelle* still remains, and the intellect which gave a charm to all, brightened by time, retains all the force and freshness of youth ; while a manner at once energetic and simple, possesses a peculiar charm to those with whom she converses † *demì-voix* in the midst of her rather formal circle—a charm which is infinitely delightful in the unceremonious morning receptions of her elegant library. Between this distinguished lady and the anathematized author of *Francet*, it cannot be supposed that much congeniality of opinion could exist : it is therefore the more gracious to add, that the dissonance did not prevent the existence of some sympathy in sentiment and taste, and that the attention with which Madame d’Albany honored her from the first day of her arrival to the last of her residence in Florence, was productive of the very greatest advantage in every possible way. Madame d’Albany is the *Queen of Florence*, and her notice or neglect can always in-

\* The sweet fire of her black eyes, with a very white skin and light hair, gave to her beauty the most striking and captivating effect.

† Lady Morgan.

fluences the character of the stranger's sojourn in that interesting capital, however brief or permanent it may be.

'The countess was driven to seek the asylum of a convent, to escape from the brutality of her husband. Alfieri has immortalized the coarse licentiousness of this sot, who lived in a perpetual state of ebriety; but lest the evidence of a rival should be doubted, the testimony of some of his contemporaries at Rome and Florence may be taken.

'It was my good fortune frequently to occupy the place next to madame d'Albany (who habitually sits at the head of a very court-like circle), and to enjoy her most pleasant conversation, which, besides being replete with acute and humorous observation, sometimes turned on Alfieri. She spoke of him with an unaffected simplicity. When I talked one night with her on the genius for novel-writing, once so prevalent in Italy, now so lost, she assured me that Alfieri often said to her—'I mean to revive the taste for novels in Italy; but I reserve the pleasure of writing them for my old age.' Alfieri, at any age, would never have written a good novel, but he would have composed charming romances. Madame d'Albany still reads a great deal; and that passion for the fine arts ascribed to her by Alfieri still exists, if we may judge from the excellent pictures in her library. She has one talent which is worth twenty others. She knows *how to laugh*, and *at whom*, right well!'

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THE VILLAGE OF BARTON AND ITS INHABITANTS;  
NO. III.

A TALE OF THE DEAD.

As we have very little news at present in the village of Barton, all parties remaining *in statu quo*, my attention latterly has been chiefly directed toward the dead; and I have visited the monuments of the Fitz-allan family so frequently, and have so diligently consulted the black-letter chronicles in Mr. Blagden's library, that I believe I am much better acquainted with the private history of every one of his ancestors than the young squire himself; who, to say the truth, is so completely taken up with contemplations of the living, as almost to forget that he ever had a grandfather,

and would care very little if the stigma of never having possessed one should be attached to his name. Mr. Fitz-allan is too busily employed in endeavouring to counteract his son's plans, and in striving to improve his own estate in order to render the rent-roll equal to its sum total in time of war, to think of his predecessors, except now and then, when the extravagances of a gallant cavalier come across his vision in the shape of alienations, snug coppices, and rich acres, now in the possession of others. Young Mrs. Fitz-allan is a lady of such an indolent mind, that I question whether she is aware that the sceptre of England was ever swayed by any other than the Hanoverian family; and the dowager, though proud of her son's pedigree, can only repeat a dry catalogue of intermarriages, and tell of sir Godfrey Fitz-allan, who killed five men with his own hand in battle, and of his sister Deborah, who outdid all the notable spinsters upon record, and bequeathed a suite of tapestry hangings, her own work, as an heir-loom to the manor-house. Hence the task of detailing the fortunes of the Fitz-allans has devolved upon a stranger; and, whilst the present possessors of those broad acres, won by the trusty sword of Joscelyn, gaze with indifference on the mutilated remains of his stone effigy, his silent appeal to the regard of posterity has not been lost upon one, to whom authentic documents have been communicated.

The citizens of London had opened their gates to the triumphant Plantagenets, and Edward of York entered the city at the head of a gallant train of cavaliers, and men at arms, each bearing on his crest the snowy badge of his party, a white rose. Sober burgesses in their festival dresses, riotous apprentices improving the holiday to the utmost, greasy mechanics escaping from their toil, and ragged bare-footed friars, made up a crowd, which crammed the streets to suffocation. Amidst the shrill clarion of the trumpet, and the hoarse beat of the double drum, shouts of 'Long live Edward the Fourth,' 'Long live the House of York,' filled the air with noisy dissonance, at once deafening to the ear, yet exhilarating to the mind. In passing along Ludgate-hill there was a temporary stoppage of the procession; and, amidst a squadron of hardy veterans, a young knight, the more conspicuous from the aged appearance of his com-

panions, displayed the very acmé of good horsemanship, in curbing his spirited charger in the full view of two houses, at whose lattices were posted some fair admirers of the scene. Having effectually checked his careering steed, and compelled the high-bred animal to paw the earth gently, he looked upwards, doubtless to observe whether his prowess had passed unheeded, and at the same moment fixed the regards of two ladies. They were nearly of the same age, both young, both handsome; but their rank in life widely differed, for lady Alicia de Tracy sprang from one of the oldest families in the realm, whilst Mildred Grimston was only the daughter of a wealthy shopkeeper. Joscelyn Fitz-allan, (for it was he who was thus exposed to the fire of two pair of bright eyes), gazed first at one, and then at the other, and his glances were so wandering and unsettled, that, when he lowered his banner in salutation, he scarcely knew to which of the fair spectators he had addressed the compliment; and indeed the matter seemed so dubious, that each might be excused in claiming it to herself, and accordingly both, at the same moment, testified their acceptance of his homage by flinging to him one of those tokens, which it was the fashion for ladies to shower down from their windows on their favorite heroes as they rode along. Lady Alicia took an embroidered perfumed scarf from her bosom, and Mildred drew from her hair a knot of satin ribands; Joscelyn dexterously caught each favor as it fell, wound the scarf round his arm, and placed the bow in his breast. The procession then moved on, and the fair rivals were left to gaze upon each other. Alicia cast a look of ineffable disdain at her humble neighbour, which Mildred, stung by this proud display of superiority, returned by a glance of defiance. Hitherto they had rarely been brought in contact, and, whenever they had met, Alicia dressed her brow with an air of gentle condescension, while Mildred's obeisance was marked with unaffected humility; but now their interests clashed, and different feelings were elicited. In consequence of the vicissitudes occasioned by civil war, the distinction of ranks could not be so strictly kept up as heretofore; and as this circumstance inspired one with hope, and the other with fear, Mildred was encouraged to try the power of her charms upon a warrior of a degree so much higher than her own, and Alicia

became apprehensive that the daughter of a burghess might nourish an idea of the possibility of making her father's wealth subservient to her own greatness. They retired from their lattices in mutual agitation, their heads and hearts filled with the image of the gay knight who had comforted himself so gallantly in the pageant.

The next day, the citizens assembled at Paul's cross, to hear a sermon preached on king Edward's happy accession to the throne, by a Carthusian monk. At that time scaffolds were erected against the outer walls of the church for the convenience of the higher classes; and lady Alicia, splendidly attired, took her station amongst the noblest dames, whilst Mildred occupied a less distinguished post. Dismounted, and disencumbered of his ponderous armour, Joscelyn attended more to the beautiful women around him than to the learned dissertation of father Cuthbert concerning the rights of the house of York and the Lancastrian usurpation. He still wore the scarf on his arm, and the knot on his breast; so that each lady observed her own token with a smile, and that of her rival with a sigh. He had visited Paul's cross for the especial purpose of the disposal of his heart; but, when he had compared the black orbs of Alicia with the blue languish of Mildred's sweet eyes, he found it impossible to decide, at least on that day. The lofty stature, dark locks, and commanding features of the baron's daughter, were admirably adapted to the flowing robes and jeweled sheen which constituted her attire, and Mildred's bright hair, fair face, and delicate lineaments, were equally suited to the simplicity of her garb.

A soldier of fortune, bred in a rough school, and accustomed to accommodate himself to every change in his condition, Joscelyn was not disposed to relinquish any of the good things which fell in his way, or to puzzle his brains with tedious deliberations. Leaving futurity to take care of itself, he deemed it most prudent, as it certainly was least troublesome, to allow chance or his destiny to determine to which of these fascinating creatures he should declare himself a captive; and in the mean time he paid equal attention to both. The balance was thus suspended for a time; and, though each might flatter herself that she would ultimately become the object of his choice, neither could speculate on this event

with certainty. Mildred's sensations were, perhaps, happier than those of her rival: she was a gainer even by the privilege of entering the lists with a superior; yet these delightful feelings had not a pleasing effect upon her temper, and, 'Marry, friend, not so free—know your distance, and learn more gentle manners,' was her exclamation to Gabriel Wadloc, the son of her father's friend, a rich mercer; who, observing that she looked even prettier than usual, attempted to snatch a kiss as they sate at supper. 'Now by my holy dame,' cried Gabriel, 'thou hast gazed so long this day on the lady Alicia, that be-shrew me if thou hast not caught the very air with which she drew back her dainty head, when Dickon Mawby, the drunken tanner, flung up his greasy cap at the cry of 'God save king Edward!' within half a yard of her ladyship's nose. A murrain light on these court fashions, say I, that make lasses so squeamish, that they cannot abide the scent of a work-day dress, or a smack from unwashen lips! Well, well, the fiend will have it so for a time; but king Edward must soon speed off to the wars again, and when the city is cleared of his silken train of popinjays, mayhap an honest man may meet with a kinder reception.' 'Out upon thee, Gabriel,' said Mildred, 'for a false knave! What, does thy jealous heart sicken because the white rose has sent forth such goodly blossoms, and blanched its crimson rival with the hue of death? I know thee,' she continued, glad of a pretext to quarrel with him, 'I know thee for a secret favorer of that barbarous woman, Margaret of Anjou, and I take this opportunity of telling thee, Gabriel, to desist from thy suit; for Mildred Grimston never can be won by a traitor to the house of York!' then tossing her pretty little head in high indignation, she abruptly retired from the table, to the great astonishment and mortification of her lover; for, until this period, her rejection of his addresses had been so mild, that he had supposed it to be the mere result of maiden coyness, unwilling to be too easily won.

At the next house a storm had arisen, though from a different cause. Edward was to give a grand feast at Baynard's castle, to which his noble friends were invited; and lady Alicia had assembled her maidens, and collected a number of tire-women and tailors, to assist her on this important occasion. Heretofore she

had not been difficult to please; but now all their efforts were unavailing: though her robe of crimson velvet was seamed with pearls, and her mantle composed of the richest silver tissue, she was dissatisfied, from an anxious apprehension that her appearance at the banquet might not be sufficiently attractive to rivet her conquest. Poor Mildred observed these preparations with a jealous eye; and, as the time approached for the festival, she felt her hopes decreasing so fast, that, when Alicia's retinue appeared at the portal, she fell into utter despair. Her proud neighbour sallied forth richly emblazoned with all the pomp of wealth and rank, and, casting her eyes up to the draper's house, detected her unhappy rival in her hiding-place, whither she had crept, in the expectation of being herself unseen, to gaze upon that which pained her heart. The lady's palfrey, decked in scarlet housings, ambled along the street in all the consciousness of magnificence. Mildred watched the cavalcade until it had turned the corner, and then hid her face in her hands and burst into tears. Alicia's heart fluttered with joy, as she entered the grand hall of the castle. The blue silk scarf was still conspicuous on Joscelin's arm, and he advanced to meet her with pleasure beaming in his eyes. They danced together—and, if Mildred was ever remembered, it was by the lady, who once or twice thought of her absent competitor, mingling a degree of scornful pity for her distress, with contempt for her pretensions: yet, although the knight was so much pleased with his partner as to be wholly taken up in attending upon her, the decisive blow was not given, and Alicia returned home with renewed hope, and hope only, and her feelings sustained a shock, as Mildred in her turn exulted in an opportunity of enjoying the society of Fitz-allan free from the interposition of another. The jovial king, willing to conciliate the citizens, invited them to a hunting-match in Waltham forest, and, gallantly desiring to make the ladies partakers in the festivities, sent two harts, six bucks, and a tun of wine, to the lady mayoress and the aldermen's wives, with which they made themselves merry in Draper's-hall. Mildred was, of course, included in this entertainment, and Alicia in turn sickened at the sight, when, decked in her holiday gear, the fair maiden tripped over the threshold with her father, and,



attended by Gabriel Wadloe, sped away to the hall. A great number of knights honored the city ladies with their company on this occasion; and whilst Joscelin threaded the mazes of the joyous dance with his sylph-like companion, the image of Alicia faded away from his heart, and his whole soul was devoted to his gentle partner. The proud hopes which swelled Mildred's breast might have been excused; for Joscelin was apparently inclined to give the preference to her, though, whenever he encountered lady Alicia, he still vacillated sufficiently to induce her to continue her endeavours to complete her fancied conquest. But these piping times of peace were not to last for ever. Gabriel's prediction was now verified. Edward, summoning his partisans to arms, quitted London; but he met with a repulse in a conflict with the Lancastrians, and the city was once more under the sway of Henry VI.

The cautious politics of the Tracy family secured them from any inconvenience in this change of affairs. The baron and his younger son were enrolled in Edward's musters, whilst the elder, with his uncle, espoused the cause of Henry: consequently, though a few unpleasant accidents might arise, such as a fierce encounter between two near relatives on the field of battle, or the execution of a captive warrior in the presence, or by the enforced order of his kindred, the titles and estates were safe, and the ladies had nothing to do but to discard the pale emblem of the house of York, and wreath their tresses with the bonny red rose. Grimston was secure in his insignificance, and, while he paid the contributions which were levied with an unsparing hand by either prince, he was almost certain of being unmolested. The days of feasting, however, were at an end. Lady Alicia, in the solitude of her chamber, lamented the absence of one who had made too deep an impression on her heart; whilst Mildred eagerly sought every opportunity of going abroad, in the expectation of hearing some news of the beloved follower of Edward Plantagenet. No personal intercourse had ever taken place between the families; and now that the young ladies were no longer employed in watching each other, they rarely sought their lattices, and Alicia might have forgotten that she had such a neighbour, if the recollection of a tender glance which Joscelin had cast upon the despaired

Mildred had not haunted her soul, and filled it with presentiments of evil. She was sitting one day in a melancholy attitude alone, and at work in a large chamber, and never perhaps did she look more beautiful; the sunbeams stole gently through the stained glass of the casement window, and threw golden ingots, and rich masses of crimson, purple, and green, gleaming like rubies, amethysts, and emeralds from the Indian mine, on the floor, and on the sculptured tracery of the oaken wainscot. Her chair, with its back and arms rising in three points, seemed highly picturesque; her flowing veil was thrown aside, and wandered in transparent drapery over her satin vest; her delicate white hand, peeping from the slashed and embroidered sleeve, moved languidly across her frame, and the cheek that bent over the chaplet of white roses which her fingers wrought, was pale as the flowers beneath it. Lost in melancholy contemplations, she was aroused by the sudden opening of a door; she looked up, and Mildred stood before her. Gasping for respiration, shaking the clustering curls from her brow, and crimson with agitation, she rushed forward, exclaiming, 'They are murdering the earl of Worcester in the street; Warwick, the king-maker, has doomed him to die, and the savage multitude will tear him limb from limb ere he can reach the scaffold. Be not amazed to see me here; Joscelin Fitzallan is in peril. I have saved him, but it is only for a moment; they will drag him from his place of refuge, and he will share the fate of the gallant Tiptoft. Say, wilt thou exert thyself to screen him from the fury of that inhuman traitor Warwick?'—'What can I do?' cried lady Alicia—'Will wealth procure his ransom?' and snatching the costly jewels from her head and neck, she tried to force them on her companion; but Mildred's hands refused the gift, and the diamonds fell on the floor. 'Lady, if his life could be purchased by gold,' she proudly said, 'I should not have been here. I was in the midst of the tumult; already had some of the Lancastrian faction espied Fitzallan, and denounced him as a follower of the house of York. I prevailed upon our neighbour Wadloe to assist me, and in an instant I had clothed the knight in the mercer's cloke and beaver, and, stealing through a narrow alley, bade him fly to the sanctuary

of St. Martin's-le-Grand: but Warwick's ragged staves \* will not allow him to remain there long, unless the interference of your brother, high in favor with the cruel earl, should ensure his safety. Ha! heard ye not that dreadful shout? 'tis the cry of savage joy over the mangled body of the earl of Worcester. Oh fly! fly! think what his danger, what my agony must be, when I call upon thee to be his preserver.'—'Fear nothing for his life,' cried lady Alicia, 'tis in my brother's hands, and he is safe;' and, flying out of the room, she hastened to obtain his aid, leaving Mildred alone, who, flinging herself in agony on the chair which her rival had quitted, murmured, 'He will not die! he will live, but for whom?—Oh not for me;' and only waiting to hear the result of Alicia's interference, when she saw her return with her eyes beaming with gladness, she fled from the house, and, seeking the solitude of her own apartment, wept and prayed in alternate joy and agony, at one moment deploring her lost hopes, in the next exulting that Joscelin Fitzallan was saved from the malice of his enemies.

Lady Alicia did not fail to improve the advantage which she had gained, and preparations for her nuptials were soon commenced: yet bound as Joscelin was to his fair preserver by the ties of gratitude, and though he had formerly found it difficult to teach his heart a choice between her commanding beauty and the fascinations of the simple citizen, his happiness was damped, if not destroyed, by the tender remembrance of Mildred, when, reckless of personal danger, she boldly hazarded her life in saving him from the fury of a brutal mob. Alicia too was conscious that she was only the instrument of another, and that to Mildred's active perseverance Joscelin owed his present existence; and she was also well aware that the knight felt this truth, and mourned in secret that he could not reward the heroic girl with vows which were claimed by her rival: but love, stronger than death, prevailed over generosity, or perhaps justice. Unable to relinquish the cherished idol of her soul, she went to the altar with a trembling and apprehensive

heart, nor could the kind attentions of her husband at any time assure her that she was the sole possessor of his affections. Mildred, reduced to despair, sustained a severe struggle between duty and inclination: the world to her had lost all its attractions, and she ardently longed to bury herself and her sorrows in a convent; but, being the prop of her father's old age, she could not be deaf to his solicitations, and she abandoned her project. Notwithstanding Gabriel's services in the cause of Joscelin, she could not be persuaded to accept his hand; and the unhappy maiden resolved to spend the remainder of her life in gloomy celibacy. Fate, however, had ordained it otherwise. Soon after the restoration of king Edward to the throne of England, the lady Alicia caught cold at a grand festival given by her husband to his tenants and vassals, when he went to take possession of the lands which that monarch had granted to him; and, falling rapidly into a consumption, she died, and was buried in Barton church. Joscelin, when twelve months of sober widowhood had elapsed, repaired to London, and escorted to his country mansion another bride, with whom his marriage was free from that alloy which had poisoned the felicity of his alliance with a more illustrious lady. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mildred Grinston was the object of the knight's unconstrained choice.

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THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF  
COMPER.

A VARIETY of letters have lately been presented to the public by the Rev. Dr. Johnson, who lived on terms of friendship with the celebrated author of the *Task*. They are the unstudied effusions of a man of talent and taste, of a good heart, and of moral worth. Some are light and airy, others grave and serious. A few extracts from this mass of information and entertainment will probably please the reader.

The poet thus speaks of his own unwillingness to sit for his picture:

'Whoever means to take my phiz will find himself sorely perplexed in seeking for a fit occasion. That I shall not give him one, is certain; and if he steals one, he must be as cunning and quick-sighted a thief as Autolycus himself. His best course will be to draw a face, and call it mine, at a venture.

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\* The earl of Warwick came to London, attended by six hundred men with ragged staves, the badge of his family, embroidered on their scarlet jackets.

They who have not seen me these twenty years will say, it may possibly be a striking likeness now, though it bears no resemblance to what he was: time makes great alterations. They who know me better will say perhaps, Though it is not perfectly the thing, yet there is somewhat of the cast of his countenance. If the nose was a little longer, and the chin a little shorter, the eyes a little smaller, and the forehead a little more protuberant, it would be just the man. And thus, without seeing me at all, the artist may represent me to the public eye, with as much exactness as yours has bestowed upon you, though, I suppose, the original was full in his view when he made the attempt.

The following is a piece of pleasantry in the form of a riddle:

'I send a cucumber, not of my own raising, and yet raised by me.

Solve this enigma, dark enough

To puzzle any brains,

That are not downright puzzle-proof,  
And eat it for your pains.

\*\*\*\* 'I raised the seed that produced the plant that produced the fruit, that produced the seed that produced the fruit I sent you. This latter seed I gave to the gardener of Terningham, who brought me the cucumber you mention. Thus you see I raised it—that is to say, I raised it virtually by having raised its progenitor; and yet I did not raise it, because the identical seed from which it grew was raised at a distance.'\*\*\*\*

We extract another specimen of epistolary ease:

'At seven o'clock this evening, being the seventh of December, I imagine I see you in your box at the coffee-house. No doubt the waiter, as ingenious and adroit as his predecessors were before him, raises the tea-pot to the ceiling with his right hand, while in his left the tea-cup, descending almost to the floor, receives a limpid stream; limpid in its descent; but no sooner has it reached its destination, than, frothing and foaming to the view, it becomes a roaring syllabub. This is the nineteenth winter since I saw you in this situation; and if nineteen more pass over me before I die, I shall still remember a circumstance we have often laughed at.

'How different is the complexion of your evenings and mine! yours, spent amid the ceaseless hum that proceeds from the inside of fifty noisy and busy

periwigs: mine, by a domestic fire-side, in a retreat as silent as retirement can make it, where no noise is made but what we make for our own amusement. For instance, here are two rustics, and your humble servant in company. One of the ladies has been playing on the harpsichord, while I, with the other, have been playing at battledore and shuttlecock. A little dog, in the mean time, howling under the chair of the former, performed, in the vocal way, to admiration. This entertainment over, I began my letter, and having nothing more important to communicate, have given you an account of it. I know you love dearly to be idle, when you can find an opportunity to be so; but, as such opportunities are rare with you, I thought it possible that a short description of the idleness I enjoy might give you pleasure. The happiness we cannot call our own, we yet seem to possess, while we sympathize with our friends who can.'

Having converted a small summer-house in his garden into a writing-room, he thus moralises: 'It is an observation that naturally occurs upon this occasion, and which many other occasions furnish an opportunity to make, that people long for what they have not, and overlook the good in their possession. This is so true in the present instance, that for years past I should have thought myself happy to enjoy a retirement even less flattering to my natural taste than this in which I am now writing, and have often looked wistfully at a snug cottage, which, on account of its situation at a distance from noise and disagreeable objects, seemed to promise me all I could wish or expect, so far as happiness may be said to be local; never once advertent to this comfortable nook, which affords me all that could be found in the most sequestered hermitage, with the advantage of having all those accommodations near at hand which no hermitage could possibly afford me. People imagine they should be happy in circumstances which they would find insupportably burdensome in less than a week. A man that has been clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, envies the peasant under a thatched hovel; who, in return, envies him as much his palace and his pleasure ground. Could they change situations, the fine gentleman would find his ceilings were too low, and that his casements admitted too much wind; that he had no cellar for

his wine, and no wine to put in his cellar. These, with a thousand other mortifying deficiencies, would shatter his romantic project into innumerable fragments in a moment. The clown, at the same time, would find the accession of so much unwieldy treasure an encumbrance quite incompatible with an hour's ease. His choice would be puzzled by variety. He would drink to excess, because he would foresee no end to his abundance; and he would eat himself sick for the same reason. He would have no idea of any other happiness than sensual gratification; would make himself a beast, and die of his good fortune. The rich gentleman had perhaps, or might have had if he pleased at the shortest notice, just such a recess as this; but, if he had it, he overlooked it, or, if he had it not, forgot that he might command it whenever he would. The rustic, too, was actually in possession of some blessings, which he was a fool to relinquish, but which he could neither see nor feel, because he had the daily and constant use of them; such as good health, bodily strength, a head and a heart that never ached, and temperance, to the practice of which he was bound by necessity, that, humanly speaking, was a pledge and a security for the continuance of them all.

He laments the weakness of his frame and his tendency to melancholy, and at the same time accounts for his occasional flights of humor:

'If I had strength of mind, I have not strength of body for the task which, you say, some would impose upon me. I cannot bear much thinking. The meshes of that fine net-work, the brain, are composed of such mere spinners' threads in me, that, when a long thought finds its way into them, it buzzes, and twangs, and bustles about at such a rate as seems to threaten the whole contexture.—No—I must needs refer it again to you.

'My enigma will probably find you out, and you will find out my enigma, at some future time. I am not in a humor to transcribe it now. Indeed I wonder that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if Harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state. His antic gesticulations would be unseasonable at any rate, but more especially so if they

should distort the features of the mournful attendants into laughter. But the mind, long wearied with the sameness of a dull dreary prospect, will gladly fix its eyes on any thing that may make a little variety in its contemplations, though it were but a kitten playing with her tail.'

He properly notices the relief derivable to the mind from the task of poetical composition:

'At this season of the year, and in this gloomy uncomfortable climate, it is no easy matter for the owner of a mind like mine, to divert it from sad subjects, and fix it upon such as may administer to its amusement. Poetry, above all things, is useful to me in this respect. While I am held in pursuit of pretty images, or a pretty way of expressing them, I forget every thing that is irksome, and, like a boy that plays truant, determine to avail myself of the present opportunity to be amused, and to put by the disagreeable recollection that I must, after all, go home and be whipt again.'

'I send you *Table Talk*. It is a medley of many things, some that may be useful, and some that, for aught I know, may be very diverting. I am merry that I may decoy people into my company, and grave that they may be the better for it. Now and then I put on the garb of a philosopher, and take the opportunity that disguise procures me, to drop a word in favor of religion. In short, there is some froth, and here and there a bit of sweetmeat, which seems to entitle it justly to the name of a certain dish the ladies call a trifle. I did not choose to be more facetious, lest I should consult the taste of my readers at the expense of my own approbation; nor more serious than I have been, lest I should forfeit theirs. A poet, in my circumstances, has a difficult part to act; one minute obliged to bridle his humor, if he has any, and the next, to clap a spur to the sides of it; now ready to weep from a sense of the importance of his subject, and on a sudden constrained to laugh, lest his gravity should be mistaken for dullness. If this be not violent exercise for the mind, I know not what is; and, if any man doubt it, let him try. Whether all this management and contrivance be necessary, I do not know, but I am inclined to suspect that if my Muse was to go forth clad in Quaker color, without one bit of riband to enliven her appearance, she might walk from one end of London to the other, as

little noticed as if she were one of the sisterhood indeed.

He seems to have dreaded the censorious spirit and the critical asperity of the author of the *Rambler*:

‘I have no objection in the world to your conveying a copy to Dr. Johnson; though I well know that one of his pointed sarcasms, if he should happen to be displeased, would soon find its way into all companies, and spoil the sale. He writes, indeed, like a man that thinks a great deal, and that sometimes thinks religiously; but report informs me that he has been severe enough in his animadversions upon Dr. Watts, who was nevertheless, if I am in any degree a judge of verse, a man of true poetical ability; careless, indeed, for the most part, and inattentive too often to those niceties which constitute elegance of expression, but frequently sublime in his conceptions, and masterly in his execution. Pope, I have heard, had placed him once in the *Dunciad*; but, on being advised to read before he judged him, was convinced that he deserved other treatment, and thrust somebody’s block-head into the gap, whose name, consisting of a monosyllable, happened to fit it. Whatever faults, however, I may be chargeable with as a poet, I cannot accuse myself of negligence. I never suffer a line to pass till I have made it as good as I can; and though my doctrines may offend this king of critics, he will not, I flatter myself, be disgusted by slovenly inaccuracy, either in the numbers, rhymes, or language. Let the rest take its chance. It is possible he may be pleased; and if he should, I shall have engaged on my side one of the best trumpeters in the kingdom. Let him only speak as favorably of me as he has spoken of sir Richard Blackmore (who, though he shines in his poem called *Creation*, has written more absurdities in verse than any writer of our country,) and my success will be secured.’

His opinion of Gray is very favorable.

‘I have been reading Gray’s works, and think him the only poet since Shakespeare entitled to the character of sublime. Perhaps you will remember that I once had a different opinion of him. I was prejudiced. He did not belong to our Thursday society, and was an Eton man, which lowered him prodigiously in our esteem. I once thought Swift’s *Letters* the best that could be written; but I

like Gray’s better. His humor, or his wit, or whatever it is to be called, is never ill-natured or offensive, and yet, I think, equally poignant with the dean’s.’

He speaks of the changes of fashion with a mixture of pleasantry and sarcasm:

‘While the world lasts, fashion will continue to lead it by the nose. And, after all, what can fashion do for its most obsequious followers? It can ring the changes upon the same things, and it can do no more. Whether our hats be white or black, our caps high or low,—whether we wear two watches or one, is of little consequence. There is indeed an appearance of variety; but the folly and vanity that dictate and adopt the change are invariably the same. When the fashions of a particular period appear more reasonable than those of the preceding, it is not because the world is grown more reasonable than it was, but because in a course of perpetual changes, some of them must sometimes happen to be for the better. Neither do I suppose the preposterous customs that prevail at present, a proof of its greater folly. In a few years, perhaps next year, the fine gentleman will shut up his umbrella, and give it to his sister, filling his hand with a crab-tree cudgel instead of it: and when he has done so, will he be wiser than now? By no means. The love of change will have betrayed him into a propriety, which, in reality, he has no taste for, all his merit on the occasion amounting to no more than this—that, being weary of one plaything, he has taken up another.’

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THE FRUITS OF EXPERIENCE, OR A MEMOIR OF JOSEPH BRASBRIDGE. 1824.

THIS is a mass of anecdotes, rather than a regular specimen of formal biography. It is written with frankness and simplicity, without guile or affectation. We might be surprised if the remarks of a man in the eightieth year of his age should display the vigor of undeclined intellect: frivolous garrulity and inconsequential reasoning may rather be expected; but, as the entertainment is offered with friendliness and good-will, we accept it with good-humor, and shall not affirm, with the stern air of a critic, that the fare is coarse and homely.

Few citizens are more known to the inhabitants of Fleet-street than the *gentlemen* (for so a retired tradesman is

usually called) who thus appears as his own biographer. He commenced business as a silver-smith upon the basis of a considerable share of private property, to which he made a handsome addition by a marriage with a 'most lovely and amiable woman.' The death of this lady and of an only child deeply affected him; and these melancholy events concurred, with his love of conviviality, to impel him into a course of good-fellowship and dissipation.—'I divided my time (he says) between the tavern club, the card party, the hunt, the fight—and left my shop to be looked after by others, whilst I decided on the respective merits of Humphries and Mendoza, Johnson and Big Ben. Every idle sight, in short, was sure to have me for a spectator; and I should be ashamed, at this advanced period of my life, to narrate the extent of my early follies, did I not hope that the sequel of my story will gain me the forgiveness of my readers. What made my conduct still more inexcusable at this time, was, that I had married again, and found, in the excellent woman who has now been my partner for more than forty years, a tender and judicious friend, who patiently bore with my infirmities, in the daily hope of my amendment. For several years I was a member of the Highflyer Club, held at the Turf Coffee-House, and so called in compliment to Mr. Tattersall, the grandfather of the present well known and highly respectable gentleman of that name. Mr. Tattersall was the founder of this club; he was a very kind-hearted, worthy man, abounding in anecdote, and extremely entertaining in conversation; though, to his credit be it told, he was so scrupulous with respect to truth, that it might be said of him, as Bennet Langton said of Dr. Johnson, he always spoke as if he was on oath. He invited me, with some other friends, to pay him a visit at Highflyer-Hall; and added, that if I would come and see him, he would give me an order to replenish his side-board, as he intended laying out a hundred pounds on it. I thanked him for his kindness, but told him there was no occasion to put sugar on the cake, as the pleasure of enjoying his society under his own roof would be quite sufficient to draw me there, without the additional inducement of serving my own interests.'

At the Globe tavern he met with several men of wit and humor. Among these enlivners of society, the most

distinguished was a surgeon, commonly called Dr. Glover, whose pleasantry was ever at command, and who, next to Foote (we speak from the authority of an old friend who knew him well), was the most witty man of the age.

'Another gay and fascinating member at the Globe (says our author), was Mr. John Morgan, a man universally known and esteemed, and whose death made a chasm in the wide circle of his acquaintance not easily filled up. He was a remarkably handsome young man, and seeing him one night at an E. O. table, he reminded me so strongly of the character of George Barnwell, and awakened in me such an anxiety lest he might be exposed to equal temptation, that, as I walked home, I could not help remonstrating with him on the folly and danger of frequenting such places; I told him, that he and his companions had all appeared to me like a swarm of moths, hovering round the flame, into which they would all sooner or later inevitably be drawn, to their utter destruction. I bade him consider, that even if he neither won nor lost, which was more than the chances against him could justify him in expecting, he yet, if he staked a guinea, paid at the rate of three guineas an hour interest for the use of the table; and that I was certain no gentleman could play constantly at faro, hazard, or any game of that kind, for less than a thousand a year, even leaving his probable losses out of the calculation. The wisest gamester is he who, winning once, plays no more.'

A less conspicuous member of the club was Henry Baldwin the bookseller, whose liberality, however, was more creditable to him than wit or vivacity would have been.

'On my return home, Mrs. Brsbridge reminded me, that about seven years before Mr. Baldwin had left a packet to my care, with a direction on the envelope, that it was to be placed among my private papers, and opened by me in case of my surviving him; to this direction the following words were added: 'Of this, do not say a word to any body, but be assured, that in the enclosed there is nothing to give you uneasiness; so careful was this worthy man to spare me even a momentary anxiety, whilst I might be unfolding it. I now fulfilled his request by opening it, and, to my great surprise, I found it to contain a bond of my own, with a few

lines from him, begging me to accept it, and the interest up to that time, as a token of his regard. I mentioned it to his son Charles, who replied, 'In every thing that was my father's practice; whatever good action he did, he always wished it should be unknown.'

The Spread Eagle, in the Strand, a house famous for the resort of young men after their return from the theatres, had an occasional visit from Mr. Brasbridge. Shorter, the landlord, facetiously observed, that he had a very uncommon set of customers; for, 'what with hanging, drowning, and natural deaths, he had a change every six months.'

A ludicrous hoax, on a serious subject, is thus mentioned: 'Mr. Darwin was one of the churchwardens of St. Mildred's. A gentleman, who had formerly lived in the parish, and whose wife was buried in the church-yard, afterwards went into a distant country, and erected a superb mausoleum upon his estate; the first dedication of which he wished to be to the remains of his wife. Accordingly, he wrote to the churchwardens; and a proper deputation of gravediggers, with the sexton, and Mr. Darwin at their head, descended into the vaults to search for the coffin of the defunct. When they found it, however, it was in such a state that it could not be moved; they, therefore, contented themselves with transferring the plate, stating the name, age, and period of decease, to its next neighbour, a respectable old gentleman, who, most likely, little dreamed in his life-time that his clay would finally rest beneath a superb mausoleum, and have all the honours paid to it that were intended by the owner for his departed wife.'

The following anecdotes of George III. appear to be authentic: 'Among other proofs of the late king's surprising memory, I shall relate two facts. Mr. Richardson, who formerly lived at Manchester, came up with a committee bearing an address to his majesty; in the latter part of his life he resided at Norwood, and, having the curiosity to go to Windsor Palace, his majesty saw him on coming out of chapel, called him by his name, hoped he was well, and asked how he had left all the good people at Manchester; this was after a lapse of sixteen years.—Mr. Clay's shopman had often attended upon the king. He had quitted his master's service and gone abroad; on his return, he was taken into

his service again: when he went to the palace, the king said, 'Holmes, where have you been? I have not seen you these two or three years!'

'His majesty was coming one day from the San-Fiorenzo at Weymouth: the wind and tide met; and the people on shore were very apprehensive that the barge would be swamped. The next morning, some officers waited on the king to congratulate him on his escape, saying, that his majesty must have been in great fear. The king thanked them for their kind concern, at the same time saying, that he had not experienced any fear; for, let what would be said of the family, there were no cowards among them, whatever fools there might be.—When the *Talents* came into power, they turned out every body that they could, even lord Sandwich, the master of the stag-hounds. The king met his lordship in his ride soon after. 'How do, how do?' cried his majesty; 'so they have turned you off: it was not my fault, upon my honour, for it was as much as I could do to keep my own place.'

The generosity of an odd but a good *Fish* is worthy of notice and applause. 'On the approaching marriage of Mr. Bolland, the barrister, with the eldest daughter of Mr. Bolland, of Clapham, Mr. Fish, an old friend of the family, called one morning, a short time before the intended union took place: when he was going away, the young lady attended him to the door; he held out his hands to her, and asked her which she would have. She, a little embarrassed by the question, put his hands together, and playfully said she would have them both. He good-naturedly told her, that he commended the prudence of her choice, as there was a note in each, which he meant to present her with, not only for the respect he bore her father, but also in token of his approbation of her choice: the notes were for a thousand pounds each. Four months afterwards this same Mr. Fish dined with Mr. Bill, an apothecary in Bridge-street, in company with alderman Smith, Mr. Blades, and two or three other gentlemen. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Fish said that he had a relation, a most pleasing and respectable young woman, whom he much wished to see comfortably married, and that, if a proper person should come in his way, he would himself give her a portion of five thousand pounds. 'I do not know whom you could find more

eligible than the gentleman now at the head of the table,' said the alderman, who knew there was a partiality between the parties, which only prudential motives prevented them from cultivating. 'If Mr. Bill can obtain her consent,' said Mr. Fish, 'he shall have my money.' 'Sir,' said Mr. Bill, 'you make me the happiest of men.' The next day Mr. Bill presented himself at the lady's house, and the marriage took place soon after. Mr. Fish paid the portion according to his promise.

A *bon mot* of the elder Bannister is a pleasant vindication of his convivial habits. 'Charles Bannister was one of my associates, and it will be readily believed that no deficiency of wit or hilarity was found in parties over which he presided. 'You will ruin your constitution,' said a friend to him, 'by sitting up in this manner at nights.'—'Oh,' replied he, 'you do not know the nature of my constitution: I sit up at night to watch it and keep it in repair, whilst you are sleeping carelessly in your bed.'

We introduce the case of Dr. Dodd, not only because we think that he was cruelly treated for an offence from which no injury resulted, but with a view of correcting the gross error of a critic, who says, 'No one ever read the letters of Chesterfield without being convinced of his heartlessness: but here we have the testimony of an eye-witness, which establishes the fact beyond all doubt.' Certainly not, we answer, because the fact has no connexion with the noble letter-writer, but relates to his nephew and successor. The old earl, whatever were his demerits, would not, we think, have been so unfeeling.

'Sir Thomas Halifax was a most excellent chief magistrate; one instance, in particular, of his impartiality and firmness, when he was lord mayor, I witnessed myself with respect to doctor Dodd. The unfortunate delinquent was brought before him, and was standing in a room crowded with spectators; when lord Chesterfield sent up his name to the lord mayor, and requested a private interview. Sir Thomas, with manly and becoming spirit, sent his compliments to his lordship, and informed him, that the business he was come upon being of a public nature, he could not possibly hear it in private, every person present having as much right as himself to be made acquainted with it. The sight of doctor Dodd upon his knees, imploring

the mercy of lord Chesterfield, moved every one but the polished statue to whom he addressed himself; in vain he reminded him of the carcs he had lavished upon his infancy, and entreated his forgiveness of a fault, which, at the very moment he committed it, he meant to make amends for; in vain he implored him to save his character and his life by withdrawing his prosecution: this flinty-hearted young nobleman, then only just arrived at man's estate—a period of life when all the finest feelings are generally too acutely awake, and prudence and self-interest scarcely yet roused—could, unmoved, behold his old preceptor kneeling at his feet, and could coldly turn from him, leaving him to all the misery of despair, and anticipated disgrace.'

#### HINTS UPON EDUCATION,

*chiefly directed against the Resort of English Females to the Continent for Instruction; by a Lady.*

At a time when the vicissitudes of human affairs, in private life, are more than ordinary, and are become the subject of daily observation and experience, there is much to produce a general and practical conviction of the importance of subjecting the youthful mind to such a course of early discipline, as may tend to produce a character of energy and solidity, of intellectual and moral worth.

The habits of the middle class of society in this country have hitherto formed the basis and the principal security of all that is excellent and dignified in the English character; and to sustain a consistent and honorable part in such a station, has been justly esteemed a distinction sufficiently valuable to preclude all envy of the peculiar advantages of rank or wealth. It should be a principal object of education in the present day, by repressing a vain and sordid ambition, to preserve these sentiments and habits unimpaired. Should this valuable class of the community entirely disappear, the extent and severity of the loss would be deeply and permanently felt; and while one-half is struggling under the pressure of accumulated difficulties, and sinking into poverty, and a great proportion of the remainder is engaged in an unnatural and a ruinous competition for the luxury and splendor of a more elevated station, these fatal tendencies in the present state of society require a powerful coun-



teraction. It must be sought, it will be found, in a right direction of the minds of the young, and in the general diffusion, among the rising generation, of the principles of pure religion.

It will not be deemed irrelevant to the present subject to notice and lament that too general preference of foreign education, which is one of the worst consequences of the increased facilities of foreign intercourse, and of the habits which it has induced in a certain class of society. It is not denied, that superior advantages may be enjoyed on the continent, for the acquisition of some modern languages, although English, still the first in importance to English ladies, cannot be of the number. It is admitted, also, that certain external accomplishments may be acquired in greater perfection, and at a more moderate pecuniary expense, abroad, than at home. Yet these advantages, however desirable in themselves, may be, and probably will be, in many instances, too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of one of the least of those correct principles, right feelings, and useful domestic habits, which are so essential to the female character, that nothing can atone for their absence. Foreign associations have not hitherto proved beneficial to our national character; and it is not unjust, or even illiberal, to assert, that our religious and moral principles, our language and literature, our habits and manners, are, at the present moment, more likely to sustain injury, than to derive improvement, from such an infusion into the mass of our society, as must be the result of a general, or even a partial, adoption of the plan of foreign education. What, in every particular instance, must be the natural consequence of subjecting the youthful mind, in its most impressible state, to an influence which has been found so pernicious even at a subsequent period of life? To place a child in a large foreign seminary, is to incur at once all the risks arising from equivocal principles, uncertain associations, and corrupt examples; and all the dangers attending an introduction into a large English school, will probably be multiplied a hundred-fold. And even if no impressions positively injurious were to be apprehended, it must be remembered that there is no simple negative in morals; that the absence of good always involves the presence of evil; and that it is a serious and a sufficient objection to

any plan of education, that it does not afford direct and ample means for the attainment of that moral and religious improvement, which ought always to be its primary and ultimate object. This object cannot surely be included in the reasonable expectations of those who send their children abroad for education, or who accompany them thither from motives of economy or convenience. It will be well if they return, as they sometimes may, with an undiminished regard for the domestic habits, the civil institutions, and the religious privileges of their native land. But it cannot be even hoped, that all these voluntary exiles will continue English in manners, no less than in heart and affection. It will be a subject of deep regret to all who wish well to their country, if those national characteristics, which have been too much our pride, should be insensibly melted away through the absence of that jealous care, which is now peculiarly requisite for their preservation. May this care be long continued,

————— ‘and while yet a spot is left,  
Where English minds and manners can be  
found,’

may there never be wanting hands and hearts to cultivate, to cherish, and extend it.

CANDID CONFESSIONS; BY THE DUCHESS  
OF ORLEANS.

I AM unquestionably very ugly; I have not even tolerable features; my eyes are small, my nose is short and thick, my lips are long and flat; I have great hanging cheeks and a large face; my stature is short and stout, my body and my thighs too are short, and upon the whole I am a very ugly little object. If I had not a good heart, no one could endure me. To know whether my eyes give tokens of my possessing wit, they must be examined with a microscope, or it will be difficult to judge. Hands more ugly than mine are not perhaps to be found on the whole globe. The king [*Louis XIV.*] has often told me so, and has made me laugh at it heartily; for, not being able to flatter even myself that I possessed any one thing which could be called pretty, I resolved to be the first to laugh at my own ugliness: this has succeeded as well as I could have wished, and I must confess that I

have seldom been at a loss for something to laugh at.

All my life, even from my earliest years, I thought myself so ugly, that I did not like to be looked at. I therefore cared little for dress, because jewels and decoration attract attention. As Monsieur loved to be covered with diamonds, it was fortunate that I did not regard them, for otherwise we should have quarreled about who was to wear them. On grand occasions, he used formerly to make me dress in red; I did so, but much against my inclination, for I always hated whatever was inconvenient to me. He always ordered my dresses, and even used to paint my cheeks himself.

I made the countess of Soissons laugh very heartily once. She said to me, 'How is it, madam, that you never look in a mirror when you pass it, as every body else does?' I answered, 'Because I have too great a regard for myself to be fond of seeing myself look as ugly as I really am.'

Upon my arrival at Saint Germain, I felt as if I had fallen from the clouds. The princess Palatine went to Paris, and there fixed me. I put as good a face upon the affair as was possible; I saw very well that I did not please my husband much, and indeed that could not be wondered at, considering my ugliness; however, I resolved to conduct myself in such a manner toward him that he should become accustomed to me by my attentions, and eventually should be enabled to endure me. Immediately after my arrival, the king came to see me at the Chateau Neuf, where Monsieur and I lived: he brought with him the dauphin, who was then a child. As soon as I had finished my toilette, he returned to the old Chateau, where he received me in the guard's hall, and led me to the queen, whispering at the same time, 'Do not be frightened, madame; she will be more afraid of you than you of her.'

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WAR AND PEACE; A VISION;  
from 'Prose by a Poet.'

RAPT into by-gone times, he (*the author*) saw a goose's egg lying in the middle of a highway, on which multitudes were traveling; indeed it was the highway to and through all nations. A

careless foot happening to break this egg, instead of a gosling out crawled a reptile, which, increasing in bulk every moment, presently grew up into a monster as hideous to look upon as a Hindoo divinity. It was the Demon of War in his own person, never before revealed to mortal eye. His figure might have been fashioned in mockery of the human form; his stature reached the clouds, and his shadow darkened the fairest provinces of the globe. He had two heads, which, unlike those of Janus, were placed front to front; innumerable arms, branching out all round his shoulders, sides, and chest; with legs as multitudinous, resembling in color and motion the pillars of sand in an African whirlwind. His twin faces were frightfully distorted; they glared, they grinned, they spat, they railed, and hissed, and roared; they gnashed their teeth, and bit, and butted with their foreheads at each other. His arms, wielding swords, and spears, and shields, were fighting together, each against its neighbours, right and left, so that every one had to contend with two. Often were they broken, paralysed, or cut sheer off; yet they were quickly restored to strength and activity, or reinstated by others that sprouted from the stumps. His legs, in like manner, were indefatigably at variance, striding contrary ways, trampling on each other's toes, or kicking shins, by universal consent, in the most ludicrous and horrible manner. Beneath them the nations of Christendom were like mole-hills overturned, where the inhabitants, like ants when their nests are broken up, were running to and fro in consternation, and perishing by thousands at every change of his station.

Among the victims, however, there were some splendidly appareled, whose business it was to preserve the rest from being crushed by his steps, yet who appeared to delight in the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures, whom they urged to push one another down in the path of the monster, for their own amusement. At the same time, with goads in their hands, which had been entrusted to them expressly for the purpose of keeping him off, they incessantly pricked him on, even when he would have been quiet, or have taken a different road. One of these especially distinguished himself; he was a little man, in a green coat, with an eagle's head on his shoulders, and a cock's-comb upon it, of which he was

prodigiously vain. This non-descript being had the power of driving the destroyer whithersoever he pleased,—except across the strait of Dover.

After the giant had thus exercised himself (with one short interval of slumber) for more than twenty years,—twenty years in a reverie may be passed in twenty seconds,—he appeared utterly exhausted. Suddenly, as if he had been struck with apoplexy, he lay down, and stretching himself down at full length, from the rock of Gibraltar, across the whole continent of Europe, and beyond the arctic circle, he made his pillow of the polar ices, and fell fast asleep,—for ‘Peace is only the sleep of War.’

The deponent in this case followed him into his slumber; for, lo! the monster dreamed; and the first thing that he dreamed was, naturally enough, that he was awake. He imagined himself standing upright upon his forest of legs, with all his arms spread out in the sky, amidst the breezes, the dew, and the sunshine of a lovely spring morning. The songs of the birds, the fragrance of the flowers, the glory of the heavens, and the beauty of the earth, ravished his senses, and renovated his very existence; he found himself, notwithstanding his former consciousness, a different being, with new feelings, affections, and desires. His opposite faces, reciprocally gazing and admiring, by degrees grew so amiable in each other’s eyes, that they smiled, and blushed, and kissed, and said the softest, sweetest things that his four ears had ever heard. His manifold arms embraced, shook hands together, and exchanged rings in token of eternal reconciliation. His legs all stood up in one phalanx; all ran in one direction, and at last all fell to dancing, till he was forced to sit down upon the Alps with fatigue of enjoyment. Meanwhile this chimera of chimeras, who before had frozen the beholder of his person and performances with fresh horror at every look, grew so gentle, intellectual, and graceful, in manners, in aspect, and in form, that the present witness (though slow to believe any good of him) became as fully persuaded as he himself was, that he could be no longer the same, but that he must actually have undergone a metamorphosis as marvellous as any thing in Ovid, from the Demon of War being transformed into the Angel of Peace: and so in truth

he was, for he was asleep, and ‘Peace is only the sleep of War.’

Ten months had elapsed in this charming illusion,—for time in a dream is as evanescent as it is in a brown study,—when our ruminator felt a shock on his left side, as if the man in the moon, from that astounding elevation, had leaped upon him, broken through his ribs, and crushed out his heart; while a voice, more terrible than he had ever heard during the French Revolution, from the tribune, the guillotine, or the throne, thundered in his ears ‘*Le Congrès est dissous.*’ He started up, and the first object he saw (for instinctively he looked that way) was the little man, in the green coat, with the eagle’s head, who had just jumped on shore, in the south of France. The giant fixed his eye intensely upon him, and never winked, nor withdrew it, day or night, for two whole weeks, while he watched his old tormentor, carried in the arms of fortune herself, seated again without resistance on the throne of France, and the cock’s-comb replaced by her on the eagle’s crest. Every moment of this ghastly interval, the phantom himself was visibly relapsing into his former ferocity; and no sooner was the audacious adventurer re-established, than his two heads began to frown, and snarl and snap; his hands to combat, and his feet to wrestle. The demon of war was alive, awake, and in action again; for ‘Peace is only the sleep of War.’

\*\*\*\* Here the story breaks off, as the vision is supposed to have occurred before the battle of Waterloo.

#### THE HYPOCHONDRIAC,

a character, by C. Westmacott.

RALPH RATTLE was in early life the most pleasant, facetious, mellow-hearted fellow that ever yielded the brilliant flash of wit’s merriment, or ‘set the table in a roar.’ He is now five-and-thirty, in the very prime of life, a widower, without encumbrance, in the enjoyment of apparent good health, easy in circumstances, and beloved by a large circle of friends; but, having unfortunately read Abernethy on Indigestion, and some other authors on plethoric affections, he has imbibed an opinion that he is growing too fat, that he has a determination of blood to the head, and that he shall die suddenly of apoplexy; all of which evils, although he is perfectly





Designed by T. Stothard R.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

### ENGLISH MELODIES..

OH! THE HEART THAT HAS TRULY LOV'D, NEVER FORGETS  
BUT AS TRULY LOVES ON TO THE CLOSE,  
AS THE SUN FLOWER TURNS ON HER'GOD WHEN HE SETS  
THE SAME LOOK WHICH SHE TURN'D WHEN HE ROSE!

London, Published by S. Robinson, Chapter House Passage, 1824

free from, he can describe the sensations of accurately (such is the force of imagination), and he is now undergoing a course of alterative medicine, which has already reduced him from a portly, round-faced gentleman of sixteen stone, to a lank-cheeked, cadaverous, hollow-eyed skeleton of ten: this has of course produced nervous debility, and the consequent train of agitations. The tremulous sensations of the affection are by him construed into so many increasing symptoms of fancied disease, nor can the combined skill of the most eminent physicians free his mind from the oppressive infatuation. From being a two-bottle man, he now limits himself to two glasses; and, instead of being eternally engaged in a series of pleasant entertainments and agreeable society, he is turned hermit, sees no one, and refuses all invitations either to public or private amusements. But what appears the strangest feature in this species of misery, is the ability with which he reasons on his malady, whenever the subject can be made applicable to any other person; for example, the hyp (says Ralph) is, of all diseases, whether chronic or acute, the most terrible. 'Every man will of course insist that his own peculiar malady is the most heinous, and he the most exemplary sufferer. I have heard maintained as worse, the head-ache, tooth-ache, fever, dislocation, rheumatism, asthma,—*I have had them all*, and deny the assertions. Taken with its huge train of evils, which besiege and vanquish the body and mind at once, there is nothing (that I know of) which at all approaches the terrible *Passio Hypochondriaca*. It is the curse of the poet, of the wit; it is the great tax upon intellect; the bar to prosperity and renown. Other ills come and pass away; they have their paroxysms, their minutes or hours of tyranny, and vanish as shadows of empty dreams; but this is with you *for ever*. The phantom of fear is always about you. You feel it in the day at every turn; and at night you see it illuminated and made terrible in a million of fantastic shapes. Like the hag of the merchant Abudah, it comes for ever with the night, in one shape or another—devil, or giant, or hideous chimera; or it is an earthquake or a fiery flood—or a serpent turning you in its loathsome folds—or it sits in your heart like an incubus, and presses you down to ruin.'

## UNCHANGEABLE LOVE.

LOVE, as might be supposed, is a frequent subject of Mr. Moore's Irish melodies. He treats the pleasing topic with elegance and grace, and, in the following air, he forcibly appeals to the feelings:

'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,

Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,

Were to change by to-morrow and fleet in my arms

Like fairy-gifts fading away;

Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,

Let thy loveliness fade as it will;

And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart

Would entwine itself verdantly still.

'It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,

And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,

That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,

To which time will but make thee more dear!

Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,

But as truly loves on to the close;

As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,

The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that our designer and engraver have done full justice to the subject.

## SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH,

from Mr. T. C. Croker's *Researches in the South of Ireland*.

THE circular entrenchments and barrows, known by the name of Danish forts in Ireland, are pointed out as the abode of fairy communities; and to disturb their habitation, in other words to dig, or plough up a Rath or fort, whose construction the superstitious natives ascribe to the labor and ingenuity of the 'good people,' is considered as unlucky, and entailing some severe disaster on the violator and his kindred. An industrious peasant, who purchased a farm in the neighbourhood of Mallow from a near relative of mine, commenced his improvements by building upon it a good stone house, together with a lime-kiln. Soon after, he waited on the proprietor, to state 'the trouble he was come to by reason of the old fort, the fairies not approving of his having placed the lime-kiln so near their dwelling;—he had lost his sow with nine *bonnieveens*

(sucking pigs), his horse fell into a quarry and was killed, and three of his sheep died, 'all through the means of the fairies.' Though the lime-kiln had cost him five guineas, he declared he would never burn another stone in it, but take it down without delay, and build one away from the fort, saying he was wrong in putting that kiln in the way of the 'good people,' who were thus obliged to go out of their usual track. The back door of his house unfortunately also faced the same fort; but this offence was obviated by almost closing it up, leaving only a small hole at the top, to allow the good people free passage, should they require it. In these raths, fairies are represented as holding their festive meetings, and entering into all the fantastic and wanton mirth that music and glittering banquets are capable of inspiring. A fairy chieftain, of much local celebrity, named Knop, is supposed to hold his court in a rath, on the road side between Cork and Youghall, where often travelers, unacquainted with the country, have been led astray by the appearance of lights and by alluring sounds proceeding from within; but when

The village cock gave note of day,  
Up sprang in haste the airy throng;  
The word went round, 'away! away!  
'The night is short, the way is long'—

and the delicious viands change into carrion. The crystal goblets become rugged pebbles, and the whole furniture of the feast undergoes a similar metamorphosis.

An eddy of dust, raised by the wind, is attributed to the fairies journeying from one of their haunts to another; on perceiving which, the peasant will obsequiously doff his hat, muttering, 'God speed ye, gentlemen;' and returns it to his head, with the remark, 'good manners are no burthen,' as an apology for the motive, which he is ashamed to acknowledge. Should he, however, instead of such friendly greeting, repeat any short prayer, or devoutly cross himself, using a religious response, the fairy journey is interrupted; and, if any mortals are in their train, the charm by which they were detained is broken, and they are restored to human society. On these occasions, the production of a black-hafted knife is considered as extremely potent in dissolving the spell. This weapon is believed to be effective

not only against fairy incantation, but also against any supernatural being; and accounts of many twilight rencontres between shadowy forms and mortals are related, to establish its power, gouts of blood or jelly being found in the morning where the vision had appeared. A respectable farmer has been pointed out to me, whose familiar appellation in Irish was, 'Kill the Devil,' from the report of his having quelled, by means of a black-hafted knife, a phantom that long had haunted him.

Cluricaune or Leprehaune is the name given to the Irish Puck. The character of this goblin is a compound of that of the Scotch Brownie and the English Robin Goodfellow. He is depicted (for engraved portraits of the Irish Leprehaune are in existence) as a small and withered old man, completely equipped in the costume of a cobbler, and employed in repairing a shoe. A paragraph recently appeared in a Kilkenny paper, stating that a laborer, returning home in the dusk of the evening, discovered a Leprehaune at work, from whom he bore away the shoe which he was mending! As a proof of the veracity of the story, it was farther stated, that the shoe lay for the inspection of the curious at the newspaper office. The most prominent feature in the vulgar creed respecting the Leprehaune is, his being the possessor of a purse, supposed to be, like that of Fortunatus, inexhaustible; and many persons, who have surprised one of these fairies occupied in shoe-making, have endeavoured to compel him to deliver it; this he has ingeniously avoided, averting the eye of his antagonist by some stratagem, when he disappears, which it seems he has not the power of doing as long as any person's gaze is fixed upon him.

On the whole, from what may be collected, the present state of Irish superstition closely resembles that of England during the age of Elizabeth; a strong proof of the correct measurement of those who have stated a space of two centuries to exist between the relative degree of popular knowledge and civilization attained by the sister kingdom.

'An easy death and a fine funeral' is a proverbial benediction amongst the lower orders in Ireland. Throughout life the peasant is accustomed to regard the manner and place of his interment as matters of the greatest importance;

'to be decently put in the earth, along with his own people,' is the wish most frequently and fervently expressed by him. When advanced in life, it is usual, particularly with those who are destitute and friendless, to deny themselves the common necessities of life, and to hoard up every trifle they can collect for the expenses of their wake and funeral. Looking forward to their death as to a gala given by them to their acquaintances, every possible preparation is made for rendering it, as they consider, 'creditable': their shroud and burial dress are often provided many years before they are wanted; nor will the owners use these garments whilst living, though existing in the most abject state of wretchedness and rags. It is not unusual to see even the tomb-stone in readiness, and leaning against the cabin wall, a perpetual *memento mori*, that must meet the eye of its possessor every time he crosses his threshold.

There is evidently a constitutional difference in the composition of the English and Irish peasant; but this peculiarity may be more satisfactorily accounted for by the prevailing belief with the latter of a future state being a material one, and subject to wants even more urgent than those of this life: under this impression, shoes, considered a luxury quite unworthy of a thought, are believed almost indispensable after death, when it is supposed that much walking is to be performed, probably through rough roads and inclement weather. The superstition evidently proceeds from the tenet of purgatory or qualification for heaven, held by the Romish church; and, on this particular, the general belief of the Irish peasantry is somewhat at variance with the representations of their pastors: the priest describes it as a place of fire, but the people imagine it to be a vast and dreary extent, strewn with sharp stones, and abounding in thorns and brambles. The influence of this doctrine affects rich and poor, according to their circumstances, and is a most valuable one; for I have been assured the emolument it yields to the catholic church of Ireland, by a late limited calculation, exceeds 650,000*l.* per annum.

The attachment manifested towards particular burial-places arises from the same cause; and the anxiety amongst the vulgar to be interred with their deceased relatives bestows even on death a feeling of social interest. A remark-

able instance occurred not long since. An old beggar woman, who died near the city of Cork, requested that her body might be deposited in White Church burial-ground. Her daughter, who was without the means to obtain a hearse or any other mode of conveyance, determined herself to undertake the task, and, having procured a rope, she fastened the coffin on her back, and, after a tedious journey of more than ten miles, fulfilled her mother's request.

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Separate interests (as in the case of marriage) often cause disputes at funerals; and, as no acknowledged rule exists in such cases, a battle usually ends the dissension, and the corpse is borne away in triumph by the victorious party to a cemetery perhaps twenty miles distant from that originally intended.

I remember once overhearing a contest between a poor man and his wife, respecting the burial of their infant. The woman wished to have the child laid near some of her own relations, which the husband strongly opposed, concluding that her attachment to her friends was superior to her love for him; but he was soon convinced by his wife's argument, that, as her sister had died in childbirth only a few days previous, she would afford their poor infant suck, which nourishment it might not have if buried elsewhere.

Another instance of similar superstition occurred in the case of a woman, who presented several beggars with a loaf and porringer, that her deceased child might not want a porringer or bread in the next world. She accounted for her knowledge of the wants of an after-state, by saying that a very good man, who used to have occasional trances, in which it was known his soul left his body and became familiar with disembodied spirits, returning to its former habitation after a short absence, told her, on his recovery from one of these fits, that children dying at an early age, whose parents' neglect deprived them of the use of a porringer, were obliged to lap milk out of their hands; whilst others, who were provided in life with one, had a similar article prepared for their comfort in a future state; and 'now,' continued the woman, as she bestowed her last loaf and porringer on a mendicant, 'my mind is eased of its burthen, and my poor child is as happy as the best of them.'



## REMARKS ON THE STATE OF VARIOUS NATIONS, WITH REFERENCE TO MUSIC;

*from Stendhal's Life of Rossini.*

PRUDENCE destroys music. The more a people are impassioned, and the less they have of reflection and of habitual reason, the fonder they will be of music.

The Frenchman is brisk and lively, but he is very busy. Every career is open to his ambition; and, besides, the richest Frenchman gambles away his income. The Frenchman possesses both military and literary glory; the name of Marengo is as celebrated in Europe as that of Voltaire. When in the world, that is to say, when there are three persons present, his vanity occupies him either in preparing its triumphs, or in guarding against its mishaps. He passes his time in the most serious manner, conjecturing the probable fate of a pun; and reflection and prudence never forsake him. Even in his greatest gaiety he never surrenders himself entirely to the fascination of the moment, reckless of all consequences. He is very amiable in society; but society has become to him the principal business of life. The French are the most witty and agreeable, but hitherto the least musical people in the universe.

The Italian, full of passion, and the German, always led by his roving imagination, and who inflames himself by the force of fancy, are, on the contrary, people expressly constituted for the illusions to which a charming air gives birth. There is this difference in their music, namely, that the cold rendering the organs of the German coarser, his music is more noisy. The same cold that freezes the forests of Germany, and the want of wine, having deprived him of voice, and his paternally feudal government having caused him to contract habits of unlimited patience, it is to instruments that he has recourse for his musical sensations. The Italian believes in God when he is afraid, and is always plotting to deceive, because he feels himself oppressed through life by the most galling tyranny. The German, on the contrary, never deceives, and believes every thing. The more he reasons, the more he believes. M. de G...n, the first jurisconsult in Germany, pretended that he had seen ghosts in his castle.

The Englishman is rendered melan-

choly by his Bible, and his bishops and his lords have forbidden him, since the time of Locke, to occupy himself with reasoning\*. As soon as any one talks to him of some interesting discovery, of some sublime theory, he answers, 'Of what use will that be to me at present?' He requires a practical and immediate utility. Compelled to labor incessantly, that they may not die of hunger or want clothing, individuals belonging to the intelligent classes have not a moment to devote to the arts, which is a great disadvantage to them. The young people of Italy and Germany, on the contrary, pass their youth in making love; and even those who work the hardest are little annoyed by it, if we compare their light employments with the severe and barbarous labor which, thanks to the aristocracy and to Mr. Pitt, oppresses the poor English during twelve hours of the day. But the Englishman is supremely diffident. It is from this melancholy quality, the offspring of aristocracy and puritanism, that his love of music appears to me principally to proceed. The fear of exposing himself induces a young Englishman never to talk of his feelings. This discretion, dictated by a judicious self-love, is much in favor of music; he takes music for his confidant, and frequently resorts to it for the expression of his most deeply-seated sentiments.

It is sufficient to see the Beggar's Opera, or to hear Miss Stephens or the celebrated Tom Moore sing, to be satisfied that the Englishman has in himself very considerable susceptibility and love for music. This disposition appears to me to be more marked in Scotland; whether it is attributable to the Scotch having much more imagination, or to the leisure of the long winter evenings in that country. On arriving in Scotland for the first time, I landed at Inverness. By chance, I witnessed at that instant the funeral ceremonies of the Highlanders, and the wailings of the old women who surrounded 'the clod of earth which the divine breath had just ceased to animate.' I said to myself, 'This nation must be musical.' The next morning, on passing through several villages, I heard music every

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\* These assertions are so strange and ill-founded, that a refutation of them would be unnecessary. EDIT.

where. It was not, indeed, Italian music; but it was what was much better in Scotland, national and original music. I have no doubt that if Scotland, instead of being a poor, had been a rich country; if chance had made Edinburgh like Petersburg, the residence of a powerful monarch, and the place of assembly of a rich and unemployed nobility, the natural spring of music which gushes forth among the sparkling rocks of old Caledonia would have been attended to, purified, and refined to the ideal; and that we should have spoken one day of the Scotch music as we now speak of the German music. The country which has produced the sad and interesting images of Ossian, and the Tales of My Landlord, the country which boasts of a Burns, might undoubtedly give Europe a Haydn or a Mozart. Burns was more than half a musician. But contemplate for a moment the history of Haydn's youth, and then look at Burns dying of wretchedness, and of the whisky which he drank in order to forget his wretchedness. If Haydn had not in his childhood met with three or four rich protectors, and a powerful institution (the school for the children of the choir of the Cathedral of Saint Etienne), the greatest harmonist of Germany would have been an indifferent cartwright at Rohran, in Hungary. Prince Esterhazy heard Haydn, and took him into his orchestra. Now a Hungarian prince is a very different kind of man from a fat, thinking peer, in the neighbourhood of London. Consider the intimacy between prince Esterhazy and Haydn, and you will find nothing astonishing in the different fates of Haydn and Burns.

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SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths.*

—It is alleged (but it seems to be a mere pretence) that the essays and stories which constitute this work were written by a young married lady, who, though she fondly loved her husband, was so shocked at his profligacy and wickedness, that her heart was broken by continued uneasiness and grief. A strong vein of piety pervades the volume: the fatal errors into which vicious and ungodly persons fall are exposed in an

animated style; and the salutary injunctions and ordinances of religion are enforced with earnestness and zeal. The display of the duties of a clergyman may not, perhaps, be useless, even to an experienced minister, although it might be supposed that he requires no additional instructions.

*The Book of the Church; by Robert Southey, LL.D.* 2 vols.—The poet laureate is determined not to be idle; he thinks that he was born to enlighten mankind; and, from the united impulse of vanity and a thirst of lucre, he writes and compiles with eagerness and rapidity. From the ambiguous title of this work, some thought that it was a prayer-book, or a new edition of the Bible with notes and illustrations: but it is now found to be an ecclesiastical history of England, composed with some ability, yet without throwing any new light upon the subject.

*Patience, a Tale, by Mrs. Hofland.*—This ingenious lady prosecutes, with success, her useful career. She interests our best feelings by her vivid pictures of life, improves the mind while she touches the heart, and (as Dr. Johnson said of Richardson) teaches the passions to move at the command of virtue. The characters which she delineates are not arrayed in the trickery of fancy; they are exhibited in natural colors, and brought forward with force and effect; her incidents are judiciously chosen, and her stories are well conducted.

Dora, or Dorothea, the heroine of the new tale, is a model of patience. Not from the coolness of constitutional apathy, but from the influence of religious and virtuous principles, she submits to harsh treatment, to insults and injuries. All the tyranny and profligacy of an unworthy husband cannot rouse her to resentment or indignation; she attends him, in the progress of a fatal decline, with affectionate care, and leads him by her persuasions into a state of contrition and penitence.—We subjoin, in the words of the authoress, the moral of the piece.—‘Christian patience alone had sustained her; it had shed the light of cheerfulness over many a gloomy hour, and given the tranquillity of resignation to many a day of sorrow. It had preserved the comforts of peace in a situation full

of incentives to domestic warfare, and bestowed the power of reflection and personal activity in the midst of every provocative to irritation, and the various inquietudes arising from embarrassment in circumstances and turpitude in conduct; alike subduing anger, repelling jealousy, and controlling grief. Such patience is the offspring of that faith which overcometh the world.'

*First Love; a Tale of my Mother's Times.* 2 vols.—On a subject so hackneyed as first love, little novelty can be expected: yet this is a pleasing and interesting tale. Arthur Vernon, a young officer, pays his addresses to Julia, who accepts them with pleasure; but, when he has joined his regiment, she transfers her regard to a titled lover, and becomes a countess. Her sister Louisa conceives a strong passion for the officer, who, still retaining his love for the haughty Julia, withstands for a time the new appeal to his heart, but at length offers his vows to the more amiable claimant. The countess, now a widow, makes every effort to bring him back to his first love; and he is seemingly so ready to yield to her pretensions, that Louisa indignantly absolves him from his vow, but is so grieved on the occasion, that she falls into a dangerous illness. He humbly implores her pardon, and a happy union takes place.—The characters of the two sisters are well contrasted, and the portrait of their lively cousin, Harriet, who is an active personage in the piece, is well sketched. The language is preferable to that of many novels, and purity of sentiment is a still better recommendation of the work.

*Don Alonzo en Espagne, Histoire Contemporaine, par N. A. de Salvandy.* 4 vols.—Some may suppose, from the title, that this work is purely historical: but it is a mixture of truth and fiction, like *Quentin Durward* and other productions of the author of *Waverley*, and M. de Salvandy is evidently an imitator of our admired countryman, though we do not think that this bold attempt is particularly successful. The hero is not only a narrator of the principal events of his own life, but also of the history of Spain. He has not, however, that skill in literary chemistry which would enable him to amalgamate one branch effectively with the other. He accumu-

lates his incidents without judicious discrimination: some of his sketches of manners are too highly colored, and his style is inflated and artificial: yet there is much entertainment in his volumes, and the effusions of pompous dulness are occasionally succeeded by animated and interesting details.

*Charlton, or Scenes in the North of Ireland; by John Gamble.* 3 vols.—The subject of this tale, being drawn from the late Irish rebellion, is more likely to excite unpleasant sensations, and re-kindle the warmth of animosity, than to make a proper impression upon the feelings. Yet we do not arraign the author's intentions, as he appears to have in view the interest and prosperity of Ireland. The chief merit of the novel is the able delineation of the characters and manners of the northern Irish.

*The Albigenses, a Romance.* 4 vols.—From the author of the tragedy of *Bertram* we cannot expect a regular, consistent, well-conducted story. He oversteps the modesty of nature, and offers violence to probability in his characters and incidents: he makes absurd digressions, and seems frequently to forget his main subject; but he displays evident marks of imagination and talent. Sir Paladour, an adventurous knight, meets with a mysterious female, who takes a lively interest in his welfare, and pretends to exercise a strange influence over his destiny. He finds a sweetheart in his chivalrous progress—the lady Isabelle, who attends him in the disguise of a page. The harassed sectaries (the Albigenses) are exposed to the effect of a vigorous crusade, and involved in great danger. Sir Paladour and his brother Amiral, at first oppose them, in concert with the warlike bishop of Toulouse, and the war is carried on with various success. The pastor, Pierre, a blind old man, forcibly urges the elders of the sect to continue their resistance, and his grand-daughter Genevieve, with equal zeal, stimulates the younger members to action: but the bold maiden incurs their odium by saving the life of Amiral, and is expelled from the community. She suffers much in her wanderings, before she receives protection from the famous Eloise, abbess of Paraclete. Paladour at length joins the sectaries; the crusaders are defeated; the

mysterious lady poisons the bishop, by whom she had been seduced; and the two brothers respectively marry lady Isabelle and Genevieve. This is a very faint sketch of Mr. Maturin's romantic tale, which, with all its eccentricities, will please the admirers of talent and spirit.

*How to be rid of a Wife; and the Lily of Annandale.* 2 vols.—The literary reputation already acquired by miss Elizabeth Isabella Spence will not be injured by these tales. Both are romantic and amusing; but the second is superior to the former in force of imagination, pathos, and interest. It is founded on the ballad of Kirconnel Lea.

*L'Hermite en Italie.*—M. de Jouy, in this publication, has made some acute remarks on the manners and customs of the people of Italy, and has introduced a variety of anecdotes and pleasing little stories. A *bon-mot* by a young lady of Turin will serve as a specimen of Italian wit.—In dancing, she trod on the foot of Napoleon, who exclaimed, 'Ah, signora, you force me to retreat.' Her answer was prompt, apt, and complimentary,—'It is then for the first time.'

*The Night before the Bridal, Sappho, and other Poems; by Catharine Grace Garnett.*—The first is a melancholy tale of love, written with force rather than with elegance; and the second is a dramatic sketch, from which we will quote the heroine's lamentation.

'Peerless I deem'd the being I so loved—  
And if the outward impress might decide  
The sterling value of the coin thus stamp'd,  
He bears a noble price;—but plants do hide,  
Albeit of foliage fair, and bud, and branch,  
Oft in their roots pernicious qualities;  
And many a lake, that on its glassy surface  
Reflects the imagery of vales and skies,  
Buries within its depths destructive things.  
I loved, I worship'd; I so twined my life  
With countless mortal fibres round his heart,  
That they must perish ere I can uncoil them.  
I deem'd him all my own—his looks—his words—

His passions—pleasures—hatreds—all his thoughts  
Which I myself had nurtured,—these I deem'd  
Were mine, by that creative privilege  
Which gives the artist absolute control  
Over the sculptured image he hath form'd.  
For him I did forego the voice of praise;  
And pass'd the long hours others give to rest  
In studying how I might exalt the nature  
My fondness had identified with mine.  
Even more—for his sake I endured the breath  
Of blighting scorn to wither up my bays,  
And brook'd the pity or contempt of men.  
But, while the glory from my brow departs,  
His name, his very faults become immortal,  
In that I have united them with mine.'

*Parables, by Dr. Krummacher, translated from the German by F. Shoberl.*—Without the introduction of doctrinal or controversial points, the author's object is to inculcate some vital principle of religion, or some useful precept of morality, in figurative language or in an allegoric form. As this is a pleasing mode of instructing youth, we recommend the volume to the heads of families and the masters of schools.

## Fine Arts.

THE British Gallery is now open to the public, and boasts a more numerous display of pictures than we remember to have seen before. It is not more select undoubtedly, since there are pieces now hung on those walls which would heretofore have been rejected; but there are also many of very great merit, and on the whole the exhibition is creditable to the talents of the country.

We understand that many pictures are already sold, and there seems reason to believe that the intended opening of a new place of sale has given an impetus to this, the governors and friends of the British Institution becoming more alive

to the interests of their own concern. This is as it should be. We observe, also, that the members of the new society have largely contributed to the present collection, thus evincing the truth of their declaration, that they have no feeling of hostility or rivalry toward the existing establishments. Beside the performances of these contributors, we do not perceive many original pictures: but we think those sent by Royal Academicians look much better than they did in the last year at Somerset House. Hilton's scene in Comus, and Westall's Cupid and Psyche, particularly verify this remark. Brockedon has made considerable progress; but he has yet much to attain as

a colorist. His interior of Raphael's study is well conceived; but it is singularly deficient in harmony; for the mind of this artist excels the eye. Mr. Drummond has the same deficiency, although it is manifested in a very different way; the former offending us by glaring, the latter by dull and confused color.

Eastlake's Banditti again attract attention; and there is a very pleasing picture by Fradelle of the interview between Roger Ascham and lady Jane Grey, which we hope will be engraven, as a subject of historical and natural interest. Mr. Corbould's Song of Death is here; it is full of poetic conception well expressed; and there is a head by Owen of high character, entitled 'Rough Joe, a Study from Nature.' Edwin Landseer shines as usual. Nothing can exceed the cleverness of his 'Monkey using the Cat's paw to the hot chestnuts.' It is scarcely possible to look at it without thinking you hear the screams of poor puss or feel her pains. How different were the sensations produced by the Alpine dogs of this inimitable painter, awakening all the noblest and sweetest chords of humanity in the bosom! Little do they know of the power of the fine arts who deny their moral influence; these two pieces alone would prove it.

Mr. Jones exhibits some paintings which possess his peculiar merit as a delineator of ancient architecture. Mr. Briggs has a striking well-colored picture, representing Blood's attempt to steal the regalia.

In landscape this institution is generally strong; but in this year there are, we think, fewer large scenes than usual, although one by Vincent and Arnald's view of Montmartre come under that description. The former has a fine sky, but is deficient in finish for so elaborate a work. Hoffland has fine landscapes; to him the last-named fault can never be imputed: we think his present performances particularly good in color, and his moonlight scene beautiful. Nasmyth, jun. has an exquisite landscape; Dewint two very sweet scenes; Linton several, all well depicted, and proving great ability and increasing skill. Mr. Dean has some large pictures, fairly painted, but not indicating that improvement which we expected. Mr. Stanfield, the excellent scene-painter, has sent two small pieces of great promise. Mr. Dighton has a large battle scene

between the Greeks and Turks, with much merit and some faults: but perhaps the most remarkable picture is a humorous subject by Haydon,—Puck carrying the head of the ass; it is painted with all the power and truth of color in which he excels, and is also full of expression.

*Society of British Artists.*—Many artists are now busy in preparing for this new exhibition; and we understand that the miniature painters are particularly on the alert, at which we cannot wonder, as they are not allowed to exhibit at the British Gallery, and so poorly provided for at the Royal Academy, that the prospect of a handsome well-lighted room for a display of their works cannot fail to prove a strong incitement. We trust that it will be one also to many water-color designers and engravers, to know that their performances must here be seen to the greatest advantage. Besides the members of the society, we learn that Mr. Haydon and several other painters of decided talent are busy at their easels for this purpose. Martin is engaged on a magnificent subject; and the fine pencil of Heaphy is busied with two very attractive domestic scenes, superior (it is said) even to his Fish-market. Hoffland has several landscapes in hand, and Linton one of great magnitude and merit. Nasmyth, having recovered his health, will undoubtedly make his usual good figure; and many fine portraits may also be expected to adorn and give variety to these splendid

*Mr. Glover's Exhibition.*—To this collection some pictures of considerable merit have been added, and we observe a change in the arrangement of the rest which throws an air of novelty over the rooms. We are very agreeably amused by the grand display, and conducted in a moment to brilliant summer skies, rich autumnal tints, and all the truth and freshness of nature, as she appears in the most picturesque and interesting forms of our own country, Switzerland, and Italy. Few artists have done so much or so well as Mr. Glover; but, as his style and his works are too well known to call for examination from us, we shall not at this time enter into the subject farther, than to assure our readers they cannot fail to be gratified by his exhibition.

## Music.

A SACRED concert was performed at Drury-lane theatre, on the anniversary of the martyrdom of Charles I. High expectation had been excited by the promise of bringing forward Schneider's *Day of Judgement*, an oratorio composed for the king of Prussia; and, after a selection from the Messiah, it was submitted to the decision of an English audience: but so great was the disappointment which ensued, that it is not likely to be repeated. The third part of the evening's entertainment was miscellaneous, and commenced with the overture to *Der Freyschutz*. This is a spirited, various, and striking performance: the movements are vigorous, the harmony delightful, and the conclusion is particularly powerful. 'Bid me discourse,' sung by Miss Stephens, was repeated in an effective style: Braham was encored in the Scotch ballad, 'Smile again, my bonnie lassie;' and Miss Paton was highly successful in 'Lo! here the gentle lark,' and *Di Tanti Palpiti*. Mr. Lindley displayed his admirable execution on the violoncello, and was loudly applauded.

The recent musical publications which seem most entitled to our notice are the following:

*British and Foreign Popular Airs, adapted as familiar Rondos and Variations for the Piano-Forte*, by Joseph de Piuna, are pleasing specimens of the harmonic taste of that composer. He has made a good selection, and few will affirm that the subjects are not well illustrated.

Cramer's *Favorite Swiss Air arranged as a Rondo*, and his *Fantasia*, in which he has introduced the round, 'Up, 'tis the Indian Drum,' from the opera of Cortez, are ingenious and graceful.

Speaking of the adaptation, by T. A. Rawlings, of Rossini's air, *Aurora che sorgerai*, a critic justly observes, that the 'first few bars of the introduction

are bold and animated, and are principally effective from their contrast with the theme, parts of which appearing in common time, and alternately in the major and minor modes, give it novelty and interest. We cannot bestow equal praise upon the variations, which lose both the character and melody of the subject so entirely, that they would serve equally well for any other air. We regret this the more as they are animated and agreeable, and devoid of every thing like vulgarity. Mr. Rawlings has also a duet for the piano-forte, entitled *Le Bonquet*, full of spirit and variety. It opens with a bolero leading to Storace's old air, *The Lullaby*, which is arranged with sweetness, and due attention to the character of the subject.'

In the *Variations to a Theme in the Opera of Jean de Paris, with a grand Introduction by J. Mayseder, arranged for the Piano-forte by Gelinck*, great difficulties of execution, combined with rapidity, are the principal features.

Mr. Cipriani Potter has arranged Rossini's trio, *Cruda Sorte*, as a duet for the harp and piano-forte.

*In vain hope's brightest colors beam*, an Alsatian melody, adapted to original poetry, with an accompaniment for the harp or piano-forte, and *In these shades*, a canonet by Lindpainter, with an accompaniment for the latter instrument, are elegant and expressive airs.

The *Canadian Airs* were composed by E. Knight, the younger, from the communications of lieutenant Back. A monotony pervades them, as might be expected in the singing of rude tribes; but some of them have a great share of melody. One, in which a maiden is invited to meet her lover, 'when the full moon's midnight beams on the dancing waters quiver,' has a wild sweetness about it, which is very pleasing and impressive.

## Drama.

### THE KING'S THEATRE.

THIS establishment is conducted with that spirit which promises a successful season. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* has been brought forward with considerable effect, and its want of novelty did not seem to detract from the pleasure and satisfaction of the audience. The story is pleasing, and the music excellent. A new Figaro appeared in the person of Signor Benetti. He has a clear, sweet, and flexible, if not a powerful voice; and he possesses a considerable share of scientific skill. He acts with ease and self-possession, and displays that vivacity which is adapted to the character. Madame Vestris shone in the duet with Figaro, *Dunque io son*, and in other parts of her performance she was respectable. Garcia personated the count Almaviva with redoubled force, but seemed to be occasionally too violent.

A *divertissement*, styled *Adoration au Soleil*, has been recently produced: it is light and pleasing, and that is as much as can be said of every thing of the kind.

We are pleased to hear that Benelli, the manager, has concluded such a treaty as will not merely fill the house, but occasion an overflow. We allude to his engagement with Catalani, who will soon exercise her talents in various operas, and will also sing in those sacred concerts which are announced for the Fridays in Lent. Mr. Sinclair will join her on these occasions, and Braham is likewise engaged. Rossini, it is said, intends to give four concerts, in which his own vocal skill will be displayed.

### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WITHOUT producing any new piece in this month, the manager has generally contrived to draw a considerable audience to this house, even though the Flying Chest has been for some time laid aside, on account of the departure of the clown, Paulo, for Ireland. Mr. Kean has repeated Richard, Macbeth, and sir Giles

Overreach, with undiminished ability and with consequent attraction: in the Hypocrite and Guy Mannering, Oxberry has sustained Liston's parts of Mawworm and Dominie Sampson with skill and humor; and Lodoiska has had a splendid revival, with miss Povey for the heroine. On the 20th the *Merry Wives of Windsor* came forward in an operative form; for that happy offspring of comic genius was performed with the addition of a few songs, chiefly selected from the miscellaneous poetry of Shakspeare. In some respects this play is peculiarly susceptible of such a species of adventitious ornament; in others it is not favorable to the experiment. The 'merry wives' may, without inconsistency, 'warble their native wood-notes wild,' and the lovers, Fenton and sweet Anne Page, have an undoubted right, as 'music is the food of love,' to describe their joys and sorrows through that most eloquent medium; but, on the other hand, to make room for these madrigals, it is necessary to omit scenes in the highest degree humorous. The play was well cast, and in general well represented. Dowton was excellent in Falstaff, Wallack very good in Ford, and Gattie characteristic in Dr. Caius. Fenton, an unimportant part, received due support from Braham, while he enriched it with the full exertion of his musical powers, particularly in 'A Lover's eyes can gaze an Eagle blind,' the original music of which is highly creditable to Mr. Parry, the composer. He sang the fine air, 'The winter it is past,' without accompaniment, in a style of exquisite simplicity and pathos: it was rapturously encored. Miss Stephens and miss Cubitt were the two wives, and both were applauded for their exertions. The new scenery of Windsor Castle, and of many views in the vicinity of that grand national edifice, were beautiful, and honorable to the taste of the managers, as well as to the talents of the artists. Thus supported, the play was honored with high approbation.

## COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A new opera, and a new farce, attest the zeal of Mr. Charles Kemble in the public service. On the 10th, *Native Land, or the Return from Slavery*, was performed for the first time. The plot, which is sufficiently simple to be easily comprehended, may thus be stated. Aurelio di Montalto, a noble Genoese, falls into the hands of the pirates of Tunis, and is doomed to slavery. He had previously fixed his affections upon Clymante, a young lady of high rank, whose father bequeathed to her his large property, with a proviso that she should marry within one year from the day of his death. A rapacious and unprincipled guardian endeavours to prevent her from complying with this condition, and intercepts the letters addressed to her by her lover. Being at length ransomed, Aurelio, suspecting, from Clymante's silence, that she has transferred her regard to a new lover, assumes a disguise, until he can remove his doubts. Not knowing whether he is dead or still living, and anxious to avoid the forfeiture of her father's wealth, the lady sends for her cousin Biondina, a sprightly girl, who, putting on male attire, takes the name of Celio, and passes for her most favored admirer. Jealousy now takes possession of Aurelio's mind, and he resolves to abjure the world in despair; but Biondina, hearing of his safety, communicates the joyful intelligence to her fair cousin, who, to punish him for his want of confidence, fixes the day of marriage with the supposed Celio; and not until she has given him a long and severe lecture does she unravel the mystery, explain satisfactorily all that has passed, and receive him to her arms as her affianced husband. There is a sort of episode arising from the situation of the two servants, in which the old story of a husband returning from the wars with the apparent loss of his limbs, to observe what effect it would have upon his wife's constancy, is nearly copied; and Aurelio has a sister, Lavinia, who is in love with, and finally married to, Marcello. With these materials the author has constructed a pleasing opera, which has sufficient interest to keep the attention constantly alive. The comic scenes agreeably relieve the serious ones; and the music and scenery, which are of a very high description, fill up the intervals, and

complete the excellence of the whole. Sinclair, as the mysterious hero of the piece, was in fine voice. His songs were well adapted to his powers, and we congratulate him upon having, at last, a part much better fitted to him, and more worthy of his abilities, than any one in which he has appeared during the present season. Miss Paton, as the heroine, seemed to be quite at home. She revealed throughout the performance in a manner that seemed highly agreeable to herself. She sang with a gay and buoyant air, luxuriating in the free, splendid, and easy execution of her songs. She had a *polacca* in the second act, and a *bravura* in the third, which she performed admirably, particularly the latter. She also most tastefully executed an air, accompanying herself on the harp; and she joined Sinclair and Miss M. Tree in a trio, which was highly applauded. Miss Tree gave 'There's an isle' with much sweetness and beauty. Miss Love acted the chambermaid with great vivacity and spirit—indeed, with more than might be thought consistent with the retiring delicacy of a female. Farren personated the guardian Giuseppe (ignorantly called Gueseppe in the play-bill) with force and propriety; and Fawcett, as a servant, was lively and amusing.—The opera was sanctioned by an applause which appeared to be unanimous; and it has been frequently honored with repetition.

The farce to which we before alluded bears the title of *the Poachers*. The story is not altogether probable, but the piece is certainly amusing. It abounds with intrigue, misconceptions, and cross purposes, and does not sink into languor or dullness. Some indelicacies gave disgust on the first representation; but we understand that they have since been removed or softened. The acting of Jones and Blanchard gave great satisfaction; and Mrs. Chatterley was very lively and pleasant.

King Lear has been lately performed, but not with supreme excellence in every character. Young is great in some parts of the royal portraiture, but, in other scenes, he is less happy. The most faultless performance in the whole play was the Edgar of Mr. C. Kemble—a part in which no contemporary actor is equal to him. Miss Lacy represented Cordelia with force and correctness; and we gladly observe that this lady improves by practice.



## THE MINOR THEATRES.

These theatres deserve occasional notice, because they sometimes exhibit good acting and tolerable pieces. At the Adelphi, the entertainments are particularly attractive. The burletta of Tom Jones exhibits, in a new form, the most striking parts of that still popular novel; but the melo-drama of St. Ronan's Well seems to be more agreeable to the audience. Mr. Power, in the character of the earl of Etherington, displays the address and manners of a gentleman: Tyrrel is well represented by Mr. Burroughs; Mr. Wilkinson evinces a considerable degree of humor

in Touchwood; and Mrs. Waylett is respectable in Clara Mowbray. The pantomime of Dr. Faustus also contributes to fill the house; because it excites strong interest, and has some striking scenes.

The Olympic theatre meets with encouragement. The manager not only gratifies the public with external splendor and the brilliancy of *spectacle*, but provides actors and singers of considerable merit. A humorous prelude called the Megrim, the melo-drama of the Lady of the Lake, and the burletta of the Maid and the Magpie, have been frequently repeated with approbation.

## Fashions.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

## CARRIAGE DRESS.

LAVENDER-colored pelisse of *gros de Naples*, trimmed with a satin rouleau in wave, with branches of the large sea-leaf weed, embossed. The bust trimmed with two rows of plaiting of *gros de Naples*, pinked at the edges; and the mancherons formed simply of two rows of plaited pinked silk, falling over the shoulder. Cornette of Urling's lace, with a full-blown rose underneath. Black satin bonnet, with a fine plume, and one full-blown rose in front. Gold chain, and eye-glass richly set in chased gold. Lavender-colored shoes of corded *gros de Naples*, and Limerick gloves.

## BALL DRESS.

Frock of tulle over pink satin, with a rich *bouillon* of tulle at the border, entwined by white satin; a wadded rouleau of pink satin is placed over, and conceals the hem. The corsage is made very plain; and the short sleeves have fan ornaments of pink satin: the sleeve is finished by a broad border of blond. The hair is arranged in numerous ringlets, with a rich diadem reversed, and inclining towards the back of the head; the hair ornamented in front with white and red full-blown roses. Necklace of pearls fastened in front with a ruby clasp; a double gold chain, of the most light and delicate workmanship, is worn beneath the necklace. Ear-rings of rubies, or rubies and pearls intermingled.

N. B. The above dresses were furnished by Miss Pierpoint, Edward-street, Portman-square.

## MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

Numerous are the sources now from which those who observe carefully the diversities of fashion may be gratified; the parks, the morning lounges, the opera, ball, and crowded party, afford

ample scope for their scrutiny: whether or no the different articles of female costume have gained by the slight changes (for, at present, they are but slight) we leave our tasteful readers to judge.

In addition to the carriage dress offered this month in our engraving, is





*Walking Costume!*

*Invented by Miss Pierpont, & patented for the Lady's Magazine, No. 2, 1824*



*Ball Dress*

*Invented by Miss Thompson, & introduced for the Ladies Magazine, N<sup>o</sup> 2, 1824*



a superb pelisse of taffeta, lined with white satin, of a beautiful Japanese red: from the throat down each side of the bust, to the feet, is a splendid trimming, formed of narrow rouleaux of the same material as the dress, representing at short, but equal distances, the Mexican plume: the collar is rather narrow, as those of all the pelisses are now, in order to admit the rich triple ruff of fine lace that surmounts it. A silk pelisse for the promenade has been also much admired; it is of bright cerulean-blue, with brocaded stripes, a few shades darker: this pelisse is not much trimmed, and is of a close and wrapping kind. A few dark satin spencers have appeared, but they are by no means general. French and Spanish cloaks yet are preferred by many ladies of fashion to any other out-door envelope; but fur begins to be laid aside.

Though black velvet bonnets still continue in favor, adorned with light and elegant plumage, yet they must soon decline; those of colored *gros de Naples*, though of striking winter colors, have made their appearance, and are fast coming into general request: they are very slightly ornamented, and their shape and size are becoming: it is not, however, likely that there can be any thing yet very decisive in the change of hats and bonnets, till the latter end of March, or the commencement of April.

Chintzes, figured cambrics, and slight sarcenets, are the favorite materials for morning dresses; for half-dress, tabinets, taffetas, and striped silks, are most in request. Beautiful dresses of amber or Indian red taffeta are frequently seen at evening parties: they are made partially low with a stomacher, formed by fligree-worked silk drop buttons, without Brandenburg crossings. If the sleeves are short, they are full, and are finished with blond of a rich pattern; if long, they lace up half way of the lower part of the arm, from the wrist, with rich cordon in diamonds. Ball dresses are, in general, fancifully made; the robe part being caught up, to show a superb satin slip, elegantly trimmed underneath; the robe is of gauze or figured *tulle*; these ball dresses are white, and the gauze dress is generally lightly trimmed with flowers, or rouleaux of satin. Gauze, with colored satin stripes, and trimming to correspond, is much used in dresses for evening parties.

Turbans of gauze, with richly embossed flowers, and crowned with a handsome half wreath of flowers, are favorite head-dresses for the theatre, or for select evening parties. For half-dress, cornettes of blond, tastefully but slightly ornamented with white riband, and a half wreath of various kinds of small flowers, are much admired for married ladies; while the younger part of society appear in all the beauty of that exquisite attraction, a fine head of hair, simply ornamented with a few flowers, a diadem comb, or a bandeau. Turbans of colored gauze and of elastic rainbow net are much in request, and are worn with or without feathers, according to the style of costume in the wearer. For the theatre, striped gauzes of some striking color, the stripes in silver, are reckoned very elegant, as they are, also, for the evening party: the form of all turbans is now Asiatic.

The most approved colors for pelisses and dresses are Japanese red, cerulean-blue, amber, and milk-chocolate; for bonnets, turbans, and trimmings, bright geranium, ponceau, celestial-blue, and pink.

#### MODES PARISIENNES.

Mantles of satin lined with taffeta and silk pelisses are now the prevailing out-door covering worn by the French ladies; a few spencers of a new make, that lace behind, have also lately been introduced. The mantles have scalloped capes, and the pelisses are made plain, and fold over the dress in front.

The bonnets have not experienced any material change since our last account, except that crape bonnets of a very becoming and beautiful shape and size, lined with colored sarcenet, are much in request for the public walks.

The gowns for morning *deshabille* are all of the blouse kind; *barège* silks form the favorite article for home costume; for the evening dress party and ball-room light colored satins, ornamented with embroidery, and *tulle* over satin, ornamented with gauze *bouillonné*, and cordons of gold, are the most prevalent dresses.

A new head-dress, named *au Trocadero*, is much in vogue: it is composed of a broad band of ponceau velvet, bordered with gold lace; the band is puckered; over the left ear is a Spanish bow,

trimmed with gold lace. The Bolivar hat of gold brocade is also a favorite head-dress: it has a round crown, and the brim is turned up all round: this hat is surmounted by five rose-colored feathers. Next in favor is a Basque *touque* of rose-colored velvet placed over the left ear, or a Turkish turban in triple folds, made of gold gauze and *barège* silk, of a ponceau color, and ornamented with two straight feathers, one yellow, the other ponceau, while a white feather droops over the right side. Rose-colored crape *toques*, forming a crown, with five points, are in general request: the caul in the middle is ornamented with a double rosette in pink satin; be-

tween the bows of the rosette are flowers of the clematis: some young persons wear a wreath of roses placed very low over the forehead. Marabouts and ears of gold corn, or gold mulberries, form the favorite wreaths and diadems for the ball-room.

The shoes are very low-quartered, and discover to advantage a handsome instep; two rosettes of riband are worn on each ankle, and the shoes are lined with *plâche de soie*, the color of the dress.

The favorite colors for dresses and mantles are royal-blue, celestial-blue, and mahogany-brown;—for turbans, trimmings and ball-dresses, rose-color, ponceau, and gold-color.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VARIOUS manuscripts, which have too long remained among our own papers, will be speedily returned to their authors.

We are sorry to object to any of the productions of our old friend, Mr. Lacey; but we hope we shall not offend him when we request that he will send to our publisher for his *Lake-Sonnet* and his *Peter-Pindaric*, quaintly called 'the Probate and the Reprobate.'

For one of the Sonnets to Mary Anne, we will find a place in our next number, and the same writer's Sonnet on a painting of Sigismunda will also appear in due time.

The poem on *Beauty*, by a gentleman resident at Brixton, is not so *beautiful* as to deserve a reward. It will therefore be delivered to him on demand, or sent to him by the post.

A correspondent asks, why we have not said a word of Thurtell and his accomplices: we answer, that we do not wish to make our miscellany a Newgate Calendar, or a history of murder and robbery; and, indeed, the newspapers have given us a surfeit of that abominable business. We do not say that the prosecution was abominable, for nothing could be more just or proper; but the guilt of each member of the confederacy was atrocious and horrible.

A female editor would perhaps say, that the *Kiss* will be accepted; but we demur to the polite offer.

The *rhapsody* (not indeed so called by the author) on love, courtship, and marriage, we cannot admit without a risqué of losing the credit which we have acquired.

The New Schemes of a Philosophical Projector are sufficiently ludicrous, and some of the satirical strokes are 'palpable hits;' but the humor is too extravagant and grotesque.

B. D. desires remuneration for his eventual labors in our service: but he ought to have sent a better specimen of his *literary* talents than an *illiterate* note. We do not intend expect that a mere note should be a finished piece, or that what is called an *undress* should be so fine or showy as a full dress: but we may at least require that it should be neat and appropriate.

# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

## A New Series.

MARCH 31, 1824.

THE GOOD NEW TIMES; WITH NOTICES  
OF OTHER PERIODS.

*Prisca juvent alios; ego me nunc denique natum*

*Gratulor.*

OVID.

The good *old* times let others praise;  
I'm glad I live in modern days.

NEVER were there such times as the present; and yet every body complains. Is there not improvement in every thing? To *square the circle* was a puzzler to the ancients:—a modern coal-merchant, therefore, is a greater mathematician, for he makes all his *round coals square*. Now, we find '*Every man his own Physician, Lawyer, Farrier, &c.*' How easily are we accommodated with the grand medium of subsistence and comfort!—Have we not '*Money lent*' in every street? Cannot our poultry, &c. be roasted with '*self-oiling jacks*'? Ay, and by '*conjurors*'? Are we not always provided with '*portable soup*,' and '*portable rooms*' to eat it in? Are not our belles and beaux amply supplied with the means of setting the decays of nature at nought, through false eyes, mineral or vegetable teeth, lotions, Olympian dews, Circassian creams, Sicilian blooms, and enameled copper noses? Are you sick? Were there ever so many universal and never-failing remedies? Are you not happy? What would you have? Have we not in the present day *many* shops, each '*the cheapest in the world*'? Is not every thing sold '*under prime cost*'? And do not our prudent manufacturers supply the penurious with '*everlasting*'

breeches?' A more *humane* age never existed. In England, we have a society devoted entirely to humanity, and so designated; and in Scotland we have a *professor of humanity*\*. Our *charity* may be seen in large letters every where, and not sneaking *at home*, as it did with our ancestors, as their proverb admits. *Vice*, on the contrary, dares not rear its crest; for we have a *Society* expressly to *suppress* it. And lastly (for we must end, though there is no end to our blessings) in regard to *sympathy* and *feeling*, the ancients were sadly deficient. *Mæn* knew a little of it, and the doctrine of Pythagoras extended it to the *brute* creation; but there, poor Heathens, they stopped:—not so with the Christian world of 1824—we have '*sympathetic dining-tables*.'

We have carefully abstained from any mention of the powers of *steam*, which will probably in time make all these facilities appear downright hardships. A man, even now, and as matters stand, is of no use whatever to himself. It is a principle on which every body worth talking of acts, that no one should do any thing for himself, if he can procure another to do it for him. Accordingly,

\* Our correspondent well knows that the *humanity* of a Scottish university is polite literature—*litera humaniora*: but the pun is allowable, and the allusion is supported by the authority of Ovid, who says, that elegant learning softens and *humanises* the manners.—  
EDIT.



there is scarcely the most simple performance in nature, for the more easy execution of which, an operator or machine of some kind or other is not employed or invented; and a man who has had the misfortune to lose or chooses not to use any of his limbs or senses, may meet with people ready to perform all their functions for him, from paring the nails to forming an opinion. No man cleans his own teeth, who can afford to pay a dentist; and hundreds get their livelihood by shaving the chins and combing the hair of their neighbours. In short, every thing is done by proxy—*death* not excepted; for are we not told that our soldiers and sailors *die for us*? In certain ranks, marriage is on this footing. A prince marries by proxy, and sometimes lives ever after, as if he thought all the obligations of wedlock were to be performed in a similar manner. So numerous are the *royal roads* to every desideratum, and so averse is every true gentleman from doing any thing for himself, that it may soon be thought unpolite to chew one's own victuals—in which case, we (speaking for ourselves) should most assuredly starve; for, though we may permit others to think and spend our money for us, we could never stomach an attempt to assist us in the masticating way. But, be it remembered, we only speak for ourselves!

On this map of *royal roads*, however, there is perhaps no one more striking than that smooth and agreeable one invented by the moderns to make a great reader. Lives would not suffice to read one half of what is published; yet every body appears to have read every thing—at least, so we suppose; for in literary societies (and all societies are now literary) every book is spoken of and criticized as read. What a waste of time *Reviews*, *Notices*, and *Indexes*, have saved! To be presented with a brief of all this learned lumber, how delightful! It was reserved for this enlightened age to enjoy the marrow at once, without the labor of dissecting the carcass and breaking the bones. We, therefore, are the only people since the creation of the world, who, instead of being bewildered or muddled with study, have clear heads, and are able to discern *the truth*. Pascal has this observation; ‘Il n’y a qu’un point indivisible qui soit le véritable lieu de voir les tableaux: la perspective l’assigne dans l’art de la peinture; mais

dans la vérité, et dans la morale, qui l’assignera?’ The age we live in, is the ready answer. M. de la Motte has also this little allegory on the subject.—‘When *Ignorance* was brought to bed of *Opinion*,’ says he, ‘*Pride* and *Idleness*, the parents of *Ignorance*, attended upon the occasion, and, without hesitation, named the child *Truth*.’ Was ever such stuff! but these writers were of the old school, who with our fathers knew nothing of *gas*, and consumed midnight oil by gallons, plodding through *folio* after *folio*. We their sons are wiser, and, as we have more light (in the streets and every where), are content with the gold without the dross. In writing for the *Illuminati*, then, it would be impertinent to present them with any thing but the sweetmeats of literature. To this end, I propose to indulge their learned researches with a few extracts from Aubrey and other antiquaries, and some account of a curious old tract, making in the whole an article for the reading of which, as Dr. Johnson says, ‘the busy may find time, and the idle patience.’

Aubrey, who was born in 1625, and died in 1700, is represented as ‘inquisitive and credulous, well versed in private scandal, and deeply read in parish registers.’ Living at a time when some of the companions of Shakspeare and Jonson, and Bacon and Milton, still survived, his curiosity and perseverance have preserved many characteristic particulars respecting these and other celebrated persons. A few bricks, for we respect the studious habits of our friends, will be all we shall give as a specimen of the building.

On the *Evil*, (or *King’s Evil* as it is called) we have a little information, especially with respect to the *touching*.

Of this wonderful power of healing which was claimed by all our sovereigns from Edward the Confessor to queen Anne, the following account is given by Daines Barrington, of what he heard from an old man, a witness in a cause which was tried before him.

‘He had, by his evidence, fixed the time of a fact by queen Anne’s having been at Oxford, and touched him whilst a child for the evil. When he had finished his evidence, I had an opportunity of asking him, whether he was really cured? Upon which he observed with a significant smile, that he believed himself never to have had the complaint

that deserved to be considered the evil ; but that his parents were poor, and had *no objection to the bit of gold.*

‘ It seems to me, that this *piece of gold*, which was given to those who were touched, accounts for the great resort on this occasion, and the supposed afterwards miraculous cures.’

‘ There is great virtue, no doubt, in this sort of *touching* !

The character of Hearne, the antiquary, is admirably exemplified in one of his prayers :—

‘ O most gracious and most merciful

*Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London,—St. Michael’s, Crooked-lane.*

‘ Here under lyth a man of fame,  
William Walworth callyd by name ;  
Fishmonger he was in life-time here,  
And twice lord maior, as in bookes appere ;  
Who, with courage stout and manly might,  
Slew Wat Tyler in king Richard’s sight ;  
For which act done, and trew intent,  
The king made him knight incontinent,  
And gave him armes, and heere you see,  
To declare his fait and chivalrie.  
He left this the yere of our God  
Thirteene hundryd foure score and three odd.’

*William Wray,—in the same Church.*

‘ Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,  
The body of William Wray.  
I have no more to say.’

‘ Simon Aleyn, or Allen, who died in 1588, was vicar of Bray near 50 years.’

‘ The author of the *Whole Duty of Man* was Dorothy lady Packington.’

Thomas Allen, being a mathematician, was in the sixteenth century thought a conjuror. ‘ Now,’ says Aubrey, ‘ there is to some men a great lechery in lying and imposing on the understandings of believing people, and he thought it for his credit to serve such a master. One time being at Home-Lacy, in Herefordshire, at Mr. J. Scudamore’s, he happened to leave his watch in the chamber windowe (*watches* were then

rarities). The maydes came in to make the bed, and hearing a thing in a case cry *tick, tick, tick*, presently concluded that it was the devil, and tooke it by the string with the tongs, and threw it out of the windowe into the mote, to drowne the devill. It so happened that the stringe hung on the sprig of an elder that grew out of the mote, and this confirmed them that ‘twas the devill. So the good old gentleman gott his watch again.’

‘ Lord Bacon had a delicate, lively, hazel eye. Dr. Harvey told me it was like the eye of a *viper*.’

*Epigram on Philemon Holland, a great translator of the classics, Suetonius Tranquillus, &c.*

‘ Philemon with’s translations doth so fill us,  
He will not let Suetonius be *Tranquillus*.

‘ Keck writes to Hearne about the latter’s remarks on the affectation of queen Elizabeth, referring to a Latin preface by which it seems (as I translate it) that she was much exasperated by the impudence of Essex, who had reported that she was no less old in mind than in de-

formity of body. She could not bear to look in glasses ; therefore, whenever she was about to pass through chambers in which they were, her attendants removed them, lest she should *see her face* by chance, and *lose her temper* by a contemplation of the change that had

taken place in it. Keck speaks of the memoirs of Dumaquier, which Hearne had not then seen. I recollect the Frenchman observes, that Elizabeth, when near seventy, wore her neck exposed, and a red wig.

Courtiers, and writers and preachers about the court, must keep a very strict watch over their pens and tongues, if they do not wish to be removed out of the sun. Dr. Sheridan, on the anniversary of the birth-day of George I., preached a sermon, and took for his text—' *Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.*' In return for his facetiousness, his name was erased from the list of chaplains to the lord lieutenant, and he was forbidden to appear at the castle. The following apologue is a happy specimen of his wit :

' Affliction, sitting on the sea-shore, traced in the sand, with a branch of willow, a figure which she called a man, and Jupiter, passing that way, inspired it with life. A contest presently arose for this new creation. Earth claimed the figure as having furnished the materials; Affliction, as having traced it; Jupiter, as having inspired it. The question was referred to an assembly of the Gods, where it was decided that man should be the property of Affliction during his life—return to earth when dead—and his spirit to Jupiter who gave it.'

' Sir Walter Raleigh (says Aubrey) was against the coming of James I. It came to king James's care, who at —, when the English noble met and received him, being told, upon their presentment to his majesty, their names; when sir W. R.'s name was told; 'Raleigh,' said the king, 'O my soule, moe, I have heard rarely of thee!' Sir Walter was a tall, handsome, and bold man; but his neve was, that he was damnable proud. His *History of the World* sold

very slowly at first, and the bookseller complained of it, and told him that he should be a loser by it, which putt sir W. into a passion; and he said that since the world did not understand it, they should not have his second part, which he tooke and threw into the fire, and burnt before his face.'

' *Sir Philip Sydney.*—My great uncle, Mr. T. Browne, remembered him; and says that he was wont to take his table-booke out of his pockets, and write downe his notions, as they came into his head, when he was writing his *Arcadia* (which was never finished by him) as he was hunting on our pleasant plains. He was the reviver of poetry in those dark times, which was then at a very low ebbe.—e. g. *The pleasant comedyc of Jacob and Esau*, acted before king Henry VIII's grace, where, I remember, is this expression, ' *That the pottage was so good, that God Almighty might have putt his finger in't.*'

' Sir Henry Saville. He could not abide witts; when a young scholar was recommended to him for a good witt; Out upon him, I'll have nothing to doe with him; give me the plodding student. *If I would looke for witts, I would goe to Newgate—there be the witts.*'

We now come to our old tract, which is entitled ' *Quodlibets*, lately come over from New Britaniola, old Newfoundland; by R. H. 1628.'

The author of this uncommon book was Robert Hayman; and it is dedicated in a quaint style to king Charles, who, in addition to the usual titles, is styled 'Emperor of South and North Virginia, King of Britaniola or Newfoundland, and furtherer of all his loyal subjects' right honourable and worthie plantations.'

Hayman calls them his 'few, bad, unripe rhymes,' and his second *Quodlibet* says,

' *I feare they are too shallow for the schooles;  
I knowe they are too deepe for shallow fooles.*'

He then recommends them as 'the first fruits of this kind' from Newfoundland, which spot he defends thus:—

' *When England was used for a fishing-place  
By coasters only, 'twas in the same case,  
And so unlovely 't had continued still,  
Had not our ancestors used pains and skill.*'

And thus:

' *Those that live here, how young or old soever,  
Were never vext with cough nor aguish fever,*

Nor ever was the plague, nor small-pox heere ;  
 The aire is salubrious, constant, cleere :  
 Yet *scurvy death* stalks heere with theevish pace,  
 Knocks *one* downe heere, *two* in another place.'

I now proceed to give some of the liveliest sallies of his fancy :

*' An old Apothecary made a new Doctor.*

Hee kill'd by others' warrant formerly ;  
 Hee kills now by his owne authority.

*' To a kinde Foole.*

Oft in bonds for others thou hast runne,  
 But by those bonds thyselfe thou hast undone.  
 No juggler ever show'd us such a cast,  
 To be *undone* by being *bound so fast*.

*' The married to the chaste.*

It would this world quickly depopulate,  
 If every one should dye in your estate.

*' The chaste to the married.*

'Therein you have the odds, herein we're even :  
 You'll fill the world, but we doe people Heaven.

*' Sad men's lives are longer than merry men's.*

To him, whose heavy griefe hath no allay  
 Of light'ning comfort, three hours is a day ;  
 But unto him that hath his heart's content  
 Friday is come, ere he thinks Tuesday spent.

*' Why Wives can make no Wills.*

Men dying make their wills : why cannot wives ?  
 Because wives have their wills during their lives !

*' What use old Moones are put to.*

What doth become of *old Moones*, thou dost aske,  
 And where her borrowed influence she shades ?  
 For me to telle thee, 'twere too hard a taske ;  
 A witty wagge sayes, They fill women's heads.

*' The indefatigability of a Shrew's tongue.*

What long wants natural rest cannot endure :  
 In all things but a *shrew's tongue* this is surc.

*' An antidote for Drunkards.*

If that your heads would ake before you drinke,  
 As afterwards, you'd ne'er be drunke, I thinke.'

*' Women's Tyres.*

Women's head-laces, and high towring myres,  
 Significantly, rightly are called tyres ;  
 They *tyre* them and their maides in putting on,  
*Tyre* tyre-makers, with variation.  
 I thinke to pay for them doth *tyre* some men ;  
 I hope they'll *tyre* the devil that invents them.'

*' A mad answer of a Madman.*

One askt a madman, if a wife he had ?  
 A wife (quoth he) ; I never was so mad.'

' To Sir Richard Whilborne, Knight.

Who preaching well, doth doe, and live as well,  
His doing makes his preaching to excell :  
For your wise well-penn'd booke this land's your debtor ;  
Doe as you write, you'll be believed the better.'

Speaking of the provisions of New-foundland, Hayman, after enumerating them, says that his favorite dish is *Poore John* ; on which we have this marginal note, pointing out the derivation of the term—' called in French *Pauvre Gens*, in English corruptly, *Poore John*, being the principal fish brought out of this countrie.'

The two dark spots a little behind its head are supposed to have gained for the haddock, in days of superstition, the credit of being the fish which St. Peter caught with the tribute-money in its mouth ; in proof of which the impression of the saint's finger and thumb has been entailed on the whole race of haddocks ever since. Unfortunately however for the tradition, this is not a Mediterranean fish, nor can we suppose it to have belonged to the lake of Tiberias. The case is *adhuc sub judice*—but, in the mean time, the Italians consider a different fish as that which was sanctified by the apostle, and which after him they honor with the name of *Il Janitore*, a name that we have converted into *Johnny Dory*, with the same happy ingenuity that has twisted the *girasol* or tournesol into a *Jerusalem* artichoke.

There is no end to these corruptions. At this hour there is in this town a sign called '*The Devil and Bag of Nails*, whose origin was '*The Satyr and Bacchanals*.' This was a hard nut for the antiquary—few conundrums are equal to it.

Some mirth and solace now let us make  
To cheare our hearts, and sorrows slake—

Upon this kind of commencement of these revels, I conceited this :—

When wise, rich lawyers dance about the fire,  
Making grave needlesse mirth the sorrows to slacke,  
If *Clyents* (who doe them too dearly hire,  
Who want their money, and their comfort lacke)  
Should, for their *solace*, dance about the hall,  
I judge their dance were more methodicall.'

By '*methodical*,' I suppose he means, that *Clients*, being naturally far more inclined to be *grave*, than either barristers

I shall here conclude with a ludicrous circumstance respecting the inns of court, as it is curiously illustrated by a passage in Hayman. Sir William Dugdale, in his account of the Inner Temple, says, 'in 1661, the king went thither in his barge from Whitehall, and dined there. The *solemn revels*, which were begun by the whole house, judges, serjeants at law, benchers, and the utter and inner bar, were led by the *muster of the revels*. After this ceremony, one of the gentlemen of the utter bar was chosen to *sing a song* to the judges, serjeants or masters of the bench, which was usually performed ; or, in default of it, was an *amerciament*. This ended, some of the gentlemen of the inner bar presented the house with *dancing*, which was called the *post revels*. These dances were continued till the judges or bench thought proper to rise and depart.'

Now the 37th *Quodlibet* runs thus :  
'When I was of Lincoln's Inne, the fashion was (and I thinke is still) after dinner, upon *grand* and festive dayes, some young gentlemen of the house would take the best guest by the hand, and he the next, and so hand in hand they did solemnly passe about the fire, the whole company, each after other in order ; to every staffe a song (which I could never sing) the whole company did with a joynd voice sing this burthen :—

or judges, would better acquit themselves in '*solemn revels*.'

GRUB.

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED,

a Drama, by Lord Byron.

THIS prolific writer still wields the poetic pen, and still courts general notice, even while he affects to despise the public opinion both in literature and morals. He will perhaps soon write odes in modern Greek, to stimulate to heroic exertions the oppressed community whose cause he has nobly espoused.

Having a taste for wild extravagance and monstrous eccentricity, and not forgetting the old story of the Devil and Dr. Faustus, his lordship has had recourse to a novel called the Three Brothers (from which M. G. Lewis borrowed his Wood Demon), and also to the Faust of Goethe. He has infused into the mixture a considerable portion of his own talent, and irradiates the horrors of his subject with occasional flashes of light: but his genius is not sufficiently dramatic to produce what the generality of critics would deem a good tragedy, and the present piece has many puerilities, errors, and absurdities, beside some displays of the cloven foot. Arnold, the son of a peasant, a deformed youth, but endowed with a good disposition, is despised by his mother for his want of personal attractions. Being driven out of the house to cut wood, he hurts one of his hands, goes to the nearest fountain to wash the wound, and, starting back when he sees himself reflected in the spring, thus exclaims:

——— 'Nature's mirror shows me  
What she hath made me. I will not look on it  
Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous  
wretch

That I am! The very waters mock me with  
My horrid shadow—like a demon placed  
Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle  
From drinking therein. [He pauses.

And shall I live on,  
A burthen to the earth, myself, and shame  
Unto what brought me into life? Thou blood,  
Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me  
Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream  
Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself  
On earth, to which I will restore at once  
This hateful compound of her atoms, and  
Resolve back to her elements, and take  
The shape of any reptile save myself,  
And make a world for myriads of new worms!  
This knife! now let me prove if it will sever  
This wither'd slip of nature's nightshade—my  
Vile form—from the creation, as it hath  
The green bough from the forest.'

When he is on the point of committing suicide, he is suddenly accosted by

a tall black man, who rises from the spring, and, claiming supernatural power, offers to change his person into the brightest form that the world ever exhibited. Several of the ancients are made to pass before him,—Cæsar, Alcibiades, Socrates, Mark Antony, Demetrius Poliorcetes, and Achilles. He chooses the last.

'The god-like son of the sea-goddess,  
The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks  
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves  
Of rich Pactolus roll'd o'er sands of gold,  
Softened by intervening crystal, and  
Drippled like flowing waters by the wind,  
All vow'd to Sperchius as they were—behold  
them!

And him—as he stood by Polyxena,  
With sanction'd and with soften'd love, before  
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,  
With some remorse within for Hector slain  
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep pas-

sion  
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young  
hand

Trembled in his who slew her brother. So  
He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as  
Greece look'd her last upon her best, the in-

stant  
Ere Paris' arrow flew.'

The stranger (that is, the devil) takes some earth and moulds it over the turf, and addresses, in the form of incantation, the phantom which he has raised. When Arnold's soul has passed with Pythagorean dexterity into the figure of Achilles, the demon's soul takes up its abode in the deserted body of the youth, and assumes the name of Cæsar. The two companions, well mounted, proceed to Rome, at that time besieged by Charles of Bourbon, constable of France. A merry roundelay enlivens their departure.

'To horse! to horse! my coal-black steed

Paws the ground and snuffs the air!

There's not a foal of Arab's breed

More knows whom he must bear!

On the hill he will not tire,

Swifter as it waxes higher;

In the marsh he will not slacken,

On the plain he overtaken;

In the wave he will not sink,

Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;

In the race he will not pant,

In the combat he'll not faint;

On the stones he will not stumble,

Time nor toil shall make him humble;

In the stall he will not stiffen,

But be winged as a griffin,

Only flying with his feet:

And will not such a voyage be sweet?

Merrily! merrily! never unsound,

Shall our bonny black horses skim over the  
ground!

From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or fly !  
For we 'll leave them behind in the glance of  
an eye.

A fine chorus introduces that assault which terminates in the capture of the eternal city, though the traitor Bourbon loses his life on the occasion.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.  
Whither flies the silent lark ?  
Whither shrinks the clouded sun ?  
Is the day indeed begun ?  
Nature's eye is melancholy  
O'er the city high and holy ;  
But without there is a din  
Should arouse the saints within,  
And revive the heroic ashes  
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.  
Oh ye seven hills ! awaken,  
Ere your very base be shaken !

'Hearken to the steady stamp !  
Mars is in their very tramp !  
Not a step is out of tune :  
As the tides obey the moon,  
On they march, though to self-slaughter,  
Regular as rolling water,  
Whose high waves o'er sweep the border  
Of huge moles, but keep their order,  
Breaking only rank by rank.  
Hearken to the armour's clank !  
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,  
How he glares upon the barrier :  
Look on each step of each ladder,  
As the stripes that streak an adder.

'Look upon the bristling wall,  
Mann'd without an interval !  
Round and round, and tier on tier,  
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,  
Lit match, bell-mouth'd musketoon,  
Gaping to be murderous soon.  
All the warlike gear of old,  
Mix'd with what we now behold,  
In this strife 'twixt old and new,  
Gather like a locusts' crew.  
Shade of Remus ! 'Tis a time  
Awful as thy brother's crime !  
Christians war against Christ's shrine :—  
Must its lot be like to thine ?  
Near—and near—nearer still,  
As the earthquake saps the hill,  
First with trembling, hollow motion,  
Like a scarce-awaken'd ocean,  
Then with stronger shock and louder,  
Till the rocks are crush'd to powder,—  
Onward sweeps the rolling host !  
Heroes of the immortal boast !  
Mighty chiefs ! Eternal shadows !  
First flowers of the bloody meadows  
Which encompass Rome, the mother  
Of a people without brother !  
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels  
Plough the root up of your laurels ?  
Ye who wept o'er Carthage burning,  
Weep not—strike ! for Rome is mourning.'

As the Whigs used to class together the pope, the devil, and the pretender, our author has made the second of these personages a friend to his holiness, whom he saves from the fury of a Lutheran soldier. A bold heroine, Donna Olimpia, is also introduced, who supports with strenuous zeal the pontiff's cause. Amidst her gallant exertions, she is in danger of falling into the hands of the licentious foe. Arnold interposes for her rescue ; but she declines farther aid, and dashes herself on the pavement before the altar of St. Peter's church, yet not so violently as to kill herself.

Every reader would expect to see at once the end of the piece, as it is not customary to send forth a drama in detached parts ; but, as the admirers of Don Juan were successively gratified with additional cantos, those who feel an interest in the adventures of Arnold and his Satanic associate must wait with patience for the conclusion of this imperfect work.

#### THE PRISONER OF NEW-YORK.

IN a French work entitled the 'Hermit in Prison,' the subject of imprisonment, as may be expected, frequently occurs, and M. Jay takes an opportunity of noticing the excellent regulations adopted in the State-Prison or Penitentiary House of New-York. He says, that, when he formerly visited that place of confinement, he observed a young man of an elegant figure and a noble countenance, who had been apprehended for an outrageous assault, and who still showed symptoms of the most violent disposition. This offender, refusing to work, was placed in a narrow cell, and left to the benefit of reflection. After an interval of many years, he was discovered by the author on the borders of Lake Champlain, where he kept a farm.

At the foot of a hill (says M. Jay) is a wide pasture ground, watered by a little stream, which, after turning a saw-mill, discharges itself into the lake. I passed this stream on a wooden bridge, and soon perceived the principal house belonging to the farm, to which I ascended by a winding path, bordered with maple and tulip trees. When I arrived at a platform of twenty-five acres, I saw two beautiful children, who were gathering, in little willow baskets, a black-

berry, known in the country by the name of whortle-berry, a fruit of which the Americans are very fond. The children did not retire on my approach; but one of them, a little girl, looked at me with the greatest attention. I admired the freshness of her complexion, and her light hair, which floated in large curls over her small white shoulders. Her brother stepped before her, and demanded, in a resolute tone, if I wished to go to the farm? I answered, 'yes.'—'Then I'll go tell mama,' he said, and ran toward the house. Approaching the little girl, I took her by the hand, and asked her name.—'My name is Harriet, and I wish to go after my brother.'—'Well, my dear, we will go together.'—I took her in my arms, without her making any resistance, and advanced toward the farm. We were met by a young woman of remarkable beauty. She was dressed in a robe of white India muslin, with a blue girdle.—'I am vexed that the little girl should give you so much trouble,' said she: 'will you come into the house whilst I prepare some refreshment?'—After the usual compliments were over, I entered into a parlour exceedingly clean, ornamented with glasses, carpets, and mahogany furniture. An elderly woman sitting near the window was employed in sewing, and at her side in a neat cradle slumbered an infant. Every thing in the house wore a look of ease, peace, and content.

When I had been hospitably entertained by the farmer, he gratified me with an account of his adventures.—'I was born (said he) at Derrymore, in the county of Clare. My father, without being rich, was sufficiently well off with regard to fortune, and discharged very respectably the functions of an attorney. He died, unfortunately, whilst I was still very young. My mother had no other child, and you may guess that I was not a little spoiled by her indulgence. My caprices were a law to her, and I exercised over the household an absolute authority. It was with great difficulty that I was taught to read, write, and cipher, even in a very ordinary way. I was far more eager to sport about the fields, and make incursions into the neighbouring gardens. I soon became remarkable for a quarrelsome disposition, and scarcely a day passed that my conduct did not cause complaints, which reached the ears of my mother, but

which her injudicious affection always contrived to excuse. Thus it was that I increased daily in frowardness, strength, and audacity.

'I had already attained my nineteenth year, without being able to bend my mind to any serious pursuit, when one of my cousins, Patrick Burke, who was three years older than myself, came down to us from the university of Dublin. Being considered in our little town as a most accomplished young man, he gave a sort of *ton* to its society. I soon became jealous of the admiration which he excited, and derided his talents and attainments: but he soothed me into good-humor by his apparent kindness, and even prevailed upon me to accompany him to Dublin. Influenced by his example, I commenced a course of dissipation, and plunged into all the excesses of debauchery. I contracted debts, and became a gambler; and, having wounded in a scuffle a person who seemed to have won my money unfairly, I fled to a supposed asylum, but was betrayed by Burke into the hands of justice. I remained for three months in prison, abandoned by my acquaintance, sleeping on straw, eating the bitter bread of captivity, and confounded with the vilest criminals. How I so long retained my reason is what surprises me. I became ill; a burning fever consumed my strength; they were obliged to remove me to an hospital, where for some days I was in a state of delirium. One night, as I awoke from a lethargic sleep, I felt a hand wiping gently away the cold perspiration from my face, and I fancied that hot tears were falling on my cheeks. By the dim light of a lamp, I thought I saw my mother before me as in a dream; yet in the wandering of my brain I could be sure of nothing but a feeling of consolation, as if an angel had been sitting at my side. I swallowed something that was held to my lips, and presently fell asleep. When I awoke, I distinctly recognized my unhappy mother. All the horrors of my situation rushed upon my memory; I was filled with a sense of shame, which almost deadened the joy of once more beholding my mother. Instead of reproaching me, she acted like a fond parent, and promoted my recovery by her tender cares. In the mean time, the man whom I had wounded ceased to be in danger, and I had nothing to fear from the law. At length I returned to my native place,



and made anxious inquiries respecting Sophia, a young woman to whom I was attached, and who seemed also to have caught the eye of Burke. I was informed that he had returned to Derrymore during my imprisonment, and had introduced himself to her family. The picture which he drew of my character and conduct filled her parents with disgust; and she herself, deeming me unworthy of her love, had listened to the propositions of Burke, had given him her hand, and had gone to reside with him at Cork. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on hearing these facts. The perfidy of which I had been the victim was as clear as day. Disgusted with every sort of society, I became solitary and savage. I detested men, who, I believed, were all as wicked as those I had hitherto known; and I detested myself for my former foolish credulity. The place of my birth had no longer any charms for me. Exhausted and worn out with deep libations from the cup of sensuality and vice, I found no resource in my uneducated mind, and, without passionate emotion and strong excitement, life was a burthen. One idea alone took possession of all my faculties,—a deep and unabating desire of revenge. It is difficult to conceive the force of such an idea; it never abandons you; it haunts your dreams; it is present when you awake; it becomes your whole being. To me it appears the first stage of insanity. I had sufficient dissimulation, however, to conceal my thirst of vengeance, and, in order to deceive the tender inquietude of my mother, I affected to be tranquil. Many months passed away without at all abating the force of the passion which internally agitated me. I then took the road to Cork, and arrived there in disguise. I stopped at a tavern near the harbour, and ascertained where Burke resided. The next day, about noon, I presented myself boldly at the house, and obtained admission. In the drawing-room I saw a young female, who uttered a loud cry on beholding me, and fainted away. My calls for assistance brought an old female servant, and after some time Sophia (for it was she) recovered from the shock. Alarmed at my intrusion, she desired me to leave her. I insisted upon seeing her husband. 'He is no longer in Ireland,' she replied—'he has quitted me for another female, and is

now with her in America; and I am left without a friend, a protector, or even support.' For this unfortunate young woman I had no remains of affection: I furnished her, out of mere compassion, with the means of returning to her family: but another feeling had complete possession of my soul.—'Sophia,' said I on quitting her, in a tone that made her tremble, 'you shall be avenged.'—With that view I embarked for the United States; and when, during a violent storm, I had descended below the deck, I found that my mother, unwilling to leave me to myself, had taken her passage in the same vessel. We arrived safely at New-York, where I soon discovered the abode of my treacherous enemy. Watching his movements, I met him as he was entering the town with his lady. He started back with surprise, and I flung myself upon him with insults and blows. He attempted to overpower me with his strength: but, more nervous and adroit, I escaped from his blows, whilst mine took effect, and he finally fell, exhausted and nearly lifeless. The piercing cries of the female, during the contest, had drawn together a crowd of spectators, who wished to seize me; and though in the transport of my rage I caught up a large stone, and struck without distinction all who came near me, I was at length apprehended and imprisoned. My trial soon took place; I was condemned, and my sentence threw me into an inconceivable state of phrensy. For three days I refused every sort of nourishment, and I was determined to escape from the ills of life. But the appearance of a guardian angel, in the form of a lovely girl, reconciled me to existence. She was the benevolent daughter of that respectable person who was intrusted with the care of the prison. Never did pity for the unfortunate show itself under a form more graceful; never were so many charms united to so many amiable virtues. For her sake I wished to live; I submitted with patience to the labors which were required of me; I also found time for study; and thus my days glided away in a regular alternation of healthy toil and instructive leisure. In proportion as my mind became enlightened, the passions which had hitherto ruled me, subsided: the beautiful and the good filled me with milder feelings; I saw more clearly the great objects of human life; I set a

value upon my own esteem, and found a pleasure in the performance of my duties.

‘My imprisonment had lasted eighteen months, when an unexpected circumstance abridged its duration. One of the dark and gloomy nights of November had passed away, when, about two o’clock in the morning, I was awakened by an uncommon motion, as if the prison had been the scene of some great catastrophe. Whilst I was occupied in conjecturing the cause of this alarm, a whirlwind of smoke burst into my window, and filled the chamber. The prison was on fire. I endeavoured to get out, but the door was barred, and I was apprehensive of being forgotten in the general agitation. Knowing that my cries for aid would be drowned in the tumult, I summoned up all my courage. A massy lever which I had used in my labor was in the room; I caught it up, and began to force open the door of the cell. It required many and almost supernatural efforts before I succeeded in wresting off the enormous bolts of the door, and opening for myself a passage. I ran hastily along the gallery, when a cry of despair struck upon my ear. It was the voice of an old man in the next cell to mine, who had been likewise forgotten. Notwithstanding the proximity of the danger, I could not resist the desire of saving the poor old man, and soon burst open his door. The light of the flames on the outside enabled me to discover him stretched upon the floor, and nearly in a state of suffocation. He was too weak or too terrified to follow me, and I took him upon my shoulders, and rushed to the staircase, one side of which was already on fire. I made my way through the smoke and the flames, which obliged me to keep my eyes shut; and just as I reached the bottom, an enormous half-consumed beam fell behind me with a frightful noise. The prisoners in the yard concluded that I was lost, and cries of joy burst forth on all sides when they saw me appear. As the fire, however, increased in violence, it was necessary that great exertions should be made to cut off the communication between the main body of the edifice and the burning wing. I therefore seized an axe, and joined the laborers; and, by a sort of unanimous though silent consent, the direction of the whole business was confided to me. Our operations were finally effec-

tive, and my services were rewarded by the grant of freedom. My mother’s joy on my deliverance was equal to that which I felt; and Hannah Paterson, the amiable young woman to whom I had devoted myself, seemed also to exult on the occasion.

‘As I was gratified with a remuneration for my labor in the prison, I now took a house in the town, hired workmen, and commenced the business of a carpenter, which I carried on for some years with great success. I was respected by my neighbours, and Mr. Paterson was in the habit of receiving and returning my visits. Hannah and I understood each other completely: I became independent, and the prospect of our happiness was not remote. At this time the yellow fever broke out in New-York. It made great ravages, and caused a general consternation. Every one endeavoured to avoid the scene of contagion; the city was almost deserted, and still the number of the victims increased daily. Every house smitten with the scourge was instantly abandoned. The domestic affinities seemed burst asunder at once. Sons quitted their fathers, women left their husbands, and sometimes even their infants: and no one seemed to care for the aged. The sentiment of individual danger absorbed all private affections, and gave an idea of the complete dissolution of society. A few courageous physicians and some venerable clergymen alone dared to brave the alarming peril, and carried succour and consolation into the midst of the plague.

‘Mr. Paterson and Hannah were amongst the first who were attacked by the contagion. Their servants fled, and they remained alone. My mother and I immediately went to them: I watched over the father, and my parent attended the daughter; and these pious cares were not relaxed for an instant. The most frightful symptoms, however, soon exhibited themselves on the person of my friend; his skin became as yellow as saffron, and his eyes faded away. Imagine my state, when even the expression of my grief was denied to me. A burning thirst which no drink could satisfy, and a complete prostration of bodily strength, foreboded the fatal event, on which I hardly dared to reflect. The patient beheld the approach of death with resignation. ‘My dear son,’ said he, ‘your hopes are vain, and you ex-

pose your own life uselessly to save mine. Hasten from this spot, which is visited with the wrath of Heaven. I suppose my child is no more, and nothing attaches me to the world but you: live and be happy.' 'Your daughter lives,' I replied; 'my mother is with her, and watches over her life.' 'It is enough,' he exclaimed; 'the sacrifice is great, but it must be accomplished: let God's will be done. My dear Henry, my son, I recommend my daughter to your care.' My worthy friend soon after expired; but his daughter recovered her health. I married her after that delay which decorum required, and purchased this farm, where we pass our days in tranquillity and happiness.'

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THE LIFE OF SALVATOR ROSA,  
*with Remarks on the Times in which he lived.*

FOREIGN despotism has usually been the lot of Naples. The rulers of other nations have viewed its natural advantages with eyes of ambition and envy, and have triumphed over the faint exertions of a feeble race, which, though bold in acts of private revenge, cannot wield the sword of war with vigorous effect. In the earlier part of the seventeenth century, it was still under the yoke of the Spanish branch of the house of Austria. A long-continued tyranny had debased the minds of the nobles, most of whom were immersed in sensuality and vice: superstitious ceremonies usurped the place of true religion, and morality was little more than an empty name: the useful arts in general were practised with an evident want of skill, and commerce was fettered by numerous restrictions; and the people languished in indolence and poverty, without being so torpid or so depressed as to lose their natural vivacity or resign their fondness for amusement.

At this period (in the year 1615) was born in the picturesque village of Renella, of respectable but not opulent parents, one who was destined to elevate the declining credit of a noble art, and extend his fame over Europe. This was Salvator Rosa, who derived his baptismal name from the sanctity of its import, and from his father's intention of devoting him to the clerical profession. When he began to think for himself, however, he was not disposed to under-

take so serious and awful a charge. He preferred the pursuits of an artist to theological studies; and, when he returned from an occasional ramble, he frequently drew with a piece of burnt stick, on the walls of his chamber, rude but spirited sketches of the rural objects which had excited his attention. His father studiously checked this propensity, and at length consigned him to the care of the conductors of a monastic college, who gave him a tincture of classical learning: but, when he had remained with them for some years, he was expelled from their fraternity for his unwillingness to go through a course of dry logic and metaphysical theology. During that time he had neglected drawing; and, when he returned home, he attached himself to music; but the pictorial art finally recovered its ascendancy over him.

Lady Morgan thus relates the circumstances which tended to fix him in the line of painting:

'At one of the popular festivities annually celebrated at Naples in honor of the Madonna, the beauty of Rosa's elder sister captivated the attention of a young painter, who, though through life unknown to 'fortune,' was not even then unknown to fame.' The celebrated and unfortunate Francesco Francanzani, the innamorato of la Signorina Rosa, was a distinguished pupil of the Spagnoletto school, and his picture of San Giuseppe for the Chiesa Pellegrini had already established him as one of the first painters of his day. Francanzani, like most of the young Neapolitan painters of his time, was a turbulent and factious character, vain and self-opinionated; and though there was in his works a certain grandeur of style, with great force and depth of coloring, yet the impatience of his disappointed ambition, and indignation at the neglect of his acknowledged merit, already rendered him reckless of public opinion. It was the peculiar vanity of the painters of that day to have beautiful wives. Albano had set the example; Dominichino had followed it to his cost; Rubens turned it to the account of his profession; and Francanzani, still poor and struggling, married the portionless daughter of the most indigent artist in Naples, and thought perhaps more of the model than the wife. This union, and still more a certain sympathy in talent and character between the brothers-in-law, frequently

carried Salvator to the workroom. Francesco, by some years the elder, was then deep in the faction and intrigues of the Neapolitan school, and was endowed with that bold eloquence which, displayed upon bold occasions, is always so captivating to young auditors. It was at the foot of this kinsman's easel, and listening to details which laid, perhaps, the foundation of that contemptuous opinion he cherished through life for schools, academies, and all incorporated pedantry and pretension, that Salvator occasionally amused himself in copying, on any scrap of board or paper which fell in his way, whatever pleased him in Francesco's pictures. His long-latent genius, thus accidentally awakened, resembled the *acqua buja*, whose cold and placid surface kindles like spirits on the contact of a spark. In these first, rude, and hasty sketches, Francanzani, as Passeri informs us, saw great signs of talent and genius, and he frequently encouraged, and sometimes corrected the copies, which so nearly approached the originals. But Salvator, who was destined to imitate none, but to be imitated by many, soon grew impatient of repeating another's conceptions, and of following in an art of which he already perhaps felt, with prophetic throes, that he was born to lead. His visits to the workshop of Francanzani grew less frequent; his days were given to the scenes of his infant wanderings; he departed with the dawn, laden with his portfolio filled with primed paper, and a palette covered with oil-colors: and it is said that even then he not only sketched, but colored from nature. When the pedantry of criticism (at the suggestion of envious rivals) accused him of having acquired, in his coloring, too much of the *impasto* of the *Spagnoletto* school, it was not aware that his faults, like his beauties, were original, and that he sinned against the rules of art only because he adhered too faithfully to nature. Returning from these arduous but not profitless rambles, through wildernesses and along precipices impervious to all, save the enterprise of fearless genius, he sought shelter beneath his sister's roof, where a kinder welcome awaited him than he could find in that home where it had been decreed from his birth that *he should not be a painter.*

In a subsequent extension of his rambles, he became a prisoner and companion to a tribe of Abruzzian banditti,

among whom he impressed his mind with those scenes and figures which he has so finely multiplied in his works. This remarkable incident in his life elicits from his fair biographer the following bold reflections:

'The social and political position of the Neapolitan banditti in the beginning of the seventeenth century forms a curious trait in the history of that beautiful and unfortunate country, where despotism and lawlessness even still meet and agree in their extremes, and where the sovereign continues to tolerate an order (if he no longer avails himself of its assistance) which arises out of his own misrule. In the remotest antiquity, the mountains of the Abruzzi were under the special protection of the god of all thieves, Mercury, as they are now in the holy keeping of Saint Gologaro, the Mercury of the catholic mythology, and the especial patron of Calabria. The genuine banditti, however, of the seventeenth century, were no vulgar cut-throats, who, like the Maestrillos and Fra-Diavolos of modern times, confined their exploits to road robbery and indiscriminate plunder and assassination. They were, in fact, more nearly allied to the brave bold Condottieri, and the black and white bands of Medici and of Suffolk, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and though, when unhired, they lived at large and wild, with their hands against every man's, and every man's hand against them, yet they occasionally rivaled in dignity and importance the standing army of existing legimates, fighting like them for hire in any cause that paid them, and attacking the rights and liberties of all who stood in the way of the ambition, cupidity, or despotism of their employers, with all the pride, pomp, and circumstances of legitimate warfare. Like the marine letter of marque, half-pirate and half-national, their troops were regularly enrolled and disciplined; and, though their ranks were filled with the wild and the worthless—with men born out of the pale of civilized society, or driven beyond it by their crimes,—yet many among them were of a superior cast: they were outlawed gentlemen of Naples, escaped from the wheel and the scaffold, to which their efforts in the cause of their country had condemned them; who, seeking shelter in the savage wilds of the Abruzzi, became, by their talents and rank, chiefs and leaders of men asso-

ciated and armed against society under the influence of far different causes. It is an historical fact, that the number, skill, valor, and fidelity of these bands, had rendered them, at the period here alluded to, so formidable in the eyes of the Austro-Spanish government, and so respectable in the estimation of the people, that, by a strange inversion of principle, these natural enemies of society frequently became its chosen champions; and even the government, against which they were so often and so openly at variance, was glad to take them into pay, and employ them in its service. When, however, they were in hostility to the legitimate cause, the same government pursued them with regular troops to the verge of their inaccessible fastnesses, and burned, tortured, and hung the same persons as enemies, whom they had previously recompensed and encouraged as allies.

How long Salvator continued with the banditti is unknown: but, after he had escaped from their mountainous recesses, he was induced to visit Rome in the character of an artist. He was then only in his twentieth year, and was not considered as sufficiently skilful and experienced to deserve great encouragement, although one of his pieces had been highly praised by Lanfranco. Suffering at the same time from the insalubrious air of Rome, he returned to Naples; but, being again desirous of trying his fortune in the papal city, he readily accepted the offer of employment from the cardinal Brancaccio. His high spirit, however, was soon disgusted at the idea of living like a servant in the cardinal's palace; and, recovering his independence by a sudden retreat, he employed himself at Naples in delineating the story of Prometheus, and was so far successful in the attempt, that his picture, when it was exhibited at the Pantheon, excited the admiration of the Roman *dilettanti*. The intelligence of this favorable acceptance of his labors drew him again to Rome, where he found occasional occupation, but could not procure by all his exertions the honor of admission into the academy of St. Luke. With a view of drawing the public attention more fully to himself, he now assumed another character,—that of an *improvisatore*; and his *debut* in that capacity is thus described: 'Toward the close of the carnival of 1639, when the spirits of the revelers (as

is always the case in Rome) were making a brilliant rally for the representations of the last week, a car or stage, highly ornamented, drawn by oxen, and occupied by a masked troop, attracted universal attention by its novelty and singular representations. The principal personage announced himself as a certain Signor Formica, a Neapolitan actor, who, in the character of Coviello, as a charlatan, displayed so much genuine wit, such bitter satire and exquisite humor, rendered doubly effective by a Neapolitan accent and national gesticulations, that other representations were abandoned; and gypsies told fortunes, and Jews hung, in vain. The whole population of Rome gradually assembled round the novel, the inimitable Formica. The people relished the flashes of his splenetic humor, aimed at the great; the higher orders were delighted with an *improvisatore* who, in the intervals of his dialogues, sang to the lute (of which he was a perfect master) the Neapolitan ballads then so much in vogue. The attempts made by his fellow-revelers to obtain some share of the plaudits he so abundantly received, whether he spoke or sang, asked or answered questions, were all abortive; while he, says Baldinucci, at the head of every thing, by his wit, eloquence, and brilliant humor, drew half Rome to himself. The contrast between his beautiful musical and poetical compositions, and those Neapolitan gestures in which he indulged, when, laying aside his lute, he presented his phials and salves to the delighted audience, exhibited a versatility of genius, which it was difficult to attribute to any individual then known in Rome. Guesses and suppositions were still vainly circulating among all classes, when, on the close of the carnival, Formica, ere he drove his triumphal car from the scene of his triumph, ordered his troop to raise their masks, and, removing his own, discovered that Coviello was the sublime author of the Prometheus, and his little troop the *partigiani* (partisans) of Salvator Rosa. All Rome was from this moment (to use a phrase which all his biographers have adopted) 'filled with his fame.' That notoriety which his high genius had failed to procure for him was obtained at once by those lighter talents, which he had nearly suffered to fall into neglect, while more elevated views had filled his mind.'

From this time the best society in

Rome was open to him. He not only visited the most respectable persons of the middle class, but was admitted into the mansions of the cardinals and nobles; and he entertained them in his turn. He thus had opportunities of extending his knowledge of human nature, and of noticing more accurately the manners and character of the time. He could not fail to observe a general want of principle, a laxity of morals, and a substitution of the mere externals of religion for genuine piety; and, having a turn for satire, he freely uttered bold truths, lashed the vices of every class, and ridiculed prevailing follies. At these private meetings, he continued that career of extemporaneous recitation which he had so brilliantly commenced in public.—

‘It was in these *conversazioni* (says Lady Morgan) that he tried the point of the sarcasms against the church, the government, and the existing state of literature and the arts, which were afterwards given to the world in his published satires, and which still draw down on his memory the calumnies that embittered his life. The manner of the daring *improvisatore*, as left on record by his chroniclers, or handed down by tradition, was no less singular and attractive than the matter which inspired him. The apartment in which he received his company was affectedly simple. The walls, hung with faded tapestry, exhibited none of his beautiful pictures, which might well have attracted attention from the actor to his works. A few rows of forms included all the furniture; and they were secured at an early hour by the impatience of an audience, select and exclusive, either invited by himself, or introduced by his friends. When the company were assembled, and not before, Salvatore appeared in the circle, but with the air of an host rather than that of an exhibitor, until the desire to hear him recite, expressed by some individual, produced a general acclamation of entreaty. It was a part of his coquetry to require much solicitation; and, when at last he consented, he rose with an air of timidity and confusion, and presented himself with his lute, or a roll of paper containing the heads of his subject. After some hesitation, a few preluding chords, or a slight hem! to clear his full, deep voice, the scene changed: the elegant, the sublime Salvatore disappeared, and was replaced by the gesticulating and grimacing Coviello, who, long before

he spoke, excited bursts of merriment. When he had thus prepared his auditory to receive with good humor whatever he might hazard, he suddenly stepped forth, and began his recitation. With a thirst for praise, which scarcely any applause could satisfy, he united a quickness of perception that rendered him suspicious of pleasing, even at the moment he was most successful. A gaping mouth, a closing lid, a languid look, or an impatient hein! threw him into utter confusion, and deprived him of all presence of mind, of all power of concealing his mortification. When he perceived that some witty sally had fallen lifeless, that some epigrammatic point had escaped the notice of his auditors, he was wont to exclaim to his particular friends, when the strangers were departed, ‘What folly, to lose my time and talent in speaking before these beasts of burthen, who feel nothing, and have no intellect beyond what is necessary to understand the street ballads of the *blindband!*’ Such is the power which an insatiable love of glory may hold, even over the most elevated intellect!’

When he had thus flourished for many years at Rome, he returned to Naples, where, it is supposed, he had some concern in the enterprising schemes of Masaniello, the fisherman of Amalfi. This point, however, is too doubtful to be peremptorily maintained, as it is not mentioned by contemporary historians. We may easily believe that he wished for political reform, and the rescue of his country from a degrading yoke: but, though he condescended to paint the portrait of Masaniello, he probably did not consider that insurgent as the proper leader of a revolution.

In speaking of this remarkable but transient commotion, the forbearance of the people attracts our notice, as a striking feature of the Neapolitan character at that time. Lady Morgan says, that ‘jewels, gems, gold and silver ornaments, specie, the richest tapestry, and the most costly furniture, piled together in gorgeous heaps before the doors of the financial palaces, were fired by the faggots intended for the service of our Lady of Carmel, in the presence of thousands, who looked coldly on, and (in obedience to the law of their chief) refrained from touching a single valuable. Not a gem was secreted, not a sequin purloined, not a house entered, save such houses as had been marked as belonging to the

officers of the *gabelle*. Not the hair of one Neapolitan head was injured—not one drop of blood, even of the foreign soldiery, was shed. The people, restored to the full enjoyment of the riches of their fertile soil, beheld, not with eyes of covetousness, but with feelings of contempt, those treasures which had tempted man to crush his brother man to the earth.

Resuming his residence at Rome, he produced some spirited poems, while he continued to derive support from painting. 'La Babilonia' and 'La Guerra' contained his feelings in one mode of expression, whilst his celebrated pictures, 'L'Umana Fragilità' and 'La Fortuna,' embodied them in another. They all illustrate the boldness of his opinions, and the misanthropic discontent under which he frequently labored.

'The first picture represented a beautiful girl, seated on a glass globe; her brow was crowned with flowers, the fairest and the frailest; her arms were filled by a lovely infant, which she appeared to caress; while its twin-brother, cradled at her feet, was occupied in blowing air-bubbles from a tube. A child, something older, was mischievously employed in setting fire to a wreath of flax twined round a spindle. Above this group of blooming youth and happy infancy, with wings outspread and threatening aspect, hovered the grim figure of Death.'—The piece was intended to typify the labor of existence and the nothingness of life.

'The second of these philosophical pictures was a painted illustration of his poetical satires. Fortune, as she is represented when infancy paints her in her brightest smiles, appeared as a fair woman, pouring from a cornucopia a torrent of riches, honors, crowns, mitres, crosses, jewels, gems, and coins, which fell in endless succession upon a multitude of gaping greedy candidates for her fickle favor. These candidates were all either unclean beasts, crawling reptiles, or birds of prey, filthy, sanguinary, and rapacious. In their eagerness to snatch at the treasures which Fortune seemed to reserve for them, they trampled under their feet the symbols of genius, liberty, and philosophy, which impeded their efforts; and books, globes, and instruments, the pen, the pencil, the *stylus*, and the compass, lay broken, sullied, and neglected. The ass-decked himself with orders, the swine assumed the mi-

tre, the fox mounted a cross; wolves, vultures, and tigers, divided amongst them princely coronets and royal crowns, and Fortune laughed while she thus accorded as caprice or violence directed her choice.'

These fine works were to him the sources of great misery. They drew upon him the envy of his rivals, and the hatred of the great. He was accused of intending to satirise the prelates, nobility, and even the pope himself. Atheism and sedition were charged upon him, and he was at last (to escape the inquisition which menaced him) obliged to publish an apology or explanation, disclaiming any individual allusions. All was in vain, and he retired in a bitter spirit to the protection of the Medici at Florence. Here he was courted and patronised, and gave way for a time to ostentatious liberality. Experience, however, soon taught him a little wisdom, and he settled down into more prudent habits. In the midst of his great labors at Florence he found time to produce some splendid works, which he sent to Rome for exhibition. Among these, the most remarkable was a Bacchanalian piece, full of poetical imagery. It represented a dark forest gloomed by the interweaving of trees, through which a vista appeared, whose termination was lost in the distance; while, in an opening, a group of male and female figures with children, all lightly habited with drapery floating in the air, frolicked round a statue of Bacchus. Others lay on the earth, drinking from vases and goblets, and some rolled in drunkenness, in a variety of the most appropriate attitudes. The composition was admirable, the scenery finely adapted to the grouping, and the shadows of the trees, by the exercise of a rare skill, were made to harmonise with the general tone of coloring; the whole picture was most singular.

While he resided at Florence, he who in his youth had occasionally serenaded the beauties of Naples, and was still fond of female society, entered into an union with Lucretia, a lady who possessed both beauty and talent. With her he lived happily, as far as his growing misanthropy would allow him. He had two sons, one of whom survived him.

When he thought that the clergy and grandees of Rome had ceased to remember his offences, he returned to that ca-

pital, and there fixed himself for the rest of his life, which was not prolonged beyond his fifty-eighth year. For a considerable time before his death, his faculties gradually declined, and he noticed the alarming failure with melancholy sensations. He died in the spring of the year 1673, soon after his affectionate son had declared to an inquiring friend, that he had shown evident symptoms of convalescence.

Lady Morgan, quoting Passeri, says, that Salvator, 'who was not above the middle stature, exhibited in his movements much grace and activity. His complexion, though dark, was of that true African coloring, which was far from displeasing; his eyes were of a deep blue and full of fire; his hair, black and luxuriant, fell in undulating ringlets over his shoulders. He dressed elegantly, but not in the court fashion; for he wore no gold lace or superfluous finery. Bold and prompt in discourse, he intimidated all who conversed with him; and none ventured openly to oppose him, because he was a tenacious and stern upholder of the opinions he advanced. In the discussion of precepts, erudition, and science, he kept clear in the first instance from the minutiae of

particulars, but, adhering to generals, he watched and seized his moment to rush into his subject, and make his point good. It was then he showed himself well furnished for the discussion, and this little artifice he practised with infinite skill. He had won over many friends and partisans to his own way of thinking, and had also raised against him many enemies, who attacked his opinions. Between these parties disputes frequently arose in his assemblies, which sometimes led to scandalous ruptures.'

Garrick, whose taste was not merely confined to theatrical representations, observed that this artist ought to be regarded as the Shakspeare of painting; and it must be allowed that he exhibited much of that terrific wildness which reminds us of our great dramatist. He excelled in the magnificent and the terrible, in scenes of grandeur and sublimity; but he did not, like the English bard, shine equally in scenes of composure and placidity. Sir Joshua Reynolds preferred his landscapes to his historical pieces; but Rosa himself was more pleased with the latter; some of which, indeed, are admirable, not only in composition and grouping, but in freedom, force, and expression.

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STANZAS

*Addressed to Mrs. B— on her Completion of a Drawing of a Cottage Girl.*

'Tis a sweet scene of peace, and sweetly drawn:  
The cottage nymph, with face serenely fair,  
Looks beauteous as the first approach of morn,  
Nor seems to know the bitter name of care.

Close at her feet a faithful dog is laid,  
Emblem of honesty, and truth, and love!  
No bribe can win; no threat can make afraid;  
Constant in weal or woe the dog will prove.

The cottage furniture is scant, but still  
'Tis neat, and 'tis enough for humble minds:  
He who would bend an empire to his will,  
Less comfort than the cottager oft finds.

The open door displays a distant view,  
Where heav'n and earth in unmix'd beauty smile;  
The pond, the green, the tree,—to nature true—  
All seem to say, here art can ne'er beguile.

Delightful is the talent thus to give  
Imagination form and features fair,  
To call up fancy, and to bid her live  
In brilliant colors, beautiful as rare.



Well can I value what thy bosom feels,  
 When, as thy pencil's task is constant plied,  
 The form of beauty o'er thy paper steals,  
 And mingling graces start on ev'ry side.

It feels—and ought to feel—a pride, a joy,  
 When the well-finish'd picture is display'd ;  
 A pleasure soft and sweet, which will not cloy :—  
 While fancy whispers, this can never fade !

For so, in poesy, fair friend, have I  
 Full oft employ'd my dull or mirthful hours ;  
 The growing theme taught Time in peace to fly,  
 While the bright Muse shed round her vivid pow'rs.

But when the finish'd poem met the view,  
 I found a rapt'rous feeling fill my frame,  
 A calm delight, a pleasure dear and new,  
 A sort of joy that wanted still a name.

And Fancy too would whisper,—this shall live  
 When thou art buried in the silent tomb ;  
 This shall to Friendship's soul a solace give  
 When thou art gone, and cheer his hour of gloom.

Such hopes perhaps are vain, fair friend ; but oh !  
 Such hopes we fondly prize while ling'ring here ;  
 They give amusements such as ours a glow,  
 That renders all their pleasures doubly dear.

Now let me wish thee joy, as pure and gay  
 As seems thy smiling cottage-maid to fill :  
 Be all thy future moments bright as May,  
 With no one serious pang thy peace to kill.

May Heav'n's fair daughter, Health, still guard thy form,  
 And spread her living rose upon thy cheek ;  
 She can best teach us how to bear the storm  
 That falls in bitterness upon the weak.

She can uphold when grief deforms the day,  
 If virtue dwells with her within the soul ;  
 Not even poverty the mind can sway,  
 Which health and conscious rectitude control.

J. M. L.

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THE MERMAID ;

*from a Poem by Dr. Percival, an American Writer.*

THE waning moon look'd cold and pale,  
 Just rising o'er the eastern wave,  
 And faintly moan'd the evening gale,  
 That swept along the gloomy cave :  
 The waves that wildly rose and fell,  
 On all the rocks the white foam flung,  
 And like the distant funeral knell,  
 Within her grot the Mermaid sung.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Her silken tresses all unbound,  
 Play'd loosely on the evening gale;  
 She cast a mournful look around,  
 Then sweetly woke her wild harp's wail;  
 And, as her marble fingers flew  
 Along the chords, such music flow'd—  
 Her cheek assum'd a varied hue,  
 Where grief grew pale—where pleasure glow'd.

The sound rose sweetly on the wind,  
 It was a strain of melancholy—  
 It sooth'd each tumult of the mind,  
 And hush'd the wildest laugh of folly.  
 It flow'd so softly o'er the main,  
 And spread so calmly, widely round;  
 The air seem'd living with the strain,  
 And every zephyr breath'd the sound.

THE VIOLET, BY LORD BYRON.

THE spring is come; the violet's gone,  
 The first-born child of the early sun;  
 With us\* she is but a winter's flower;  
 The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower;  
 And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue  
 To the youngest sky of the self-same hue:  
 And when the spring comes with her host  
 Of flowers, that flower beloved the most  
 Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse  
 Her heavenly odor and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember  
 Their herald out of dim December—  
 The morning star of all the flowers,  
 The pledge of day-light's lengthen'd hours;  
 Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget  
 The virgin, virgin violet.

CUPID ACQUITTED;

by *Mrs. Le Noir*.

LITTLE Cupid was dragg'd to the bar t' other day,  
 All trembling, before my lord justice to stand;  
 Accus'd a rich heiress of stealing away,  
 He pleaded not guilty, and held up his hand.

Mr. Serjeant Demur having open'd the cause,  
 'My lord,' said he, hemming and stroking his chin;  
 'My lord, if this culprit escape from the laws,  
 There's an end to all safety, without and within.

'My lord, 'tis presumption amounting to proof  
 That a damsel, an heiress, a timorous maid,  
 Would ne'er have elop'd from her dear father's roof,  
 Unless by this traitor deceiv'd and betray'd.

\* This piece is supposed to be sung amidst the Apennines.

' My lord, it is certain, and constant, and clear,  
(I submit to the court) whence this anarchy springs ;  
For pray, could this infant have fled with her-dear,  
Had not the young miscreant supplied her with wings.

' My lord, I must farther request to observe,  
That she ne'er would have taken a step so unwise,  
With a penniless wretch from her duty to swerve,  
Had not Love lent his bandeau to hoodwink her eyes.

' And, gentlemen, you in the jurymen's box,  
Let your verdict be pass'd without any delay,  
That this dovecot invader, this vile little fox,  
May be hang'd, or at least sent to Botany Bay.'

' I hope,' said the pris'ner, half-drown'd in his tears,  
' I hope I'm permitted to make my defence ;  
I the privilege claim—I'll be judg'd by my peers  
If I cannot establish my fair innocence.

' But my peers, my lord justice, pray where would you find ?  
It is not so easy, I give you my word ;  
Nor fancy all Loves that are wing'd and stone-blind ;  
As well might you fellow the phoenix—the bird.

' Let the lady be call'd, and be put to her oath ;  
I consent to be hang'd if alone she don't prove,  
That, as for her flight or her marriage, in troth,  
I'm as clear of all blame as my mother's white dove.'

' Let the lady be call'd.'—Unappall'd the fair dame,  
Brow-beaten, cross-question'd, persisted to say,  
That the pris'ner arraign'd she knew only by name,  
Nor had he abetted in any one way.

' Let the husband appear.' Then so uncouth a quiz  
To prove madam's evidence enter'd the hall,  
That no sooner he show'd his unfortunate phiz,  
Than Love was acquitted by one and by all.

But other indictments were quickly preferr'd,  
For lighting up matches that blazed but to scorch ;  
For every *crim. con.* that long since had occur'd,  
When Cupid was link-boy to Hymen's bright torch :

Of maidens deserted found dead in the rivers,  
Of some by their garters tied up to a tree,  
Of youths who from sober had turn'd wicked livers,  
And despairing had flown to the bottle—or sea ;

Of dotards bewitch'd, setting shame at defiance,  
Young virgins espousing—of matrons so grey  
With infants eloping,—and ev'ry alliance  
Prepost'rous,—to Cupid the charge did they lay.

And yet it appear'd when it came to the question,  
And Cupid's own counsel the evidence tax'd,  
That frequent mistakes did the evidence rest on,  
And many and great the mis-statements of facts.

Indiscretion and whim both to him were assign'd ;  
In short, all that Folly had married or dup-ed ;  
And ev'ry thing else that had wings and was blind,  
Even Chance—had been often mistaken for Cupid.

To his person identical no one could swear ;  
 They thought--they believed--what their hearts set so aching,  
 What their sons or their daughters had led to ensnare,  
 They fancied was Love—but they might be mistaking.

The learned chief-justice, with much eloquence  
 The court and the jury addressing at large,  
 Having summ'd up most clearly the whole evidence,  
 In words such as follow concluded his charge.

' If to you it appear without doubt or flaw  
 That the pris'ner is guilty of all these foul arts,  
 The prisoner, gentlemen, so says the law,  
 Must be tied to an arrow and pelted with hearts.

' But if to your judgements it should not appear,  
 As to you this important award is submitted,  
 That the charge is made out incontrovertibly clear,  
 The prisoner, gentlemen, must be acquitted.'

The jury pronounc'd, without leaving the court,  
 That though Love was author of frequent miscarriage,  
 To them it was certain, from ev'ry report,  
 That least of all matters he meddled with marriage.

With Bacchus the youth now and then may be jolly,  
 With Folly may often be seen hand in glove ;  
 But though Love can hardly exist without Folly,  
 Yet Folly can do very well without Love.

Now clapping his pinions blithe Cupid departs,  
 And, perch'd on the gall'ry, from eyes black and blue  
 Discharg'd all his quiver full-butt at the heart  
 Of counsel, judge, jury, and witnesses too.

#### MARCH WEATHER.

How many will rejoice that the month of March is past, even though it is exchanged for the frequent showers, the capricious sunshine, the coquettish beauties and sickening airs of April. March (in our climate at least) sits like a tyrant on the throne ; and, even when he sheds golden joys and tepid airs upon his wondering subjects, we yet tremble rather than rejoice in his smiles, aware that the keen gust, the desolating blast, the whizzing hail, and the pelting shower, are close at his elbow. Perhaps it may be even this transition, the smile in which none can confide, the gloom that leaves room for hope, which has transferred from this tempestuous month, to the more imperturbable and therefore more melancholy days of November, the charge of causing ' Englishmen to hang and drown themselves.' It is not our intention at present to prove, as we easily might, that our countrymen are

less subject to this sin than their flippant accusers ; for our business is with ' the Ides of March,' now happily gone.

No part of the year is found so trying to the young and delicate, as the month that is marked by piercing winds, which seem to penetrate the slight attenuated frame, and wither the springs of life at their very source. Never shall we forget spending the month of March a few years since at the Hot-wells, and witnessing the blighting effect of its cruel breezes on the young, fair, and lovely beings, who were gliding around on every side, in every different stage of that insidious disease whose ravages care may mitigate, but skill cannot cure. How frequently have we seen them, allured by the cheering rays of the sun, venture out upon the parade, in the hope of inhaling those warm spring zephyrs, to which they looked for restoration, and how gladly have we joined them there, in the expectation of wit-

nessing some degree of assistance or pleasure thus bestowed! Ah! what a scene! we walked as in a land of shadows, conversed with creatures that *were*, and *were not*, of this world.—A light of more than earthly splendor beamed from every eye, and on almost every face were found roses that mock at health, and glow on cheeks whose pearly whiteness exceeds the lily. But alas! the rounded limb, the firm and agile step, the erect gait of man, the graceful and dignified port of woman, were no more. Even when incipient consumption had only touched, not bent, her victim, long before ‘lean atrophy’ had shrunk the muscles and stripped the bones, there was a cold shrinking of the form, a stooping in the chest, and a weakness in the joints, which gave ‘sad note of preparation.’ To such it should have been said, ‘Leave not your apartment for a single hour—trust not the sunbeams of March.’ Nothing could exceed the consternation and distress, which a sudden gale from the north, a driving shower, or sharp hailstorm, made in such a party. Conscious that they must attempt no conversation in the air, even at their best moments, all had hitherto silently glided past each other, contented with the recognition of a cordial or a sickly smile; but now arose murmurs of distress inwardly uttered, quick heavy breathings that indicated solicitude to return, and utter inability to accomplish it; short laughs from the young and gay, who had still strength to laugh and spirits to enjoy the frolic, mingled with the deep suppressed fears of nursing friends and alarmed attendants, for patients whose sad journey was nearly run. It was a scene never to be forgotten. How many agonising dreams has it given us! how many pictures of suffering has it printed on our memory in colors indelible! how many melancholy ideas and perceptions has it excited, on which in many a solitary hour we have mused until imagination performed the work of sorrow, and we wept like the bereaved husband, the distracted lover, or the heart-broken parent!

In the whole range of afflictions with which human nature is tried, none, we think, can be said to suffer so severely as the fond father, the doting mother, who perceive one darling after another sink into a premature grave, under the slow, malignant, yet flattering disease of which we speak, and which has ever

been notorious for feeding, with destructive appetite, on the most gentle and estimable of the human species. Sons who have distinguished themselves at the university, whose learning and genius have been the pride of the father’s heart, whose piety and tenderness have bound them to the mother by tenfold ties—daughters whose filial duty, unaffected cheerfulness, and active services, have made home a paradise; whose morning caresses, whose evening song, banished the sense of care, and made toil welcome, and even trouble and pain powerless to injure; whose charms probably had attracted the worthy and the great, and opened to parental ambition that aggrandisement which love ever seeks for its object—such are the victims which this terrific complaint assails—the flowers of creation, doomed (rather let us say chosen) to be transplanted to a better soil, removed by slow and soft degrees to that world where alone the blest inhabitant can say, ‘I am no longer sick.’

The premature old age which consumption inflicts even whilst it adds to beauty, seems in many cases to extend beneficially to the mind, by giving the power of reflection that belongs to riper years, uncontaminated by those errors which even the best dispositions contract by a long intercourse with the sinful, selfish, and cold-hearted, who constitute so large a portion of society. This verifies the assertion that

‘The *weak* cottage, batter’d and decay’d,  
Lets in new lights through chinks disease has made;

and those lights are all pure emanations. We have seen various instances of young persons whose sublime fortitude and calmness, under the most trying circumstances, philosophy has never equaled, and martyrdom seldom excelled. Knowing that their complaint was considered a flattering one, and aware that their parents and friends believed that they were blind to their own state, and thought it desirable that they should be so, and had comfort in supporting the soothing delusion, they have labored to appear thus deceived, whilst they have been sensible that every hour quickened their approaches to the grave. Well do we remember sitting on the couch with one fair sufferer, whom we too were endeavouring thus to cheer; and never

shall we forget the gentle smile and the pressure of her clammy hand, as she replied, "I may look better, but I know that I am worse; in fact I may die this very night. I say nothing on the subject to my dear mother, who leaves me, I well know, only to pray for me, for it would be too affecting for us both—but the time may come when she will have consolation in knowing that I was prepared for my great change. Remember"—we were interrupted by the mother's entrance, and the time did come when I was enabled to mention it, and thereby to ease some little anxiety and self-reproach which she experienced on this head; and in various instances since then have I witnessed that perfect resignation in which 'the heart communed with God and was at rest,' and in which the powers of the mind shone forth with a brilliancy never displayed in the days of health, when surrounded by the excitations of company and the gaieties of life.

The accomplished Miss Bowdler wrote her admirable essays altogether in her chamber, and frequently in her bed, during the long confinement which preceded her dissolution; and the exquisite poem of *Psyche*, in which all the tenderness of the female heart is developed with a truth, purity and delicacy, only equaled by the poetic genius and lofty imagination displayed in the most polished versification, was composed by Mrs. Tighe during a long, painful, and fatal illness. The classic labors of Miss Smith ended but with her life, like those of Kirke White, and other less conspicuous but highly-esteemed and deeply-lamented youths, who have in our universities fed the midnight lamp over their studies, till the light of life itself was extinguished.

Let all whose affections are bound to these rare and most endearing branches, watch with more especial regard over their tender charge in such trying weather as the late month has exhibited. 'The winds of heaven must not visit them too roughly;' and, if properly guarded, many a fragile blossom, that like a sickly exotic hangs its drooping head, may yet become a firm and healthy plant, enlivening and beautifying the happy scene of domestic virtue, and extending the benefits of conduct and example to a fair old age.

H.

#### THE VILLAGE OF BARTON AND ITS INHABITANTS.

NO. IV.

##### A TALE OF THE LIVING.

My persevering inquiries have put me into complete possession of the family history of every resident in Barton. I had been for a long time attracted by the house of Mr. Osborne, the village surgeon; there was nothing pert and apothecary-ish about it,—no symptom of being tenanted by one of the race of the Ollapods. He looked like a gentleman, even when clad in a threadbare rusty coat and mounted on a lean steed. He and his gentle help-mate bore no resemblance to the generality of country Galens and their spouses; they were not loquacious persons; they attended only to their own business, and never troubled themselves about that of their neighbours. Both could be trusted with a secret: they were not given to gossiping visits, made no attempt to be admitted into the circle of the Fitz-allans, and were seldom to be seen at Mrs. Gibson's,—never except when the refusal of an invitation might give offence. They had a large family,—too large indeed for their small house; and privation was written in legible characters upon their scanty possessions. The garden was neat but not ornamental, the house clean but ill furnished; and the sons and daughters, though handsome, participated in the look of care which clouded the brows of their parents. They had seen better days. It had been a love match, an imprudent one on the part of Mrs. Osborne, whose property, being vested by her husband in dishonest hands, was lost. On this event they had retired to Barton, where by the exercise of his profession Mr. Osborne managed to procure subsistence for his numerous offspring. His wife's sister was married to a man of great fortune; but these wealthy relatives for many years totally neglected that family which they might have so materially assisted at a small expense. A domestic calamity at length occasioned a slight change in their sentiments. Miss Hargrave, the eldest daughter of this selfish pair, was seized with a dangerous illness which terminated in a complaint that threatened to be of long duration, and occasioned a close confinement of the sufferer to her chamber. She could not be consigned entirely to the care of servants; and her mother and

sister, when they had ceased to fear for her life, not being inclined to devote their time and attention to her sick couch, suddenly recollected that the Osbornes had several girls totally unprovided for. Mrs. Hargrave therefore wrote to her sister to offer a home to her eldest daughter, if she would undertake to become the companion of the invalid. Unwilling to lose any opportunity which promised to advance the interests of their children, the surgeon and his wife consented that Elizabeth should visit Mr. Hargrave's house in London; and I have chosen this young lady for the heroine of my tale, in consequence of having been admitted *sub rosa* to a perusal of her letters to a friend in the village, whereby I have become perfectly familiar with her thoughts, feelings, and adventures.

Recovered from the sorrow occasioned by parting from her family, Elizabeth's youthful heart palpitated with pleasure, as she approached London; and even the little which she saw of the metropolis in her entrance from the western road impressed her with a lively idea of its magnificence. On her arrival in Park-lane, she was ushered into a parlour on the ground-floor, where her aunt, a fine stately woman, received her with little ceremony and still less affection. A few words instructed her in the duties of her office, and she was conducted into a suite of apartments built in the courtyard, opposite to the coach-house and stables. She found them handsomely furnished; but they were dismal in the extreme. The poor girl's spirits sank at this introduction; but the sight of her unfortunate cousin, stretched in pain upon a superb bed, changed the nature of her feelings. She instantly took her station by the sick couch, answering the petulant inquiries of the sufferer in a sweet low voice, so gentle and so kind, that even discontent and bodily anguish were soothed by it. Very late in the evening Mrs. Hargrave and her youngest daughter, splendidly arrayed for a rout, entered the chamber. Miss Charlotte took very little notice of her sister, and still less of her cousin, on whom she only stared; after having honored her with a slight salutation; and, when the duty of bidding the invalid good-night had been performed, the fashionable pair withdrew. A maid-servant slept in the same chamber with her young mistress, and Elizabeth re-

tired to her bed-room, which was within call.

Days passed away in this monotonous manner. The physician, and the mother and sister, who twice a day made their inquiries in person, were the only individuals whom Miss Osborne saw, except her charge and the servants in attendance. Jane Hargrave would have tired the patience of a Griselda: her cousin despaired of pleasing her; but pity for her situation overcame every other sentiment, and she relaxed not in her efforts to beguile the heavy hours marked by disease and pain, and to administer balm to a mind which was even more in want of aid than the frame attenuated by lingering sickness. In the mean time books and flowers were liberally furnished to the prisoners, and Elizabeth fared sumptuously every day. She had been taught to consider a passage that ran along the suite of apartments which she inhabited as the boundary of her walks; but, languishing for fresher air, when she knew that Mrs. and Miss Hargrave were rolling about London in their visiting or shopping excursions, she stole gently up into the drawing-room, to indulge in the beautiful prospect which the Park afforded. It was early in April, and the season was warm and particularly fine; the gliding vehicles, the cool water, the soft turf, and the budding trees, all had inexpressible charms for one who had endured so close a confinement. One daisy, growing beside the glowing buttercups which enameled the grass, was worth all the rich clusters of the costly tub-roses in her sitting-room, and she gazed with sensations of envy upon the troops of rosy children, who, shouting in their innocent glee, scattered showers of these humble flowerets from their little laps. What would she not have given to have sported with these joyous imps upon the greensward! One morning, whilst she was gazing delighted on the animated scene before her, a slight noise attracted her attention from the open window, and turning her head she encountered the glance of a very elegant young man, who had evidently been looking at her for some time. She blushed deeply, and made an effort to escape; but the stranger, with the polished ease of high breeding, immediately entered into conversation. Presuming that she was Miss Osborne, he inquired why he had never seen her before, and hoped that she in-

tended now to spend part of her time with the family. Poor Elizabeth, confounded at this address, could only say, 'Oh pray, sir, do not tell my aunt that you saw me here. She desired me never to leave my cousin Jane's apartments; she will be very angry;' and, her spirits being weakened by the dreary life which she had led, she burst into tears. Her companion, interested by her delicate beauty, and touched by her distress, instantly soothed her with an assurance that her trespass should never be revealed by him; accompanying his promise of secrecy with a bitter philippic on the conduct of the Hargraves in burying their fair relative in such profound solitude. Upon the pretence that she was too much agitated to walk, he detained his trembling auditor for a few minutes; and, when at last he allowed her to leave him, she flew to her chamber in a flutter of spirits, so alarmed and yet so pleased, that she knew not whether to be most rejoiced or grieved at the adventure. From the housemaid she learned, that the gentleman from whom she had just parted was Mr. Sydney, the heir of a large fortune, and a constant visitant at Park-lane. What a subject was there now for contemplation, and for conversation also! for, though she did not choose to mention the rencontre, she dexterously led Jane to speak of this friend of the family. Elizabeth durst not venture into the drawing-room again, though, when the sun threw his golden beams upon the opposite wall, she wished anxiously for the extensive and bright views of the Park; this desire produced a sickness like the *maladie du pays*, and she became discontented and unhappy: the selfish cruelty of her aunt and cousin in immuring her within such a gloomy region, without the slightest recreation, without taking her for one airing in the carriage, or allowing her to see a play, or letting her partake in any way of the pleasures which they so constantly enjoyed, struck her deeply, and she moped and pined like a bird in a cage. The physician observed her altered looks, and, attributing her wasting roses to confinement, he made such a representation to Mrs. Hargrave, as obliged her to grant Elizabeth permission to walk in the Park, under the escort of a footman, from seven until ten o'clock every morning. Rejoicing in the air and exercise, she made acquaintance with the sportive urchins

around her, and shared in their frolic gambols. Her spirits and her health returned; but an incident which shortly occurred to her threatened to destroy her repose.

In these early rambles it frequently happened that gentlemen, returning from a late revel, crossed the Park on their way home. Mr. Sydney, haggard and fevered by a night's dancing, dismissed his carriage, and, for the sake of the fresh air, walked through the public promenade. He instantly recognized Elizabeth, and accosted her. More self-possessed than at their former meeting, she displayed all the natural grace and sweetness of her manners, and he left her enchanted. The next day, and the next, found him in the Park: a powerful attraction led him thither, and Mrs. Hargrave's plans, like those of many other cunning people, were overthrown by the very means which she hoped would have secured them. She had remarked with dismay the personal charms of her niece, and she therefore resolved not to produce this interesting girl, because she feared that she might outshine her own daughter: but a poor relation, unaccustomed to company, and unversed in the fashionable accomplishments, might have wandered for ever through the crowds assembled at the galas, without making one conquest: her bashful timidity would have been deemed awkwardness, and she would have passed unnoticed; but there was something so romantic in the introduction of Sydney to the young stranger, that it made her situation interesting. It was difficult to gain access to her, and every pleasing trait which she discovered was magnified by the medium through which it was presented to him. Her more gentlemanly deportment became polished elegance, her fair face and delicate features were exalted into beauty; in short, he was in love, nor did Elizabeth escape from all participation in this tender passion; but her unaffected modesty made her feel uneasy at the acquaintance which she had formed clandestinely with the too fascinating companion of her walks. She changed her promenade—a precaution that did not avail her against the perseverance of her suitor. He found her on the farthest bank of the Serpentine, or in the depths of Kensington gardens; and it was very seldom that she could baffle his untiring researches.



During this dream of love, Elizabeth's life was superlatively happy. It is true that when the housemaid informed her that Mrs. Hargrave held an assembly in her splendid drawing-rooms (for no sound of the festal meeting penetrated into the chambers of the invalid), she would sigh at the certainty of Sydney's being so very near, without having the hope of seeing or speaking to him: but she found a solace in the renovated health of her charge. The agony of Jane's disease had subsided; and, as she was more at ease, though still weak, and compelled to look forward for many months to no change from a recumbent posture, her spirits were improved, and her constant association with her amiable nurse had produced a blessed effect upon her mind. The cousins became friends, though Elizabeth dared not yet trust her companion with her dearest secret.—Time sped away, and early in June the Hargraves prepared to leave town, to be present at a grand series of entertainments given to celebrate the coming of age of a young nobleman at his paternal mansion in a distant county,—an event of sufficient consequence to induce them to quit London before the close of its gay season. Jane was deeply shocked at the indifference which her family betrayed to her. She was of course to be left behind; and their heartless purguit of pleasure, whilst she was incapable of being removed from a dreary chamber, made a strong impression on her mind. Elizabeth, relieved from much restraint, did not regret their departure on her own account, though she was sorry that her cousin's feelings were wounded. Both, however, were soon reconciled by an unforeseen acquisition to their society. Isabella Osborne, a sister of Elizabeth, a year younger than herself, had spent the winter with some of her father's relatives in Norfolk, and was now in London on a visit to a friend. Elizabeth and Jane gazed upon her with equal love and delight. Buoyant in spirit and lovely in person, a striking and elegant looking girl, blooming and bright as roses, she cheered their retirement with her gaiety; and Miss Hargrave became so attached to her, that she insisted upon her taking her up abode in Park-lane, when she had concluded her week's sojourn with her friend.

At this period Montague, Mr. Hargrave's only son, returned unexpectedly from the continent, and, hastening to

his father's house in London, was surprised to find two strange but very sweet cousins in close attendance upon his sick sister, whilst her nearer relatives had fled to more congenial scenes. He was a warm open-hearted young man, and a particular admirer of Isabella's style of beauty. Under his auspices Sydney was introduced to the young ladies, and was received with favor and indulgence. Jane, grateful for Elizabeth's kind devotedness, now proposed that the girls, under the escort of their cousin, should visit the principal places of public amusement; and, to remove all their scruples, she wrote to an old dowager of her acquaintance, and engaged her for a chaperon, whilst she produced the rich stores of her now useless wardrobe to deck her fair kinswomen for the occasion. What a jubilee for our rustic nymphs of Barton, attended by two such gallant cavaliers as Montague and Sydney proved themselves to be! The music at the opera-house came upon their ears in more melodious swells, and the gay groupes and splendid scenery assumed hues of brighter vividness than those which blessed senses less exposed to the influence of magic spells. Drury-lane and Covent-garden were temples wherein all that could captivate the mind was assembled. To these unsophisticated children of nature, such pleasures, under such circumstances, were little short of heavenly delights. But there is an end to all things. One evening as Jane was reclining on a sofa in her drawing-room, and Sydney was sitting beside her with Elizabeth, who held the book from which he read aloud, and Isabella was winding silk from Montague's hands, though no sound issuing through the double doors, ingeniously secured to shut out the din of revelry from the invalid, gave them warning, the portal was thrown open, and in walked Mrs. Hargrave and her daughter Charlotte. Both the visitors and the visited were paralysed with amazement. Jane felt that *perhaps* she had made herself too much the mistress in her father's house; Montague experienced an indefinable sensation, an idea that his devoirs to his cousin Isabella might not exactly meet the approbation of his parents; Elizabeth looked conscience-stricken, and her sister, scarcely knowing why, was strangely awed. Sydney only remained at his ease; and, as Mrs. Hargrave wisely dissembled her indignation, the evening was concluded in

apparent harmony, though a close observer might have perceived a storm gathering under her forced smiles. The next morning, at day-break, the Osbornes were informed that they would have an hour allowed them to pack up their clothes, and during that brief period their aunt's own maid kept guard over the invalid's bed-chamber door; they were then told that a chaise was in waiting for them, and, with just enough money given them to defray the expense of their journey home, they were dismissed with apparent contempt. I saw them arrive in Barton, pale, spiritless, yet smiling through their tears, and assured of a kind welcome from their parents. It appeared to me that in this luckless village the course of true love was destined never to run smooth, and I watched with a thrilling interest the painful efforts of the fair sisters to hide their secret feelings, and the anxiety which Mr. and Mrs. Osborne evinced at the manifest sorrow of their daughters. I was angry that Mrs. Hargrave's promptitude, in nipping the flower of affection in the bud, had been successful with the two young men, and I execrated these heartless fellows for their neglect of two lovely and amiable creatures; but, when my rage was at its height, a traveling carriage and four stopped at the village inn, and two young gentlemen, who could not be mistaken for any beings except London beaux, were watched into the surgeon's house. It was soon rumored all over the county that we should have a wedding; and, in less than six weeks, the Barton bells rang a merry peal for the double union of Sydney and Elizabeth, Montague and Isabella.

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#### A MEMOIR OF MR. DAVY, THE COMPOSER.

WITHOUT discussing the metaphysical question respecting innate ideas, it must be allowed that some infants, if not born with music in their heads, display a very early inclination and aptitude for the harmonic science. This remark is particularly applicable to John Davy, a native of Devonshire. When he was only in the fourth year of his age, he went into a room where his uncle was practising a psalm tune on the violoncello, and, as soon as he heard the instrument, ran away crying. In the course of some weeks his uncle fre-

quently tried to reconcile him to the instrument, which at last he effected, by taking the child's fingers and making him strike the strings. He now became so fond of his new play-thing, that he took every opportunity of scraping a better acquaintance with this monster, which, in the hands of its keeper, had frightened him with its tremendous noise. Going afterwards to see a company of soldiers, quartered at Crediton, he appeared to be greatly delighted with the fifes; but, not content with hearing them, he borrowed one, and soon picked out several tunes, and played them decently. After this he gathered a quantity of what the people call *biller*, a tubular plant, growing in marshy grounds; with which he made several imitations of the instrument, and sold them to his play-fellows. When between four and five years of age, his ear was so correct, that he could play an easy tune after once or twice hearing it. Before he was six years old, a neighbouring smith, who encouraged his playful visits, lost some *horse-shoes*; and diligent search was made after them for many days, but to no purpose. Soon after, the smith heard some musical sounds, which seemed to come from the upper part of his house, and, having listened a sufficient time to be convinced that his ears did not deceive him, he went up stairs, where he discovered young Davy, between the ceiling of the garret and the thatched roof. The boy had selected eight horse-shoes out of twenty to form a complete octave; had suspended each by a single cord, clear from the wall, and, with an iron rod, was amusing himself by an imitation of the church chimes. A harpsichord, as we may suppose, pleased him better, and, with little or no instruction, he soon played easy lessons upon it; and he also handled a violin with considerable effect. His musical skill at length attracted the notice of the celebrated Jackson, then organist of Exeter cathedral, who became his gratuitous preceptor and his zealous friend. Under this able master he became intimately acquainted with the theory and practice of music. At one time, it is said, he wished to add the fame of a theatrical performer to that of a musician, and acted the part of Zanga at the Exeter theatre; but he was not encouraged to continue on the stage. After officiating for some years as an organist, he was tempted to visit London by the confident hope of deriv-

ing great emolument from his abilities. He undertook that task for which he was more particularly qualified by his facility of composition and the correctness of his style. He was for many years engaged to supply the music for operas; but, unfortunately, he was indolent, inconsiderate, and extravagant; and, not providing in his prosperity (as prudence would have dictated) for the contingencies of adverse fortune, of illness and of advancing age, he was reduced, for some years before his death, to a state of privation and poverty, at a time when a severe disease required every comfort. He died on the 22d of February last, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, having frequently sighed for that relief which death affords to the wretched. His temper was mild, and his manners were modest and unassuming.

The last operas for which he furnished or selected the music, were *Rob Roy Mac-Gregor* and *Woman's Will*. In the former we observe the most tasteful and judicious adaptations; in the latter we find bold and original composition. Among his miscellaneous songs, *Just like Love*, the *Smuggler*, the *Bay of Biscay*, and *May we ne'er want a Friend*, are the most popular.

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SAYINGS AND DOINGS; A SERIES OF  
SKETCHES FROM LIFE;

by Theodore E. Hook.—3 vols. 1824.

A SIGNIFICANT though inelegant title frequently announces a pleasant and entertaining work; and we may confidently prognosticate that those who expect to be amused by these sketches will not be disappointed. Mr. Hook is a man of the world, well acquainted with men and manners; and, while we are neither disposed to admire his political principles, nor to excuse that financial delinquency which has subjected him to a state prosecution, we allow that he is an ingenious and intelligent writer.

The object of the work is thus stated in the preface:

'The French have, time out of mind, written short dramatic pieces, in which they have illustrated or exemplified the truth of old sayings; and, as every body knows, the dramatic pieces so written have themselves been called *Proverbs*. Whenever these *Proverbs* have been translated, or adapted to our stage, so much does it take to satisfy an English

audience, that three or four of them have been generally combined to make up one farce; and, consequently, the action only has been preserved, without regard to the *original point* which the authors had in view when they framed them. I mention this because I am not aware that any dramatic illustration of a single proverb has with *that view* been given to the English public. It is, however, from these dramas that I first caught the idea of noting down what I saw passing in society, in order to judge, by the events of real life, the truth or fallacy of those axioms which have been handed down to us with a character for 'usefulness and dignity,' as conducive to the understanding of philosophy, of which they are the very remains. I have for many years watched the world, and have set down all that I have seen; and out of this collection of materials, I have thrown together a few historic illustrations of quaint sayings, the truth and sagacity of which, the characters introduced by me have unconsciously exemplified in their lives and conduct; and which I have the small merit of bringing to bear, after long observation, upon the axioms affixed to each tale. In short, I have thought it a curious matter of speculation to compare the *doings* of the moderns with the *sayings* of the ancients.'

Of the four tales which constitute the work, the first illustrates the proverb, 'too much of one thing is good for nothing.'—A person of small fortune, named Burton, emerging from youth into manhood, is induced to look out for a wife; and the qualifications which he expects are enumerated with judicious discrimination.—'A bright sparkling eye—a look of sense—animation—a varying expression, and features which should take a different cast, when their mistress heard of the death of a child, from that which they would wear when she lost a pool at loo—an air, a manner, a gentleness and grace—a lady-like figure—a feminine diffidence—an amiable softness—a total absence of affectation, and an inexhaustible fund of good-humor, were essentials with him; and, if the union of these qualities in one woman were not discoverable, then Burton devoted himself, in his own mind, to a life of perpetual single blessedness. Besides these actual qualifications which his imaginary bride was to have, there were sundry others which she was not upon any consideration to possess. She

was on no account to be learned: she might speak French; but, if she did, must do it well and fluently: Latin and Greek were interdicted; the mathematics utterly banished. She might, perhaps, play and sing, but not by any means well enough to be expected or called upon to exhibit like a buffoon in company. The less she liked dancing the better; waltzing was out of the question altogether. If she drew, it was not to be after the antique. The less she dabbled in the arts, however, the more desirable. She was to be religious, and devoid of cant; charitable without parade; and rational, without pretension: she was to look at the world as one of its inhabitants, not to expect divine attributes in any of her fellow-creatures, nor to afflict the possession of them herself; she was to be extremely neat in her person; never to touch upon politics, and always to call things by their right names.

He is so fortunate as to meet with a lady who seems to answer his ideas and expectations; he leads her to the altar, and enjoys that happiness which a prudent marriage is calculated to confer. At length his tranquillity is invaded by the return of Danvers, his wife's uncle, from the East-Indies. This guest, by his strange mode of living, throws the family into confusion, and his society is only tolerated in consideration of his immense wealth, which he bequeaths to his niece; and now comes the exemplification of the proverb.

'Burton received innumerable letters from persons with whom for years he had had no intercourse, congratulating him upon his wonderful good fortune; and in less than a week he accumulated two maternal uncles, one aunt, a half-mother-in-law, and upwards of fourteen cousins in Scotland alone; he was elected a member of three learned societies, and received a communication from an university which shall be nameless, to know whether the honorary degree of D. C. L. would be agreeable to him. Various post-chaises, replete with fashionable upholsterers [*upholders*], milliners, dress-makers, booksellers, and wine-merchants, thronged the sweep before Sandown cottage; nine capital estates were offered to him for sale, and thirty-one persons, whose names he had never heard, appealed to his well-known charitable disposition to relieve their wants in various degrees, from the loan of twenty pounds up to the general discharge of the em-

barrassments of a reverend gentleman with thirteen children. His little, heretofore quiet, library was crowded with country gentlemen, and directors of charitable institutions; those who had sons in the army solicited him to get companies for their boys; others who had chosen the navy, entreated him to get ships for their lads; and one man, high at the Bar, going the summer circuit, even requested Burton's influence to lift him to the Bench. All this, although worrying in the extreme as to the physical part of the thing, had, it must be confessed, a very strong effect upon Burton's mind; and from rejecting the incense and avoiding the solicitations of his would-be creatures, which he at first cordially and naturally did, he began to get in some degree accustomed to the thing, and to feel that if these aristocratic persons were so ready to cede to him the possession of influence in the world, which he knew at the moment he had not, it was quite clear, if he chose really to attain to it, that it was on the cards for him to do so.

He now resolved to purchase the magnificent property of the duke of Alverstoke, situate and lying contiguous to his own. The duke, whose income did not exceed, at the utmost, ninety-seven thousand a year, was so much distressed as to be compelled to part with the property; and so extraordinarily changed was his neighbour Mr. Burton, by his recent acquisition of fortune, that his grace took the trouble to go down from London to Sandown to offer him the preference as a purchaser, on account of the very high personal esteem which he had always entertained for him.

'The library, which was taken at a valuation, was doubled in extent by the new purchaser, and the arrangement, under the immediate superintendence of one of the leading booksellers in London, was perfectly novel. Magnificent lustres and chandeliers adorned the new gallery, which was added to the suite of apartments by throwing down the partitions of seven smaller rooms; and the collection of pictures, which his grace also disposed of, was increased greatly by the acquisition of three or four dozen originals by Vandyke, Titian, Rubens, Claude, Domenichino, Carlo Maratti, Holbein, Guercino, Vandervelde, and Dow, which a most excellent and active gentleman had been kind enough to

select for Mr. Burton at the sale of a celebrated collection, for less than twenty-eight thousand pounds—a sum so incalculably small, as he was told by another friend, that he made his obliging acquaintance a present of a thousand guineas, as a recompense for his zeal and activity, and the great trouble he had expended in the pursuit. This gentleman's favors were not strictly confined to his personal exertions; for he had already done Burton the favor of introducing to him his friend just named, who for less than ten thousand pounds more stored the apartments at Milford Park with the most beautiful *morceaux of bijouterie, or moulu candellabra*, made expressly for Bonaparte, ebony cabinets, splendidly inlaid with gold and silver, with innumerable pieces of invaluable porcelain and China to cover the tortoise-shell commodes; silver chandeliers from the Palazzo di Torcano; antique statues fresh from Florence; invaluable casts and models from Rome, and a cargo of vases from Herculaneum, which were of themselves worth double the whole sum of money.

The progress of extravagance is detailed by our author with vivacity and point, and the result is, that, when every one has preyed upon the rich man in all possible modes, and his indiscretion has involved him in the most harassing difficulties, he retires to a cottage with the small remains of his splendid fortune, and again enjoys repose and happiness.

The tale of Merton, the longest of the series, illustrates the proverb, 'There is many a slip between the cup and the lip.' The life of the chief personage is full of disappointments, dangers, and misfortunes, which arise more from unexpected contingencies than from his own faults or misconduct. Curious sketches of society and spirited delineations of character are interspersed through the narrative, and a considerable degree of interest is kept up; but the improbabilities of the story are frequent and glaring.

The 'Friend of the Family' is the history of an unprincipled attorney, who, after a course of villany, puts an end to his own life. Some parts of this tale are deficient in verisimilitude; but various portions are lively and amusing. The account of a strolling player, who is also a gentleman of the press, may serve as a specimen.

'I am (says this adventurer) as easily moulded as putty, take an impression like wax, and, having led a Protean life from my youth upwards, put off my manners with my habits. My adventures are not uninteresting, sir. I was originally bred to the bar.'

'The bar, sir?'

'Yes, sir, of my father's most respectable tap in the Whitechapel Road; but I had a soul above pewter pots, and having lent an ear to the *king of clubs*, as I always called Mr. Biddle (from the sovereign sway he held over our convivial assemblies), I entered the press-gang.'

'I confess, sir, I do not understand —'

'The literary line, sir: I became a doer of small paragraphs for morning newspapers, and having received a liberal education, *id est*, at the charity-school of my native parish, undertook to collect intelligence, and make accidents, in both of which pursuits I succeeded wonderfully. All the extraordinary escapes of persons out of two-pair-of-stairs-windows at fires—all the miraculous preservations of young ladies from drowning upon water-parties—boiling of bees to make them frisky, and catching pike with repeating watches in their stomachs going as if nothing had happened to them—pigs eating up little children in Ireland, and sea-serpents in America one hundred and forty-five feet six inches long!—These, sir, these were the fruits of this prolific brain; but it would not do—I was poorly paid and over-worked. I had but one penny per line for casualties, and one and ninepence a piece for critiques. I was at that time, sir, obliged to burn a whole village or inundate a province for eleven pence three farthings, till at last, sir, I was introduced to an actor, at once a credit to the profession and an ornament to human nature.

'I was seized with a Rosciomania, and my poor father, who had long lived upon his ale, being at length stretched upon his *bier* (you will pardon the apparent inappropriateness of the jest,) I turned to the Thespian art with all the ardor of youth, and went to it like a French falconer.'

'Indeed, sir,' said Edward, looking at his watch;—anxiously waiting the appearance of the carriage.

'And then,' said the player—

'He drew a dial from his poke,  
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says very wisely—it is ten o'clock.'

'I play tragedy, I flatter myself, not much worse than Kemble; in comedy I am (without being one of the '*servum pecus*') said to be on a par with Munden; in light airy parts, Jones is jealous of me; and when I played Looney Mac-towler, Johnstone left the stage. I'm not vain, sir, but still with all my talents I didn't hit: envy, sir, that Gorgon which alike keeps down authors and actors, drove me from the stage. Kemble was an author as well as a manager—you understand? 'writes himself,' as the joke goes.'

'Perfectly, sir,' said Edward, who received his conversation as the wall of a five-court takes a ball, and with much the same effect; for the more sharply the words were given in, the quicker they were played at him again.

'Driven from the stage by prejudice and party (the Tories hated me, sir, for what I had done anonymously), I started an entertainment of my own; thought it a hit, and no copy. I could imitate ducks, pigs, fireworks, and wheelbarrows—stand on my head—dance a horn-pipe on a pewter plate—leap over fifteen chairs and a dinner-table, and sing all the comic songs that ever were written: it would not do, sir. First night of performance at Guildford, in Surrey,—long room, White Hart—Serjeant Onslow in the church-yard; gothic-house, with pretty maids opposite the inn—roasted loin of pork for dinner—opened—seventeen people full grown, and two little girls under age. Didn't pay for candles. Tried at Petersfield—wore a hat like the mayor; '*semper eadem*,' worse and worse;—cut the connexion, and once more embarked as you see.'

The other tale bears the denomination of '*Martha the Gipsy*.' It is a story of supernatural agency; and, as the author seems to give full credence to it, many would arraign his sense and judgement for this instance of credulity: but let it be remembered that Dr. Johnson, whose sense no one will dispute, was disposed to believe in such stories.

implicit credit. Some writers have evinced all the illiberality of prejudice, and have caricatured rather than fairly described the manners, customs, and institutions which they pretend to have observed; and some, on the other hand, for the purpose of attraction, have employed the language of unmerited panegyric. But Mr. Duncan has avoided both these extremes, and pursues a course of moderation and impartiality. He gives praise where it is due, and, when he censures, he is not violent or intemperate. For instance, in speaking of the prevalence of Socinianism among the professors and students of Harvard University, and of the general indifference of the Bostonians in point of religion, he laments the perversion of principle in one case, and the want of zeal in the other, without giving way to the warmth of indignation.

Having borne testimony to the hospitable character of the Bostonians, he adds, 'Let me record an act of the citizens, still more honourable than the ordinary deeds of hospitality. In the winter of 1816, a most destructive fire desolated a great part of the town of St. John, in Newfoundland. When the tidings reached Boston, the sensations of sympathy and commiseration were instantaneous and powerful. They did not, however, exhaust themselves in unavailing expressions of regret: the townsmen determined that their kindly feeling should be felt as well as heard of. Forgetful that the year before the two countries had been enemies to each other, forgetful of every mercantile jealousy, and the contested right of fishing on the banks, which America was eager to claim and Britain reluctant to concede, they recollected only, that hundreds of their fellow-creatures had been burned out of their homes, amid the frost and fogs and snows of a Newfoundland winter, and that a great part of their winter provisions had perished in the flames. That very day a vessel was chartered, and a full cargo of flour, meat, and other provisions, industriously collected and put on board; I believe that even the porters and carmen on the wharfs laboured gratuitously; and on the third day the vessel left the harbour, to brave the hardships and the dangers of a winter passage to that inhospitable shore. He, who prompted the act of humanity, watched over the means employed to accomplish it; the vessel reached New-

TRAVELS THROUGH PARTS OF THE  
UNITED STATES AND CANADA,

by J. M. Duncan, A. B.—2 vols. 8vo.

The accounts of the American republic are not, in general, entitled to

foundland in safety, entered the port, discharged her cargo, and returned, with the overflowing thanks and benedictions of many a grateful heart.'

He applauds the excellent management of the prisons of Boston and other towns; but as this point has been frequently noticed, we proceed to his general description of the New-England towns.—'The houses are generally of wood, painted white, and decorated with Venetian blinds of a brilliant green. The solid frame-work of the walls is covered externally with thin planks, called clap-boards, which overlap each other from the eaves downward, and serve effectually to exclude rain. The roof is covered with shingles, which are thin slips of wood put on like slates, and painted of a dark blue. The buildings are in general about two stories in height; the door is decorated with a neat portico; and very frequently a projecting piazza, most grateful in hot weather, with benches under it, extends along the whole front of the house. Mouldings, and minute decorations of various kinds, are carried round the principal projections. A garden is not unfrequent behind, and a neat wooden railing in front, enclosing a grass-plot and a few trees. Such houses would soon look rusty and weather-beaten, were they in our climate: but they enjoy here a purer atmosphere, and the smoke of coal fires is unknown. The painting is renewed about once a year, which serves to preserve the wood for a long time.

'The churches, or meeting-houses as they are more generally called, are in the smaller towns also of wood, and, with the addition of a steeple and a gilt weathercock, resemble very much the other buildings. In the large towns they are of brick or stone, but retain in almost all cases the green Venetian blinds upon the windows. The streets are wide, and generally run off, at right angles to each other, from a large open square covered with green turf, in the centre of the town; the churches, town-house, and an inn or two, not unfrequently front this green. Gravel walks skirt many of the streets, and occasionally rows of limes or poplars. The agreeable succession of gardens, grass-plats, trees, foot walks, and buildings, gives an air of rural quietness to the town; and the open space which frequently intervenes between one house and another prevents much of the danger which would

otherwise arise from fire. Every thing betokens an unusual share of homely simplicity.'

It is well known that the United States have abolished the trade for slaves; but slavery still exists in some of the states, though, in others, emancipation has been ordered by the provincial legislature. An annual procession, commemorating this act of justice, is thus noticed:—'The appearance of the long array was rather grotesque, and afforded a good deal of merriment to the Boston wags; and some printer, to turn the joke to account, has published a caricature of it, with a mock account of the subsequent dinner. The older blacks who headed the procession carried short batons, and some of them wore cocked hats, cockades, epaulets, silk sashes, and top boots! After them a party of younger ones followed, bearing formidable pikes with tin heads, and a few flags; several bands of music were placed at intervals along the line, and it was closed by a multitude of black boys, two and two, in their gayest apparel. A great number of female blacks lined the side walks. In this order the whole proceeded to church, where they heard a sermon; the men afterwards dined together, elected office-bearers for the following year, and, according to custom on such occasions, spent the evening in the utmost conviviality and good-humour. It was gratifying to witness the happy looks and fantastic dresses of these free blacks, and to think of the event commemorated by their holiday procession. Melancholy reflections, however, were suggested by the remembrance, that though they could no longer be bought and sold, like the inferior animals or a mass of inanimate matter, yet chains of a stronger kind still manacled their limbs, from which no legislative act could free them; a mental and moral subordination and inferiority, to which tyrant custom has here subjected all the sons and daughters of Africa.'

'The encouragement given to education is a favorable trait in the American character.—'The colony of Connecticut formerly included a large portion of the present states of Pennsylvania and Ohio. About ten years after the revolution, the claim to the portion of Pennsylvania was by compromise abandoned: but a vast tract beyond the limits of that state was sold by Connecticut, and the proceeds (270,000*l.* sterling) were for ever appro-

priated to the support of free-schools within the state. This fund has increased to 342,500*l.* sterling, the annual income of which is distributed among a population of about 270,000 persons. This presents, as was remarked to me, the singular spectacle of a larger sum of money being paid out of the public treasury for the education of the people, than all the amount that is received by it in taxes and contributions of every kind—a state of things certainly nowhere else ever known in the world. In the schools which are thus established, every citizen has a legal claim to have his children educated, and all are compellable by law to send them. English, writing, accounts, and occasionally mathematics, are the branches taught; and I believe that it is next to impossible to discover in the state a white native who cannot read and write.'

So great a number of readers must necessarily call for large supplies of literature.—'In a literary point of view, Philadelphia enjoys a respectable rank among American cities, but as yet Boston is far before any other. I was not a little surprised to learn by the 'Picture of Philadelphia,' that in 1811 it contained fifty-one printing offices, employing one hundred and fifty-three presses, and I believe that since that period the number has increased. A considerable proportion of these must be supported by newspapers, of which there are no fewer than eight published daily, besides many once, twice, and three times a week; but, after deducting what are necessary for these, there must remain a very respectable number devoted to literature of a more permanent and aspiring kind.

'Philadelphia has produced the finest and most accurate specimens of typography that have yet appeared in America, and there is a decided superiority in most of the works printed here to those executed either in Boston or New-York. There are two letter-founderies, and several printing-press-makers. The Columbian press, invented by a person of the name of Clymer, a native of Philadelphia, appears to be in many respects very superior to any other that I have yet seen. Many periodical works have at various times been published here, some of which are still continued; and though their success has been in no instance equal to that which is at present enjoyed by the North-American Review, some

of them exhibit a large proportion of respectable talent. For reprints of the heavier British books, Philadelphia is quite famous. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* was begun in 1790, by Mr. Dobson, an enterprising countryman of ours. When the first half-volume was published, of which 1,000 were printed, he had but 246 subscribers; they increased however so rapidly, that of the second volume 2,000 were thrown off; the first was soon after reprinted; and in a short time he found it extremely difficult to procure a sufficient number of printers and engravers to carry forward the work with sufficient rapidity. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* are regularly reprinted at New-York, and several of our other popular periodical works in different parts of the Union.'

As no reflecting person can view the present state of the North-American people and territories without thinking of the great founder of their freedom, Mr. Duncan was induced to visit the abode of the esteemed and lamented Washington.—'At the bottom of the avenue to Mount Vernon, the gate was opened to us by an old negro, who had survived the master of his youth, and who now receives from many a visitor substantial tokens of the universal respect which is entertained for his memory. The avenue is narrow and in bad order; it has indeed more the air of a neglected country road than the approach to a gentleman's residence. The mansion-house, an old-fashioned building of two stories, surmounted by a small turret and weathercock, stands on an elevated situation on the western bank of the Potowmack; it is built of wood, but the walls are cut and plastered in imitation of rusticated freestone. The back part of the house is to the river; at the other side are two small wings at right angles to the principal building, and connected by piazzas, which bend toward them so as to form a kind of irregular crescent. Opposite the hall door is a circular grass-plot, surrounded by a gravel walk, and shaded on both sides by lofty trees; two beautiful chest-nuts were pointed out to me, which sprang from nuts planted by the general's own hand. On the two sides are the vegetable and flower gardens, in the latter of which is a greenhouse.

'It is not a very comfortable residence, according to modern ideas of comfort;



but it ought now to be considered sacred, and have the most unremitting care bestowed on its preservation. He will be worse than a Vandal who presumes to pull it down. In the hall hangs a picture of the Bastille, and in a small glass case above it is an ancient key, which formerly turned the bolt of one of the dreary locks in that house of sighs. It was sent out to Washington by the marquis de la Fayette, after the destruction of the Bastille, as an inscription affixed in his hand-writing records. Over the mantel-piece of one of the parlors is a small framed miniature of the general, which was cut out of a piece of common earthen-ware. It is a singular fact, that this is regarded by the family as the most accurate likeness that exists. The general contour of his face is well ascertained, and there is a strong similarity in most of the portraits: yet those who knew him best agree that there was a certain expression in his countenance, which is quite wanting even in Stuart's painting. This very ordinary kind of daub, which was broken out of a common pitcher, and probably executed by some potter's apprentice, is said to possess more of this intellectual characteristic than any of the other portraits.

'At the back of the house a lofty piazza stretches along the whole length of the building, and before it the ground slopes rapidly towards the river, and soon becomes quite precipitous. On the bank is a small tea-house, which affords a most commanding view of the surrounding scenery. The Potomack widens into a bay before you, and, bending round the base of Mount-Vernon, seems almost to insulate the promontory on which it stands; then sweeping in the opposite direction round the projecting shore of Maryland, and lost for a time behind its vast forests, it re-appears in noble expanse about ten miles below, with the sunbeams flashing from its surface, rolling its mighty current into the yet more ample bosom of the Chesapeake.

'A little to the right of the tea-house, and nearer to the edge of the bank, is the tomb of Washington. Here, under the peaceful shade of oaks and cedars, lies all that earth contains of him by whose energy and patriotism the United States became a nation! No venerable cathedral rears its arches over his remains; no sumptuous mausoleum embalms his memory.

'Si monumentum queris, circumspecte.'

His country is his monument; his country's liberty his only panegyric!

To the social habits and general state of New-York our author has devoted a considerable share of his attention; but we can only find room for his description of a tea-party.—'In the modern houses the two principal apartments are on the first floor, and communicate by large folding doors, which on gala days throw wide their ample portals, converting the two apartments into one. At the largest party which I have seen, there were about thirty young ladies present, and more than as many gentlemen. Every sofa, chair, and footstool, were occupied by the ladies, and little enough room some of them appeared to have after all. The gentlemen were obliged to be content with walking up and down, talking now with one lady, now with another. Tea was brought in by a couple of blacks, carrying large trays, one covered with cups, the other with cake. Slowly making the round, and retiring at intervals for additional supplies, the ladies were gradually gone over; and after much patience the gentlemen began to enjoy the beverage 'which cheers but not inebriates,' still walking about, or leaning against the wall, with the cup and saucer in their hands. As soon as the first course was over, the hospitable trays again entered, bearing a chaos of preserves—peaches, pine-apples, ginger, oranges, citrons, pears, &c. in tempting display. A few of the young gentlemen now accompanied the revolution of the trays, and sedulously attended to the pleasure of the ladies. The party was so numerous, that the period between the commencement and the termination of the round was sufficient to justify a new solicitation; and so the ceremony continued, with very little intermission, during the whole evening. Wine succeeded the preserves, and dried fruit followed the wine, which in its turn was supported by sandwiches in name of supper, and a forlorn hope of confectionary and frost-work. I pitied the poor blacks, who, like Tantalus, had such a profusion of dainties the whole evening at their fingers' ends, without the possibility of partaking of them. A little music and dancing gave variety to the scene, which, to some of us, was a source of considerable satisfaction; for, when a number of ladies were on the

floor, those who cared not for the dance had the pleasure of getting a seat.'

The details respecting Canada are not less amusing or interesting than those which relate to the United States; but it will be sufficient to observe, that, at Quebec and Montreal, the chief feature of society is an inclination for good eating, card-playing, dancing, music, and gaiety; and that, among the great majority of the Canadians, none but a few of the females can read; but the British residents are not included in this remark.

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A MEMOIR DESCRIPTIVE OF SICILY AND ITS ISLANDS,

by Captain W. H. Smyth.—4to. 1821.

THIS publication is the produce of an official survey, undertaken by the order of the board of admiralty. The primary object was to adjust the hydrography of Sicily, with a view to the improvement of navigation; and this led to an examination of the resources and general state of that island. The author's statements are apparently correct, and the information which he has given is more precise and methodical than any former account that we have seen; yet it is not so satisfactory as, from the large size and high price, of the volume, the reader might expect to find it. Commencing with geology, he says, 'From many peculiarities observable in the stratification and direction of its mountains, it has been inferred that Sicily was once joined to the continent, and that it was separated by some dreadful convulsion of nature, beyond the reach of history or tradition; and, as some suppose, before the craters of Stromboli, Ætna, Vesuvius, and Lipari, gave vent to the subterraneous fires. The whole of Sicily, its adjacent islands, and the south of Italy, being still subject to frequent and destructive earthquakes, and other volcanic phenomena, add much to the probability of the supposed ancient connexion between the Apennine and Neptunian ranges. Next to Ætna, the principal mountains of Sicily are the Madonia and Pelorean or Neptunian ranges, forming the north and north-eastern coasts, and thence gradually shelving down to the south-west part of the island, with inferior chains diverging

in various ramifications. These are of a primitive formation, more or less covered with a calcareous stratum, intermixed with pyrites, schistus, talc, and marine deposits, and abounding with mineral riches and organic remains. The soil affords great variety, being loamy, argillaceous, aluminous, siliceous, or calcareous, and of considerable depth. By the genial influence of the climate, vegetation is rendered quick and abundant, and the country is altogether one of the most productive spots on earth. This fecundity may be owing, in part, to a volcanic influence, for lava, *scoriae*, and ashes, are not confined to the neighbourhood of Ætna, but extend from that mountain to Cape l'assarò.'

Adverting to the aspect of the country, he observes, that 'the appearance of the coast is romantic, and formed by nature into strong positions of defence, while the interior presents a combination of mountains, ravines, and valleys, the latter of which, in many parts, branch out into extensive plains, presenting a pleasing assemblage of rural scenes, possessing a soil exuberantly fertile, and animated by numerous flocks and herds scattered around. The hilly regions presenting, alternately, undulating slopes, bold crags, and rugged elevations, with woody declivities abounding with elms, chestnuts, pines, oaks, ash, and other timber, complete the prospect.'

The productions of the island are copiously enumerated. Among the most valuable is the olive,—'as both its fruit, and the oil expressed from it, form staple articles of sustenance and commerce. The young trees are planted at such a distance from each other, as is supposed will allow room for the branches to spread to their full growth, their expansion being generally equal to their height. Ungrafted trees bear a very delicate fruit, too small to yield much oil; if a slip is taken from an old plant, above the graft, its produce will be equally valuable; but, if taken from below it, or if it be the shoot from a seed, it requires ingrafting from the old plant, and, in either case, the fruit, during the first ten years, is too trifling to be taken into calculation. The value of the tree increases with time, and its duration is from a hundred and fifty to three hundred years. Its fruitfulness then gradually declines, until, at an advanced age, it becomes entirely barren. A great

quantity of common oil is made in all parts of the island. The olives are crushed, slightly heated, and pressed in baskets; the produce is generally of a dead colour, and from allowing the fruit to ferment, and from not assorting it, or changing the baskets annually, the oil is apt to be pungent, rancid, and fetid. Some few farmers, however, are more careful, and the produce is, in consequence, not only pleasant and nutritious, but also more copious; for by these the fruit is picked from the trees before it has quite lost its green shade, instead of being shaken or beaten off with sticks when it has become black, or waiting until it is blown down by a strong wind. While the olives are in the baskets under the press, hot water is thrown upon them, for the purpose of assisting the disengagement of the oily particles from the pulp and mucus of the fruit, and the whole falls into a trench round the press, in which the oil, naturally soon rising to the surface, is put into large jars, which are generally preferred to casks, for its preservation.

With regard to the people who inhabit this fine island, we are informed, that 'they are of a middle stature, and well made, with dark eyes, and coarse black hair; they have better features than complexions, and attain maturity, and begin to decline, earlier than the inhabitants of more northern regions. In conversation they are cheerful, inquisitive, and fanciful, with a redundancy of unmeaning compliments, showing themselves not so deficient in natural talents, as in the due cultivation of them. Their delivery is vehement, rapid, full of action, and their gesticulation violent; the latter is so significant as almost to possess the powers of speech, and animates them with a peculiar vivacity, bordering, however, rather on conceits than wit, on farce than humour. But the principal characteristic is an effeminate laziness among those of easy circumstances, which they attempt to excuse, by alleging the intense heat of the climate, without taking example from the warmer regions of Egypt and India, or the energy of the British colonists in the torrid zone; in fact, they have a practical illustration close to them, in the hardy labor and patient industry of the peasants, calessiers, and porters of Malta.—Good fellowship prevails at most of their pastimes; but, notwithstanding a generally cheerful disposition,

the Sicilians are so violent and irritable, that they will not scruple, on an angry word, a trifling jealousy, or a drunken quarrel, to plunge into crime, and take the most summary and sanguinary revenge; a vice promoted, perhaps, by the mal-administration of justice. Unhappily a murder may be committed in open day, and yet the assassin escape, because, from a superstitious fear, rather than an impulse of humanity (for that ought to be directed to the sufferer), no spectator will assist to apprehend him, under the plea that it is the duty of the police. As atrocities of this nature are not inserted in the gazettes, the public are not aware of their occurrence, and it is therefore difficult to ascertain the number of such tragical events; but, from many circumstances, I do not believe premeditated murders are very common in Sicily, although several atrocious and harrowing instances of this kind have come under my personal knowledge.

'A few of the nobles attend to public affairs, and show a considerable share of talent and sagacity; but, from defective education, and from being deprived of the advantages of traveling, the majority have narrow and contracted ideas, which lead them to prefer the dissipation and the heartless pleasures of the capital, to rural, literary, or scientific pursuits. Far from enjoying the varied beauties of Sicilian landscape, their country excursions are confined to a residence of about a month in spring and autumn, at a small distance from the great towns, where the time is passed in the usual routine of paying and receiving visits, in those monotonous assemblies called *conversazioni*, and in gambling. In their deportment they are obliging, affable, and attentive, though very ceremonious. Those violations of truth and morality that so frequently cloud the brightest titles may be attributed to their neglect of the domestic ties, to their indolence, and to the effects of bad example.

'Most of the nobles have a palace of their own, which goes by their name; but very few, if any, have an establishment sufficiently numerous to occupy the whole building, and many let even the *appartamento nobile*, or second floor, restricting themselves to an inferior suite of rooms. They are proud of having a tall robust man as porter at the gate, decked out in more gorgeous livery than

any of their other servants, with mus-tachios, a huge cocked-hat and feathers, broad cross-belt and hanger, and a large silver-headed cane.

'In Sicily almost every house is a palace, and every handicraft a profession ; every respectable person is addressed as his excellency, and even a servant on an errand is charged with an embassy. This attachment to ostentation is so inveterate, that the poorer nobility and gentry are penurious to an extreme in their domestic arrangements, and almost starve themselves to be able to appear abroad in the evening with an equipage, often mean, and calculated rather to indicate poverty than comfort.'

Literature and science appear to be at a low ebb in Sicily. A considerable number of *literati* may be found, and there are many who have a smattering of science ; but the learning which they display is rather the varnish of a base metal than the polish of a true gem.

#### DAAPHNE AND CHLOE ;

#### *a Pastoral Dialogue, by Gessner.*

*Daphne.* THE moon has risen from behind those dusky mountains ; her resplendent light shines through the trees which crown their tops. What a charm this scene inspires ! Here, my friend, let us rest awhile. My brother will bring back the flocks to the fold.

*Chloe.* This sweet place enchants me. The soft coolness of the evening is delicious.

*Daphne.* Dost thou see, Chloe, near to that rock, the garden of the young Alexis ? Let us approach the hedge of rose-trees by which it is surrounded. It is the most beautiful garden in the country. Is there any other of which the aspect is so delightful, or one that is cultivated with so much care ?

*Chloe.* Let us go to it, Daphne.

*Daphne.* No shepherd understands the culture of plants so well as Alexis. Chloe, does any one ?

*Chloe.* None, I believe.

*Daphne.* How fresh and flourishing are all things here ! whether they creep upon the ground, or climb the propping poles. There pours the crystal spring, which, falling from the summit of the rock, murmurs through the garden's shades. Observe the point of that rock over the cascade ; there Alexis has

formed a bower of honeysuckles. From the bosom of that recess, how ravishing must be the prospect of this wide landscape !

*Chloe.* Daphne, you praise with transport. Yes, all that we see is charming. The garden of the young Alexis is the most delightful of all the gardens in these parts. His flowers are the fairest. There is no fountain whose murmurs are so sweet, whose water is so refreshing.

*Daphne.* But you smile, Chloe.

*Chloe.* No, Daphne, no ; observe this rose which I have plucked : is not the fragrance it breathes sweeter than that of all other roses ? Could it have been more delicious, if cultured by the hand of love himself ?

*Daphne.* Chloe !

*Chloe.* Ah, why would you suppress the sigh with which your bosom heaves ?

*Daphne.* Come, let us retire.

*Chloe.* So soon ? No, this place delights me ; I am so happy here !—But hark, I hear a noise. Under the dark shade of these lilacs we shall not be perceived. Dost thou see him ? It is Alexis. Tell me softly in mine ear, is he not the handsomest of all the shepherds ?

*Daphne.* Ah ! let me go.

*Chloe.* No, I will not let thee go. He is pensive, he sighs ; surely some shepherdess has stolen his heart.

#### *The Shepherd's Song.*

The young women conceal themselves under the thick shade of the lilacs ; and Alexis, not knowing that he is heard, thus sings.

'O thou serene and silver moon, be witness to my sighs ; and you, peaceful groves, how often have you sighed, after me, the name of Daphne ! Tender flowers, which breathe your fragrance around me ; the dew of evening glitters on your leaves, while my cheeks are bathed with the tears of love. Ah ! if I dared—why can I not say—Daphne ! I love thee more than the bee loves the spring.

'I found her the other day at the fountain ; she came to fill a heavy pitcher with water. Let me, I said with a faltering voice, carry that burden, too weighty for thy arm. You are very kind, said she, all trembling. I took the pitcher. Timid, my sighs with pain I stifled, while, with down-cast eyes, I walked by her side, but did not dare to say, Daphne I love thee.

'Poor Narcissus, how mournfully by my side thou hankest thy head! the morning saw thee in all thy splendor; thou art now withered. Thus my youthful days will perish, if Daphne should disdain my love. Then, ye charming flowers, ye various plants, that have ever been my dear delight, the objects of my tenderest cares; deprived of culture, you will wither; for joy will be for ever banished from my heart. Choked will you be with weeds, while the thorn and briar hang over you their fatal shade; and you, young trees, planted by my hands, you that bear such delicious fruits, despoiled of all your gay attire, your withered branches will mournfully rise over this savage place, while I shall pass the remainder of my days in sighs and tears.

'Mayest thou, when my ashes here repose, enjoy the most enchanting pleasures in the arms of a more amiable happy lover!—No—Distracting thoughts, why do you thus torment my soul?—I behold some glimmering rays of hope. Does not Daphne smile with a gracious air, when, with lingering steps, I pass before her? Seated, the other day, on the declivity of the hill, I played on my pipe, while she passed along the bordering vale. Suddenly she stopped; which I no sooner saw, than my lips trembled, and my fingers, running wildly over the reed, formed incoherent sounds: still she stopped and listened.

'O if, one day thy spouse, I shall conduct thee to these shades, ye then, fair flowers, in all your liveliest colors shine, and around her pour your sweet fragrance; and you, young trees, bow down your loaded branches, and offer her your most delicious fruits.'

Thus sang Alexis. Daphne sighed, while her hand trembled in that of Chloe, who called to the young shepherd. 'Alexis,' she cried, 'Daphne loves thee: come, let thy kisses catch the tears of love which glisten on her cheeks.' With a timid air he ran. But how can I describe his transports, when Daphne, confused, and leaning upon Chloe's bosom, disclosed the fond sensations of her heart!

#### SENSIBILITY.

OF all the qualities which are exhibited by the heart or the mind of man, that of Sensibility is the most attractive. Like honor, it is frequently mistaken for

the highest virtues, and may be said to 'imitate their actions where they are not.' Without sensibility the best deeds and the noblest motives lose their lustre, and forfeit all pretension to that endearing charm, by which we are led to love and therefore imitate them. The heart owns no union with that frigid being who is actuated by stoical philosophy, or by a mechanical sense of duty, in the performance of right; but it glows with kindred feeling, and imbibes with rapid perception every idea which thrills 'the nerve where ecstasy or agony is borne' by that interesting being, who evinces a more than ordinary portion of the subtle, refining, all-pervading inspiration, derived from sensibility.

A more than usual perception of all that is connected with the good and evil, the beauties and defects of our nature and our relative situation—an impassioned sympathy, a tender, yet warm and vivid interest in all that claims our attention or excites our regard, a sense of attachment in love, friendship, compassion, and esteem—of admiration amounting to rapture for all that is most wonderful in nature, or most excellent in art, touching and affecting in morals, sublime and venerable in religion,—constitute what may be called the virtue of sensibility; but no one who looks narrowly either into his own heart or those of his neighbours, especially if he does it with the anxiety of a parent, anxious to guide his children aright, will refuse to admit, that sensibility furnishes new fuel to passion, and is frequently found an inmate in bosoms where no sparks of those virtues are found which appear to spring immediately from it; that, unless sensibility is regulated and trained by good principle, it is inefficacious for all the best purposes of life; and that there are numerous instances where souls scantily furnished with this high gift of nature, exhibit the little they have with an effect infinitely more happy for all around them, than those whom we have been accustomed to love and honor for their abundant possession of it. We speak not of those who affect sensibility, but of those whom from close observation we know really to possess it, when we assert, 'that the genuine effects of compassion are rarely seen in persons who suffer their sensibility to become the leading trait in their characters.' No! the acuteness of their feelings has become

too powerful for them to endure the pangs it inflicts, and they fly from the house of mourning, which it is their especial duty to enter, because such sympathy as they usually feel would mitigate the sorrows of that friend who knows their feelings, and could repose his grief with all its wants and weaknesses perhaps better on that bosom than on any other. If we need a counsellor in times of doubt and perplexity, we find not such a character in the man whose sensibility urges him to nervous irritability in our behalf, to anguish for our grief, to rage for our resentments, but in one who can restrain the overflowings of emotion, and be to us the guide that in such a case we cannot be to ourselves.

To enter into the very feelings of another, is the best office of love and friendship; but, to go beyond them, is as destructive of all essential aid, as the coldness of reserve and the cruelty of unkindness would be. It may be deemed a bold assertion, but it is one which experience will justify,—that woman, although justly deemed in many respects the weaker vessel, generally displays more wisdom in controlling her sensibility, and thereby rendering it at once a blessing to others, and a beauty in her own character, than man. We are by no means of the number of those who maintain that she is naturally endowed with more of it; for we firmly believe that in the aggregate there is little or no difference between the sexes, and that all which has been said as to the finer organization of woman to this end is little better than mere nonsense. Men have feelings as acute, nerves as finely strung, passions and sensibilities, in all their grades of feeling, as acute as those of women: they can love not only with fervor, but with delicacy; they have enthusiasm, magnanimity, tenderness, as well as woman; and the affection of a father for his daughter has been well described by Addison as combining the most pure and exalted feelings that dignify and sweeten human existence. But how rarely do men who feel these divine emotions in a more than ordinary degree render them subservient to those purposes for which they were unquestionably implanted in our souls by the all-wise Creator, and which the condition of our nature imperatively calls for! In the day of sickness, or sorrow, when you are stretched on the bed of pain, when death has visited your dwelling,

and laid low the hopes of your heart, or when you have been unsuccessful in business, or your confidence has been betrayed, and unexpected poverty, unmerited disgrace, are menacing you; who is it of all your acquaintance that pays you the earliest visit, remains with you to the latest hour? Who pities your complaints? endures your querulous irritation, listens to the burst of your anguish, soothes the agony of your heart, whispers the consolations of religion, and leads you with equal sympathy and patience to the light of hope through the medium of faith? Who considers calmly the means of extricating you from the difficulties by which he finds you surrounded? calls up the strength of your own mind, by offering the assistance of his, confirms your wavering designs, supports your principles—proves to you that poverty is not a crime, that the loss of rank in society will not lead to a desertion in friendship, and probably by small but well-managed pecuniary aid and personal exertion, turns the tide once more in your favor, or, if the vessel must be wrecked, receives its stripped and shuddering survivor in his bosom? 'This was not done by Mr. A.—the man whom of all others you loved the best, and expected the soonest, whose glowing imagination depicted the claims of friendship so brilliantly, and whose tender heart felt more than all he painted. No! he only glanced upon you, and then fled—his heart was too full to endure the sight, you felt his hand tremble as it grasped yours in extreme agitation, you saw the tears in his eyes, you were aware of the acuteness of his sympathy; but at that moment he fled from you, and you have never seen him since. He knows that he is the only man to whom you could unbosom your grief or expose your weakness—perhaps the only man on earth who could *comfort* you—but his feelings really overpower him; he has not the courage to encounter pain, or that regard for you which would induce him to suffer it; and he flies to any amusement or change which may enable him to forget both you and your sufferings. He becomes selfish and even cruel from the *excess* of that sensibility which was given to be the balm of every sorrow, the cement of every affectionate tie that binds man to man.

Woman, habituated to suffer and to sympathise, called upon in every scene of affliction, and looked to in every hour

of need, seldom exhibits this total want of self-command in the first instance, or this self-indulgence in the second. How often have we seen the gayest look grave, the most frivolous think (or *seem* to think) for those for whom they felt pity, and on whom they sought to bestow relief! and in how many instances have we seen creatures whose slight forms, timid minds, nervous apprehensions and inordinate affections, appeared to render all efforts of fortitude and exertion impracticable, so subdue their feelings, as to be capable of the highest and sternest duties, the most revolting offices of humanity! The peculiar combinations effected in the mind of woman by that tenderness, which is derived not merely from nature, but habit, and an acquaintance with corporal suffering, and the resolution and exertion she so frequently displays, suggested to the author of the *Rights of Woman* the expediency of educating some ladies to be physicians; and we can scarcely doubt that many might be found capable of filling such a station in society; but we consider it much better that they should not intrude upon any scientific profession, since every private circle calls upon them for the certain exercise of all the skill and care which experience and observation can give them; and it is probable that their knowledge would never proceed much beyond such humble, but valuable instruction. In woman, acute feeling generally produces action, which, on the contrary, is often paralysed in man by the same cause. This, we apprehend, arises from the circumstance of such excitement occurring much less frequently in his mind, which is thereby in some measure stunned and tortured by it, when the effect is painful—inflamed and enervated, when it is pleasurable. Hence the early habits and duties of woman are, in general, a species of education to her sensibility, which it greatly requires, and in which man does not enjoy the same advantage, because he has not the same exercise and coercion.

It is therefore the imperative duty of all parents to guard and guide this quality, in their boys, to its happiest purposes—calling upon all the stronger lineaments of their nature and the implanted principles of integrity and religion, so to govern and improve their sensibility, as to render it the medium of virtue and happiness. If suffered to run wild, it may indeed produce gaudy

flowers; but they will either wither uselessly on the stalk, or produce poisonous seeds; for the errors of sensibility are ever deplorable. In teaching young men this species of self-government, and inculcating humanity, generosity, tenderness, sympathy, constancy, and friendliness under the influence of *consideration* and *prudence*, we lay the foundation of happiness for our daughters not less than for our sons, since it is certain that the conduct of the men must ever give the tone in society, and that women are rendered happy and respectable by those with whom they are inevitably connected, and by whom they are led and governed.

The same engrossing sensibility which renders the lover a slave to passion, often makes him a betrayer also; for that which he feels, he inspires. The infection of his sighs, and the abandonment of his heart to the influence of feelings, whose excess at once flatters its subject, and calls upon her generosity for equal love and similar blindness, have led to greater evils than any system of libertinism ever acted upon. In married life, unhappy must that woman be who finds not, as the reign of passion declines, that tenderness in her husband supplies those attentions which love prompted in the bridegroom; that she is married to one who can compassionate her ailments, bear with her infirmities, sympathise with her hopes and fears, partake of her feelings as a parent, and share in all the fond anxieties, the delicious endearments, which belong to the character. But not less deplorable is the fate of her, who is married to a man whose sensibility is too acute for his own happiness and for that aid which she has a right to expect from him. In the day of sorrow he will require comfort when he ought to bestow it—in that of pleasure he will be intoxicated with its joys. Business will distract him—care will disgust him—if love retain its first empire in his breast, he will be fastidious about trifles, full of alarms, jealousies, and all the extravagances of a heated fancy. When love subsides towards her, the mind accustomed to its stimulating food, and unsubdued by reason or principle, may seek to re-light the flame at another shrine, and subject her to all the soul-harrowing agonies which belong to suspicion and resentment. This misery is not the less terrible, because the slave of sensibility

inflicts it in *sentiment* only, and partakes that woe which he compels his wife to feel, wasting life and health in useless wishes and vain repinings,—being at once the victim whom we may pity, and the author of sorrow to one who is far more to be pitied.

Simple, upright, undeviating kindness, wisely displayed, and constantly pursued, in consequence of good principles, not less than good feeling, will ever be found the most efficient cause of domestic happiness. Equanimity of manners and sweetness of temper can rarely be expected from persons of acute sensibility, unless they join with it a conscientious watchfulness over themselves, and a determined resolution to check every hasty expression to which their finer sense of offence subjects them. Sensibility of heart and mind, when thus regulated, diffuses over all within its sphere the most benignant influence, throws a brighter hue on prosperity, and robs adversity of half of its horrors, becoming indeed the crowning charm of virtue, and the blessing of society.

B.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF APPARITIONS.

THERE are many who are determined to believe in spectral and supernatural appearances. Stories of this complexion have been multiplied in every age, and volumes have been filled with accounts, which, if we can give credit to the writers and the attesting witnesses, rest upon the firm basis of truth. We do not fully admit the credibility of the statements, because we know that the most conscientious persons are liable to delusion: they may evince good sense in ordinary cases, but deceive themselves in affairs of this nature. Such illusions may result from a highly-excited state of the frame, from hysteric, hectic, or febrile symptoms; from an inflammation of the brain, nervous irritability, hypochondria, intoxication; also from moral sources, superstitious weakness, and dreams; from mental causes, and their effects on the organs of sensation.

Dr. Hibbert speaks rationally on this subject. He says, ‘an apparition is, in a strict sense, a past feeling, renovated with a degree of vividness, equaling or exceeding an actual impression. If the renewed feeling should be one of vision, a form may arise perfectly complete; if

of sound, a distinct conversation may be heard; or, if of touch, the impression may be no less complete. The question then is, What illusions occur when there are no morbid causes of excitement operating? In this case, no other mental impressions of a spectral nature are experienced, than such as may be corrected by a slight examination of the natural objects to which they owe their origin. Illusions of sound are such as have been described by Mr. Coleridge:—‘When we are fully awake,’ says this writer, ‘if we are in anxious expectation, how often will not the most confused sounds of nature be heard by us as articulate sounds! for instance, the babbling of a brook will appear for a moment the voice of a friend for whom we are waiting, calling out our own names.’

\* \* \* \* \*

‘In any train of sensations and ideas, the more any particular feelings are vivified by an occasion calculated to inspire hope or fear, the less vivid are all other feelings rendered which occur in the same train of feelings. But it is impossible for me to enter into a full explanation of this important law which modifies all our natural emotions. I shall, therefore, remark, that it is alluded to in the following manner by Dr. Brown, though I ought to premise, that he uses the word *perception*, where others would use the term *sensation*, and *conception* where an idea or renovated feeling is evidently meant. His observations are to this effect:—‘The phantasms of imagination in the reveries of our waking hours, when our external senses are still open and quick to feel, are, as mere conceptions, far less vivid than the primary perceptions from which they originally flowed; and yet, under the influence of any strong emotion, they become so much more bright and prominent than external things, that, to the impassioned muser on distant scenes and persons, the scenes and persons truly around him are almost as if they were not in existence.’

‘But I know of no better illustration that can be given of this law of our nature than in a quotation from the *Ædipus* of Lee and Dryden:

When the sun sets, shadows that show'd at noon  
But small, appear most long and terrible;  
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,  
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds.



Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death;

Nature's worst vermin scare her god-like sons;  
Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,  
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves:

Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus,

While we fantastic dreamers heave and puff,  
And sweat with an imagination's weight.

'This, then, is the effect of fear—to reduce the vividness of all feelings, that are not connected with the occasion which gave birth to the emotion. And thus it is, that in each train of thought, while every idea, connected with a particular occasion of hope or fear, becomes subject to a strong excitement, all other feelings which bear no reference to the occasion become proportionally faint. Thus the illusion must be increased. How well is this fact illustrated in the emotions which are excited, when, through the medium of the retina, an idea is intensely renovated upon the faded outlines of such forms as have been induced by the partial gleams of light which diversify woods, rocks, or clouds! In proportion as hope, or superstitious awe, impart an undue degree of vividness to the spectral outline which may thus be traced, all other parts of the natural objects which have given rise to the phantasm grow proportionally dim. The spectre then acquires an undue prominence in the imagination, and appears to start from the familiar objects of which it merely forms a portion.'

#### THE IRISH BEAUTIES.

THERE is a great difference of taste for beauty. Some admire a portly form and strongly-marked features, while others are more pleased with a delicacy of contour and a softness of aspect. Some pre-

fer a fair to a dark complexion; and negroes are delighted with the jetty hue of a coarse and broad visage. Perhaps no one, however, is a better judge of beauty than Mr. Moore, the amatory poet, from whose melodies we extract the following song, referring our readers to the elegant engraving annexed.

Lesbia hath a blooming eye;  
But no one knows for whom it beameth;  
Right and left its arrows fly,  
But what they aim at no one dreameth.  
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon  
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;  
Few its looks, but every one  
Like unexpected light surprises.  
O my Nora Creina dear!  
My gentle bashful Nora Creina!  
Beauty lies  
In many eyes,  
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,  
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,  
That not a charm of beauty's mould  
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.  
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,  
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,  
Leaving every beauty free  
To sink or swell, as Heaven pleases.  
Yes, my Nora Creina dear!  
My simple graceful Nora Creina!  
Nature's dress  
Is loveliness,  
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refined;  
But, when its points are gleaming round us,  
Who can tell if they're designed  
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?  
Pillow'd on my Nora's breast,  
In safer slumber love reposes;  
Bed of peace, whose roughest part  
Is but the crumpling of the roses.  
Oh, my Nora Creina dear!  
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!  
Wit, though bright,  
Hath not the light  
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

#### MARY'S DANCING.

CUPID, you're right; indeed 'twas madness,  
And nothing less, to think to see  
Dear Mary's eyes beaming with gladness,  
And not to love their witchery.

So pardon me,—here's my concession—  
You're not in fault: too well I know  
Her eyes and lips had safe possession,  
Eyes of thy darts, lips of thy bow.



Drawn by T. Stothard, R.A.

Engraved by Chas. Heath

IRISH MIDLIDIES.

BEAUTY LIES  
IN MANY EYES,  
BUT LOVE IN YOURS, MY NORA KEENA!

Published by S. Robinson, Chapter House Passage, 1824



And well I'm paid ; for there's a thrilling  
 Painfully pleasing in my soul ;  
 Alike each gay, each sad thought filling,  
 It finds employment for the whole.

And though I've turn'd my eyes on story,  
 Intent upon the Greeks (once learn'd  
 In polish'd words, and martial glory),  
 Alas, 'twas but my *eyes* I turn'd ;

And though I meant to scan the merits  
 Of each firm chief who battle waged,  
 My thoughts were (like old Owen's spirits)  
 Down in the spacious deep engaged !

Like knights of old, each one was paying  
 Due homage to her hair—her eyes—  
 And that soft charm which ever playing  
 Around her sacred person flies.

But of her dancing !—if thought were fire,  
 And words were flame,—alas, too cold !  
 Far other words it would require  
 To tell it as it should be told.

Ah, vain my wish to raise the song,—  
 Milton, thy lyre alone could sing  
 Her dancing—thy touch alone prolong,  
 And o'er again each rapture bring.

Floating as if on wings divine,  
 Of heav'nly race she seem'd to be ;—  
 Of the fond dream of life's sunshine  
 She was the dear reality !

Music was in her motion sweet,  
 Her radiant form was beauty's line,  
 Grace was attendant on her feet,  
 And, Elegance,—ah, she was thine !—

I see her as she trips along,  
 Her circling ringlets waving round ;  
 The Queen of Love she seems (among  
 Her playing maids) with roses crown'd.

A warmer glow upon her face  
 Rises, and blooms upon her breast,  
 Barely discern'd beneath the lace,  
 Which by its flutt'ring is caress'd.

But vain my wish to raise the song ;  
 It coldly flows, though warm'd by love ;  
 Too close the varied figures throng,  
 And o'er enraptur'd memory move.

Yet have I tuned my lyre full well,  
 If I have gain'd one smiling ray :  
 But ah, the honest truth to tell,  
 A timid kiss I'd have my pay.

## AN ADDRESS TO MY WATCH. .

On little monitor ! from thee I know  
 When I should tarry here or thither go ;  
 On thy suggestion ever I rely,  
 Since at thy hand I linger or I fly.  
 But why dost thou my term of bliss curtail,  
 And time prolong when woes my breast assail ?  
 For, whilst a slave to their prevailing powers,  
 'Thou turn'st my hours to days—my days to hours—  
 No—'tis not thou, but my excited brain,  
 That reckons madly,—drunk with joy or pain ;  
 For thou time's progress dost with truth declare,  
 Though felt as quick in pleasure, slow in care.  
 Oh little monitor ! that me dost give  
 A bright example, how through life *to live* !  
 A minute hath its course no sooner run,  
 Than thy strict hand doth show *its duty done*.  
 My soul knows well its stay is short on earth,  
 Yet minutes wastes, too heedless of their worth.  
 Teach me each minute as a friend to tell,  
 And when 'tis fled—thou tick'st at its parting knell,  
 That I may mourn as each departs from day,  
 And yet rejoice it bless'd me on its way :  
 Teach me, while I in waste a minute spend,  
 To know, I'm wasting life—more dear than friend.  
 But moments hold their value on Time's scale,  
 A year's but moments measured in detail.  
 In these, transpired what's writ in Hist'ry's page,  
 Through the long tenor of each lapsing age !  
 From fleeting moments lasting ages grow,  
 As seas their vastness to small drops must owe !  
 Teach me to give *each moment right employ*,  
 My life will then *its perfect length enjoy*.  
 Oh little monitor ! teach this my soul,  
 Until thy tick at last my death shall toll.

E. B.

## MY NATIVE BELLS ;

*By Mrs. Wilson.*

Ye sweetly ring, my native bells !  
 Your soft notes float upon the gale,  
 Till my sad heart responsive swells,  
 And echoes back your mournful tale.  
 Ye tell me youth's bright dreams are gone,  
 And all that charm'd my earlier years ;  
 While I am left to journey on,  
 A pilgrim through this vale of tears.  
 Ye say the joys of life's young day,  
 The hopes that gladden'd ev'ry scene,  
 Like rain-bow tints have pass'd away,  
 And left no trace where they have been.  
 Ye speak of hours too lightly priz'd,  
 (Regretted now their hopes are fled)  
 Of follies, thoughtless, unadvis'd,  
 Of friends long lost,—' the chang'd, the dead

As waves that kiss the pebbled shore  
 Are lost within the trackless main ;  
 Like them life's summer hours pass o'er,  
 And never can return again !

Still, still ring on, my native bells !  
 For, as your soft notes fill the gale,  
 My answering heart responsive swells,  
 And echoes back your mournful tale !

## HOPELESS LOVE.

THE moonbeams shine on the turrets gray,  
 And dance o'er the silent wave ;  
 But her silver light cannot trace its way  
 Through the cypress that mourns o'er his grave.

That heart which glow'd with the fervor of youth  
 Is as cold as his silent bed ;  
 But there's a heart with unshaken truth  
 That mourns o'er her lover dead.

Oh, wake thee, my dearest ! the night wind cold  
 Blows bleak on my trembling breast :  
 Oh, wake thee ! my darling these arms shall unfold—  
 Oh take me with thee to rest !

But when the shadows of night were fled,  
 And the beams of the morning arose,  
 She still seem'd to weep o'er her lover dead,  
 While she slept in Death's tranquil repose.

R. B.

## TO AUGUSTA D——,

*With a Copy of Evening Hours.*

IN these wild flowers I fear there is no bloom  
 Befitting thee ; yet were they to entwine  
 With those which are deem'd worthy to combine  
 With thy pure taste, they would emit perfume,  
 Such as the Spring breathes o'er a lover's tomb,  
 Or censers shed before a golden shrine.  
 E'en were they altogether worthless, thou  
 Could'st make a garland of them rich and fair,  
 And therewith compass thine expanded brow,  
 Or decorate the sable of thy hair ;  
 And, as we see the golden bee distil,  
 From poison cups, his honey choice and rare,  
 So thou, with thine inimitable skill,  
 Might'st from these faded leaves thine urn of beauty fill.

## CHARACTERS FROM THE BACHELOR'S WIFE.

*The Upstart of Elizabeth's Time.*—

HE is a holiday clown, and differs only in the stuff of his clothes, not the stuff of himself, for he bore the king's sword before he had arms to wield it; yet, being once laid over the shoulder with a knighthood, he finds the herald his friend. His father was a man of good stock, though but a tanner or usurer; he purchased the land, and his son the title. He has doffed off the name of a country-fellow, but his face still bears a relish of churn milk. He is guarded with more gold lace than all the gentlemen of the county; yet his body makes his clothes still out of fashion. His house-keeping is seen much in the distinct families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels, and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burthen of nobility, and is exceedingly ambitious to seem delighted in the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses. A justice of the peace, he is to domineer in his parish, and do his neighbours wrong with more right. He is fearful of being sheriff of the shire by instinct, and dreads the assize-week as much as the prisoner. In sum he is but a clod of his own earth, or his land is the dunghill, and he the cock that crows over it; and commonly his race is quickly run, and his children's children, though they escape hanging, return to the place whence they came.

*An Esquire of Queen Anne's Time.*—

THE little independent gentleman, of three hundred pounds *per annum*, commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market-town with the attorneys and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the Weekly Journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish-officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from

the mantel-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking, or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarcely less precaution and preparation.

The mansion of one of these esquires was of plaster, striped with timber, not unaptly called callimanco work, or of red brick, large casemented bow-window, a porch, with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with holly-hocks. Near the gate was a horse-block, for the convenience of mounting.

The hall was furnished with fitches of bacon, and the mantel-piece with guns and fishing-rods, of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad-sword, partisan, and dagger, borne by his ancestor in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns. Against the wall were posted king Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanac, and a portrait of the duke of Marlborough: in his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Glanvil on Apparitions, Quincey's Dispensatory, the Complete Justice, and a Book on Farriery.

In the corner, by the fire-side, stood a large wooden two-armed chair, with a cushion, and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants assembled round a glowing fire made of the roots of trees and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the mean time the jug of ale was in continual circulation.

The best parlour, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turk-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors; the men in the character of shepherds, with their crooks, dressed in full suits, and huge full-bottomed perukes; others in complete armour or buff coats, playing on the bass viol or lute; the females likewise as shepherdesses, with the lamb

and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes.

Alas! these men and these houses are no more.

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TWO LETTERS FROM MR. GAY, THE  
POET, LATELY BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

‘I AM rambling from place to place. In about a month I hope to be at Paris, and in the next month to be in England, and the next minute to see you. I am now at Dijon in Burgundy, where, last night, at an ordinary, I was surprised by a question from an English gentleman, whom I had never seen before: hearing my name, he asked me if I had any relation or acquaintance with *myself*; and when I told him I knew no such person, he assured me that he was an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Gay’s at London. There was a Scotch gentleman, who all supper-time was teaching some French gentlemen the force and propriety of the English language; and, what is seen very commonly, a young English gentleman with a Jacobite governor. A French marquis drove an abbé from the table by railing against the vast riches of the church; and another marquis, who squinted, endeavoured to explain transubstantiation; ‘that a thing might not be what it really appeared to be, in my eyes,’ says he, ‘may convince you: I *seem* at present to be looking on you; but, on the contrary, I see quite on the other side of the table.’ I do not believe that this argument converted one of the heretics present; for all that I learned by him was, that to believe transubstantiation it is necessary not to see the thing you seem to look at.

‘So much I have observed on the conversation and manners of the *people*. As for the *animals* of the country, it abounds with bugs, which are exceedingly familiar with strangers; and, as for *plants*, garlick seems to be the favorite production of the country, though for my own part I think the vine preferable to it. When I publish my travels at large, I shall be more particular; in order to which, to-morrow I set out for Lyons, from thence to Montpellier, and so to Paris; and soon after I shall pray that the winds may be favorable, I mean, to bring you from Richmond to London, or me from London to Richmond: so prays, &c.

Sept. 8, 1719.

J. GAY.’

‘We have a young lady (*at Tonbridge-Wells*) that is very particular in her desires. I have known some ladies, who, if ever they prayed, and were sure their prayers would prevail, would ask an equipage, a title, a husband, or matadores; but this lady, who is but seventeen, and has but thirty thousand pounds, places all her wishes in a pot of good ale. When her friends, for the sake of her shape and complexion, would dissuade her from it, she answers, with the truest sincerity, that by the loss of shape and complexion she can only lose a husband, but that ale is her passion. I have not as yet drank with her, though I must own I cannot help being fond of a lady who has so little disguise of her practice, either in her words or appearance. Her shape is not very unlike a barrel; and I would describe her eyes, if I could look over the agreeable swellings of her cheeks, in which the rose predominates; nor can I perceive the leaf of the lily in her whole countenance. You see what thirty thousand pounds can do; for without that I could never have discovered all these agreeable particularities: in short, she is the *ortolan*, or rather *wheat-car*, of the place, for she is entirely a lump of fat; and the form of the universe itself is scarce more beautiful, for her figure is almost circular. After I have said all this, I believe it will be in vain for me to declare I am not in love; and I am afraid that I have showed some imprudence in talking upon this subject, since you have declared that you like a friend that has a heart in his disposal. I assure you I am not mercenary, and that thirty thousand pounds have not half so much power with me as the woman I love.’

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AMELIA; A TALE;

by M. JOURY.

I WAS born in one of the small German principalities, of a family in the middle class of society. My mother was related to the celebrated Wieland; and perhaps it was the early perusal of his works that first inspired me with fondness for literary pursuits. But the situation of my father was such as to preclude me from devoting to them the time required for more serious employ. The eldest of a numerous family, I felt that



both example and exertion were to be expected from me. I gave myself up to the study of the law, and, leaving the university at the age of twenty, I commenced my professional career. Not all the vivacity, or the buoyancy of expectation, so vivid in youth, can alleviate the bitterness of a first separation from the home where indulgence has made the happiness of your childhood. I felt it most painfully; but there was no farewell like my farewell to Amelia—the companion of my boyhood, and the idol which every thought and hope worshipped; whose frank simplicity, tenderness, and gentle sweetness, were even more endearing than her beauty. Our families had been long intimately connected. Already Amelia's mother called me her son; but my charmer was only fifteen, and I thought that a few years, usefully employed, would lay the sure foundation of the beautiful but uncertain visions of early life. I now applied to the duties of my profession with all the ardor of a young lover, who knows that the accomplishment of his wishes depends on himself. Perhaps there is not a greater security to a young man's principles, or incentive to his efforts, than a deep and early attachment. What charm can licentious pleasure have for one whose imagination is filled with the prospect of all that is exalted and refined, or what *stimulus* can be like that which to him involves the happiness of his life? Early marriages are too often productive of mutual misery; often rashly formed and ill assorted. But an early engagement, while it involves none of the more serious cares and most harassing duties, yet fills up the heart, leaving no vacant space for less pure feeling; and we all know how animating it is to look forward, and how delicious it is to hope. Amelia wrote to me very frequently; and it was something more than delight to mark how in every letter her understanding developed itself, and her character gradually acquired solidity, yet without losing its natural grace. I had been indefatigable in my exertions, and exertion was in my case, as it usually is, crowned with success. In six months I was to return to my home, family, and friends, and more than all, to Amelia. It was at this period that I received intelligence of her mother's death. I felt not only grief, but apprehensions of impending evil; and this feeling was not allayed when I heard

that an aunt was to take the place of Amelia's parent; for I was not ignorant that, as the widow of a general officer, she had access to the court of our little principality, and that, naturally given to dissipation and intrigue, her character had not always been free from reproach. But Love and Confidence are twins, and I loved Amelia too well not to confide in her. Six months soon passed, and I returned to my native city, where for a few weeks I was unutterably happy,—as happy as success, competence, and affection, could make me. Amelia, changed only in added loveliness, was all I had hoped, and her birth-day was fixed for our marriage. Our fathers made the necessary arrangements; and, while they were settling the marriage articles, I was passing my time deliciously in the society of one whom innocence, playfulness, and gentleness, rendered each day more charming. I sometimes fancied I observed a guarded caution on the side of the aunt, never to leave us a moment alone; but it was done so gradually, so apparently by chance—her manner to myself was so caressing—she joined in all our projects with so much interest—took her part in our conversation with so much frankness and vivacity,—that her presence soon became pleasantly habitual; indeed it seemed rather a restraint upon Amelia than on me. But I was too happy to think: indifference reflects, sorrow reflects, but happiness never. On the evening before that which was fixed for the ceremony, the friends of both families were invited to a little fête that was to follow the contract. Every thing is an omen to a lover: Amelia was not, as usual, the first in the room, and did not make her appearance till all were assembled, and was then accompanied by her aunt, who remained by her side. She looked pale, the tears stood in her eyes, and once or twice I thought she seemed anxious to speak to me; and at the same time her aunt's eye kept watching every motion, though done with so slight an effort as to be scarcely perceptible. Throughout the whole evening I could not, even for a moment, speak to her uninterruptedly. In vain did reason combat the chimeras of imagination. I was placed at a card-table, where I could not see her, and was surrounded by the chief branches of each family, with whom good manners forced me to remain till the party broke

up. On inquiring for Amelia, I was told, that, being slightly indisposed, she had retired to her bed. A prey to anxiety, the more torturing from its uncertainty, I left the house, and lingering as I passed under her windows, I heard plaintive inarticulate sounds. I well knew her voice; I distinguished that of a man, and also her aunt's. Two men, accosting me abruptly, told me to go on my way. I recognised them as domestics to the young prince, son to our sovereign. A little farther on stood his equipage. I could no longer doubt my misery—Amelia had been sacrificed by an ambitious woman. She could not be guilty, but her aunt had already made her criminal. I spoke to no one; but, after wandering all night wildly through the streets, at break of day—of my wedding-day—I purchased a chaise, ordered horses, and told the postillions 'the frontiers of France.' I threw myself into it, and left country, home, hope, and happiness behind me for ever. It was nearly two years before I heard of my family, when I met by chance an old fellow-student of Göttingen. He was going to my city, and took charge of a letter for my father. His answer informed me of all that had happened. On the morning of the day

which was to have made me so happy, every search was made after me—every conjecture was exhausted as to the probable cause of such unaccountable conduct. Amelia's aunt was, above all, loud in her reproaches. Under the pretence of ill health, she then took her niece to a country house, where the frequent visits of the prince soon made her disgrace sufficiently public. One of the courtiers, a few months after, bargained for his own dishonor in marrying her. Remorse at first injured her health and beauty; but she soon became accustomed to her disgraced and dissipated life. I could not bear to see her now the guilty mistress of a man whom she cannot love,—the degraded wife of a man whom she must despise. I have one memorial of past happiness—it is her picture; not copied from her own beautiful face, but from the representation of a saint by Correggio, which so perfectly resembles her as even to satisfy me. It seems to me identified with purity and loveliness, and, when I gaze upon it, Amelia appears to me in all the beauty and innocence of her youth. It is an illusion, but it will be the only charm of my remaining years.

FREDERIC.

## Fine Arts.

As some additional remarks on the attractive display of the British Institution may gratify our readers, we are induced to take notice of a variety of pieces, which evince the talent and skill of our artists. Among the landscapes, those of Linton are very pleasing, if not the best in the collection. His *Vale of Evesham*, and the *Rustic Bridge*, an *Effect of Morning*, are particularly striking. The penciling is spirited, the composition good, the coloring fine, and the effect brilliant. The distant views of *Lincoln* and *Pevensey-Bay*, by *Dewint* and *Vincent*, are beautiful examples of aerial perspective and picturesque expression. The *Windmill*,

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by *Linnell*, has an air of originality in the manner, which is seemingly more ideal than natural. The view of *Beckenham Church*, by *Stanley*, in addition to its local accuracy, is charmingly executed; and the representation of the *Abbey of Westminster*, taken from the *Broad Way*, by the same artist, has a good general effect, yet not without particular failures, among which may be reckoned the incorrect delineation of the towers. *Deane's* view near the town-hall of *Guildford*, though not without defects, may be praised for its atmospheric clearness, truth of character, and richness of tone.

The *Contadina and her Children*, by

Eastlake, must please every tasteful observer. Some may perhaps think that he has given too high and dignified a character to the rustic female; but it must be recollected that a fair Italian peasant will sometimes soar above her station, and display some degree of elegance both in her dress and manners. *Maternal Affection*, by Etty, is a picture of considerable merit. It has the attributes of grace, beauty, and sentiment: the composition is striking, and the execution combines delicacy with spirit: but the coloring is objectionable, because it is not altogether natural. *Gamekeepers returning*, by M. T. Ward, may be mentioned as a favorable specimen of rising skill. The figures of the men, the horse, and the dogs, are very well executed; and, though there is a want of unity and of general keeping in the piece, it holds out a promise of future excellence. *The Iris and her Train*, by Howard, is a picture of a more fanciful description; and, though the coloring does not correspond with the beauty of the subject, the grouping is well-managed, and the whole breathes a classical spirit.

Among the graphic publications which have lately appeared, there are some which forcibly claim our notice. The select views in Greece are small, but very fine; the view of the Parthenon is excellent, and the representation of the same building, as it would be if restored to its original state, is still more striking; and the Acroceranion promontory is admirably depicted. The works of Canova are proceeding with unabated spirit, and some of the late numbers are even superior to the earlier parts. We particularly admire the dancing Venus, and her elegant companions the Graces; the Death of Priam is a spirited piece; and the figure of Venus, copied from a statue, is beautiful. Of the new prints representing his majesty, the most correct in point of resemblance is Mr. C. Turner's mezzotinto delineation, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's capital painting. It was the king's express desire that he should not be flattered; and therefore the effects of age upon his features are not concealed, though it would seem that the vigor of his mind is not impaired.

## Music.

SOME of the provincial towns have been lately enlivened with concerts, which, however, were not on so great a scale as those of the autumn. Miss D. Travis has sung with great applause at York, and at Bath. She evinces a pure and delicate taste, and more particularly shines in the school of Handel. Mrs. Salmon has been engaged at Bath and other towns, and still maintains her high reputation. Many of the inhabitants of Bristol have shown their taste for music by encouraging the formation of a society, which will combine the 'regular performance of classical compositions with lectures on different branches of the science.'

In the metropolis, the Philharmonic Society commenced the fourteenth series of its concerts on the 23d of February.

The first act opened with the heroic symphony of Beethoven, which abounds with fine manly feeling, though its length seemed to weary the auditors. The next piece was a fine anthem by Mozart, which was followed by a *concertante* of the two Lindleys on the violoncello, skilfully performed. Winter's beautiful duet from the opera of the Rape of Proserpine was charmingly sung by Madame Caradori and Miss Carew; and the former lady gave the air, *Mitradi*, from Don Giovanni, with admirable effect: but, in Handel's trio, 'The flocks shall leave the mountains,' she was less successful, the *soprano* part not exactly suiting her voice and manner.

The first public concert of the Royal Academy of Music was given on the

25th of February, and it presented favorable specimens of youthful talent. Blagrove, a boy of ten years of age, performed on the violin in a manner which excited admiration; Miss Bellchambers and Miss Watson seemed to be the best of the young vocalists; Phipps and Packer played well on the piano-forte, and Cooke on the oboe; and Miss Morgan distinguished herself by a harp fantasia.

Two musical instruments have been recently invented, one called the Componium, the other the Euphonon. The former is said, with pompous and ridiculous exaggeration, to have the 'astonishing faculty of imitating extemporaneous performance, and of reducing into harmonic form all possible combinations.' The latter resembles a piano-forte, and is remarkable for its sweetness, power, and continuity of tone, which the player has the means of increasing or diminishing at pleasure.

Among the new musical publications the following appear to be the most worthy of notice.

*The Foreign Melodies for the Flute*, selected by Charles Saust, would have been thought difficult many years ago; but the mere amateurs of the present day will perform them with comparative ease.

*Forty-eight Pieces and Eight Short Preludes, for the Guitar*, by Ferdinand Carulli, may be recommended to the admirers of that instrument which the great skill of M. Sor has brought into fashion from a state of neglect. The airs are pleasing, and the preludes evince an acquaintance with harmony and its effects.

*Mayseder's Popular Rondo in the Air of Le Petit Tambour, arranged with an Introductory Movement for the Harp and Piano-forte, and an Accompaniment for the Flute*, by Thomas Attwood, is one of the gayest productions of this lively composer.—'Mr. Attwood (says the editor of the Harmonicon) has converted it into a good trio for a domestic circle. The harp part is easy, and that for the flute still more so; but there are a few bars for the piano-forte, which at first sight will alarm inexperienced musicians. The introduction shows the master, and the arrangement of the air is exceedingly well executed.'

*The Terpsichore* is a collection of the finest pieces by Rossini, Weber, &c. arranged for the piano-forte; and the *Amusement pour les Dames* is a periodical assemblage of select pieces for the harp. Both publications are worthy of encouragement, because they are executed with care and attention.

In the *Euterpe, or a choice Collection of Polonaises and Waltzes, for the Piano-forte, by foreign Composers*, we find much that is beautiful, and something which is new.

Moscheles' *German Waltzes, composed for the Piano-forte*, are characterised by a serious air, while the dance itself borders on vivacity.

*The Grand Variations of Ries on the national Air of Rule Britannia* are too difficult for ordinary players, and were rather intended for the display of the composer's great attainments than for the purpose of mere instruction.

*Two Pieces for the Harp*, by S. Dussek, display taste and elegance, and will tend to give the learner a neatness and rapidity of execution in the most striking passages of harp music, while they merit the attention of the more experienced performer.

*The Pot-Pourri*, composed by Hummel, is an agreeable and useful publication. The airs are good, and are put into such a form, that almost any two performers may play them.

Of Dr. Callcott's *Glees, Canons, and Catches*, lately published, only seven are new; and of these we shall take some notice. Three of the number are unworthy of his talents; but the fourth, 'From the chambers of the east,' bears marks of genius. The fifth, 'Thou palsied earth,' is more a motet than a glee, and, besides being out of its place, is feeble in itself. The sixth, 'Sweet Blossom,' is a very pretty composition; but the seventh, 'Why does beauteous Lina weep?' is the best of all, as it exhibits a happy mixture of skill in contrivance and beauty in effect.

*Gramachree Molly* has been arranged with variations for the flute and piano-forte by I. Drouet, who has executed his task with judgement and efficiency.

## Drama.

### THE KING'S THEATRE.

THE frequenters of this fashionable place of resort have been gratified with the re-appearance of the first singer of the age. In the opera of *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, one of Mayer's best productions, Catalani, allured by the manager's tempting offers, consented to perform the part of Aristeo. Her consciousness of her talents and powers, and her confidence in the public favor, did not prevent her from feeling, when she approached the stage, a considerable degree of timidity and irresolution, like Cicero, who never commenced an oration without apprehension and alarm. She was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers, which affected her even to tears; and she had not fully recovered her self-possession when she commenced her first recitative. She soon, however, became herself again; she excited wonder and inspired delight. Scientific skill and judgment, refined taste, force, and sweetness, were combined in her performance. The part which was allotted to her was well fitted for the display of her powers, being nearly an exemplification of all the difficulties of the musical science. The practising duet with Febo was very effective; in the allegretto, *Donzelle Innamorate*, and the air in *Campo armato*, she was full of life and spirit; and, in the concert scene of the second act, she enraptured every tasteful auditor. Madame Caradori, far from being obscured amidst the bright blaze of her friend's talents, shone with a lovely light, and never perhaps was more successful in her exertions.

In the first Lent concert at this house, Catalani highly distinguished herself; but her exertions in sacred music were not so much admired as they had been in profane or secular performances. In Luther's Hymn she had not the requisite pathos, and in 'Angels ever bright and fair,' she did not surpass the skill of Mrs. Salmon. At the same time, Caradori shone as much in one department as in the other.

A new ballet, called *Le Songe d'Os-*

*ian*, has been produced with success. It is a lively and showy piece; the heroes of other times again hunt, fight, and love, in agile, animated, and graceful movements.

### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

So attractive has been the revival of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, with its operatic accompaniments, that it has frequently filled the house; and therefore it has not been thought necessary, in this month, to bring forward a new tragedy or comedy: yet, as something new is always desirable, the manager has produced an *extravaganza* and a ballet. The burlesque piece is entitled *Rumfustian Innamorato, or the Court of Quodlibet*; and it excites laughter by humorous parodies and quaint allusions. It is the production of Mr. Walker, the youthful author of the tragedy of *Wallace*, and is twin-brother to *Bombastes Furioso*. Oxberry personated the king with mock-heroic dignity. Harley, as *Rumfustian*, was an amusing suitor to *Squallerina*, the king's daughter, to whom he procures access disguised as a fireman; he makes his rival *Muffinero* (Knight) tipsy at a public house, strips him of his clothes, and goes in state to claim his bride, who had been promised to *Muffinero*; he comes in without his coat,—the imposition is discovered, the parties fight, and, with the king, are slain. *Squallerina* comes in as *Ophelia*, and, while she laments their death, they rise up, and beg leave to die again. There were some palpable hits and ludicrous situations in the piece; but it has not been very frequently performed.

The new ballet bears the title of the *Spanish Gallants*. The story has nothing remarkable in it; but to those who admire the groupings and evolutions of the dance, the piece offers a high treat. The dances were well conceived and admirably executed.

The melo-drama of *Tekeli* has been re-produced at this house with an imposing effect. The perils in which the

hero is involved, the courage and fortitude of his companion Wolf, the heroic conduct of the old miller, and the cowardice of Bras-de-Fer, form a varied and agreeable entertainment.

Thé oratorios of the season have been performed, under the direction of Mr. Bochsa, alternately at each of the two great houses. On the 10th, at Drury-lane, Miss Stephens and Braham were in good voice, and were consequently admired and applauded. A young lady of the name of Melville joined Braham in the duet of *Amor poscente nunc*, and displayed great powers of execution, with much flexibility and sweetness of voice. Mr. Sinclair and Miss Paton also gave great satisfaction by their combined efforts. On the 17th, the oratorio of *Jerusalem Delivered*, composed by Stadler, was brought forward for the first time in this country, and was received with decided approbation. The true character of this production is, that its melodies, which are not very numerous, are original, appropriate, and pleasant. The other parts of the entertainment selected for the evening, with some few exceptions, were highly honorable to the principal singers and instrumental performers. The choruses were given with force and precision, and the whole performance (not a little enriched by Mori's excellent concerto) was creditable to the skill and attention of the conductor, Sir George Smart, and to the taste and good management of the director.

#### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The comic muse has been courted with success by an ingenious divine, who had previously distinguished himself as a poet. Mr. Croly is the gentleman to whom we allude; for to him is that comedy attributed, which was produced on the 4th at this theatre. There is a moral even in its title—*Pride shall have a Fall*. The plot may thus be stated. A merchant and his wife, resident at Palermo, are suddenly enriched and aggrandised, and become the count and countess Ventoso. Elate with their good fortune, they order their daughter Victoria to dismiss all thoughts of giving her hand to Lorenzo, a captain of Hussars, as such an alliance would no longer be worthy of her notice. The officer, returning from an expedition, is consequently treated with contempt, though he is convinced that

the young lady is attached to him. Resenting the behaviour of the old couple, he resolves to play off a trick upon them, by instigating some adventurer to offer himself to Victoria as a man of rank and fortune. He and his brother officers find a young man in prison, who seems to suit their purpose. Into this character (Torrento) the author has thrown his chief strength. He is a fortune-hunter with just honesty enough to make him not unpleasant, clever, fearless, comical, well-looking, and a soldier. For his own purposes (for he is enamored of Ventoso's daughter Leonora), he accedes to the proposal of the conspirators, and proceeds as Prince Pindemonte to the count's palace. Here the plot begins to hang, because Pindemonte's arrival tells the whole story; but some equivocal, a deal of broad joke, and pleasing poetry also, serve to amuse the audience. Lorenzo, who, though offended, cannot patiently see any harm happen to his mistress, comes to Ventoso's house, and tells him that he is imposed upon. Torrento, believing the lady implicated to be Leonora, is confounded at being introduced to Victoria—not knowing that a second daughter in the family existed. A quarrel ensues at the palace between Lorenzo and Torrento, in which the latter asserts his real rank, in defiance of the assurances that he is only a vulgar ruffian; and in this he is aided by the production of a letter from Lorenzo himself, which is addressed to him under the name and title of Prince of Pindemonte. A variety of strange incidents and blunders then occur, which occupy the audience through the third act and part of the fourth; and, in the end, Lorenzo and Torrento are united to the two sisters—the first gentleman turning out to be son to the viceroy of Sicily, and the other being the lawful heir to the very title and estate which are wrongfully assumed by Ventoso. In the *dénouement* of his play, as well as in the incidents and arrangement, the author seems to have caught some of the spirit, and with it a good deal of the license of the Italian comedy. The music is pleasant, and Miss Paton and Miss Love are both delightful. Indeed, the whole has the advantage of splendid getting-up, and excellent acting. The dresses are exceedingly rich and tasteful—the scenery equal to the reputation of Covent-Garden. There is

a game at billiards played on the stage—a whimsical and entirely new feature. Mr. Charles Kemble gave to the character of the captain considerable force and dignity; but he has since resigned it to Mr. Cooper. His three associates (Abbot, Connor, and Yates) acted with vivacity and spirit, as a colonel, an Irish captain, and a dandy cornet: but Jones, more particularly, was the life of the piece. His volatility and animation highly pleased every observer; and his speech in the prison, in imitation of some democratic orators, excited rapturous applause. Mounted on a bench, he exclaimed, 'Are we to suffer ourselves to be molested in our domestic circle, in the loveliness of our private lives, in our *otium cum dignitate*? Gentlemen of the jail! (*Cheering*). Is not our residence here for our country's good? (*Cheering*). Would it not be well for the country if ten times as many, that hold their heads high, outside these walls, were now inside them? (*Cheering*). I scorn to appeal to your passions; but shall we suffer our honorable straw, our venerable bread and water; our virtuous slumbers, and our

useful days, to be invaded, crushed, and calcitrated, by the iron boot-heel of arrogance and audacity? (*Cheering*).—No! freedom is like the air we breathe, without it we die!—No! every man's cell is his castle. By the law, we live here; and should not all that *live* by the law, *die* by the law?—Now, gentlemen, a general cheer! here's Liberty, Property, and Purity of principle!

This comedy diffused good-humor, and banished dulness from every part of the house; its reception was decidedly favorable; for not a dissentient voice was heard when it was announced for repetition. The epilogue, in which Mr. Yates introduced some happy imitations of distinguished performers, intimated that the comic muse had in a manner slept since the time of Sheridan: but now, for the comfort and delight of present times,

'Again comes Comedy! so long untried:  
Give us your smiles!—The vict'ry's on our side.

Your smiles have won the day! Thanks, each and all!

Now, now indeed—'Our Pride shall have no Fall!'

## Fashions.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

#### EVENING DRESS.

Frock of *tulle* over peach-colored satin, with a border of white satin, in escallops, richly embossed in figures: over the border, eight narrow tucks, ornamented, at equal distances, with bunches of large leaves, in white satin, edged round with peach-color. Vestris body, made low on the shoulders, and partially concealing the bust in front, with a broad falling tucker of blond. Narrow scarf of Urling's lace, disposed in elegant drapery. The hair arranged in full curls, interspersed with small flowers. Ear-rings and chain necklace of finely wrought gold, to which is suspended a picture, or other valuable ornament. On the right arm, an Indostan armlet of gold, fastened by turquois stones; bracelets of gold to correspond, but not so broad as the armlet. Reticule of rose-colored velvet. Lemon-colored silk shoes.

#### MORNING DRESS.

Gallo-Greek robe of cambric, with two broad muslin flounces, richly embroidered *à la Fandyke*, and surmounted by a broad row of embroidery. Double ruff of Mechlin lace. Parisian cap of fine net and lace, ornamented with lace foliage and colored riband; the cap tied under the chin with a narrower riband than that which ornaments it. Half-boots of white, or very light-colored kid. Bracelets of white and red cornelian, mixed in alternate beads of each.







*Morning Dress*

*Invented by Miss Pierpont & engraved for the Ladies Magazine N° 1624*



*Evening Dress*

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100



## MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

A crowded metropolis, and a succession of fresh arrivals in town of those who compose the higher classes, have given a spur to invention, and ample employment to the handmaids of taste. For the promenade, there is not at present much novelty: it is for the ball dress, and for the evening party, that fancy has been most sedulously occupied.

The French cloke yet continues the decided favorite for the carriage; but is of much lighter colors than those worn during the winter: at the opera one has been seen on a lady of rank, of white satin, with a very large pelerine cape; the cloke and cape trimmed round with swansdown. A lavender-colored pelisse of *gros de Naples* is much in favor for morning exhibitions, and other fashionable lounges. It fastens imperceptibly in front, and over the fastenings is a row of *rouleaux en chaîne*, with two well wadded rouleaux on each side and round the border: the sleeves sit very close to the arm, and the mancherons are extremely full, and are puckered. The pelisse has no collar, but a muslin *colerette* falls over, with a full plaiting of lace at the edge. The belt is of rich riband, with a bow and short ends on the right side.

Black bonnets are now trimmed with variegated flowers, and the ribands have all the gay colors of the rainbow. Several bonnets have also appeared of colored satin and *gros de Naples*: these are always ornamented with different colored feathers or flowers, generally of a color to suit the bonnet, though sometimes the eye of taste is offended at seeing them conspicuously unsuitable. Black linings still prevail with black bonnets, though, when the bonnet is trimmed with cherry-color, the lining is invariably the same as the riband. The bonnets are all placed very backward, and a cap of blond is worn underneath.

Home dresses are *à la tunique*; but the tunic is now long, and appears like a half-open pelisse, while a false petticoat is tacked in, and seems to button down in front: the dress is made high, and a falling collar of beautiful Vandyke lace surmounts it: this kind of dress, with a Cachemire shawl, is often worn as an out-door costume. Pelisse robes of dark but striking colors, with

richly embroidered muslin petticoats, are a very prevailing mode for half-dress. Gowns of *gros de Naples*, elegantly trimmed at the border, with two rows of bouffant drapery, confined alternately by a rosette and lotos leaf, are much worn at dress dinner parties; the bust is made partly *à la Sevigné*, and the corsage terminates by antique robings, finished by a full rosette. Black dresses, ornamented with pearls and white blond, have been universally in favor for evening parties during Lent.

Colored turbans with white feathers are very prevalent at evening parties; these show but little of the hair, which is divided in front, and falls in curls, on each side of the face. Head-dresses for the ball-room consist of the hair very fully dressed in bows and curls: among the tresses is entwined colored gauze, intermixed with full-blown roses, and in the centre a coronet comb. Black turbans, and black dress hats, with a superb plumage of white feathers, prevail much at the opera, and other evening assemblies. Cornettes, profusely adorned with flowers, are more in favor than either turbans or Scotch caps for half dress.

The favorite colors for ribands and trimmings are amaranth, jonquil, pink, and blue; for turbans and bonnets, rose-color, grass-green, and hair-brown; for pelisses and home costume, lavender, mulberry, and Spanish-fly green.

## MODES PARISIENNES.

The pelisses are no longer made *en blouse*, but fit the shape, and are infinitely more becoming; they are of *gros de Naples*, and are well and fancifully trimmed, either in straight or scalloped rouleaux. Dark blue riding-habits are all the rage, with braidings of silk, and flat oval buttons: the waists are long.

The hats for carriages are of colored velvet or satin, and are ornamented with marabout feathers, which are placed on each side of the brim, just above the strings. White satin hats are bound with a riband of some conspicuous color, with bows of the same, and a plume of curled feathers: the crowns of the hats are now lower, and the brims very large: they are placed very backward. Walking bonnets have only one large rosette in front: very broad strings tie them on,

but are left loose till they unite at the girdle. Black satin hats are ornamented with white feathers.

Ball dresses are of *tulle* in silver lama; these dresses are generally trimmed with blond. Evening gowns are of some striking color in *gros de Naples*; the bust is made partially low, with drapery à la *Sevigné*. *Crêpe lisse* or *tulle* are the most favorite materials for full dress evening parties; they are often worn over yellow satin. Gowns for *deshabille* are generally of Lyonesse silk of a dark color; they are trimmed with rouleaux of satin.

Toques of velvet, either as Basque caps, or as imitations of the Scotch cap, are ornamented with a bird's head in front, with a plume of marabouts that seem to form the body of the bird. Dress caps, called *bourrelets*, are composed of gauze, round which is folded a broad riband of gauze with satin stripes; the stripe colored on a white ground. A head-dress, called à la *neige*, is now usually ornamented with a branch of

whitethorn in gold, and a gold comb of polished steel, with two white *aigrettes*. White satin dress hats are much in favor at dress dinner parties; they have a gold band, and are ornamented with gold wheat-ears in front, with four flat ostrich feathers. A turban of flowered Cachemire on a white ground, and twisted with cordons à la *Grecque*, is very becoming to some features. Some young persons place flowers and knots of riband in their hair in profusion.

Several ladies wear suspended to their gold neck-chains a fish of gold or of mother of pearl. When asked, why? they reply, that a fish, being a silent animal, is an emblem of mystery.

The favorite colors for bonnets, turbans, and trimmings, are Trocadero, blue, lilac, and Hortensia. For dresses, amaranth, sweet-briar-green, and jonquil. For pelisses, grey, lavender, camel's-hair-brown, American-green, and chocolate.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We respect piety; but, when its votaries attempt to write poetry with no greater talent for it than that which is evinced by the rustic writers of epitaphs, we cannot admit their effusions. The verses to the memory of the two Miss Whebles are consequently rejected.

If Julia will send the concluding portion of her 'true history,' we shall have a better opportunity of ascertaining its merit, and may perhaps be induced to insert it.

The Tribute to the Memory of a Relative, and other poetical pieces, would have been inserted, if they had reached us in proper time. Every contribution intended for the current month ought to be sent before the 25th.

The piece sent by W. H. is too abrupt and unmeaning even for the '*Fragment of a Romance*.'

A Pindaric Ode, pretending to prognosticate the triumph of the Grecian confederacy, has so little of the *vis poetica* in it, that it would not enliven either the Greeks or our readers.

The Literary Character of Miss Sophia Lee, by a Friend, is an accumulation of fulsome panegyric,—all light without shade. An authentic memoir of that ingenious lady will be received with thanks.

In the Adventures of Jack Rattlebrain, the incidents are chiefly borrowed; and we may add, that the narrative is not so lively as the subject would seem to require.

# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

## A New Series.

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APRIL 30, 1824.

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### THE PRUDENT MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGES made very early in life are rarely entitled to the praise of prudence; but it may be generally observed that those which are formed at a very late period are still more deficient in this quality. The following little history of a well-managed affair in matrimonial diplomacy is given for the purpose of furnishing an useful lesson to persons who may be similarly situated, and is offered with the greater readiness, because it is literally true, and the relator knows it to have been a connexion productive of as much happiness as is usually found in any condition of advanced life.

Mr. B., a respectable merchant inhabiting a great commercial town, took a walk one Friday evening to see his father, who, having retired from business, resided at a very beautiful spot which he had formed for himself in the vicinity, but which at present he was prevented from enjoying by a fit of the gout. Mr. B. was happy to find the old gentleman considerably better; but his congratulations were not received as they were wont to be. A rising gloom on his father's brow indicated either the return of the old enemy, or the approach of a new one; but the questions which were put in the shape of kind inquiry did not tend to elucidate the matter. After various attempts to fathom the secret which evidently oppressed the father's

spirits, and therefore very naturally awakened painful curiosity in the son, the latter adverted to the circumstance of his parent's birth-day, which would recur on the following Thursday, and inquired whether he wished to receive his grandchildren on that day as usual; on which the dialogue thus proceeded.

*Father.*—I should be glad to see you and your family, Charles, also my daughter and her family; but I have my doubts whether any of you would choose to come.

*Mr. B.*—How could you have such an idea, dear sir? We are always happy to come and see you.

*Father.*—You have been, but times may change—you may not like to see a new face at the head of the table.

*Mr. B. (starting).*—Surely, father, I do not understand you: you are not going to be married?

*Father.*—I think of it—in fact I am resolved upon it; and you know when I fix on a thing it is done.

*Mr. B.*—But you will not marry before Thursday?

*Father.*—Yes, I shall—to tell you in one word, Charles, I mean to marry on Monday. I have had a very dull time of it ever since your mother died, five years ago; but building the house, laying out the garden, walking and riding, got the time over. I have now perfected the job, and am troubled with a periodical gout, and find myself so dull and lonely, that I have determined to marry and secure a companion.

*Mr. B.*—My daughters have seldom left you without one, and, when they were not with you, my sister's children have been here.

*Father.*—True; but young people (though they are very good children, I grant) are not exactly what I want. They know nothing of business; they don't care for politics or for stocks; even when they read the newspapers, they can't remember things that happened when I was young, and I always fancy the poor things grow tired when I talk to them.

*Mr. B.*—There is much truth in this statement, sir—I therefore conclude you have made a prudent choice, and fixed on a companion about your own standing.

*Father.*—No, that would never do; I want somebody to wait on me, an active, smart, pretty, cheerful kind of person—one too, who, if not a suitable companion at present, may become one in time. I cannot expect every thing—a man on the point of sixty-six must not ask for money, Charles.

*Mr. B.*—Very true, sir, especially if there are so many other good qualities—you are quite right.

*Father.*—Since you are so reasonable, son, and indeed behave so well in this business, I will tell you whom I have made up my mind to take—it is no other than Ellen—Ellen, my housemaid.

*Mr. B.*—Ellen, sir!! Impossible.

*Father.*—Why, you would not have me take Jackson? She is, to be sure, a good nurse, a good cook, and a woman of some education; but she is monstrous plain, and I don't like plain women: your mother was pretty; your wife is pretty, and so is your sister; and, in short, I will not suffer any woman, who is not well-dressed and well-looking, to be at the head of my table.

*Mr. B.*—And surely well-behaved also, and well-bred, and I should like to add well-born—your children, sir, and their children, have a right to expect this—have they not?

*Father.*—Hark ye, 'tis fine talking! How can a man with the gout go courting? How can a man at my age have the conscience to expect every thing? Ellen is just nineteen, she is pretty, civil, and monstrous fond of dress, and moreover hates Jackson, and would like to be put over her head—so she told the footman, who told me; and, putting all these things together, I am pretty certain she would not object to me, and I

fixed in my own mind that I would propose the matter to-morrow, send for her father on Sunday, and marry her on Monday. If you can get over it, come on Thursday as you proposed—if not, my determination is that I can be happy without you.

The heart of Mr. B. beat high, and a sense of suffocating grief and anger almost prevented speech.—'Are the ties of nature and of habit thus easily to be cast off, foolish old man?' thought he, but he did not suffer himself to speak, till his emotion had so far subsided as to enable him to command himself, when he said in a calm voice,

'Father, if you marry Ellen, you cast off all your family, and your gray hairs will descend unhonored to your grave, and your property be scattered by low people, whose ruin it will only precipitate. Myself and my sister have not inherited this at your hands; and, if my mother could look out of her grave, she would ask, how you could use her children thus, and why you would take bread from those who are your *own*, to give to those who will not be your own, though they may bear your name.

*Father.*—I am determined to be married before another week has passed over my head—I say *determined*.

*Mr. B.*—I object only to the choice, not the act. If you will permit me to court for you, I will find out a good woman, a handsome woman, and one whom all your family will honor and respect. Think, dear sir, how very different your feelings will be when you see us all happy about your board, renewing the days when my mother and you received us together, from what they must inevitably be when none but new faces, and those of the lowest description, brought thither for the most mercenary purposes, at once fawning on you, and ridiculing you, will surround you.

*Father.*—I will be married on Thursday at the latest, I am *resolved* upon it! And pray where could you get any decent woman out of my own house that would have me?

*Mr. B.*—I know not, I confess; but I do know a person that I will venture to ask, though it would grieve me much to offend her.

*Father.*—Whom can you possibly mean, Charles?

*Mr. B.*—I mean no less a person than Mrs. W., the truly respectable widow of the rector of ——. She is about forty-

five, very handsome in her face, and of a remarkably good figure; she has suffered a great change of situation, and lives in the village of —, in close retirement, on a very small income; yet she contrives to maintain an appearance of respectability, and is highly esteemed by all who know her. She is of a cheerful and active disposition, fond of society; and every one who knows her laments that she is lost to the world—now such a woman as that, father?

*Father.*—She will not have me, Charles, I fear she will not; and the truth is, I have sworn to be married before I have passed another birth-day—if she would marry me, I certainly should be thankful. Yes, I confess such a woman as that would be worth a thousand of Ellens—I see that clearly.

Mr. B. took his leave. Early the next morning he arose, and, having revealed the cause of his movements to his astonished and alarmed lady, who was the mother of a very promising and numerous family, he set out for the village where Mrs. W. resided, and which lay in an opposite direction to the residence of his father, but was within a pleasant walk.

He found the lady at breakfast, and saw in the neatness of her person and her cottage, and in the many little elegances which never fail to attend those whose minds do not descend with their fortunes, that he had been rightly informed by those who praised her; but there was an air of dignity mingled with the suavity of her manners, which rendered it very difficult to disclose to her the purport of his mission. It was, however, a matter of too much moment to be delayed. He told her briefly the state of his father's health, which was generally good—of his temper, habits, and manners, which were good also, with the exception of a passion for what he deemed wise resolutions. He spoke of his pleasant house, which combined the advantages of town and country, of that extraordinary neatness which was remarkable in his person also, and —

'I have seen your father often at church; he is a fine man of his age,' said Mrs. W.

'I am glad you think so,' said the pleader, 'and still more happy should I be, and I can answer for my sister and our united families also, if you could so far like and approve him as to take him for better and worse. We should be

honored by receiving such an addition to our family.' Mrs. W. was astonished; she knew Mr. B. as the first merchant in the neighbouring town, and as a man of high character for good sense and probity; he could not therefore, she thought, be passing a joke upon her: yet it was very unlikely that a man with so large a family should wish his father to marry, especially a person with a small life annuity—she looked puzzled and distressed. 'I am very serious, madam,' said Mr. B., 'and I beg leave to add, without having consulted my father on the subject, that I ensure you a settlement of two hundred pounds per annum, in addition to what you now have and what he may leave you, with which his family will not interfere. I require from you no answer to-day; but, as we all go to the same church, if you feel yourself inclined to consider the matter, dine with us *en famille* to-morrow. I will send you home in my carriage; and, after seeing more of us, you can give the matter another night's consideration, and then write a line to me on the subject; for I have already told you there is a weak point in my father's character; Thursday is his birth-day, and he has set his heart on being married that day.'

Mrs. W. drew up with an air that seemed to set all farther consideration at rest, and Mr. B. withdrew in great perplexity and distress, from which he was not relieved till the following day, when a tremulous rap at the door announced a stranger just as the family were assembling in the dining-room. Mr. B. received the visitant with marked respect, and introduced her to his wife in a manner which ensured her the most cordial reception. The young people, being ignorant of the whole transaction, wore no constraint in their manners, though some felt a little surprise on observing that so lady-like a woman was evidently embarrassed, and that she actually blushed when speaking to their father. In the course of the evening Mr. B. fetched his sister, an amiable woman, to join the family circle. This lady had been so much alarmed by the intention of her father, that she was unequal to all conversation; but there was an anxious and affectionate air of respect in her address, which went beyond all words; and, when she pressed Mrs. W. to dine at her house on the following day, she was answered with a glistening



eye, and a warm pressure of the hand, equivalent to a flattering promise.

Here the old gentleman met her, and pleaded his own cause so well, that they were married on the Thursday; for Mrs. W. considered herself bound to make, on her part, some concession to those who had been increasingly liberal to her in every stage of the business. She became a most excellent wife, and found a man who, with the exception of a few fancies, proved himself to be a very good husband; and she enjoyed, in liberal hospitality and good society, those gratifications of which she had been for some years painfully deprived. To Mr. B. and every branch of his family she was always most tenderly attached, and, after her widowhood, met with constant attention from them all, and died in a good old age surrounded by every blessing, having survived her husband many years.

Thus, by temper and prudence, a most respectable family was saved from an event that would have entailed upon it mortification, sorrow, and probably great loss of property, and a most worthy individual was at the same time benefited by a liberal yet slight temporary sacrifice, whilst the principal party was really blest in a prudent though hasty marriage.

B.

DESCRIPTION OF A HINDOO FESTIVAL;  
*by an Officer.*

As I approached Conjeveram, I found numbers of native peasants in groupes of families; some with burthens on their heads; others with children in their arms or on their hips, some aged, and bending to their tall staves; all pressing on with a noiseless foot-fall, and that silent heart-throbbing eagerness with which, in all countries, we hasten to a high place of public and solemn assembly. My guide led me to the choultry whither the procession was to come, instead of the gate of the pagoda, whence it first issues; so that I lost the moment when, with the break of day, the doors of the temple are thrown open, and the breathless multitude behold and bow before their god, light the incense on their small censers, break and pour out the milk of their cocoa-nuts, and send up those maddening cries with which they hail the revered image glorified, as they believe it to be, by a present deity. Directed by the sound of the tumult,

and the hurried movement of the crowds, I soon discovered the procession. It was led by one of their wandering saints, a hale old man, with a flowing white beard, robes of deep salmon-color, and a turban of the same, but high and mithric in form. He brandished in his right hand a staff with an iron head, in shape like the sceptre of Vishnu: and he sang aloud, and danced with a wild rotatory motion.

About twenty men followed, mounted on Brahminy bullocks, and beating tom-toms; next came four elephants with banners, and the nagara or large royal drum. Long files of dancing girls, with varied flowers in their shining hair, came after, linked hand in hand, and moving in measured steps to the music of the temple. Then appeared the image of the god, borne on the bowed neck of Ganida, with attendant Brahmins, and the umbrella and chowrie of sovereignty. All these were carried on a vast platform raised far above the heads of the crowd. A throng of officiating Brahmins, with their peculiar complexion and shaven crowns, closed the procession; and their chant, now loud and nasal, now deep and musically so, reminded me strongly of the convents and cloisters of the far West.

But why does such a thought intrude? Look around on the dark multitude—mark their dress and ornaments—look at those ‘round tires like the moon’ on the heads of the women—observe those fakirs, the one with the iron rods forced through his skin all festered and bloody, the other suspended from the branch of that tree, his head downwards, and a fire under it, and a third near them, his head buried under a heap of earth, and his naked and disgusting body protruded on your path. Come here to the idol-maker’s stall: what will you carry back, poor travel-worn pilgrim, to your distant cottage? Here are all your gods—all their symbols—all the little vessels for sacrifice. I smile not on you in scorn but in pity.

- - - ‘Great God! I’d rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,  
So might I, standing on some pleasant lee,  
Have glimpses which might make me less forlorn,’

than walk this world in name a Christian,  
but in heart a sceptic.

We dined, a large party of us, with Mr. C. the acting collector and magistrate, on the evening of this day, at his tem-

porary bungalow in the town, and were summoned from table soon after nine to meet the night-procession. The order of it was like that of the morning; but now Vishnu rode upon a gilt and glittering figure of Hanuman, the monkey-god; the platform was lighted up, hundreds of the attendants were bearing torches, and about fifty men carried large tresuls, whose trident heads were all flame: they were firing off rockets on all sides, and just after we came out, the procession halted. A large space was cleared; there was a good show of fire-works; and two immense colossal figures of pasteboard, well dressed and admirably managed, danced to the loudly laughing crowds; and here in the midst of this multitude were a dozen of us pale Europeans, a rajah and two of his sons, and a wealthy native merchant, seated on English arm-chairs. I shall never forget the scene; I had feared that the moon would spoil the effect of the lights and fire-works, but no; there was much sulphureous blue in the fire-works, and the flaring blaze of the torches gave to the leaves of the tall cocoa-trees, which line the streets, a *metallic* brilliancy: on many of them were clusters of Indian boys, every house-top and every broken wall were covered with groupes, thronging as bees swarm, and a dense moving mass filled the streets. I was much delighted with the picture, yet I did, at times, look up to the blue cloudless vault of heaven, and to the golden stars, and, as I gazed upon the moon shining in calm majesty, the tumult of my spirits was repressed and repressed.

We accompanied the procession to a small temple, and saw the girls dance before the god. They were none of them remarkable for beauty, but the dress, and the measured step, and movement of the arms, cannot be viewed with indifference by any one for whom historical or poetical associations have charms. The next morning I saw the image of Vishnu borne on a huge coiled serpent of gilt metal, with a spreading hood, and seven heads of silver, over-arching and canopying the god, and it trembled as it moved. I afterwards rode home, but returned to witness the Rutt Jatra. The night before, a curious ceremony takes place: the Vishnuvites carry their god on a huge gilt elephant, to insult the temple and the followers of Siva. This has been customary for centuries, and was once a constant cause of tumult and

bloodshed. Now there is a particular pillar to which they may go: a servant of the company is always present, and it ends, if not in good humor, at least harmlessly. I saw this folly: their expression of contempt is not different from that adopted by common consent into all pantomimes, whether Dutch, Italian, or English. The god and the elephant turn their backs towards the front of Siva's temple, and are thrice propelled to the permitted point with the shout and the gesture of insult: some of the Vishnuvites appeared quite mad; they leaped on each other's shoulders, shook their large torches, and sang defiance.

It was at day-break on the following morning that I saw the Rutt in motion. The platform of this car or temple is five and thirty feet from the ground, and the tapestried canopy and its supporters and decorations five and thirty feet higher; it is capable of containing twenty or thirty Brahmins; the whole is solid, strong, and curiously carved, and heavy; the wheels are ten feet in diameter, solid, and of enormous thickness. Four cables, one hundred yards in length, are attached to it, and, with shoulders under or hands on these cables, there are certainly not less than two thousand laborers engaged in drawing it along. On it moves, high above the uplifted faces of the crowded worshippers; these press to come near, and throw up (with money) an offering of cocoa-nuts; the attendant Brahmins break and present them to the god, and cast them down again, thus consecrated, to the wretched yet glad devotee, who shares them with the family he brought up to the feast, and with which he has to retrace the long and weary way to his native village. This Rutt is dragged through the principal streets, and on its return, when it arrives within about a hundred yards of the spot where it is to be drawn up, there are shouts and yells; the movement is more rapid, and fearfully it towers and totters along till its ponderous wheels are again bedded in their resting-place.

During the whole of this scene, numbers of young Brahmins, armed with thongs of deer, are leaping about in the crowd, striking now those who drag the car, now those who press upon their path; and you may observe wealthy and well-dressed men come and just put their hands over to touch the rope, and claim the merit of having dragged the

car. The women hold up their little children above their heads, and every sight and sound speak tumultuous joy. But let us pause; the crowds are dispersing:—Who are those twenty or thirty poor men covered with sweat and dust, looking toil-worn and hungry, and now salaaming with fear to that stern Brahmin? They are village coolies, who were pressed and driven in to drag the car of Vishnu, the lowest of whose followers would spurn them from his path.

And here, come into this tope, and down to the edge of this tank; look at these groupes of poor families with their small and insufficient portions of cold rice. They are not acknowledged even by the Soodras, but they wear the mark of Vishnu, class themselves among his humble followers, have come up to the feast to worship and make the offering of their little all, and will now go home, and practise the most painful economy for a year to come. Now enter the courts of this temple; here all is feasting and smiles; these groupes of sleek fat men are officiating Brahmins, who are partaking of an entertainment provided for them by that black Hindoo merchant of the Bhyse caste, with diamonds in his ears; and cunning in his eyes, who has come up from Madras for the occasion.

SKETCHES FROM AN AUTHOR'S PORTFOLIO.

THE MAID OF THE DOURO.—SKETCH THE SIXTH.

THE silent air of solitude hung over the Douro's banks. The face of nature was glowing in all the animated warmth of a rich Spanish landscape; the river rolled along in sullen majesty; the force of the stream had bent the reeds which crowned its rising banks, and the continued flow gave them no opportunity of recovering their former upright position. The sun darted its rays from the blue expanse, which, almost turned to gray by his ardent beams, and totally free from all clouds, gave a perfect idea of immeasurable space. The wind, which flew light as love's lightest sigh, came wafting on its wings the perfumed gale of the orange-groves, its mild glow on the cheek scarcely cooling the heat of the sun. This was a spot to gratify a lover of seclusion; here his thoughts might wander in all the luxury of fancy; nothing could arise to distract or divert his attention. Who, thought I, could stand

upon this spot, and sigh for the pleasures of a court? Not a bird crosses between the earth and the heavens, not a throat sends forth a note. Here might fancy say to itself, in the language of Cowper,

'I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute.'

So I thought; but others there were who knew and loved this spot. I heard the sweet notes of a guitar, called into life by the hand of feeling. The air was simple, and the words breathed all the melancholy of the Moorish ballads; and sung as they were in such a scene by such a voice, who could ever forget the impression they made? They still dwell upon my ear in all their first dulcet harmony, and my heart yet vibrates to the sound of the air still fancy-heard. In the following translation of the words, all the sweetness, all the harmony of the original will be looked for in vain; it merely conveys an idea of the meaning.

'The cruel destiny of hope delay'd  
This heart has long in bondage kept,  
And, whilst an outward smile has brightly  
play'd,

My soul in secret hours has wept.

The sun's gay beam which shines o'er hill and dale,

Cheering the verdant vineyards round,  
Gives me no joy; 'tis in the moonlight pale  
For me the hour of peace is found.

When melancholy fancies suit the hour,  
And man's harsh voice is lull'd to sleep,  
When Philomela leaves her gloomy bow'r  
To cheer the vigils I must keep;

Then blame me not if coldly thus I turn  
From flitting dreams of hope away:  
The summer's blaze of heat, though now it  
burn,

Will leave unblest the winter's day.'

The sweet songstress was young and pretty, even in the eyes of an Englishman, to whom a Spanish face is not always pleasing. Her bright dark eyes, shaded by long lashes, beamed life at every glance, though tinged with the 'pale cast of melancholy.' She saw that I was a stranger, and courteously remained where she had been reclining. I addressed her in bad Spanish. She answered in French, and a long and animated conversation was kept up between us. I learned her story, and it was a sorrowful one. At the commencement of the Spanish struggle to throw off the yoke of Bonaparte, her family resided near the Pyrennees, and one night a

wounded French officer was brought to their house. Hospitality, one of the virtues derived from the Moors, still remains in many parts of Spain in all its brightness of character; and they attended to the invalid with the utmost anxiety. He recovered slowly, and by his fine qualities gained an ascendancy over the heart of the gentle Clara. When his health was perfectly re-established, he left their roof, promising soon to return and take the chosen partner of his life with him to France; but he never did return—by them he never was again heard of. Time rolled on, and brought with it changes which ever accompany the boisterous tide of war. This family had fled for security to Zamora, near the banks of the Douro, and there the lovely maid wears out a life of disappointment and of sorrow. Calmly resigned to the will of Providence, her hours are passed in the exercise of dutiful attention to her parents, and universal benevolence to all, but her heart is still with her young husband, whom she believes to have perished in the field of battle; if he is yet alive, and wantonly neglects her, which I can scarcely believe, what punishment could he severe enough for such a cold-hearted wretch? The ambitious emperor was at length driven from the throne of France. When he fell, all his high projects fell with him. When peace re-visited the land, the fond trusting heart of Clara panted for the object of her dearest wishes, her best beloved Etienne L'Eclair. Sweet maid of Leon, if my prayers could have assisted thee, thy settled gloom of melancholy would long since have given place to the bright smile of pleasure. When I left the sweet solitude, I could not but sigh at the idea, that so lovely a spot should contain a wounded heart, which is constantly the prey of what Moore has so beautifully expressed—

‘One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws

Its bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes;  
Than which, life nothing darker or brighter  
can bring,

For which joy has no balm, and affliction no  
sting.’

Even now at the mere recollection of her tender and heart-moving accents, of her soft and resigned smile of kindness, beaming more sweetly through her sorrows, the heart melts to pity, and unbidden tears dim the eyes of

W. H. L.

#### A RIDE OF EIGHT HUNDRED MILES, IN FRANCE.

So fond are our countrymen of locomotion, and of the variety to which it leads, that it is still the fashion to ramble over the continent. The gentlemen are influenced by a spirit of active curiosity, and the ladies go to see and to be seen.

Mr. Cobbett, not the well-known political personage, but a student of Lincoln's Inn, was induced to visit France in the last autumn; and he appears to have been pleased with the country and with its inhabitants. He has published a small but not useless volume on the subject, in which, among other statements, we find the following particulars.

He speaks very favorably of the ‘state of religious affairs’ in France.—‘Here appear to be no disputes between the people and the priests, and, as far as I can perceive, there is but one kind of religion, which must, I think, be a great advantage to all parties. Which is right, and which is wrong, of the many kinds of religion in England, I shall not take upon me to decide; but I must say, that I here witness the happy effects of there being only *one kind*. The priests every where seem to be a very modest and unassuming set of men. They are appointed to their parishes by the bishops. They do not lead lazy lives. They visit, and diligently visit, every sick person. They are in their churches, on many of the days of every month, soon after day-light. On Sundays, they generally say mass three times. They teach all the children their religious duties: for this purpose, they have them assembled in the church itself, on certain days, and mostly at a very early hour in the morning, which must have an excellent effect on the morals of the children. There are none of the people too poor to be noticed, and in the kindest manner too, by these priests, who really appear to answer to the appellation of *Pastor*. Never, while this is the case, will any thing resembling our *Methodist meetings* rise up here. It is certainly a great feather in the cap of the catholic church, that France has returned to her with so much unanimity, and that, too, *without any force*,—without any attempt at force—and without any possible motive in the mass of the people, except that of a belief in the truth of doctrines. But as far as I can venture to speak, I must say, that I think that the gentle, amiable, kind, humble and truly pious conduct of the priest,

the great cause of that strong attachment which the catholics every where bear to their church. I give, as it becomes me, this opinion with great deference to the judgement of the reader; but bare justice to these priests compels me to say, that I see them every where held in high esteem, and that they seem to me not to be esteemed beyond their merits. Let the reader suppose an English parson (and there may be such an one in England), abstaining from marriage, in order that he may devote his whole time and affection to his flock; let the reader suppose him visiting every sick person in his parish, present at every death in it, comforting the dying, consoling the survivors; let him suppose such a minister teaching every child in the parish its religious duties, conversing with each almost daily; and can he think that the people of the parish would ever run after a *Methodist*? The great thing is, however, that the people are more sober, honest, and happy, in consequence of having this kind and zealous parson. This is the great thing to think of, and it appears to me, that in this respect France is in a very excellent state.

With regard to the condition of the poor, he says, 'Some people exclaim, 'How many beggars there are in France!' There are, to be sure, many beggars here; but I have not seen more of them in the country parts of France, than I should have seen in England, had I been traveling in England along the same distance of high road. I certainly did not see so many beggars in Paris as I have seen in London; and there is this important difference, that a very large portion of our beggars are persons neither aged nor infirm, while, in France, there is scarcely any object of this description that is not old, or in some way incapable of earning a living. The greater part of the beggars in England beg, because they cannot get employment; and those of France beg, because they are not fit to be employed. It is the state of society in England which causes the beggar, while in France it is his inability to render society any service which causes him to beg. I do not mean to say that there are no objects of charity in France, except those who are bodily infirm; for there must in all countries be some persons, who, although capable of exertion, have, owing to peculiar circumstances, no means of existence at their command. There are, of course, some persons of this

description in France; but the *sturdy beggar* is not common in that country. The provision which, by law, is made for the poor of France, consists in an institution called *L'Hotel Dieu*; that is, *God's House of Hospitality*. It is an hospital or house of charity, for the reception and entertainment of indigent persons, those who from age or other causes of infirmity may have become destitute of the necessaries of life. This institution is not, however, any thing of a burthen upon the people; the expenses of it are, indeed, in great part supported by voluntary contributions; that is to say, sums of money which are given by charitable persons during their lifetime, or bequeathed by them at their decease. It is the custom with us, as well as with the French, to give or bequeath money to charitable establishments; but then we have, besides charitable institutions, the institution of the *workhouse*, toward the support of which charity is never depended upon at all, and which would certainly not be supported if that feeling alone were appealed to in its behalf. The French have no workhouses—nothing which answers the purposes of a workhouse, except the *Hotel Dieu*. There is a place of this kind in every town of consequence, but you do not meet with it all over the country, as you do with the workhouse in England. The *Hotel Dieu* seems to be an institution of very ancient date. As a building, it has always the appearance of great antiquity; but the workhouses in England are by no means antique. A great part of them are either new buildings, erected expressly for the purpose, or old farm-houses, formerly the habitations of happiness and plenty, and now converted into asylums for misery and want. The poor people provided for in the *Hotel Dieu* are few in number, compared with those who move about and subsist upon what they get by begging; and this is because people are in France much more inclined to give trifles of money to beggars, than we are in England. The French do not so often refuse the petition of a beggar, because it does not remind them that they have been taxed in heavy *poor-rates* to maintain him; and the mendicant himself is less likely to demand relief from the public funds, when his immediate wants are supplied by the charity of individuals: in short, there is not that dreadful state of pauperism in France

which there is in England. All poor people in France are *free*; they have the right of moving from one place to another, as much as people have that are rich; they have a *right to beg*; and unless they commit some overt act of an unlawful kind, no one molests them. How far would such toleration, without any poor-rates, agree with the gravity of our Vagrant Act, and the number of our paupers?

In treating of agricultural concerns, he enters into various *minutiae*, in which we need not follow him. The price of wheat, he says, is much lower in France than it is with us; but there is no great difference upon the whole, if other sorts of corn be taken into the account. Two English farmers have lately taken large farnis at Chateau de Beauvoir, well provided with houses and appendages, at a rent of ten shillings per acre. All over this estate, and also in other parts of the country, 'a laborer employed by the year has a cottage for his family to live in, with from twelve to fifteen acres of land, syc-wood, and two cows allowed him—a little piece of vineyard, and apple-trees and pear-trees, to make wine, cider, and perry, for his drink: for this little estate he pays 150 francs a year; and he earns, by his labor, from 15 to 30 sous a-day, according to the season of the year, which would leave him upon an average, after he has paid the 150 francs, more than as much as that sum in *clear money*. The laborers who live under these circumstances cannot, generally speaking, be otherwise than happy. They have every thing that they can want;—every thing, in fact, that a laborer ought to have. If they like to have beer to drink, they have land on which to grow the materials for making it; and they may grow the hops, and make the malt, without fearing the interference of the exciseman. They have not a farthing of taxes to pay, nor money in any other shape, excepting that which they pay to their landlord, who gives them a sufficient price for their labor to enable them to preserve comfort and happiness for themselves, and to pay him a rent for the advantages which he gives them. There is no need of *pot-houses* here, and, consequently, there are no such things in France. The laborer can sit at home in the evening, because in his own house there is enough of plenty to give content, and for the same reason he can go to bed without being afraid of awaking

in misery. The state of the French laborer forms, in short, a perfect contrast with that of the poor ragged creature of the same class in England, who, after a hard day's work, slinks into the *pot-house*, to seek, in its scenes of drunkenness and degradation, a refuge from the cheerlessness of his own abode\*. The dress of the laborers, in France, is good. They wear in all parts of the country that I have yet seen a smock frock and trowsers of a blue color, like the dress worn by most of the laborers in the county of Sussex. The garments of the Sussex men are, however, very frequently in a state of raggedness which is seldom the case with those of the French. The men, when at work, generally wear some sort of cap. In this part of the country, I see they wear a hat, which has a brim about eight or ten inches wide, that serves as a shelter to the shoulders, as well as a covering to the head; sometimes this large brim is turned up in such a way as to form a complete cocked hat, like that which is worn by the officers in our army.

Adverting to the game laws, Mr. Cobbett says, 'You may chase and kill any game that you please, without the laws having any thing to do with you;' but he soon forgets this broad and sweeping assertion, and says, that you must pay for the privilege of carrying a gun, and are liable to an action for trespass if you go on the land of another person without his permission.

To the vineyards of Tours he paid particular attention.—'This neighbourhood (he observes) is a great place for wines, and for the making of fine wine. In this part of France, they let the white grapes hang as long as possible, before they gather them, because, they say, it makes the wine stronger, and of better flavor. The *snow* is, they tell me, sometimes upon the ground, before the grapes are gathered. The vines, which are planted in cuttings or slips of the last year's wood, begin to bear when about four or five years old. An acre of vineyard, of the best sort of wine, in full bearing, is worth, at Tours, about 3000 francs, or 125*l.* of our money. This year, [1823], the vines will yield from ten to twelve barrels of wine to the acre—

\* This may be true in particular instances; but there is no excuse for the general illiberality of the remark.—EDIT.

barrels of 250 bottles each, or about 80 English wine gallons each. Good wine may be bought at Tours, by the single bottle, for ten sous, or 5d. English, the bottle. This is an important manufacturing place. Its manufactures are very various. The most considerable articles are, silks of different kinds, woollen cloths, leather, and porcelaine. The last is of very fine quality, and of great beauty in its way. The journeymen employed in the cloth and silk manufactories here get from one to three, and, some of them, four francs a day. The wages of men servants, such as grooms or footmen, may be stated at about 300 francs (or 12l. a-year), beside their board and lodging. A housemaid gets from 150 to 200 francs; a cook (a valuable servant among the French) about 300 or 350 francs. I speak of these as the servants of gentlemen, or persons of fortune.—It may not be improper to add, that Tours and its vicinity are remarkably healthy; that many English are resident there, and house-rent and provisions are very moderate.

Many of our readers must have heard of the cloth of Louviers. 'This is one of the greatest manufacturing towns in France, particularly in the article of woollen cloth, which is manufactured here in great quantity. It is said to be of the very finest and softest quality: a great part of the wool that is used in its manufacture comes, I understand, from Segovia. A coat of superfine cloth, the best of such as are worn by gentlemen in England, costs here about 70 or 80 francs, or from 2l. 18s. 4d. to 3l. 6s. 8d. Wearing apparel in general is cheap. A good strong jacket, for the use of a farmer or a workman upon a farm, made of woollen cloth, does not cost above 9 or 10 francs, or 7s. or 8s. Hats, shoes, and boots, are very cheap in France.'

JOURNAL OF A SECOND VOYAGE FOR THE DISCOVERY OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC, PERFORMED IN THE YEARS 1821-2-3, UNDER THE ORDERS OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM EDWARD PARRY.—4to. 1824.

It has been affirmed that

'In great attempts 'tis glorious even to fail.'

The sentiment is ill expressed; for failure in itself can never be glorious; but, when bold adventurers have strained every nerve in the pursuit of

an important object, and have been precluded from success by unfortunate contingencies, not by want of skill, of judgment, or of fortitude, the lustre of fame attends their exertions, though they cannot claim the laurel wreath of triumph.

As we gave on a former occasion the substance of this memorable voyage, it cannot be expected that we should now dwell upon the subject, and we have no wish to indulge in useless repetition. Yet something that is novel, and much that is interesting, may be drawn from the official account, sanctioned by the respectable name of the conductor of a most arduous enterprise. The captain writes with spirit, makes judicious observations, and displays that literary talent in which naval officers are frequently deficient. He interests the reader in his progress, and excites our sympathy for the gallant men who were encompassed with dangers, from which at particular times they seemed to have little chance of escape.

Passing over his account of the first tribes of Esquimaux that he met with, because they had been already visited and corrupted by Europeans, we are more interested by his remarks on the behaviour, manners and character, of the natives who flocked to his winter-station. They had a stronger sense of honesty and better notions of morality than the former; yet they were in general selfish and ungrateful, and deficient in great and noble qualities.—'It might be supposed (he says) that our numerous presents, for which no return was asked, would have excited in them something like thankfulness, combined with admiration; but this was so little the case, that the *coyenna* (thanks) which did now and then escape them, expressed much less than even the common-place 'thank you' of civilized society. Some exceptions to this rule occurred: but in general, however considerable the benefit conferred, it was forgotten in a day; and this forgetfulness was not unfrequently aggravated by their giving out, that their benefactor had been so shabby as to make them no present at all. Even those individuals who, either from good behaviour or superior intelligence, had been most noticed by us, and particularly such as had slept on board the ships, and whether in health or sickness had received the most friendly treatment from every body, were in general just as indifferent as the rest; and I do not believe that

any one amongst them would have gone half a mile out of his road, or have sacrificed the most trivial self-gratification, to have served us. Though the riches lay on our side, they possessed abundant means of making some nominal return, which, for the sake of the principle that prompted it, would of course have been gratifying to us. Okotook and Iligliuk, whom I had most loaded with presents, and who had never offered me a single free gift in return, put into my hand, at the time of their first removal from Winter Island, a dirty crooked model of a spear, so shabbily constructed that it had probably been already refused, as an article of barter, by many of the ship's company. On my accepting this, from an unwillingness to affront them, they were uneasy and dissatisfied till I had given them something in return, though their hands were full of the presents which I had just made them. Selfishness is in fact, almost without exception, their universal characteristic and the main-spring of all their actions, and that too of a kind the most direct and unamiable that can well be imagined.

'If, in short, they are deficient in some of the higher virtues (as they are called) of savage life, they are certainly free also from some of its blackest vices; and their want of brilliant qualities is fully compensated by those which, while they dazzle less, do more service to society and more honor to human nature. If, for instance, they have not the magnanimity which would enable them to endure, without a murmur, the most excruciating torture, neither have they the ferocious cruelty that incites a man to inflict that torture on a hopeless fellow-creature. If their gratitude for favors be not lively or lasting, neither is their resentment of injuries implacable, nor their hatred deadly. I do not say there are not exceptions to this rule, though we have never witnessed any, but it is assuredly not their general character.

'When viewed more nearly in their domestic relations, the comparison will, I believe, be still more in their favor. It is here, as a social being, as a husband and the father of a family, promoting, within his own little sphere, the benefit of that community in which Providence has cast his lot, that the moral character of a savage is truly to be sought; and who can turn without horror from the

Esquimaux, peaceably seated, after a day of honest labor, with his wife and children, in their snow-built hut; to the self-willed and vindictive Indian, 'wantonly plunging his dagger into the bosom of the helpless woman whom nature bids him cherish and protect?'

Among the female Esquimaux, Iligliuk more particularly attracted the attention of the captain and his associates, because she was more intelligent and accomplished than the rest of the tribe. She even drew maps of the country for the strangers, and also amused them by her vocal capabilities.—'She favored us with a song, and struck us as having a remarkably soft voice, an excellent ear, and a great fondness for singing, for there was scarcely any stopping her when she had once begun. We had, on their first visit to the ships, remarked this trait in Iligliuk's disposition, when she was listening for the first time to the sound of the organ, of which she seemed never to have enough; and almost every day she now began to display some symptom of that superiority of understanding for which she was so remarkably distinguished. A few of the women learned several of our names to-day, and I believe all thought us *angloks* (*wizards or conjurers*) of a very superior class, when we repeated to them all round, by the assistance of our books, the names of all their husbands, obtained on board the preceding day. I am, however, compelled to acknowledge that in proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman became more and more developed, her head (for what female head is indifferent to praise?) began to be turned with the general attention and numberless presents she received. The superior decency and even modesty of her behaviour had combined with her intellectual qualities to raise her in our estimation far above her companions; and I often heard others express what I could not but agree in, that for Iligliuk alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained which modesty in a female never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had always been freely admitted into the ships, the quarter-masters of the gangway never thinking of refusing entrance to the 'wise woman,' as they called her. Whenever an explanation was necessary between the Esquimaux and us, Iligliuk was sent for quite as an interpreter; information was chiefly ob-



tained through her, and she thus found herself rising into a degree of consequence to which, but for us, she could never have attained. Notwithstanding a more than ordinary share of good sense on her part, it will not therefore be wondered at if she became giddy with her exaltation, assuming certain airs which, though infinitely diversified in their operation according to circumstances, perhaps universally attend a too sudden accession of good fortune in every child of Adam, from the equator to the poles. The consequence was, that Iligliuk was soon spoiled; considered her admission into the ships and most of the cabins no longer as an indulgence, but a right; ceased to return the slightest acknowledgement for any kindness or presents; became listless and inattentive in unraveling the meaning of our questions, and careless whether her answers conveyed the information we desired. In short, Iligliuk in February, and Iligliuk in April, were confessedly very different persons; and it was at least amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade one's self, that the woman who now sat demurely in a chair so confidently expecting the notice of those around her, and she who had at first with eager and wild delight assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, and with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual.

An account of the captain's visit to a friendly party, and of the consequent festivity, will still farther illustrate the manners of the Esquimaux. While the men were engaged in an expedition on the ice, he requested that a lively young female, named Togolat, would get the rest of the women to perform some of their games, with the hope of seeing something that was new. I had scarcely time (he adds) to make the proposal when she darted out of the hut, and quickly brought every female that was left in the village, not excepting even the oldest of them, who joined in the performance with the same alacrity as the rest. I could however only persuade them to go through a tedious song we had often before heard, which was now indeed somewhat modified by their insisting on our taking our turns in the performance, all which did not fail to create among them never-ceasing merriment and laughter. Neither their want of food and fuel, nor the uncertain

prospect of obtaining any that night, were sufficient to deprive these poor creatures of that cheerfulness and good-humor which it seems at all times their peculiar happiness to enjoy. The night proved very thick with small snow, and as disagreeable and dangerous for people adrift upon floating ice as can well be imagined. If the women however gave their husbands a thought or spoke of them to us, it was only to express a very sincere hope that some good news might shortly arrive of their success. Our singing party had not long been broken up when it was suddenly announced by one of the children, the usual heralds on such occasions, that the men had killed something on the ice. The only two men who were at home instantly scrambled on their outer jackets, harnessed their dogs, and set off to assist their companions in bringing home the game, while the women remained for an hour in anxious suspense as to the extent of their husbands' success. At length one of the men arrived with the positive intelligence of two walruscs having been taken, and brought with him a portion of these huge animals as large as he could drag over the snow. If the women were only cheerful before, they were now absolutely frantic. A general shout of joy instantly re-echoed through the village; they ran into each other's huts to communicate the welcome intelligence, and actually hugged one another in an ecstasy of delight by way of congratulation. A pretty young woman of nineteen or twenty, knowing that a dog belonging to her husband was still at the huts, and that there was no man to take him down on the ice, ran out instantly to perform that office; and with a hardiness not to be surpassed by any of the men, returned, after two hours' absence, with her load of walrus-flesh, and without even the hood thrown over her head to shelter her from the inclemency of the weather. When the first burst of joy had at length subsided, the women crept one by one into the apartment where the first portion of the sea-horses had been conveyed, and which is always that of one of the men immediately concerned in the killing of them. Here they obtained blubber enough to set all their lamps alight, besides a few scraps of meat for their children and themselves. From this time till past midnight, fresh cargoes were continually arriving, the principal part being brought in by the dogs, and the rest by the men,

who, tying the thong which held it round their waists, dragged in each his separate portion. Every lamp now swimming with oil, the huts exhibited a blaze of light, and never was there a scene of more joyous festivity than while the operation of cutting up the walrus continued. After viewing this for some time, I felt disposed to rest; and, wrapping myself up in my fur coat, lay down on one of the beds which Illumea had given up for our accommodation, as well as her *keipik*, or large deer-skin blanket, which she rolled up for my pillow. The poor old woman herself sat up by her lamp, and in that posture seemed perfectly well-satisfied to doze away the night. The singularity of my night's lodging made me awake several times, when I always found some of the Esquimaux eating, though after we lay down they kept quiet for fear of disturbing us. Mr. Halse, who was still more wakeful, told me that some of them were incessantly employed in this manner for more than three hours. Having at length enjoyed a sound nap, I found on awaking about five o'clock that the men were already up, and had gone out to renew their labours on the ice, so that several of them could not have rested more than two or three hours. This circumstance served to correct a notion we had entertained, that when once abundantly supplied with food, they took no pains to obtain more till want began again to stare them in the face. It was now more pleasing to be assured that, even in the midst of plenty, they did not indolently give themselves up to repose, but were willing to take every opportunity of increasing their store. It is certain indeed that were these people more provident, (or in other words less gluttonous, for they do not waste much), they might never know what it is to want provisions, even during the most inclement part of the year.

A description of the illness and the cure of a native is interesting. All savage nations mingle some degree of superstition with the treatment of disorders, and a conjuror fancied that he could do more good to the patient by muttering incantations and by making strange gestures, than Mr. Edwards, the captain's friend, could effect by medical aid. Iligluk, who was the wife of the invalid, manifested the most affectionate concern, eagerly watched his looks, and seemed anxious to anticipate every want. When

he was harassed by a blister, she thought he was worse, and loosened both sides of her hair in token of grief; for, even in that sequestered corner of the globe, disheveled locks bespeak mourning.

From this view of manners in uncivilised life, we pass to the inferior animals of the country. Beside the dogs, which have been frequently described, those animals which excited more particular notice were foxes and wolves. The whole number of foxes caught during the winter exceeded eighty. In a single trap no less than fifteen were caught in the course of four hours; and the people engaged in watching the trap remarked that no sooner had one of these animals been taken out, and they themselves retired a few yards, than another entered it. So stupid indeed are they in this respect that, in several instances, those which had escaped from the ships entered, and were re-caught in the same traps as before. Of a great number of foxes weighed during the winter, the average weight was eight pounds; but they varied from nine and a half to seven, and the males, though larger than the females, were not so fat. Their fur, when they were first caught, was of the purest white, except in two or three individuals of a bluish color, which appeared to be of a different species. The great variety of dispositions displayed by those which were kept for taming was very remarkable, some being gentle and quiet from the time of their first coming on board, and others remaining wild and intractable, in spite of kindness and good treatment. Our dogs became familiar enough even to play with them; but the foxes were, on their part, never entirely free from apprehension on this account. The noise they make when irritated is a weak half-stifled sort of bark; but they have also a most shrill and piercing cry when much frightened. When placed with their houses upon the ice, they were constantly endeavouring to burrow in the snow within the circle of their chains, and one of them, where the snow lay deeper than usual, soon formed for himself a secure and sheltered apartment under it. When deprived of the means of doing this, they are far from being proof against the severity of the season, for two or three died on board entirely from this cause, though furnished with good kennels. Of those which were under better care, not one remained on board alive when we went

to sea, the greater part having gradually wasted away, though well fed and housed; and the rest which were thriving better made their escape to the shore.'

The wolves were found to be very troublesome and mischievous—'Not even the sails that were fastened round the house and observatory could escape their ravenous fangs, and they had thus in the course of a single night much injured two of our studding sails. We set traps for them on the ice, and also large shark-hooks secured with chains and baited with meat; but the former they entered and destroyed, and the latter were always found broken or bent, without securing the depredators. These animals were indeed so hungry and fearless as to take away some of the Esquimaux dogs in a snow-house near the Hecla's stern, though the men were at the time within a few yards of them.

'A wolf being caught in one of the traps, a party of the officers ran out to secure the depredator, and fired two balls at once to despatch him. As after this he continued to bite a sword that was thrust into the trap, a third shot was fired at him. The trap was then sufficiently opened to get his hind legs firmly tied together, after which, being considered tolerably secure, he was pulled out of the trap, which, however, he had scarcely cleared when he furiously flew at Mr. Richards' throat, and would certainly have done him some serious mischief, had not that gentleman, with great presence of mind, seized the animal in his turn by the throat, squeezing him with all his force between both hands. This made the wolf relinquish his first attempt, and Mr. Richards only suffered by a bite in his arm and another in his knee. As for the wolf, he prudently took to his heels, though two of them were still tied together, and, being favored by the momentary confusion occasioned by his late *rencontre*, succeeded in escaping his pursuers. He was found dead the following day at the distance of three quarters of a mile from the ships.'

On another occasion Mr. Elder observed one of the dogs attacked by several of these ferocious creatures, and, 'hastening to the spot with his gun, found that the animals had made such quick work in the partition of their prey, that though he reached the scene of action in a few minutes, and the dog had at first

made considerable resistance, only one of its hind legs remained, each wolf having run off with his share.'

The atmospherical and meteorological phenomena, observed by the captain, were very curious; but it will be sufficient to mention the Aurora Borealis, which he describes with spirit and with apparent accuracy.

'Innumerable streams or bands of white and yellowish light appeared to occupy the greater part of the heavens to the southward of the zenith, being much the brightest in the S E. and E S E., from which it had indeed often the appearance of emanating. Some of these streams of light were in right lines like rays, others crooked and waving in all sorts of irregular figures, and moving with inconceivable rapidity in various directions. Among these might frequently be observed those shorter collections of rays, which, moving with even greater velocity than the rest, have acquired the name of the 'merry dancers,'—which, if I understand aright the descriptions given of them by others, I do not think I ever saw before. In a short time the Aurora extended itself over the zenith, about half-way down to the northern horizon, but no farther, as if there was something in that quarter of the heavens which it did not dare to approach. About this time, however, some long and bright streamers shot up from the horizon in the N W. which soon disappeared. While the light extended over part of the northern heavens, there were a number of rays assuming a circular or radiated form near the zenith, and appearing to have a common centre near that point, from which they all diverged. The light of which these were composed appeared to have inconceivably rapid motion in itself, though the form it assumed and the station it occupied underwent little or no change for perhaps a minute or more. Suppose, for instance, a stream of light to have occupied a space between any two of the stars, by which its position could be accurately noticed, the light appeared to pass constantly and instantaneously from one to the other, as if, when a portion of the subtle fluid of which it is composed had made its escape and vanished at the end next one of the stars, a fresh supply was uninterruptedly furnished at the other.

The color of the light was most frequently, yellowish-white, sometimes

greenish, and once or twice a lilac tinge was remarked, when several *strata*, as it were, appeared to overlay each other, by very rapidly meeting, in which case the light was always increased in intensity. The electrometer was tried several times, and two of Kater's compasses exposed upon the ice, during the continuance of this Aurora, but neither was perceptibly affected by it. We listened attentively for any noise which might accompany it, but could hear none. The intensity of the light was something greater than that of the moon in her quarters. Of its dimming the stars there cannot, I think, be a doubt. We remarked it to be, in this respect, like drawing a gauze veil over the heavens in that part, the veil being most thick, when two of the luminous sheets met and overlapped.

From seven till ten on another night, we observed the Aurora almost constantly appearing, though varying in its form and situation. It commenced with

a number of vertical coruscations from the S E., south, and N W. horizons, darting nearly as high as the zenith. This being discontinued after half an hour, the leg of an arch appeared at E S E. inclining towards the south, which remained nearly unaltered for three quarters of an hour, its light being of a yellow cast and remarkably brilliant. After this an arch was gradually formed by the light extending over the W N W., the brightest portion of it being still that in the eastern quarter. The arch was irregular and sometimes not continuous, but divided into a number of luminous patches like *nebula*. We also noticed, and now remembered to have done so once before, that there were in some places narrow but long horizontal separations of the light, appearing like so many dark parallel streaks lying over it, which, however, they were not, as the stars were here most plainly visible. The magnetic needle was not affected.

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AN ADDRESS TO MARY, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Oh! Mary, if my lowly Muse  
Till now hath never waked for you  
The lyre, which never should refuse  
A tribute to perfection due,  
But show,—though faint its music rise,  
Where higher harps may honor more,—  
Like star-glass, pointing to the skies,  
Itself without the wing to soar ;—  
'Tis not I deemed thy infant age,  
Or charms, unworthy of my line,  
For less of both might well engage  
Far abler pens than this of mine ;  
But that I oft for one so near,  
So dear to thee have touch'd the string ;  
Each note, I knew, that woo'd her ear,  
To thine a welcome sound would bring.  
The beam of praise that shines upon  
A sister's charms, on thine must fall,  
As the same orb that lightens *one*  
Revolving star, illumines all.  
Yet, though 'tis true for thee less oft  
Than her, the ripening summer sky  
Hath hung its glowing lamp aloft  
To brighten both the soul and eye ;  
Though time to *her* hath granted this—  
An earlier dawn of life to chase  
The flowers of beauty and of bliss  
He sheds, the young to glad and grace—

Oh! thou hast that, in form and mind,  
Which my poor song can little raise,—  
Which asks a lay to thee confined,  
And richer, warmer strains of praise.

Yes, were it not that long ere now  
My heart its idol chose for aye,  
No eyes would make it sooner bow  
Than those that sparkled first to-day\*.

But no, my liberty is flown,  
And e'en the friendship here averr'd,  
Is but the echo of a tone  
Whose fulness other ears have heard.

Yet still I wish thee all the joy  
That hope can paint or worth deserve;  
Pure pleasure's gold without alloy,  
Their meed who ne'er from virtue swerve.

Of human sorrows may thy worst  
Be dated in the year that's past,  
And sweet and sinless as thy *first*  
Calm hours of childhood be thy *last*.

THE DEATH OF THE ROE-BUCK,

*by Lord Francis Leveson Gower.*

'Twas the flash of the rifle, the bullet is sped,  
And the pride of the forest, the roebuck, is dead;  
How he dash'd through the thicket, how fleetly he pass'd!  
That rustle betrayed him, that bound was his last.

His fawns rose about him, and graceful they play'd,  
Round the steps of their father, in dingle and glade,  
As duly, at morning and evening, he led,  
To the tenderest herbage and mossiest bed.

Alas for this memory! the time will be short,  
Ere they hasten as usual to food or to sport;  
Short time from these games shall the victims refrain,  
And the fate of their father shall warn them in vain.

And she whom he courted in thicket and dell,  
Whom he woo'd in the forest and traced through the fell,  
The beloved of his bosom, his favorite doe,  
Will she mourn for the fate that has laid him so low?

Perhaps she may weep should she find in the grove,  
All cold and deserted, the loin of her love;  
But my buskin in morning was wet through and through;  
Now show me at mid-day one trace of the dew.

Perhaps a new lover now roams at her side,  
With antlers as branching, as lovely a hide;  
Oh hush! for the ladies would faint should they hear,  
That such frailty should lurk in the heart of a deer.

\* Prior says, in some verses on his birth-day,

'I, my dear, was born to-day.'

I will not be silent, the roebuck is dead,  
 And his fawns have departed, his widow has fled :  
 There is none but the hunter to follow his hearse,  
 And no poet but me for his elegy's verse.

Oh yes ! for another had fashion'd the lay,  
 Which was raised by the peasants who bore him away ;  
 From a hundred sad voices, as homewards we sped,  
 The chorus re-echoed, ' the roebuck is dead.'

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SONG ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

SURE for bosoms where sense is with gentleness crown'd,  
 When the heart is responsive and free,  
 Something like to true happiness yet may be found,  
 May be cherish'd for you and for me.

Sure feminine sweetness can soften each care,  
 When to manly fidelity join'd ;  
 And the world be forgot with its grandeur and glare,  
 While mind is conversing with mind.

Sure peace and enjoyment fly far from a throne  
 With domestic attachment to hide ;  
 And the wisest of kings might confess, looking on,  
 There was one state he never had tried.

M.

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THE KISS AND THE TEAR,

*a Song, from the Opera of Native Land.*

JULIO told me, when we parted,  
 Nought but death should cause his stay ;  
 To mine eye a tear had started ;  
 Julio kiss'd the drop away.  
 Autumn winds now chill my dwelling ;  
 'Twas in spring I lost my dear ;  
 Grief afresh mine eye is swelling,  
 But no kiss imbibes the tear.

With the flowers that Julio planted  
 Oft I dress his vacant chair,  
 Stand before it, gaze enchanted,—  
 Gaze, and think my rover there ;  
 Oft the kiss he gave at parting  
 Midnight sleep returns to cheer ;  
 But too soon my senses starting,  
 Lose the kiss to find the tear.

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THE GHOST, A BALLAD.

BEWARE ! beware of the Black Friar,  
 Who sitteth by Norman stone,  
 For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,  
 And his mass of the days that are gone.  
 When the lord of the hill, Amundeville,  
 Made Norman Church his prey,  
 And expell'd the friars, one friar still  
 Would not be driven away.

Though he came in his might, with king Henry's right,  
 To turn church lands to lay,  
 With sword in hand, and torch to light  
 Their walls, if they said nay,  
 A monk remain'd, unchas'd, unchain'd,  
 And he did not seem form'd of clay;  
 For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the church,  
 Though he is not seen by day.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,  
 It is not mine to say;  
 But still at the house of Amundeville  
 He abideth night and day.  
 By the marriage bed of their lords, 'tis said,  
 He flits on the bridal eve;  
 And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death,  
 He comes—but not to grieve.

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn,  
 And when aught is to befall  
 That ancient line, in the pale moonshine  
 He walks from hall to hall.  
 His form you may trace, but not his face,  
 'Tis shadow'd by his cowl;  
 But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,  
 And they seem of a parted soul.

THE TRIBUTE OF A YOUTHFUL MUSE TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED RELATIVE.

'Twas the last rose of summer we gather'd for her,  
 To place on her bosom, to deck out her bier:  
 O how like her it seem'd, as its loveliness fled!  
 It sicken'd—it faded—it wither'd—'twas dead!

'O how like her in life too,' I thought with a tear,  
 'So fragrant in virtue, in beauty so dear!  
 Like her, it unfolded its bud to the light,  
 And show'd us its treasures—then clos'd them in night.'

Farewell, though belov'd one!—though lost to our view,  
 Remembrance shall fondly thine image renew:—  
 Though the canker disease too soon prey'd on thy brow,  
 Thou art blooming in gardens of Paradise now!

'Tis there we shall meet, when a few fleeting years  
 Have roll'd over our heads in this valley of tears:  
 'Tis there we shall meet when we rise from the sod,  
 And for ever rejoice in the presence of God!

A LIVELY SCENE FROM THE POPULAR  
 NEW COMEDY, PRIDE SHALL HAVE A  
 FALL.

LORENZO, when his addresses to Victoria are rejected by her parents on account of his supposed plebeian origin, obtrudes an impostor upon them in the spirit of revenge: but, when the pre-

tended prince seems on the point of marriage, the lover repents of the plot, and resolves to save the lady from disgrace. He therefore contrives that the impostor and his new friends should be driven round the suburbs of Palermo, and lodged in the prison, instead of an old castle at which count Ventoso proposed to celebrate the wedding.

[*A door is unlocked, and the Count, Countess, and Torrento, highly dressed, come in. Torrento starts, and looks suspiciously round the hall.*]

*Tor.* Upon my honor, count, this is the most singular looking castle. And what a detestable atmosphere of rank tobacco, and vinegar wine! Your friend must have lived like a bashaw or a bandit, and this was the black hole.

*Ven.* The marquis was a singular man, certainly. (*He looks about.*) Very gloomy, very ancient; a very ghostly habitation.

*Coun.* Husband, husband, it is a very fine castle; our reception was quite royal, sentinels on the walls, lighted torches, drawbridges up, altogether a very grand affair.

*Tor.* (*Aside.*)—It has the look of a jail, the smell of a jail—it feels like a jail. (*To Ven.*) Why have you brought me to this detestable place? A wedding in this—condemned cell!

*Ven.* Excellent name!—very appropriate for the ceremony—chains for life. Ha, ha, ha!

*Tor.* Chains for life—capital jest—ha, ha, ha! (*He forces a laugh, which gradually diminishes.*) A prodigious smell of thieves. [*Aside.*]

*Coun.* Prince, this is but the reception room; I ordered the grand baronial hall to be prepared for the ceremony—and this is, I suppose, the door. (*Tries it.*) Bless me, it is lock'd.

*Tor.* (*Runs over to it, and tries it.*) Lock'd, ay, and double-lock'd. (*Aside. Angerily to Ventoso.*) For what purpose is this locking up, sir? And at this early hour too; it's against all rule.

*Ven.* (*Soothingly.*) Your highness! this can be nothing but the carefulness of the servants. My friend, the marquis, was a very particular man, and locked up every thing, himself included. He was a great buyer of all sorts of oddities, curiosities, and monstrosities. He built this castle for a show, and then shut it up like a prison. You have heard of the marquis Chiar' Oscuro?

*Tor.* The marquis! unquestionably—my most particular friend. Ha, ha! that explains the whole matter, and this was the castle;—I heard of his sale at the Antipodes. He had a wing of the original Phoenix—Pope Joan's marriage articles—Queen Elizabeth's wedding-ring—a wig of Dido of Carthage—and a pair of pantaloons made for Don Bel-

lianis of Greece. (*They laugh.*) But the ladies—

*Ven.* Ay, where are the ladies? always late, always lingering.

*Coun.* I have left them in another apartment till the arrival of the priest. There must be no hurry, no precipitation. Marriage is a serious thing.

*Ven.* Yes, your highness; it is as little of a joke as any thing in the world. But let us begin. (One is not the more reconciled to the dose, by looking at it.) (*Aside.*) I will run after the ladies.

[*He hurries out.*]

*Tor.* And a very gallant run for your age.—But now, my charming countess, for on my honor, with that bloom on your cheek, and that brilliancy in your eyes, I can't bring myself to call you—mother-in-law. Now—[*Voices of the Hussars without.*]

*Officers.* Ha, ha, ha!—By the glory of the Twentieth—excellent, down with the bar, bolt, and chain—Muffs and meerschaums—Allspice and sugar-canes—[*The Hussars burst in.*]

*Maj.* Bravo! just in time; the turtle's under the net. (Colonel, let's have a laugh at the cornet.) (*Aside.*) Cornet, may I have the honor of introducing you to—the Bride?

*Coun.* The whole barrack broke loose, as I'm an honest woman!—(*To Torrento.*)—Bride! what do the monsters mean?

*Tor.* (The Hussars! found out and followed.—Bride!—the old countess—Ha, ha!) (*Aside.*)—Don't mind their insolence. Those gentlemen are court jesters, paid for making themselves ridiculous; and, by all that's absurd, they can earn their money. Away, lady. [*They approach the door.*]

*Cor.* (*Surprizing her with his glass.*)—The Bride! a very antique susceptibility—a grand climacteric, touched by the heavenly passion.

*Cor.* It must have been something heavenly; for nothing earthly could have done it.

*Maj.* Yes; like an old tree, set on fire by lightning.

*Cor.* (*Still approaching.*) Victim of Cupid—Maiden innocence—(virgin virago!) (*Aside to the officers.*)

*Coun.* (*Bursting away from Torrento, and following the Cornet.*)—Why, you red mountebank!—you impudent man-milliner!—you thing of mummery and moustaches—you king's bad bargain—you apology for a man—you trooper—



*All.* 'Trooper!'

*Maj.* It's the old lady herself! countess Figs and Raisins, by the glory of the Twentieth.

*Col.* Let me see her with the naked eye. Ginger and Cayenne to the life!

*Cor.* The venerable charmer that insulted the whole regiment. The old horse-marine! Bless me, how she prances! Why don't you stop her—colonel—major—

[*He shrinks.*

*Maj.* I would as soon stop a chain-shot.

*Col.* I would as soon stop an avalanche.

*Cor.* Avalanche! If the tongue could take fire by friction, she would be a volcano.

*Maj.* Every one to his taste; but if the daughter be like the mama, I would as soon marry a mermaid.—Where can Lorenzo be?—I will go for him—they'll be off.

*Col.* Gathering nerve on the terrace—forsooth—they'll escape—stay, cornet.

*Cor.* Stay in this den and be devoured?—'Pon honor—No.

[*They go out.*

*Coun.* The coxcombs!—Open the door, I say.

[*Calling.*

*Tor.* They are unlocking. (*Listening.*) Three locks! That's the twist of a turnkey,—I'll be sworn to it, in any jail in the world.

[*Aside.*

[*The door opens—Ventoso enters, handing in Leonora.*]

*Ven.* Your highness—my daughter. Any news of the priest?

*Leon.* Torrento! Is it possible? [*In surprise.*

*Tor.* Leonora, by what wonder has this happened? I am delighted beyond expression. I have a thousand questions to ask. Count and countess, excuse me a moment.

*Leon.* And is this a time to ask? I am overwhelmed with surprise, with sorrow, with shame. I thought that you had fled from Palermo. I lived only in the hope of your return. But to find you here, my sister's bridegroom—you the prince!—Traitor, I will unmask you.

*Tor.* Hush! one word. I will satisfy all your doubts; I expected to meet you; I have been as much deceived as yourself. I'll marry none but you. I swear, by the brightness of your eyes, by every star—

*Leon.* Ah! yours, I fear, are wandering stars.

[*He leads her up the stage.*

*Coun.* A mighty handsome reception, indeed! The prince's affability is charming. 'Tis all the way in high life. Friendships are as quickly made there as—

*Ven.* They are unmade. He's prodigiously affable. Why, it's absolute love-making. (*Calls.*) Your highness, the bride is coming. By St. Agnes, he forgets her as much as if they had been married a month.

*Victoria, attended by bridesmaids, enters.*

*Lorenzo enters from an opposite door.*

*Lor.* Victoria! [*Irresolutely.*

*Vic.* Lorenzo! [*She is overwhelmed.* (*To the Count.*) There's a dimness on my eyes!

Save me, my father. I would rather look Upon the pale and hollow front of death, Than meet that glance.

*Lor.* (*Advancing.*) Victoria! if your heart—

*Coun.* Stand back, plebeian! Marry with your like.

There lies the door. Begone!

*Ven.* (*Calling to Torrento.*) Prince! take your bride.

(Those wives and daughters!) [*Aside.*

*Lor.* Scorn'd, aspers'd, disclaim'd, For blood, that flows as hotly in my veins

As in an emperor's. [*Indignantly.*

Can birth bequeath Mind to the mindless, spirit to the vile, Valour to dastards, virtue to the knave?— 'Tis nobler to stand forth the architect Of our own fame, than lodge i' the dusty halls

Of ancestry—to shine before the world, Like sunrise from the dusk, than twinkle on

In far and feeble starlight!

Here we part;  
One kiss, fair traitress. (*He kisses her.*)  
Death-like cold and sweet.  
And now the world's before me.

This be all,  
Early or late, Lorenzo's epitaph:  
That he had deem'd it nobler, to go forth,  
Steering his sad and solitary prow  
Across the ocean of adventurous deeds,  
Than creep the lazy track of ancestry.

*They be the last of theirs, I first of mine.*

*Vic.* Lorenzo, hear me.

*Torrento and Leonora re-appear.*

*Coun.* Will she kneel to him? Can she endure this insult? Prince, take your bride.

[*To Torrento.*

*Tor.* Who dares insult her? That

rioter come again! Sir, the man who offends this lady must not live.

[*Lorenzo turns.*

*Lor.* I had forgot!—vagabond.—Ho—jailor! Fling this impostor into the dungeon from which I took him.

[*Ventoso and the females in surprise.*

*Tor.* Draw, and defend yourself! (*The Jailor, Lazaro, and Assistants, rush in behind Torrento, and pinion him. The Hussars return.*) Stiletto! 'Tis the jail—completely tricked, trapped, trepanned. What's all this for? (*To the jailor.*)—Handcuffs—'tis against prison rules—I have not broke bounds—I'll give bail to any amount—a thousand sequins—ten—twenty thousand. The count will go security. (*Aside.*) Count, I say—

[*Calling.*

*Ven.* I am deaf. Security! Swindler! How shall we escape?

*Leon.* Undone—undone. Save him, dear father, save him.

*Jail.* Restive! Ho! on with the handcuffs, Lazaro. The bosom friends!

*Lor.* Off with that culprit to his dungeon.

*Tor.* Count and countess, this is a conspiracy. I will have justice!—vengeance,—scoundrels! high treason!—injur'd prince!—Pindemonté!—

[*He is carried off.*

*Ven.* Let us escape. Security indeed! Here is security with a vengeance—locks and bars—to find myself in a jail! Open the door!

[*They knock.*

*Col.* I think the business is tolerably complete, major. Their pride is like a cast charger—down on the knees: It will carry the mark beyond all cure.

*Maj.* Yes; like the scar in a fine woman's reputation, it will be widening for life.

*Cor.* They will be in no want of our trumpeters, now—They will be blown every step they go. Troopers! Muffs and meerschauts!

*Col.* (*A bugle sounds.*) Officers! the call to parade. Troopers! Pride! ha, ha, ha! Troopers! Birth—Pride! ha, ha, ha!

[*He urges the Major and Cornet out, laughing.*

*Lor.* Count and ladies, farewell. We have met for the last time. You, Victoria, have suffered for the crime of inconstancy; you, count, for the folly of being a slave to the will of women; you, countess, for the violence of your temper; and all for your common crime, pride! Farewell for ever.

[*Exit.*

*Vic.* If sorrow—shame—penitence! Oh, Lorenzo! He's gone!

*Leon.* If I can climb the walls, or undermine the dungeon, or dry up the moat, or bribe the guards, my true Torrento—my unfortunate Torrento—shall not linger another day in prison.

[*Aside.*

*Coun.* Undone—insulted—laughed at—I shall never be able to hold up my head again. We must fly the country. Our pride has had a fall.

*Ven.* Ay: now boast—now triumph. A fall! and so hard a one, that I may be in the Gazette, if I ever try a fall again. Here, Victoria; Leonora, help to bear up your mother's griefs. Here is a heavy case, a very weighty concern, indeed. She see through a rogue! She might as well see to the end of a suit in Chancery. Pride—ruin—madness!

[*Exeunt.*

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN,

by *Alicia Lefanu.*

FROM the time of Dr. Sheridan, the friend of dean Swift, to the present day, literary talents have been conspicuous in that family which produced the author of the *School for Scandal*. The divine was a man of learning and an ingenious writer; his son was a distinguished philologist and rhetorician; next came the dramatist, whose brother and sister were also respectable members of the republic of letters. Mrs. Sheridan, whose life is now presented to us, did not indeed belong by birth to this family, but was incorporated with it by marriage, and may be supposed to have profited by the abilities and attainments of her husband. Her grand-daughter is the biographer on this occasion, and she displays no mean portion of hereditary talent.

Miss Chamberlaine, afterward Mrs. Sheridan, was born in Ireland, in 1724. She was the daughter of a clergyman, who, though his own profession required some degree of learning, did not wish that young Frances should shine in that respect, and therefore would scarcely allow her to be taught to read, and thought writing more particularly unnecessary, because it tended to the multiplication of love letters. By the kind assistance of her brothers, however, she obtained the instruction which her father denied her, and such was her

proficiency that at the early age of fifteen she wrote a novel on fragments of paper obtained from the housekeeper. Her next literary effort was in writing two sermons, which displayed considerable ability.

When the father fell into a state of imbecility, the children indulged in a forbidden but innocent amusement,—that of occasionally visiting the theatre, where the fine person and gentlemanly deportment of Mr. Thomas Sheridan captivated the heart of Miss Chamberlaine. An acquaintance with his family convinced her of his domestic virtues; but she does not appear to have had an interview with him before the memorable riot of January, 1746, known by the name of Kelly's riot, when Mr. Sheridan, for resisting the brutal conduct of Mr. Kelly toward the celebrated George Anne Bellamy, was cruelly persecuted by a party formed against him.

'To those (says Miss Lefanu) who are only accustomed to the bloodless disturbances of a London theatre, the comparatively harmless ebullitions even of an O. P. riot, the dangerous predicament in which an Irish manager was placed would scarcely be credible, if there were not authentic documents to prove it. The Galway men doomed Mr. Sheridan to destruction. A horse was always in readiness, for his murderer to depart at a minute's warning. Dr. Lucas was also marked out for death. Such was the situation of affairs, when Mr. Sheridan was once more called upon to brave this prejudiced and incensed portion of the public. He was to take a part in a charity play, which the performers in the Dublin theatre annually gave; and the governors, who were all persons of consequence, insisted upon their right to the benefit of this goodly custom. They sent the manager word, that they would take upon themselves to protect him from violence or injury in the performance of it; yet, notwithstanding the governors appeared there, according to promise, with their white wands of office, notwithstanding the presence of above a hundred ladies of the first distinction, dressed in all the elegance of fashion, who, unable to obtain places in the pit and boxes; had, in order to assist and support the manager, accepted accommodations on the stage, the clamour was so great, that Mr. Sheridan was obliged to withdraw without speaking,

and, after the riot and confusion of this night, the theatre was shut up by order of the master of the revels.'

Miss Chamberlaine not only exercised her poetical talents in attacking Mr. Sheridan's enemies, whom she compared to a set of envious owls that reined at the light of the sun, but defended him also in a spirited pamphlet. He was grateful for her exertions, and, when he had triumphed over his opposers in the due course of law, he led his fair champion to the altar.

The contests and quarrels which frequently occurred in the Dublin theatre are related with some minuteness, and are properly attributed to the licentious and disorderly conduct of others, rather than to any arbitrary or unjustifiable proceedings on the part of the manager. During the riots of 1751, the interior was demolished, and an attempt was made to fire the house, of which a servant incautiously told her. At this alarming period, 'Mrs. Sheridan was near her fifth confinement; and the sufferings she endured had such an effect upon the health of the infant, that it expired three months after its birth in convulsions. Yet her behaviour on this trying occasion is perhaps as perfect an example of unaffected kindness and gentleness of mind as ever was exhibited by a woman. Notwithstanding the cruel shock both her health and hopes had received by the servant's unguarded rashness, she neither at the time, nor afterwards, ever mentioned the circumstance to his master.'

To compensate the deficiency of materials for a copious life of Mrs. Sheridan, our authoress introduces a variety of theatrical stories, and anecdotes of that lady's distinguished contemporaries, and thus renders her work more miscellaneous and amusing.

Of Barry and Garrick we have these anecdotes:—'When the affairs of his theatre took an unfavourable turn (and, unlike Mr. Sheridan, he left every department unpaid and unsatisfied), the angry tradesmen used to besiege his door, vowing that though they had been frequently paid off with words, *this time* they would not depart without their money. Mr. Barry would then desire to see them. A single claimant was admitted at a time. After a conference of some duration, he returned with a pleased and satisfied countenance to the

anxious and expectant crowd of creditors below. Judging by the reception their companion met what was likely to be their own chance, he was eagerly interrogated by the gaping crowd. 'Well, you have seen Mr. Barry?'—'Yes.'—'You have got your money?'—'No.'—'A part of it?'—'Not one shilling.'—But Mr. Barry spoke to me so kindly—seemed so distressed to keep me waiting—promised me so *faithfully* that the next time I called the money should be forthcoming—that he has, I know not how, got the better of my anger, and I could not find in my heart to press a gentleman any farther.'

'On the revival of King John at Drury-lane theatre, the play was cast for Garrick to perform the character of the king, and Mr. Sheridan, Falconbridge. Before the representation, however, Garrick came to Sheridan and said, 'I don't know what to do with this character of John. It is a heavy declamatory part, not at all in my way—I am sure you could make a great deal more of it, and you would greatly oblige me by exchanging characters.' To this Mr. Sheridan was very averse; but, by the continual solicitation of the manager, he was prevailed on at length to take the part of John, of which 'he made so much' that the play was acted several nights successively with great applause, and being honoured by a command, it was reported the next day that the king had mentioned Mr. Sheridan's performance, in terms of the highest approbation, at the levee. To this Garrick listened with evident impatience and uneasiness, and at length interrupted his informant with 'Eh, eh! and what did he say of Falconbridge?' To this his acquaintance could only reply that the king said, 'He did not like the character.' When Mr. Sheridan performed King John in Ireland, some old ladies observed, 'that in the dying scene it was quite profane of him to imitate nature so exactly.'

An anecdote is given which is not very creditable to our great moralist. 'Dr. Johnson was a frequent visitor at Mr. Sheridan's, when he was in London, and used to fondle the children in his rough way, who might so far boast of having been *'elevés sur les genoux des philosophes.'* Observing that Mrs. Sheridan's eldest daughter already began to give signs of that love of literature for which she was afterwards distinguished, and that she was very attentively em-

ployed in reading his 'Rambles,' her mother hastened to assure Dr. Johnson, it was only works of that unexceptionable description which she suffered to meet the eyes of her little girl. 'In general,' added Mrs. Sheridan, 'I am very careful to keep from her all such books as are not calculated, by their moral tendency, expressly for the perusal of youth.'—'Then you are a fool, Madam,' vociferated the doctor. 'Turn your daughter loose into the library; if she is well inclined, she will choose only nutritious food; if otherwise, all your precautions will avail nothing to prevent her following the natural bent of her inclinations.'

Those who are fond of puns may smile at the following extract:—'One of Mrs. Sheridan's daughters had obtained in the family the name of Libs, because, like the wind thus classically denominated, she had cheeks remarkably full and glowing. One evening when the assembled company were engaged in some serious literary disquisition, and when the child, with the weariness incidental to her age, was impatiently enduring their neglect, and the absence of those little fond attentions to which she had been accustomed, Mrs. Peckhard suddenly terminated a conversation which must have been utterly unintelligible to the infant listener, by gaily exclaiming, 'Come, don't let us be so austere, or Libs won't note us'—thus in one short, and apparently familiar English sentence, including the Latin names of the three winds, Auster, Libs, and Notus. This whimsical adaptation of classical words to a modern sense, was admired by Mr. Sheridan as a remarkably happy impromptu.'

A compliment which, however trivial, would have pleased the generality of the fair sex, was paid, with very unexpected gallantry, to the subject of this memoir in a public coach by a gentleman with whom she was unacquainted. After some time, Mrs. Sheridan, who, like most ladies of that period, took snuff, drew off her glove to take a pinch. The stranger, smiling, observed, 'There are few ladies, madam, who would have concealed such a hand and arm so long.'

Mrs. Sheridan, in her novel of Sidney Biddulph, took Richardson for her model, though she avoided his faults, smartly remarking, on the great length, of his works, that 'the bookseller got the

better of the author. The work soon became popular in England, and a part of it was brought on the French stage. The adaptation was very successful, being as popular in France as the opera taken from *Tom Jones*, called *Tomé Jaune*, to accommodate it to the rules of Gallic orthodoxy.

Mrs. Sheridan's first comedy was the *Discovery*, the principal character of which was performed by Garrick himself. To secure its success, recourse was had to an artifice more frequent than commendable. The authoress attended the first night, to direct her friends when to applaud.

The strong characters of Lord Medway and Mrs. Knightly, and the humorous ones of Sir Anthony Bransville, Sir Harry, and Lady Flutter, could not, she felt assured, fail of being relished and justly appreciated by the tasteful and discriminating part of the audience in the pit and boxes, and that her presence there was unnecessary; but as there was an infusion of sentiment exquisitely delicate in the piece, and as the whole belonged rather to the cast of high and genteel comedy than of broad and farcical humor, she thought the respectable supporters of the middle gallery might require a little *leading*, and in consequence stationed herself, with Mr. Archibald Frazer and a considerable body of friends, to point out to them when they should admire, and contribute *their* share to the success of the play by obstreperous bursts of applause. Having claimed approbation for the complete success of this manœuvre, the lively Mrs. Cholmondeley now requested the fortunate poetess would hasten the arrival of supper for herself and her hungry friends; and *those* are little acquainted with the anxieties and solitudes of the drama who cannot imagine that seldom was a supper despatched with greater gaiety and appetite.

Mrs. Sheridan's next comedy, the *Dupe*, was unsuccessful; partly, it is thought, in consequence of the cabals of Mrs. Clive. Millar, who published it, behaved very liberally; for, in addition to the purchase-money, he presented her with the copy-right, and also 100*l.*, which he was enabled to do by the extensive sale of the piece.

Mr. Sheridan, notwithstanding his pecuniary embarrassments, gave a good education, with the aid of his brother-in-law, Mr. Chamberlaine, to his son

Richard Brinsley. It has been reported that the youth passed through his school course without credit or approbation; but this was not the case, and Dr. Parr affirms, that although he was not deemed a good scholar, his natural powers were uncommonly great. While at Harrow, he gave an instance of that wanton prodigality which disgraced his subsequent life.—On occasion of the grand annual contest for the silver arrow, Richard Brinsley was not a competitor for the prize of archery; but distinguished himself by the delivery of a Greek oration. This, as he was intended for one of the learned professions, was a judicious arrangement, as it exhibited his proficiency in scholarship; and, in the embarrassed state of his father's circumstances, it was far preferable to a frivolous competition, which involved a considerable degree of expense. So, perhaps, reasoned Mr. Richard Chamberlaine; but, if he did so, his nephew was determined to disappoint the old gentleman in any economical views he might have had in favoring this arrangement. The Greek oration was to be delivered in the character of a military commander; and, as the notions of costume were not so strict in those days as they are at present, Richard Brinsley, of his own authority, ordered the uniform of an English general officer to be made up for the occasion. Accordingly, on the important day, he appeared, not indeed in the elegant dress of an archer of Harrow, but in the equally expensive one of a military chief. Mr. Chamberlaine, to whom of course his tailor's bill was delivered, severely remonstrated with him on this unexpected piece of extravagance. Sheridan respectfully replied, that, as the speech was to be delivered in a martial character, he did not think the effect would have been complete without an appropriate dress; and that, indeed, so deeply was he himself impressed with that feeling, that he was sure, if he had not been properly habited, he could not have delivered a word of the oration.

When Mr. Sheridan's increasing embarrassments rendered it expedient for him to take refuge in France, he chiefly resided at Blois, where his wife was esteemed for her talents and her virtues. Her grand-daughter particularly ascribes to her a purity of mind and a frank sincerity which rendered others unwilling to deceive her, and she relates a singular instance of this

sort which occurred during her residence at Blois:—

‘On her first settling there she had been visited by a lady, who went by the name of the widow of an English gentleman, and who was highly respected as such, for the excellence of her conduct. She was beautiful in person and elegant in her manners, and a shade of melancholy, that she never could conquer, only rendered her more interesting in the eyes of Mrs. Sheridan, who formed a speedy intimacy with her. Some time after this intercourse of friendship had taken place, the lady informed Mrs. Sheridan, with tears, that she repented having forced her friendship upon her, for that it was impossible to deceive her any longer. She was not what she appeared, nor deserving of the respect and estimation in which she was held at Blois by the deceived inhabitants. The unhappy lady then proceeded to state that she was by birth an Englishwoman, of good family, and engaged to marry a gentleman of equal rank and prospects with her own; but that he, after basely abusing the confidence reposed in him, had broken off with her when on the point of marriage, and only made an allowance for herself and her daughter, on condition of her retiring into France under a borrowed name. Thus were the apparently fortunate prospects of this beautiful young creature blasted in a moment. ‘Thrown off by her justly-offended family, she had followed the cruel advice of her lover, who, at the time of her making this communication, enjoyed a high military rank in England, and regularly remitted to her the promised stipend. With one old and faithful servant, who was alone acquainted with the unhappy story, this lady had fixed upon Blois as the place of her retreat, where for seventeen years she had conducted herself in a manner so exemplary as to conciliate the respect of all the inhabitants; and though, from her beauty, she had received several advantageous offers of marriage, she had steadily refused them from a principle of honor, and also of perseverance in her first and ill-requited attachment. ‘Such a protracted period of suffering,’ resumed the lady, ‘in which I have endeavoured by strictness of conduct to atone for the error of my youth, seemed, to myself, to give me a title to respect; but there is something in you, madam, that forbids me to impose a faulty character for a

virtuous one. Can you, after this candid confession, continue to me your friendship?’ It was not in a disposition like Mrs. Sheridan’s to refuse an appeal made under circumstances that admitted of many palliations; she warmly assured her unfortunate countrywoman of the continuance of her good-will; and this mutual regard continued unbroken till her death.

This ingenious and accomplished lady died in the year 1766, not living to feel the approach of old age, or to witness the splendid literary and oratorical fame of her son. In speaking of her lamented death, Miss Lefanu observes, that, ‘like many Irish ladies, who resided during the early part of life in the country, Miss Elizabeth Sheridan was a firm believer in the *Banshi*, a female dæmon or *spirit* attached to certain ancient Irish families. She seriously maintained that the *Banshi* of the Sheridan family was heard wailing beneath the windows of Quilca before the news arrived from France of Mrs. Frances Sheridan’s death at Blois, thus affording them a preternatural intimation of the impending melancholy event. A niece of Miss Sheridan’s made her very angry by observing, that as Mrs. Sheridan was of English extraction, she had no right to the guardianship of an Irish fairy, and that therefore the *Banshi* must have made a mistake.’—The remark of the young lady, on so serious an occasion, displayed more wit than feeling.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM HENRIETTA,  
COUNTRESS OF SUFFOLK, &c.

In many private libraries, a number of curious and interesting letters are preserved, written by persons of rank, distinction, or eminence; and to call them from their repositories, for the information and entertainment of the public, is a commendable task. In looking over a mass of papers, let editors separate the wheat from the tares, the useful and the amusing from the frivolous and insignificant; and their labors will meet with encouragement and reward.

The daughter of sir Henry Hobart had Mr. Howard (afterward earl of Suffolk) for her first husband, and the hon. G. Berkeley for her second. She was long a favourite at the English court, and numbered among her correspondents the most distinguished persons of the age. The letters which now appear were

found among the papers of the marchioness of Londonderry, widow of the minister, who consented to their publication, with a proviso, that the value of the copyright should be presented to some charitable institution.

Several of the letters refer to the South-Sea scheme of England, and the Mississippi scheme of France; and we are induced to mention these *bubbles* by a wish to check that rage for speculation which now prevails in Great Britain, and that zeal for *money-making*, which is not content with the low rate of interest afforded by the present state of the funds.

Lady Betty Germaine thus wrote, in 1720, to her brother :

'Why, thou fool, puppy, blockhead, George Berkeley, dost thou think that I will be troubled with securities? or can it enter into your *no-head* that, if you were put to distress for four thousand pounds, I should not think myself happy to be able to serve you?—But please yourself, sir—I have desired the speaker to let you have what you want. He tells me he fears another such call from the Bank; but even though you should take the four, still I shall have enough without;—they are at a much higher discount than 13, which most of my last were sold at. I hope to have the honor to see you in town next Sunday—so adieu. Worse and worse here every day—no soul left that we know but lady Kit and Mrs. Coke, who sit and sigh for S. Sea.'

Archibald, afterward duke of Argyle, says, in a letter to Mrs. Howard from Paris,

'I have laid out the money you bid me. It is very difficult, in a letter, to give you an idea of the funds of this country; but, in fact, every body has made estates that have been concerned in them for four or five months. As a little instance of this, cousin Jack has got, I believe, near 10,000*l.*, and has lost the half of that sum, by a timorous silly bargain he made; for my part, I came after all was in a manner over; and, as I never meddle with those matters, I do nothing but buy books and gimoracks. It is true it is now very late, and yet, by what I am informed by him who knows all, and does all here, I am of opinion that whatever sum you remit here may be turned to great profit. The stocks are now at 950, and if no accidents happen of mortality, it is probable they will be 1500 in a short time. The money I

laid out for you was 5000 livres, as a subscriber to the fifty millions of stock lately added. The subscription was full, but Mr. Law was so kind as to allow it me: some of the subscribers have already sold their subscriptions for 230, that is, their own money back again, and 130 per cent. profit. You will think the levity of this country has turned my head, when I tell you that your master (the prince of Wales) might, within these few months, have made himself richer than his father.'

The fate of the great projector, Mr. Law, deserves notice. His Mississippi bonds had so advanced as to be sixty times above their original value, and his power and influence seemed to be unbounded; but the bubble burst, the idol was overthrown, and it was with great difficulty that he escaped public vengeance. Returning to England, he seems to have been gratified with some kind of pension or allowance, but he was glad to borrow of any one.

'Can you not prevail on the duke' (he says to Mrs. Howard) 'to help me something more than the half-year? or is there nobody that could have good-nature enough to lend me one thousand pounds? I beg that, if nothing of this can be done, it may only be betwixt us two, as I take you as my great friend; and I am very well assured of it by the honor I had done me yesterday at court by the king. I had another letter yesterday from France, with the same thing over again. Excuse this, dear madam, and only put yourself in my place, and know at the same time that you are the *only friend* I have.'

It appears that this unprincipled adventurer died at Venice in 1729, in a state of indigence.

To the celebrated earl of Peterborough the beauty and sense of Mrs. Howard made her an object of gallantry. She thus pleasantly replied to one of his epistles:

'I entirely agree with you, that a woman that hath no distinction of persons will never be distinguished by any one; but then your lordship must grant me, that the woman that is civil and obliging to every body giveth signal proofs of her courage; for she that trusts every man's vanity, runs greater risks than she that trusts one man's honor. Besides, before your lordship censures this character, you ought to consider that different persons have different

views, and that these compass their utmost wishes when they are admired; so that we may blame their taste, but not condemn their conduct. Since chivalry ceased, coquetry and modern gallantry came into the world. A man of gallantry acts upon the same principles as the coquette. A man of gallantry says tender things to every lady he meets, and is ready to take arms in defence of her beauty and wit. A man of gallantry must have the spirit to be inconstant—for he loses the title of gallantry the minute he becomes a downright lover; therefore, lest he grow out of fashion, he studies, like the coquette, to distribute his favors equally to all. The man of gallantry devotes himself to the sex, as the knight-errant used to do to his one individual mistress: so that, if coquetry and gallantry are crimes, the fault is in the times and in the fashion, and not in ourselves. I find your lordship a champion for another old-fashioned virtue, which is truth. I hope your lordship, who are so zealous for it, knows how to distinguish it, and that you will not accuse me of too much sincerity in defence of coquetry. How can you imagine that women, who are used to flattery all their lives, can ever be in love with truth? and how will you persuade us that the men love it, when we know it is they only that flatter us? Your lordship's caution about not showing your letter I shall *sacredly* observe, lest I give any person occasion to censure your lordship of flattery, and myself of credulity.

A letter, sent from Amsterdam by the eccentric peer, will serve, as well as the lady's answer, to amuse the reader.

'Change of air, the common remedy, has no effect; and flight, the refuge of all who fear, gives me no manner of security or ease: a fair devil haunts me wherever I go, though, perhaps not so malicious as the black ones, yet more tormenting. How much more tormenting is the beauteous devil than the ugly one! The first I am always thinking of; the other comes seldom in my thoughts: the terrors of the ugly devil very often diminish upon consideration; but the oppressions of the fair one become more intolerable every time she comes into my mind. The chief attribute of the devil is tormenting. Who could look upon you, and give you that title? who can feel what I do, and give you any other? But, most certainly, I have more to lay to the charge of the fair one than can be objected to

Satan or Beelzebub. We may believe they only have a mind to torment because they are tormented: if they endeavour to procure us misery, it is because they are in pain: they must be our companions in suffering, but my white devil partakes none of my torments. In a word, give me heaven, for it is in your power; or may you have an equal hell! Judge of the disease by the extravagant symptoms: one moment I curse you, the next I pray to you. Oh! hear my prayers, or I am miserable. Forgive me if I threaten you; take this for a reproof as well as punishment. If you can prove inhuman, you shall have reproaches from Moscow, China, or the barbarous quarters of Tartary. Believe me, for I think I am in earnest; this I am sure of, I could not endure my ungrateful country but for your sake.

'I have carefully perused your lordship's letter about your fair devil and your black devil, your hell and tortures, your heaven and happiness—those sublime expressions which ladies and gentlemen use in their gallantries and disresses. I suppose by your fair devil you mean nothing less than an angel. If so, my lord, I beg leave to give some reasons why I think a woman is neither like an angel nor a devil, and why successful and unhappy love do not in the least resemble heaven and hell. It is true, you may quote ten thousand gallant letters and precedents for the use of these love terms, which have a mighty captivating sound in the ears of a woman, and have been with equal propriety applied to all women in all ages. In the first place, my lord, an angel pretends to be nothing else but a *spirit*. If, then, a woman was no more than an angel, what could a lover get by the pursuit? The black devil is a *spirit* too, but one that has lost his beauty and retained his pride. Tell a woman this, and try how she likes the simile. The pleasure of an angel is offering praise; the pleasure of a woman is receiving it. Successful love is very unlike heaven; because you may have success one hour, and lose it the next. Heaven is unchangeable. Who can say so of love or lovers? In love there are as many heavens as there are women; so that, if a man be so unhappy as to lose one heaven, he need not throw himself headlong into hell. This thought might be carried farther. But perhaps you will ask me, if a woman be neither like angel or devil, what is she like? I answer, that the only



thing that is like a woman is—another woman.

‘How often has your lordship persuaded foreign ladies that nothing but them could make you forsake your dear country! But, at present, I find it is more to your purpose to tell me that I am the only woman that could prevail with you to stay in your ungrateful country.’

The following is a remarkable letter from Dr. Young, who was not ashamed of stooping to the meanness of abject solicitation.

‘Madam, I know his majesty’s goodness to his servants, and his love of justice, in general, so well, that I am confident, if his majesty knew my case, I should not have any cause to despair of his gracious favor to me.

Abilities,  
Good Manners,  
Service,  
Age,  
Want,  
Sufferings, }  
and } for his majesty.  
Zeal, }

‘These, madam, are the proper points of consideration in the person that humbly hopes his majesty’s favor.

‘As to *Abilities*, all I can presume to say is, I have done the best I could to improve them.

‘As to *Good Manners*, I desire no favour, if any just objection lies against them.

‘As for *Service*, I have been near seven years in his majesty’s, and never omitted any duty in it, which few can say.

‘As for *Age*, I am turned of fifty.

‘As for *Want*, I have no manner of preferment.

‘As for *Sufferings*, I have lost 300*l.* per annum by being in his majesty’s service, as I have shown in a representation, which his majesty has been so good to read and consider.

‘As for *Zeal*, I have written nothing without showing my duty to their majesties, and some pieces are dedicated to them.

‘This, madam, is the short and true state of my case. They that make their court to the ministers, and not their majesties, succeed better. If my case deserves some consideration, and you can serve me in it, I humbly hope and believe you will.’

A letter from lady Hervey, dated in

1731, is a favorable specimen of female correspondence.

‘I am extremely obliged to dear lady Suffolk for furnishing me with so good a reason for following my own inclination as that of following yours, or at least obeying your commands, which I am sure your good nature obliged you to lay upon me, knowing how much less agreeably I must have passed my time any other way till I have the pleasure of seeing you again. Your demand on me is a very kind, but a very unnecessary one; and I hope you made it thinking it the first, and knowing it to be the last. Depend on it, dear *Swiss* countess, the esteem I have for you is equal (for superior it cannot be) to the claim of your desert, and no less lasting than I am sure that will be.

‘The book I mentioned to you in my last is the *Cabala*, or *Letters of State*. There are some very curious things in it, and some very good letters, allowing for the difference of style and language in queen Elizabeth’s, king James’s, and Charles the First’s time: there are mighty pretty letters from the famous earl of Essex; very artful, clever ones from sir Francis Bacon, who, though a sad fellow in his practice, was a very great man in theory; there are some very good ones from lord Bristol and lord Holland, relating to the treaties of marriage carried on by them for the Infanta of Spain and Henrietta of France. If you have never read it, it is worth your dipping into. I have now begun a book called *Journal du Roy Henri III. de France*. There are some diverting things in it; it is in very old French.

‘Pray give me leave to question your ladyship in my turn, and to inquire into your studies of all kinds; for I shall not, like you, bound my curiosity to the dead: there are living books which I am sure you sometimes peruse, and which I should be very glad to have an account of: and in so large a library as there is at Hampton Court, though the generality of books are dull and insipid, it is impossible but you must find something worth transcribing. There are six volumes\* which stand together that were published a good while ago, several of them bound in calf; if you will look into them, I cannot but think you will meet with

\* An allegory of the six maids of honor who then attended queen Caroline.

things that may entertain, though not instruct. The first volume contains serious thoughts on the state of virginity, interspersed with occasional satires on several subjects. The second volume I have scarcely dipped into; but it seems to be a plain discourse on morality, and the unfitness of those things commonly called pleasures. The next, or at least that which I think follows, is a rhapsody; it is very verbose, and nothing in it: there is a very good print before it of the author's face. The fourth volume is neatly bound; the title of it, 'The Lady's Guide, or the Whole Art of Dress;' a book well worth perusing. The next is a miscellaneous work, in a pocket edition, printed on bad paper, in which are some essays on love and gallantry, a discourse on lying, tea-table chit-chat, and an attempt on political subjects; the whole very prolix and unentertaining. The sixth volume is a folio; being a collection of the subjects, cause, and occasion of all the late court ballads; also a key to them, and to the jokes and witticisms of the most fashionable conversations now in town. This book is very diverting, and may be read by those of the meanest, as well as by those of the best understanding, being writ in the vulgar tongue.

'If, whilst I am in the country, there should come out any addition to these works, I beg you will be so good to give me an account of it, and, when I go to town, I will beg the favour of you to lend me a book I have seen in your room: it is not an essay, but a complete treatise on subjects moral, instructive, and entertaining, perfectly well digested and connected; the style is admirable, the reasoning clear and strong; the *dulce et utile* reigns in every part of it: in short, it is the most perfect work of the most perfect author, and will amuse me agreeably, and employ me usefully.

'M. H.'

#### THE VILLAGE OF BARTON AND ITS INHABITANTS.

NO V.

##### A TALE OF THE DEAD.

THE dearth of important events, and even of any incident worthy of record at this period in the village of Barton, has driven me to my old haunt amongst the tombs. I had made out, very satisfactorily to my own mind, a series of monuments which perpetuated the memory of the descendants of Joscelin Fitz-allan:

yet it was not quite complete, there being an hiatus, and that of no less a personage than the younger son, eventually the heir of the stout warrior himself. To my great joy, however, I discovered the mutilated remnant of his effigy upon a rude slab in one of the now unused transepts of the church, a headless and almost limbless trunk, green with damp, and (from its low situation on the pavement) nearly covered with the fungus tribe. The old chronicles, which have been my study for some time past, have made me very well acquainted with the history of this worthy. Though the sexton and I do not agree about the identity of the tomb, he adhering to the vulgar tradition which ascribes this gravestone to another, and I as vehemently insisting that it covers the earthly remains of Reginald Fitz-allan, I will not trouble the reader with the arguments adduced on both sides, which, though they made no small stir in the village, might not be particularly interesting to the public in general; and being of opinion that the authentic memoir which I subjoin will be more acceptable than the detail of my victory over the contumacious sexton, I proceed at once to relate the history of Reginald.

That policy which induced Henry VII. to depress the power of the nobles, by obliging them to dismiss the major part of those dependents who in former reigns had rendered the aristocracy of the country so formidable, did not prevent the younger son of Joscelin Fitz-allan from receiving a suitable education in the family of the lord Stanley, who, knowing how well affected his father had been to the house of York, showed all the grace and favor in his power to the son, notwithstanding the extreme jealousy which the king so meanly felt toward all those who had fought under the banners of the white rose. Reginald was also fortunate enough to obtain the patronage of the countess of Richmond, who, at the accession of her grandson Henry VIII., to the throne, procured for him an appointment in the royal guard. This corps consisted of fifty horsemen, every one of whom was a gentleman by birth, and was allowed to have an archer and two other attendants, with three stout horses for his own use. Their dress was superb in the extreme, and their chargers were arrayed in cloth of gold.

Fitz-allan entered into public life at a romantic and happy period, not only with

regard to his own age, but likewise to the particular era of the kingdom in which he was born. The newly-crowned monarch was a young and gallant prince, learned and accomplished beyond the common acquirements of his time, when men of quality were wont to say, 'It is enough for noblemen's sons to wind the horn and carry the hawk fair, and leave study and learning to children of mean people.' He had not yet betrayed a single symptom of those brutal traits which have rendered his name infamous to posterity, but was in every respect the hope and idol of the nation. The magnificence of his spirit, and the splendor of his court, were equally new and delightful, after the preceding scarcity and parsimony. England, during the long and peaceful reign of Henry VII., had recovered from the wounds which she had received in the civil wars: abundant plenty prevailed; the cultivation of the land, and the advancement of commerce, both occasioned by the enforced dismissal of the vassals of the nobles, who, no longer supported at their lord's table, or clothed in his livery, were driven to seek their subsistence by industry in the useful arts, had diffused wealth through the country; and the barons, instead of expending their incomes in the maintenance of a numerous train of dependents, encouraged the rising growth of manufacture, and, whilst pampering their own vanity by indulging in luxury of every kind, allowed the democratic part of the nation to acquire a degree of weight and comfort which it had never enjoyed before.

Reginald was expert in all those manly exercises in which the king delighted. In the trials of archery his shaft flew as far, and hit the mark as bravely as those of the monarch, or of his favorite Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. The tilt-yard in the old palace of Westminster witnessed his exploits; and there, whilst running at the ring or couching a lance, he sighed his soul away with many other cavaliers for Henry's sister, the beautiful Mary. The duke, to whom, from a similarity in disposition and pursuits, Reginald had strongly attached himself, was a more open suitor to this distinguished lady, who, delighting in the tourney and the ball, distributed the prizes with her own hand at the one, and danced with the successful candidates at the other. Fitz-allan, obliged to be content with praises and prognostics of future success,

languished for the golden spurs which would enable him to cope with nobles, and to kneel at the feet of a princess for his reward. Not without ambition, yet destitute of presumption, though he had dared to raise his eyes to a royal maiden, his passion was hopeless, and his utmost wish or expectation was to prove his love and his fidelity by some signal action, and by constant service. Brandon, though perhaps more confident, was equally romantic. The amazing advancement of his fortune, his father sir William having only been standard-bearer of the earl of Richmond on Bosworth-field, inspired him with the idea that his star would lead him to still higher distinction, and therefore he abandoned his whole soul to the fair object of his adoration. 'News, my lord,' cried Fitz-allan to the duke, as he crossed the hall of the palace. 'What is it worth, good Reginald?' replied the gracious Suffolk—'a silken plume for a holiday cap, or a stout steel for a battle-field.'—'Nay,' said the guardsman, 'a guerdon more rich and princely: but that it will soon be bruited by the common grooms of the chamber, I would not sell it at a less price than a knight's morion. By the hem of my lady's kirtle, (and that is no mean oath) it is worth the golden round that circles the brow of a baron.'—'Then I may not bid so high,' returned Brandon, 'and must be content to wait till it is gossiped abroad by the pages and waiting-gentlewomen.'—'Then thou wilt lose an hour of felicity cheaply purchased by the best jewel in thy crest. Come, I will play the noble, and give thee the tidings. The arch-duke Charles, regardless of his honor, has deserted his betrothed bride; he marries a princess of France, and Mary of England is free.'—'Reginald Fitz-allan,' cried Brandon, tearing a gold chain from his neck, to which was suspended a diamond of value, 'wear this, in remembrance of the gratitude of Suffolk: be always the bearer of intelligence as welcome as this, and thou wilt prosper in the courts of kings.'—'One silken riband from the tresses of Mary is worth a dozen of these baubles,' said Reginald, sighing; 'and he perchance flies to receive even a sweeter favor from her hands; but,' clasping the chain over his embroidered vest, he continued, 'she will not be torn away from us: I may gaze upon her peerless beauty, and draw the sunshine of my existence from her beaming eyes, striving by my

conduct to deserve a treasure I may never hope to win.'

The romantic passion of the young knight for a lady exalted to such a height above him inspired his soul with lofty thoughts, guarded every word and action, and preserved him from all mean attachments and ignoble pleasures, whilst the impossibility of attainment sobered his desires, and prevented all feverish impatience, the delusive whispers of hope, or the thrilling agonies of despair. It was not so with Brandon: he enjoyed the king's favor, and, conscious that he was the secret object of Mary's love, trusted that the influence of his natal star would prevail; yet sometimes, doubtful of so fair a destiny, suffered all the alternations from blissful certainty to trembling fear. 'Short-lived,' he exclaimed, 'has been my happiness; I have lost her for ever. Louis of France, with a feeling which I must honor, though it deprives me of all that is most precious and dear, has, through the mere report of Mary's graces, sheathed the hostile sword, and demanded her for his bride. My only consolation, Fitz-allan, must be, that I am appointed an attendant in her train.'—'A boon, my lord,' cried Reginald, 'if you love me! Let me also approve myself the faithful, though humble, slave of England's fairest, brightest flower, and move his grace to permit me to cross the seas in his sister's service.' Suffolk, who knew how to appreciate the chivalrous spirit of the youth, granted his request; and, guarded by devoted hearts, the princess repaired to the French court. With the flower of the nobility, she carried over the magnificent diversions to which she had been accustomed; and Louis XII., though fifty-two, and in delicate health, was too deeply imbued with the gallantry of the age to refuse, to a beautiful bride of sixteen, the enjoyment of splendid pageants in the indulgence of her taste for knightly sports and exercises. In every tournament the English combatants were the most successful; and the fair dames of Gaul, delighted with the gallant bearing of their insular neighbours, bestowed such marks of favor on the strangers, that the French cavaliers began to manifest symptoms of jealousy. Reginald, foremost when glory was to be won, distinguished himself on every occasion. His eyes were always directed to the pavilion, where, under a canopy of cloth of gold, the beautiful queen of Louis

sate. At her feet was stationed the lady Madelon, the young countess d'Argenville, one of the king's wards, and heiress to large possessions. She observed the glances which Fitz-allan continually darted on the queen's suite, and, not dreaming of the wild idolatry which caused him to worship at so rich a shrine, concluded that she herself was the object of attraction; and, pleased with his courteous and respectful demeanor, as well as with the superior graces of his person and the prowess of his arm, she ever breathed a prayer for his success, and sometimes deigned to send to him by a page a handkerchief dipped in scented water to wipe the dust from his brow. He had observed a pair of fine eyes glittering between the clustering chon curls of a lovely brunette, and the admiration which they expressed was an additional incentive to his ardent spirit to exert all its energy in the glorious contention; yet the charms of the lady dwelt not on his remembrance, nor did he seek for a nearer acquaintance, though their mutual attendance on the queen might have afforded him an opportunity of speaking to her, if love had prompted him to overleap the barrier which the difference in their rank had raised between them. Madelon, whilst the presumption of the English furnished her countrymen with a theme for animadversion and censure, felt that one, at least, was more modest than was quite desirable, though the virtue was so rare and becoming in a handsome youth; and she sighed as she listened to the violent exclamations of the count of Angoulesme, presumptive heir to the throne of France. That prince, only dissuaded by the solicitations of his friends from pursuing the young queen with licentious gallantry, was the most loud in his invectives against the English knights, and the most bitter in his hatred to the duke of Suffolk, who, animated by the presence of Mary, daily signalled his valor; and thus, in the midst of gaiety and festivity, secret discontents arose, and the seeds of enmity were sown even at the moment when the utmost harmony apparently prevailed.

One evening, as Reginald loitered idly in an ante-chamber, waiting until the queen should pass into the adjoining ball-room, he observed that one of the pages eyed him very significantly; but the love-sick youth, absorbed in a pensive reverie, and meditating upon the

perfections of the bright star which he so devoutly worshiped, took little notice of the circumstance. The boy was, however, too well versed in the duties of his office to allow the indifference which Fitz-allan displayed to prevent him from performing the errand with which he had been entrusted, and taking advantage of a stir amid the attendant courtiers at the entrance of the queen, to address him without drawing the remarks of others, he plucked Reginald by the sleeve, and said, 'To him who shall stand beneath the oriel window of the great banquetting-room, which looks into the palace gardens, when the clock of St. Denis strikes one, shall be unfolded tidings of that which is most dear and precious to his soul.' Fitz-allan, surprised, turned to question the messenger; but the wily urchin had slipped through the crowd and disappeared. He pondered upon the words, and concluded from their tenor that they must relate to the queen; but he wondered how the secret of his heart, which he imagined had been carefully guarded from all except the duke of Suffolk, could have been discovered.

The ball passed over nearly as other balls had done. Reginald stood on the left side of the chair of his royal mistress; and, though all the ladies and gentlemen of her suite had her permission to dance, he did not avail himself of it, but was content to gaze upon those who were eagerly engaged in the joyous pastime. 'Room for my lord of Angoulesme! Room for her grace of France!' exclaimed the chamberlain and his officers; and immediately the obedient crowd fell back. At that moment a voice fell upon Fitz-allan's ear, pronouncing these words; 'The bell of St. Denis tolls loud and deep, and the moon will shine bright at the hour of one.' 'Who spoke?' he exclaimed, looking round; but no one answered. Another movement dispersed the throng, and he was left to meditate upon the invitation, of which he had been so strangely reminded.

When the court broke up, he repaired to his chamber, and, wrapping himself up in his cloke, proceeded to the palace garden. It seemed silent and deserted; the moon threw chequers of silver on the gravel paths, and lighted the broad parterres with a flood of radiance. He took his station beneath the window, as he had been directed; and, just as the

heavy sound of the clock of St. Denis, striking the hour of one, swung through the midnight air, he saw a light form stealing through an embowered alley. The figure approached him, closely veiled; but, as the moon-beams revealed the graceful motion, the clustering curls, and the dark lustre of her eyes, he had no doubt that it was Madelon who stood before him.—'Englishman,' she exclaimed, 'do not think evil of the maiden whom a high sense of honor alone has prompted to seek you in solitude and at night. Alas, that I should be obliged to divulge that which will reflect disgrace upon the nobles of France. I am eager to warn you of the danger which threatens the duke of Suffolk, of a foul plot intended to cast a shade upon the lustre of his arms, and to humble him and his brave knights. The count of Angoulesme, in envy of his distinguished prowess, has procured a brutal German of superior strength, whom, though belonging to the meanest order, he intends to array in the habiliments of a knight, that, thus accoutred, he may enter the lists against the gallant Brandon, and overthrow him at to-morrow's tournament.'—So saying, she would have fled; but Reginald, admiring the generosity of her sentiments, gently detained her. Never had she appeared so beautiful. The hour was most inciting to tender emotions, the flowers breathed delicious balm, and the soft light of the moon, and the calm quietude of the landscape, seemed to inspire love. The queen was only remembered as a gracious mistress, whom he would die to serve, whilst his sweet benefactress now appeared as the charming object whom he would live to please. Empassioned, yet respectful, he expressed his gratitude so warmly, and pleaded his suit so well, that Madelon, already predisposed in his favor, secretly resolved to share her wealth with the gallant Englishman, or bury it with herself in a convent. They parted, and Reginald hastened to the duke to apprise him of the base scheme which had been so happily developed. Brandon's determination was immediately taken: he attended the tournament, as if unconscious of the plot; paid his respects to the queen, and then threw his token of defiance on the earth. It was answered by the stranger, whose gigantic size inspired Mary with an apprehension that the English champion might be unable to resist the weight of his lance:

but the gallant Suffolk, nothing daunted by the prodigious strength of the German, grappled with his mean yet powerful adversary, and disdaining to attack him in the knightly mode of warfare, struck him repeatedly on the head with the hilt of his sword. 'The queen surveyed this extraordinary and unequal combat with the utmost terror.—' Hurt not my sweet Charles,' she exclaimed in the agony of her apprehensions, which, however, were soon dispelled; for the duke, repeating his blows, stretched the impostor breathless and bleeding on the earth, and, seizing the shield of the vanquished foe, laid it at the feet of his royal mistress. The whole field rang with acclamations. It was the last tournament; for the king soon after died, and, as the anger of Francis of Angoulême then subsided, it became his policy to promote the evident affection which subsisted between the widowed queen and the duke, that a hasty marriage might remove all danger of the appearance of a posthumous heir to the crown. It is well known that Brandon obtained the lady's hand against all competitors, within two months after the decease of Louis; and, in the present temper of Francis, it was not difficult for Mary to obtain his consent to the union of Madelon d'Argenville with Reginald Fitz-allan. The king of England, at the solicitation of Wolsey, readily forgave his beloved sister, and approved her choice. One of the most distinguished beauties of his court, she shone resplendent at the 'Field of Gold,' where the arch-duke Charles of Austria, first seeing the charms of one whom he had rejected, beheld them with the anguish of disappointment, and refused to dance. Never have the annals of history recorded a more perfect requital of true love than that which blessed the heroic passion of Brandon, duke of Suffolk; and Reginald Fitz-allan, treading in the same path with his noble master, received from the hand of beauty the same reward.

#### THE GRAVE OF CHARLES WILSON.

THERE is a strange unaccountable feeling in the breasts of most of us, which leads us to gaze on, and moralize over, the lowly resting-places of the dead. We feel a kind of melancholy pleasure in wandering amidst the loneliness and loveliness of evening, and entering the solemn precincts of the 'stilly church-

yard.' Perhaps it is because we do not meet Death in his terrors there; we see nothing of anguish and decay, nothing of the dim eye and mouldering form. We are only taught by some grassy mound or whitened tablet that a departed brother is wrapped in his long sleep. Tenderness fills our hearts, and sweet solemn associations group themselves in our minds. The rudest inscription on the rudest stone has often an impressive lesson to teach us the great influence even of the humblest individual; perhaps he, whose memory that stone preserves, was but a simple husbandman; no titles are recorded there; not a word is inscribed of his power or his fame; he is only mentioned as one who was in life sincere as a friend, affectionate as a husband, and tender as a father. How wide a circle of happiness did this man spread around him! how must all good men have blessed him as he passed! how must the elders of the people have respected, and the young men have honored him! Oh! if his parents lived to see him thus 'dwelling in the wilderness,' how must their aged hearts have gloried in the son of their youth! Alas! how must he have been lamented! what sacred tears must have fallen upon his bier! It was to indulge in thoughts like these, or in thoughts far more solemn than these, that, on the first evening of my return to my native village (after many years and many cares had left their furrows on my brow), when the last golden streak was fading fast from the sky, I entered our little churchyard, and pacing my way gently to the old well-remembered yew-tree, seated myself beneath its thick dark foliage. What an hour of fond recollections, of joys and sorrows, and regrets and hopes, was that to me! times long past came back vividly and freshly before me, and long unseen forms gathered themselves around me. One moment I imagined myself the merry boy I was, surrounded by the play-mates and companions of my childhood, all high in health and ardent in spirit, as when we used to sport beneath that very yew-tree. The next moment the beautiful illusion vanished, and I felt myself an insulated being, a lonely living thing, reclining amidst the ruins of my affections, amid the graves of my best, and dearest, and earliest friends! How long I continued there I know not; but the moon had risen brightly, when I was roused from my reverie by a light

female figure gliding swiftly by me. The mourner perceived me not, but, throwing herself on a grave not far distant, sobbed and wept aloud. There is a dignity in sorrow: to intrude upon its privacy, or interrupt it with ill-timed condolence, is little better than sacrilege. I arose from my seat in silence, and moved softly and slowly away. My old nurse was waiting at home to see me; she had heard of my arrival, and had tottered up to welcome her 'boy,' as she still termed me. She repeatedly expressed her delight at beholding me, recapitulated all the troubles and sorrows she had known since I quitted the village, and expatiated, with the garrulity of old age, on the changes which had occurred during my absence. 'And then,' she added, 'we lost young Charles Wilson too, as fine a lad as ever these eyes beheld! There were tales told in the village, how that the enemy was coming to invade our country, and Charles said it was a shame for a young man to remain idle at home when his country was in danger, and his father blessed him when he said so (for he had been a brave soldier in his youth), and bade him go and fight for his king and his liberty! And sorely did he suffer in the wars, and wan and worn was he when he returned. For a time his home seemed to revive him; but it would not do; and poor Charles is gone! There is a young thing here who will not stay long behind him—his poor orphan cousin Lucy, who nursed him through his long illness, and loved him with more than sisterly love. She gets paler and paler, and her poor eyes look so wild; all day she stays with his father, and does for him just as if he was her own; but when night comes on, they say, she steals away to his grave, and weeps there for hours! I do not know what the old man will do without her!' He shall not want a friend, thought I, even if Lucy be taken from him.

On conversing with many of the villagers, the next morning, I heard much more of Charles Wilson. Every one had some trait of his gentleness or his industry to recount, some instance of his patience or his courage to relate. With a feeling of high respect for the memory of the young warrior, I again bent my steps, almost involuntarily, to the rustic cemetery. An old man was seated on the stile, when I reached it. He bowed courteously to me as he arose to let me

pass; but there was something so mild and dignified in his countenance, so chastened and subdued in the expression of his eye, that it attracted my attention and regard in a moment, and I seated myself by his side.—'Did you know Charles Wilson?' said I, as I pointed to the green sod which covered him. 'I know him well,' he replied meekly.—'They tell me,' said I, 'that he was the pride and the ornament of your village, the glory of his father, the delight of his friends; that he was gentle, honest, patient, and industrious, the kindest of friends to the afflicted, the tenderest of soothers to the wretched.'—'He was a good youth,' said the old man, calmly.—'Oh! it was animating' (I continued, rather piqued at his apparent coldness) 'to listen to the tales his brother-villagers told me of his courage and noble daring! how he quitted his tranquil home to fight the enemies of his country—what hardships he endured without repining—what dangers he encountered without dismay—how gallantly he behaved in many a well-contested field—and how he might have retired in safety from the last battle, if he had not remained behind to bear off a wounded comrade.'—'Did they tell you that?' cried the old man, clasping his hands together—'bless them! bless them for remembering that!—my son was indeed a brave boy!'

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#### THE FEMALE WARRIOR.

I RECEIVED (says Mrs. Graham) a visit from Donna Maria de Jesus, the young woman who has lately distinguished herself in the war of the Reconquest. Her dress is that of a soldier of one of the emperor's battalions, with the addition of a tartan kilt, which she told me she had adopted from a picture representing a highlander, as the most feminine military dress. What would the Gordons and Mac-Donalds say to this? The garb of old Gaul, chosen as a womanish attire!—Her father is a Portuguese, named Gonsalvez de Almeida, and possesses a farm on the Rio do Pex, about forty leagues in-land from Cachoeira. Her mother was also a Portuguese; yet the young woman's features, especially her eyes and forehead, have the strongest characteristics of the Indians. Her father has another daughter by the same wife; since whose death he

has married again, and the new wife and young children have made home not very comfortable to Maria. She told me several particulars concerning the country, and more concerning her own adventures. It appears, that early in the late war, emissaries had traversed the country in all directions, to raise patriot recruits; that one of these had arrived at her father's house one day about dinner-time; that her father had invited him in, and that after their meal he began to talk on the subject of his visit. He represented the greatness and the riches of Brazil, and the happiness to which it might attain if independent. He set forth the long and oppressive tyranny of Portugal, and the meanness of submitting to be ruled by so poor and degraded a country. He talked long and eloquently of the services Don Pedro had rendered to Brazil; of his virtues, and those of the empress: so that at the last, said the girl, 'I felt my heart burning in my breast.' Her father, however, had none of her enthusiasm of character. He is old, and said he neither could join the army himself, nor had he a son to send thither; and as to giving a slave for the ranks, what interest had a slave to fight for the independence of Brazil? He should wait in patience the result of the war, and be a peaceable subject to the winner. Maria stole from home to the house of her own sister, who was married, and lived at a little distance. She recapitulated the whole of the stranger's discourse, and said she wished she was a man, that she might join the patriots. 'Well,' said the sister, 'if I had not a husband and children, for one half of what you say I would join the ranks for the emperor.' This was enough. Maria received some clothes belonging to her sister's husband to equip her; and, as her father was then about to go to Cachoeira to dispose of some cottons, she resolved to take the opportunity of riding after him, near enough for protection in case of accident on the road, and far enough off to escape detection. At length being in sight of Cachoeira, she stopped; and going off the road, equipped herself in male attire, and entered the town. This was on Friday. By Sunday she had managed matters so well, that she had entered the regiment of artillery, and had mounted guard. She was too slight, however, for that service, and exchanged into the infantry, where she now is. She was sent hither, I believe, with de-

spatches, and to be presented to the emperor, who has given her an ensign's commission and the order of the cross, the decoration of which he himself fixed on her jacket. She is illiterate, but clever. Her understanding is quick, and her perceptions keen. I think, with education she might have been a remarkable person. She is not particularly masculine in her appearance, and her manners are gentle and cheerful. She has not contracted any thing coarse or vulgar in her camp life, and I believe that no imputation has ever been substantiated against her modesty. One thing is certain, that her sex never was known until her father applied to her commanding officer to seek her.

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THE LIFE OF JOANNA, QUEEN OF  
NAPLES.

THIS princess, for her beauty, accomplishments, and misfortunes, and also for her problematical character, has been compared with Mary of Scotland; and, like the latter princess, she has found a powerful advocate in the present day. Her new biographer has enlisted himself with zeal in her service; but it may still be doubted whether he has effectually *white-washed* her.

We were amused, or rather surprised, at a statement given by M. Malebranche (certainly not the philosopher) in a chronological history of Europe. He says, that Joanna had much sense and wit, was liberal, prudent, wise, and pious, and patronised men of learning and science; and he adds, that she died in 1382. He does not mention the convulsions of her reign, the crimes which were imputed to her, or the violent death to which she was subjected. What should we think of a chronologist who, in summing up the reign of the first Charles, should not say a word of the cause or the effect of the civil war, and should merely affirm, that the king was a wise, gracious, and religious prince, and died on the 30th of January, in the 24th year of his reign? Is this a proper mode of writing even annals?

Robert, king of Naples, styled the Wise and the Good, died in 1343, and was succeeded by his grand-daughter Joanna, whom he had given in marriage, while she was very young, to Andrew, the Hungarian. This was an ill-judged step, and



inconsistent with his usual wisdom. Robert, an artful priest, took advantage of this impolitic connexion, and (says the author of the *Historical Life of Joanna*) demanded admission to the council for himself, as preceptor, and for Nicholas the Hungarian, as governor of the young king; and the members, by a fatal oversight, admitted them to a share in the government, thus undoing, in an hour, all the measures the late king had taken, for a series of years, for their exclusion. By a continuation of the same artifices the friar procured the admission of some of his creatures to the council, and the appointment of others to offices of trust and importance; and was thus enabled to seize the reins of government, when the unfortunate interference of pope Clement VI. canceled the regency as appointed by the will of Robert, and nominated his legate to the administration. The turbulent and ambitious amongst the nobles now seized the opportunity of forwarding their own schemes, and would obey neither the regency nor the legate, pleading the rights of the council of regency when the legate commanded, and denying their authority when they endeavoured to enforce obedience to the papal mandates. Friar Robert, active and ambitious, governed the populace by his hypocritical pretences to superior sanctity; and, working on the hopes of the mercenary and profligate among the nobles by promises of future advancement, he soon found himself at the head of a party powerful enough to enable him to defy both pope and regency; and, no longer keeping any measures, claimed every thing in right of Andrew alone, treated both the queen dowager and the queen regnant with the utmost insolence, and the latter, as the wife of Andrew, became, in fact, only a state prisoner in their hands, whilst the other members of the royal family, banished from court by the arrogance of the Hungarians, abandoned her to her fate, some of the princes of the blood retiring to their own fortresses to brood over schemes of revenge, or aggrandisement at home, others repairing to the shores of Greece in the vain hope of establishing their title to the empire of the west by force of arms. This first reverse of fortune was a hard trial to a princess of sixteen, who had hitherto been the object of parental fondness and courtly adulation; but what afflicted her still more was the weak indulgence of her husband, who was not

less than herself the slave of the Hungarians.

The coronation of Andrew was opposed by the Neapolitan princes, who dreaded the insolence of the Hungarians, if they should be furnished with any legitimate title to rule; yet, at length, a bribe to the pope from the court of Hungary procured his bull for the coronation of Andrew and Joanna conjointly, but, of the former, only as consort of the queen. The celebration of this ceremony was, however, frustrated by a melancholy incident.

The 20th of September was fixed for the coronation of the king and queen. On the night of the 18th they retired to rest as usual, intending to return at an early hour the next day to Naples. The Hungarian attendants of Andrew were sunk in sleep and wine; the monks of the convent were enjoying their short repose previous to their customary hour of chanting matins, when Mabrice, the sister of Jacobuzio di Pace, Andrew's chamberlain, who was one of the ladies of the queen's bed-chamber, entered in haste, and told Andrew that a courier from Friar Robert had just arrived, and waited to confer with him on affairs of moment. Unsuspicious of any evil design, the prince got up and dressed himself, in order to proceed to an apartment at the end of a neighbouring gallery, where, not the supposed courier, but some of the conspirators were assembled. Immediately on his leaving the queen, the door of her apartment was secured by the conspirators, we must suppose, to prevent his return or her egress. When he reached the middle of the gallery, some persons surrounded him; one stopped his mouth with an iron gauntlet or glove, so as to prevent his cries; others threw round his neck a cord with a running knot, a towel, or a handkerchief, and all dragged him forward to the balcony of the open gallery, from which he was hung over the garden, and some of the conspirators stationed there strangled him by pulling him by the feet. Having accomplished their horrible purpose, they would have proceeded to bury the body in the garden, with the intimation of saying he had left the kingdom for Hungary, by the advice of his counsellors; but the execution of this imbecile contrivance was stopped by the unexpected appearance of a maid who slept near, probably in one of the apartments under the balcony, and who was disturbed by the fall of the body, when

the cord which suspended it was cut or broken. Her cries assembled the inhabitants of the convent to the spot and dispersed the conspirators, and the body of the unfortunate prince was immediately carried into the church of the convent. Of this horrible transaction little is certainly known, except the atrocious catastrophe. Historians disagree as to the circumstances, the instigators and the perpetrators of the murder. Some say that Andrew was sleeping with the queen when he was called up; and as Boccaccio on one side, who was at Naples at the time, and Villani on the other, who had been informed by Nicholas the Hungarian, agree in this, it was most probably the case; others, however, say he was in the ante-chamber, undressing, and others that he was in a different apartment, with the ladies of the queen's bed-chamber, laughing and talking with childish mirth. The queen, immediately on the murder, fled to Naples, in a dreadful state of agitation and fear, and, calling round her the most esteemed friends of king Robert, commanded their counsels in this fearful emergency. Messengers were immediately despatched to inform the pope and the king of Hungary of the dreadful event; and Joanna is said to have written to the latter a most pathetic letter, imploring his protection for her and her unborn child. No authentic account remains how or when she became acquainted, or showed acquaintance, with the murder of Andrew. Villani only says she returned to Naples next morning, and did not show the grief she ought to have done. Her contemporary friends, who have not had recourse to invention in her defence, are also silent on the subject. But some writers have represented her behaviour according as it appeared most likely to their imagination that she would act on the supposition of her guilty participation in the foul deed. The chronicle of Gravina represents the nurse, after seeing the body in the garden, as calling Andrew, and receiving no answer, on which she burst into the apartment; and states, that when the queen was informed by her and others, whom her cries drew to her apartment, of the murder of the king, she was so conscience-stricken, and in such a state of guilty confusion, that she could not even rise from the spot where she lay till the morning was far advanced, and knew not how

to raise her tearless eyes, or to look up at any one.'

It may easily be supposed that some inquiry was made into this extraordinary murder; but our author is by no means inclined to admit that the investigation so far implicated the young queen, as to demonstrate her guilt. Philippa, the Catanese, her companion and instructor, suffered death for her supposed concern in the flagitious act, and other executions also took place; and commotions arose, by which the queen's authority was endangered. She was accused of the murder by the duke of Durazzo, who had married her sister; and Louis, king of Hungary, menaced her with a formidable invasion. At this alarming crisis, she was advised by her council to seek a protector in a consort whose valor and ability might repel her numerous and powerful enemies; nor was any connexion deemed more suitable than a match with her cousin, Louis of Tarento, then in his twenty-sixth year, one of the most accomplished princes of the age. But, however eligible this alliance was in itself, it gave rise to the most sinister misrepresentations; for the queen was accused of having indulged a criminal passion for Louis during her former husband's life-time. The king of Hungary now demanded of the pope the investiture of her kingdom for himself, to the exclusion not only of Joanna, but of the infant Carobert; and, on the pontiff's refusing to listen to his claims, he accused her at the bar of Rienzi, the tribune of Rome. At length, after having practised with effect the arts of corruption, he invaded the Neapolitan territory, and several towns and castles immediately surrendered. Internal dissensions and perfidy conspired to aid his cause: the duke of Durazzo hoped, by betraying Joanna, to conciliate the favor of the Hungarian monarch, and conceal from him his own designs, which were eventually to secure the crown in right of his wife Maria, not doubting that, after a short period, the people would eagerly seize the opportunity of shaking off a foreign yoke. Joanna, seeing no other means of safety, resolved to seek an asylum in Provence, and the grief exhibited at her departure proved the attachment which her subjects still felt toward her.

The princes of the royal family, having obtained a safe-conduct from the Hun-

garian, went to meet him at Aversa, when, arriving at the Celestine monastery, he desired Durazzo to show him the place where Andrew had been killed, and immediately taxing him with having promoted the murder, caused him to be stabbed on the spot. The widowed Maria now fled into Provence, where she found her sister a state prisoner in the palace at Aix; for the Hungarian emissaries had succeeded in persuading the people that her object was to sell her French dominions to her cousin John, duke of Normandy. Shortly after, Louis of Tarento arrived in Provence, accompanied by the bishop of Florence, whose great influence at the papal court, he thought, would enable him to promote considerably the cause of Joanna, and procure her liberation.

The great cause was at length heard in the papal consistory.—‘Joanna (says our author) was led into this august assembly between two cardinals, followed by a crowd of her friends and vassals in an anxious expectation of the result. As the royal visitor was a female, the doors of the consistory were left open; had a king been in presence, they would have been closed. What feelings must have oppressed her heart as she knelt before judges and accusers, and the representatives of every crowned head in Europe, to whom she was known only through the medium of injurious reports or deep-rooted prejudices, and by whose sentence she must that day for ever forfeit or recover her crown and fame! Clement the Sixth, the most refined and accomplished prince of his time, who is described to us as more of the gallant knight than the austere priest, must have had some difficulty to command himself, and to keep his seat unmoved, whilst the queen knelt a second time in the centre of the consistory, and a third time at his feet, to kiss, first, the golden cross embroidered on his linen shoe, and then his hand, as the privilege of her royal rank. Clement then raised his fair vassal and kissed her on the mouth, when, after a few words of filial obedience had been proffered on one side and of paternal protection on the other, he placed her on the vacant seat prepared at his right hand, a little lower than his own, with a crimson cushion embroidered in gold for her feet. Louis of Tarento then similarly paid his obedience to the pope, kissing his hand and mouth as the privilege of his high birth,

whilst Joanna, pausing for a short time, collected all the powers of her mind for the arduous task before her. Nicholas Acciaïoli, and a few others of the most distinguished of her suite, were in turn presented to Clement; the object of the queen’s visit was declared, and Joanna, leaving her seat, proceeded to address the august assembly. All eyes were turned on her, and, thus attracted, were not to be again quickly withdrawn. Her figure was tall and nobly formed, her air composed and majestic, her carriage altogether royal; her features were of exquisite beauty, and, with a character of grandeur, had a certain air of natural goodness that softened their expression and won the love, whilst she commanded the respect of those who beheld her. But whatever might have been the expectations excited by her countenance and manner, they were far surpassed by the irresistible eloquence of her address to the assembly, which was undoubtedly the most powerful specimen of female oratory that history has recorded. The order she adopted in her defence showed that she had not in vain studied the master-pieces of Ciceronian eloquence. The points of her defence were first stated with logical clearness, and with so much force, brevity, and perspicuity, that her judges pronounced her *not only innocent, but above the suspicion of guilt*. Having first convinced the understandings of her auditors, she next appealed to their feelings, expressed the utmost horror of the foul crime with which she was charged, with moving pathos deplored the lamentable fate of her hapless consort, and finally appealed to the justice of the pope and sacred college, the supreme judges of Christendom, to proclaim to the world at large the innocence of a persecuted orphan and injured queen. The Hungarian ambassadors, utterly confounded, attempted no reply; they had no evidence to produce, nothing with which they could combat her arguments, except those vague accusations which alone had been adduced in support of the heinous charge against her. An acquittal, as ample as her injured honor could demand, was unanimously pronounced, and was immediately confirmed by an authentic act.

It is shrewdly suspected that the pope was influenced by interested motives, when he so readily acquitted the accused princess. However that may be, Joanna and her second husband were now ac-

knowledge as countess and count of Provence, and she was gratified with a respectful invitation from the Neapolitans, who promised to expel the usurper, if she would assist them with the sinews of war. With this view she pledged all her jewels, and sold to his holiness the city and territory of Avignon; but it is said that he never paid the stipulated sum. Louis, returning to Naples, boldly opposed his Hungarian rival, and hostilities were renewed with animosity. Finding the disposition of the people by no means propitious to his designs, and being unable to subdue the realm, he agreed to a truce for one year; and, being afterwards embroiled with the Venetians, he consented to abandon his pretensions to the territory of Naples, and scornfully rejected the sum which Clement had stipulated that the queen should pay him, affirming that he had been actuated solely by a desire to avenge his brother's death. Hardly was Joanna again seated on the throne, and the ceremony of her coronation and that of her husband performed, when she lost her powerful friend Clement. She did not, however, severely feel this loss, as she appeared to be firmly established in her sovereignty, and to enjoy the affection of the people, whom she governed in general with wisdom and moderation.

Joanna and Louis, being invited by a powerful party to take possession of Sicily, were actually crowned at Messina, but were compelled to return hastily to put an end to a civil war which had broken out between the prince of Tarento and Louis of Durazzo, and which threatened to endanger the crown. The former soon submitted, and the latter was pardoned on account of his royal birth; and, on his death, Joanna took charge of the education of his only son Charles, who afterwards proved a thorn in her side.

After having restored tranquillity by his prudence and valor, Louis gave himself up to a course of intemperance and idle pleasures; and he thus accelerated that death which was doubly calamitous to Joanna, since it not only deprived her of a consort to whom she was affectionately attached, but left her a widowed and childless queen, exposed to the machinations of those around her. Nor was her brother-in-law, the prince of Tarento, tardy in attempting to avail himself of the opportunities afforded by her situation. Under the plea of render-

ing assistance to her, he immediately hastened to Naples; but his real design was to assume the government, and leave her only the shadow of authority. Joanna, however, peremptorily refused him any share of power, and, being advised by her council to secure herself a protector in the person of a husband, she made choice of her kinsman, James of Majorca, and her nuptials with him were celebrated in the second year of her widowhood. Their union was not permanent; for, his father having been treacherously murdered by Peter of Aragon, James was drawn into Spain by a desire of avenging his parent's death, and, being made prisoner by Henry (who was contending with Peter the Cruel for the throne of Castile), was ransomed by Joanna, but died soon after.

The queen was now involved in fresh troubles; but she gradually extricated herself, and continued to attend with zeal to all the concerns of government and policy. Having lost her sister, she wished to settle the succession; and, adopting one of her nieces, she resolved to give her in marriage to her *élève*, Charles of Durazzo:—'No guilty projects (says her biographer) had yet sullied the mind of Durazzo; his gratitude for past benefits was still warm, and that lively anticipation of future favors, which has too justly been said to be the sum and substance of a courtier's gratitude, had some of the generosity of youth and the joyous confidence of hope; and, whatever might have been his secret feelings, he was peculiarly formed to win affection and quiet suspicion. His mild speech, deliberate enunciation, measured step, and composed demeanour, appeared to denote gentleness and tranquillity of soul, and effectually concealed the latent cruelty and ambition of his nature. Low in stature, but symmetrically formed, his air was noble and his countenance singularly pleasing, his features regular and complexion florid. His manners were gracious to all ranks, and his generosity such as became a prince—especially to men of letters, whose society he courted in emulation of his patroness. History and poetry were his peculiar studies and favorite relaxation amidst the fatigues of a camp, and he understood better than most of his time those favorite points of discussion which were usually debated by the erudite at the conclusion of the social repast. As a soldier he united both courage and conduct, and so great

was his personal prowess, that, when he first went to Hungary, he slew in single combat a knight of gigantic stature, whom no other was bold enough to attack.—The irreproachable conduct of Durazzo unhappily deceived Joanna as to his real character; and, finding nothing to counterbalance his various merits but those vague forebodings of the future, which seemed rather to arise from the ambitious spirit of the age, than to be justified by any scrutiny of his actions, however minute, in an evil hour for him, for herself, and her people, she bestowed on him the hand of her adopted daughter, and proclaimed her intention of bequeathing her crown to them and their issue.

As an interval of tranquillity was succeeded by new turmoils, arising from the ambition of the nobles, Joanna, when she was in her 47th year, gave her hand to Otho of Brunswick, a brave and respectable prince; and with his aid she quelled every commotion. The long duration of her reign, however, so disappointed the impatience of Charles of Durazzo, that he bribed Urban VI. by territorial offers to assist in dethroning her. He openly set up the standard of rebellion, and the pope preached a crusade against her. In this critical situation, she sought to induce the French to espouse her cause, by appointing Louis of Anjou her heir; but she unfortunately became the prisoner of Durazzo, who had entered Naples, and, after reducing her to the extremity of famine, had compelled her to surrender herself.

‘During eight months, all the miseries of a harsh captivity were inflicted on Joanna, in hopes that the privations she suffered might subdue her proud spirit to purchase some amelioration of her condition by the cession of Provence; but constant to her resolution, the only fruit of those measures was a new testament made in prison, confirming her former grant to Louis of Anjou. She was probably at this period utterly careless of life. As the captive of Durazzo, it could possess nothing to make it valuable, and had she been restored to the throne, unceasing cares, struggles, and suspicion, awaited her, and measures of severity repugnant to her nature would have been daily necessary.’

‘The appearance of a large armament in the bay of Naples, from Provence, was the signal for the perpetration of a crime which Charles had not, perhaps, at first

contemplated. The duke of Anjou approached with a numerous army, and the general wish for the restoration of Joanna was so evident, that her presence alone seemed necessary to rally all ranks round her standard. To rid himself of a part of his fears, and secure to himself at least one ally, Charles courted the favor of the king of Hungary, who sent an ambassador to congratulate him on his success, and to demand the death of Joanna.

‘Whether the queen was, from any peculiar circumstance, led to suspect that the crisis of her fate was at hand, is unknown; but immediately before the time secretly appointed for her death, she made so powerful an appeal to Charles to spare the life of Otho, that he yielded to her intercession, and probably, as some sort of reparation of his offences to her, treated him well, and finally restored him to liberty.

‘In the days of her most brilliant prosperity, Joanna had been remarkable for her constant attention to religious observances, and probably, in the hour of her bitter reverse of fortune, they constituted her only consolation. At stated hours she performed her devotions alone in the chapel of the castle; on the morning of the twenty-second of May, 1383, she repaired as usual to the sacred spot, and while she knelt before the altar, imploring forgiveness at the throne of grace for her past offences, whatever they might have been, four Hungarian soldiers secretly entered, and, whilst two of them guarded the door, the other two passed a silk cord round her neck, and instantly strangled her.

‘Her body, by order of Durazzo, was brought to Naples, and for eight days exposed to the gaze of the populace, that her partisans, by the contemplation of the last sad remains of departed royalty, might be convinced that all farther efforts against him were vain. But this had not the effect he intended; for those who had been attached to the murdered queen were exasperated beyond forgiveness, and many who had been before indifferent in her cause were moved to compassion by her unmerited sufferings, and, generously indignant at the cruelty and perfidy of Durazzo, refused to submit to the rule of one whom no benefits could attach nor any duty restrain.

‘Thus,’ says Costanzo, ‘perished queen Joanna, a most rare and noble lady, even if we admit the opinion of the vulgar as to the death of Andrew to

he just, as during the rest of her life she was never guilty of any unworthy action. She was in justice similar to her father, the duke of Calabria, and so beneficent and liberal, that there was not a piazza in the city of Naples, or in any of the towns and lands subject to the crown, where she had not pensioners of both sexes fed by her bounty; and she was wont to say, that those princes acted ill who favored and enriched some individuals to leave the majority in want, but preferred giving moderately to many to giving profusely to a few. She was the zealous friend of all the worthy; and, during her reign, arts, and arms, and letters, and every discipline, flourished, especially in the capital. Commercial industry was the object of her peculiar favor; and, as merchants of all nations crowded to her ports, she would never suffer any tax to be laid on them, as was usual with sovereigns oppressed by invasion or foreign war. In fine, she was so gracious in speech, so wise in conduct, and so dignified in her manners, that she was truly the heiress of the mind of the great king Robert, her grandfather. She governed her dominions with vigour and inflexible justice, and supported the vicissitudes of fortune with unshaken constancy, being gentle and moderate in prosperity, prudent and firm in adversity. 'What more,' says Boccaccio, 'would you seek in the wisest monarch? were I to describe all the great qualities of her mind, my discourse would grow to an inconvenient length. I not only esteem her illustrious and resplendent by conspicuous excellence, but the singular pride of Italy, and one to whom no other nation has produced an equal.

'If we consider the age in which this highly-gifted woman lived, her character will be not less our astonishment than our admiration. The French writers have dwelt chiefly on her unrivaled beauty, her fascinating eloquence, the kindness of her disposition, and the engaging union of majesty and benignity which marked her countenance and manners, whilst the Italians have been most impressed by the masculine vigor of her mind and the magnanimity of her character. Some secret charm seems attached to her name, which has incited the historians of Naples and Provence to lavish encomium with affectionate excess on the memory of one so pre-eminently favored by nature, and so unrelentingly

pursued by fortune, persecuted when living, calumniated when dead.'

#### A COMPARISON.

SOME reasoners maintain, that the understandings of men and women are naturally the same, and that the dissimilarity, which we observe between them, arises wholly from the difference of education. Others say, that the intellects of men are more adapted to occasions that require strength, while those of women are more fitted for conjunctures which demand elegance, refinement, and delicacy. Men will comprehend the various parts of very complicated subjects, and clearly and naturally deduce consequences in a regular series. Women seem incapable of keeping so many circumstances in view at once, and therefore admit contradictions, without seeing their inconsistency: they allude to effects without inquiring after causes, and sometimes even suppose an effect of which the cause could not subsist. But though, without disparagement to the real merit of the sex, we may say their capacity is less extensive than that of men, their perception seems to be more acute, and they will discern immediately certain objects of a refined and delicate nature, which men will hardly see at all. Men, from the nature of their education, are best acquainted with the arts of policy and war, and with abstruse sciences which extend to a large sphere; women excel in whatever relates to the elegances and endearments of domestic and social life. This is the province in which they were formed by nature to excel; and, in consequence, true taste becomes offended when they intrude upon the other; and, if they even excel in that other, they disgust rather than please; they may enforce admiration, but cannot excite love, and are rather gazed on as prodigies than esteemed or honored as surpassing others in natural excellence. Even the virtues of the two sexes appear to differ in a manner similar to their understandings. That courage, for example, which cannot be exerted without bodily strength, is the virtue of a man; the courage that consists in bearing misfortunes with equanimity, and suffering pain unrepiningly, is the virtue of a woman; and in her this only is amiable, because this alone is natural. From the same cause wo-

men are most in danger of indulging romantic notions of refinement and delicacy, whilst men are, on the contrary, most in danger of reasoning themselves into a degree of insensibility and indifference. Men should inspire admiration, women love. The duties of both sexes are easily defined, and may perhaps afford a subject for a future essay.

#### REMARKS ON BEAUTY AND ON DRESS.

BEAUTY has been with very pleasing similitude called 'a flower that fades and dies almost in the very moment of its maturity;' but there is a kind of beauty which escapes the general mortality, and lives to old age, a beauty that is not in the features, but that shines through them. It is not merely corporeal or the object of mere sense, and is not easily discovered, except by persons of true taste and sentiment. There are strokes of sensibility and touches of delicacy, which, like the master-traits in a fine picture, are not to be discerned by vulgar eyes, that only are captivated with vivid colors and gaudy decorations. These are emanations of the mind, which, like the vital spark of celestial fire, animate the form of beauty with a living soul. Without this, the most perfect symmetry in the bloom of youth only reminds us of a 'kneaded clod;' and with this, the features, that time itself has defaced, have a spirit, a sensibility, and a charm, which those only do not admire who want faculties to perceive.

By dress beauty is adorned, and a want of that attraction is rendered less unpleasant. The rules of dress have been, not inaptly, compared to those of composition. It must be properly adapted to the person, as, in writing, the style must be suited to the subject. A woman of quality should not appear in *doggrel*, nor a farmer's wife in *heroics*. The dress of a handsome female should be *epic*; modest, noble, and free from tinsel and all the luxuriations of fancy. To the pretty woman greater license may be allowed; she may dress up to the flights and fancies of the *sonnet* and the *madrigal*. One whose face is neutral, and whose personal charms reach no higher than *genteel*, should be *epigrammatic* in her dress,—neat, clever, and unadorned; the whole merit and attraction lying in the sting. But the *ugly* woman should by all means

restrict her dress to plain humble *prose*; any attempt beyond that is *mock-heroic*, and can only excite ridicule.

#### CHARACTER AND SENTIMENTS OF A GENUINE HIBERNIAN; BY MR. THOMAS MOORE.

CAPTAIN Rock, an imaginary personage, speaking of his supposed father, says,

'It is worthy of record, as a singularity in the annals of the Rocks, that he died in his bed. He had been wounded in a skirmish with some parish officers, who had seized the cow of a poor woman for church rates, and were driving it off in triumph to the pound amidst the lamentations of her little ones. My father, indeed, succeeded in obtaining one more day's milk for the young claimants; but the wound, at his advanced time of life, was dangerous, and he resigned his heroic breath on the first of April, 1783.

'My father's character was an assemblage of all those various ingredients that meet and ferment in the heads and hearts of Irishmen. Though brave as a lion, his courage was always observed to be in the inverse proportion of the numbers he had to assist him; and though ready to attempt even the impossible when alone, an adequate force was sure to diminish his confidence, and superiority in number over the enemy was downright fatal to him.

'The pride which he took in his ancestry was the more grand and lofty, from being founded altogether on fancy—a well-authenticated pedigree, however noble, would have destroyed the illusion. He had a vague idea, in which the school-master used to help him out, of those happy days when Ireland was styled the Island of Saints, and when such of our ancestors as were not saints were, at least, kings and princes. Often would he hold forth, amidst the smoke of his wretched cabin, on the magnificence of the Hall of Tara, and the wisdom of the great Ollam Fodhlah—much to the amusement, as I have heard, of the second Mrs. Rock, who, proud of her own suspected descent from a Cromwellian drummer, used to laugh irreverently both at my father and at old Ollam Fodhlah.

'I was indeed indebted for my first glimmering knowledge of the history and antiquities of Ireland to those evening







**M<sup>RS</sup>. BUNN.**  
as Hermione in the Winters Tale.

conversazioni round our small turf fire, where, after a frugal repast upon that imaginative dish, 'Potatoes and Point\*,' my father used to talk of the traditions of other times—of the first coming of the Saxon strangers among us—of the wars that have been ever since waged between them and the real Irish, who, by a blessed miracle, though exterminated under every succeeding lord-lieutenant, are still as good as new, and ready to be exterminated again—of the great deeds done by the Rocks in former days, and the prophecy which foretells to them a long race of glory to come—all which the grandams of our family would wind up with such frightful stories, of the massacres committed by black Tom and old Oliver, as have often sent me to bed with the dark faces of these terrible persons flitting before my eyes.

His hospitality was ever ready at the call of the stranger; and it was usual with us at meal-time (a custom still preserved among cotters of the south) for each member of the family to put by a potatoe and a drop of milk, as a contribution for the first hungry wanderer that should present himself at the door. Strangers, however, to be thus well received, must come to pass through our neighbourhood, not to settle in it; for, in the latter case, the fear of their dispossessing any of the actual occupants, by offering more to the agent or middle-man, for the few acres each held of him at will, made them objects far more of jealousy than of hospitality—and summary means were always taken to quicken their transit from among us. When oppression is up to the brim, every little accident that may cause it to overflow is watched with apprehension; but where this feeling did not interfere, hospitality had its full course, and a face never seen before, and never to be seen again, was always sure of the most cordial welcome.

'Of my father's happy talent for wit and humor, I could fill my page with innumerable specimens, all seasoned with that indescribable sort of 'vernacular relish,' which Cicero attributes to the old Roman pleasantries. But half of the effect would be lost, unless I could 'print his face with his joke;'—besides, the charm of that Irish tone would be want-

ing, which gives such rich effect to the enunciation of Irish humor, and which almost inclines us to think, while we listen to it, that a brogue is the only music to which wit should be set.

'That sort of confused eddy, too, which the back-water of wit's current often makes, and which, in common parlance, is called a *bull*, very frequently, of course, occurred in my father's conversation. It is well known, however, that this sort of blunder among the Irish is as different from the blunders of duller nations, as the bull Serapis was from all other animals of the same name; and that, like him, if they do not quite owe their origin to celestial fire, they have, at least, a large infusion of lunar rays in them.

In the rapidity of his transitions from melancholy to mirth, my father resembled the rest of his countrymen. I have seen him and some of my uncles, bending for hours over their spades, with faces where melancholy seemed to have written *concession à perpétuité*—when, suddenly, one of the party would jump up and fling his spade into the air, uttering at the same time a yell of mirth, which was echoed as wildly by the rest—and instantly the whole party would take to singing and capering, as if that dancing madness, which is said to have once seized the tailors and shoemakers of Germany, had suddenly come upon them all.'

#### A THEATRICAL SKETCH.

It has been affirmed, that there is a visible decline of the passion for theatrical amusements: but this assertion appears to be only true in part. There is perhaps less inclination for the legitimate drama; but when the charms of music and the attractions of splendor are profusely offered to the public, the theatres are usually well-filled. Even on other occasions the exertions of well-selected performers procure a respectable attendance. Among these contributors to the public entertainment, the lady whose portrait graces our present number is by no means undistinguished.

When Mrs. Bunn first appeared on the stage, she was known by the name of Somerville, and she then excited considerable attention by the charms of her person, the gracefulness of her manner, and the general propriety of her acting. She then (for what reason we know not) retired from the metropo-

\* When there is but a small portion of salt left, the potatoe, instead of being dipped into it by the guests, is merely, as a sort of indulgence to the fancy, *pointed* at it.

litan stage, and entered into that state in which the generality of young women are disposed to try their fortunes. But, retaining her propensity to theatrical pursuits, she readily accepted, at the commencement of the present season, the offer of a profitable engagement. She has since personated several important characters with applause. Her Lady Macbeth, unquestionably, is inferior to that of Mrs. Siddons; but her representation of this arduous part is far from being deficient in merit, although she does not fully enter into the daring, masculine, and reckless spirit of the character. She performs queen Elizabeth, in the play of Kenilworth, with appropriate dignity and force; and she evinces, in other characters, a greater portion of feeling than the critics at first supposed her to possess. She has, at the same time, some talent for comedy, if we may judge from the pleasing and effective manner in which she performed a leading part in the farce entitled Simpson and Co., a very lively and entertaining piece.

ALASCO, A TRAGEDY, BY MARTIN  
ARCHER SHEE, R. A.

THIS is not a piece written for the closet, or merely for private perusal, but was intended for representation, and accepted by a theatrical manager. Pieces of the former description are in general less interesting than the latter, probably because they are composed with a less portion of zeal and animation, as the author is not enlivened with the hope of a striking and public effect.

Mr. Shee has long been known not only as an artist, but as a poet; and it might have been supposed, from his acknowledged sense, that he would not venture to *run riot* in politics, at the risque of giving offence to the ruling power. Yet the new deputy-licenser of plays, Mr. Colman, made such peremptory objections to a number of passages in Mr. Shee's tragedy, that the author indignantly resolved to withdraw it, rather than consent to expunge what he did not consider as in any respect objectionable. Even Tory critics admit that the exercise of power in this instance was wanton and arbitrary; and the tragedian has therefore appealed to the public against the injustice with which he has been treated.

The subject of Alasco is evidently

fictional. The scene is laid in Poland, where the hero, a young nobleman, aims at the rescue of his country from the Prussian yoke. He is enamored of Amantha, the daughter of colonel Walsingham; but her father is inclined to give her hand to baron Hohendahl, a provincial governor, and, being informed of the intention of Alasco to carry her off, removes her to the baron's castle. On the way he is beset by ruffians, one of whom the hero slays, and rescues Walsingham. The scene now changes to the castle, where the baron treats Amantha with indelicacy and rudeness. Alasco enters and fights with the baron, whom he disarms, but is seized by the servants. His friend Conrad and numerous followers force the castle, and Hohendahl and his servants are made prisoners, but released. The colonel now gives his daughter to Alasco; but, perceiving his patriotic views, declares that he will take the field for the king, though against Alasco. An interesting and vigorous scene follows, in which the patriotic conduct of Alasco and Conrad is finely contrasted with the personal malignity of some of their associates. The parties take the field. Amantha is captured and conveyed to the camp of Hohendahl, who afterwards encounters Alasco, and taunts him with the fate of his wife. They fight; the baron falls, and is borne off the field, when a retreat is sounded, because Walsingham has appeared in great force, and driven the insurgents before him. The colonel and the youth meet, and seem to be completely reconciled; but the claims of supposed duty triumph over those of private regard, and the former delivers up his son-in-law as a prisoner, yet petitions the king to spare his life. Hohendahl, having his rival in his power, resolves to murder him; but his emissary Malinski is killed by Conrad. Alasco, willing to die for his country, at first refuses to attempt his escape, until he is reminded of Amantha: just as he is about to set forth, her voice is heard, and he turns back; during their interview the knell of death is sounded. He is led to the scaffold; and Amantha, left in the dungeon, stabs herself. At this moment Walsingham enters, having procured a pardon for Alasco, who follows in time to catch the dying words of his wife. Shocked at her fate, and despairing of happiness or comfort, he puts an end to his own life.

Hence it appears that Mr. Shee's production has two of the requisites of tragedy;—it excites both terror and pity. The interest might have been better sustained, and prosaic languor might have been avoided by the exercise even of less talent than the author possesses: yet the piece has considerable merit and various beauties.

The following extracts may be given as fair specimens of the piece.

#### SOLITUDE.

A terror sure, beyond th' occasion, thrills  
Through all my frame. I feel as one im-  
prison'd—

As hope and safety were shut out these walls.  
How still again!—no stir of life relieves  
The dreary sense of loneliness that sinks me!  
Would Bertha were come back! silence sleeps  
here,

As 'twere the death of sound, appalling more  
Than uproar. Hark!—'twas my own motion  
startled me.

There is a gloom in grandeur which, methinks,  
O'erclouds the cheerful spirit—frolic mirth,  
The homely happiness of humbler life,  
Retreats abashed before the solemn brow  
Of courtly pomp and grave-air'd ceremony.  
In these apartments, since her death, disused,  
The baron's lady, hapless Elrica,  
From some mysterious cause, was long im-  
mured;

A woman of all excellence, 'tis said,  
And (as the story goes) most foully dealt by.  
Here hangs her picture, and it speaks her fair;  
A sweetness sad, submissive and resign'd,  
Beaming serenely forth, through grace and  
symmetry.

How my heart sinks in horror of the wretch,  
Whose cruelty betrayed her!

#### A SOLDIER'S FAITH.

But I was never skill'd in controversy;  
Fear God, and love the king—the soldier's  
faith—

Was always my religion, and I know  
No heretics, but cowards, knaves, and traitors.  
When I have seen, in the hot hour of war,  
A gallant fellow mount the perilous breach,  
And lay about him bravely for his country,  
I never question'd him his faith—not I!  
But, by his practice, judged him a good  
Christian.

No, no, whate'er the color of his creed,  
The man of honor's orthodox.

#### A PATRIOT'S FEELINGS.

Ask you my grievance?—'tis my country's  
ruin—

What! is't because I live and breathe at

Can eat, drink, sleep, and move untrammelled;  
That I should calmly view my country's  
wrongs!

For what are we styled noble, and endowed  
With pomp and privilege—stationed to look  
down,

From lofty pedestals of state, on those,  
By whose hard toil we live in luxury?  
For what, thus raised above our fellow creatures,  
And fed like gods on intense, but to show  
Superior worth—pre-eminence of virtue!  
To guard with holy zeal the people's rights,  
And stand firm bulwarks 'gainst the tide of  
power,

When rushing to o'erwhelm them\*.

#### REVOLUTION.

A noble cause!—O! monstrous blasphemy!  
The cause of mutiny—of mad revolt!  
Convulsion—anarchy! the last resource  
Of bankrupt knaves and needy profligates!  
Wretches, whom envy of all nobleness  
Transforms to fiends, and qualifies for traitors!  
A cause the ruffian flies to as a sanctuary!  
Where sin and shame find grace and fellowship,  
Where outcast crimes, unhang'd iniquities,  
Are sheltered 'midst the general perfidy,  
And shuffled in the pack!

#### HONORABLE FREEDOM.

Shall we, who lift our swords against a tyrant,  
O'eract his part ourselves!—shall we install  
The fiend Revenge in triumph on his throne!—  
Bid havoc and confusion rage around,  
Till, in some breathless pause of blood and  
tumult,

The despot comes again to close the scene,  
And finish the catastrophe of freedom.  
No, let us prove that man—unshackled man—  
Is not a maniac wretch, whose frantic hand  
Still turns against himself, and strikes at all.  
He should respect and reverence—let us prove,  
At least, that we are worthy of our cause;  
Fierce in the field as tigers, for our rights,  
But, when the sword is sheathed, the friends  
of peace,  
And firm, for law and justice.

\* \* \* \* \*

I would that every knave  
He has left behind might strip the patriot  
cloak,  
And follow him. Such ruffian spirits wait  
The cause of freedom. They repel its friends,  
And so disfigure it by blood and violence,  
That good men start, and tremble to embrace it.  
But now, my friends, a sterner trial waits us.—  
Within yon castle's walls we sleep to-night,  
Or die to-day before them. Let each man

\* This passage was one of those which  
offended the sensitive and courtly delicacy of  
Mr. Colman.

Preserve the order of advance, and charge,  
 As if he thought his individual sword  
 Could turn the scale of fate. String every heart  
 To valour's highest pitch;—fight and be free!  
 This is no common conflict, set on foot  
 For hiring hosts to ply the trade of war,—  
 No question now, what form of civil sway,  
 What king, or priest, or faction, shall prevail.  
 Ours is a nobler quarrel—we contend  
 For what's most dear to man, wherever found  
 Free or enslaved—a savage, or a sage;—  
 'The very life and being of our country.  
 'Tis ours, to rescue from the oblivious grave,  
 Where tyrants have combined to bury them,—  
 A gallant race—a nation—and her fame,—  
 'To gather up the fragments of our state,  
 And in its cold, dismember'd body, breathe  
 'The living soul of empire. Such a cause  
 Might warm the torpid earth, put hearts in  
 stones,  
 And stir the ashes of our ancestors,  
 'Till from their tombs our warrior sires come  
 forth,  
 Range on our side, and cheer us on to battle.  
 Strike, then, ye patriot spirits, for your country!  
 Fight and be free!—for liberty and Poland.

#### PHYSIOGNOMY AND PHRENOLOGY.

THE fame of Lavater gave a temporary prevalence to physiognomy; but the credit which his observations procured for it soon declined, and persons were content to form occasional conjectures on the view of human faces, without pretending to the accuracy of just or legitimate conclusions. No such conclusions, indeed, can be drawn from this pretended science.

'It is generally true (says Mr. Howell) that muscular action in the face, after deducting for the degree of present emotion and exertion, is in inverse proportion to the rate of intelligence, or, at least, to the soundness of the faculties; the more mind, the less exterior movement. Hence the most able and accomplished dissembler is the one who is the least likely to be detected by his physiognomical expression. Nor is this to be attributed so much to a higher proficiency in the arts of self-command and concealment, as to the excellence of the intellect. There are knaves whose tact is so nice, whose perceptions are so quick, and whose reasoning powers are so perfectly serene and free from obstructions, that, even while watching the crisis of a plot, or actually fingering the threads of a fraud, they might safely place their smooth, gay, and

tranquil faces by the side of the open-eyed ingenuousness of youth, or challenge comparison with the bland smile of beneficence and integrity. On the other hand, there are to be found luckless faces, very likely to bring their owners under unfounded suspicion, which yet indicate nothing worse than the alternate perplexity and chuckling satisfaction of a petty mind—childishly crafty, perhaps in trifles, but thoroughly honest in matters of importance. If, then, as there is reason to believe, the elements of the mental constitution prevail in physiognomical expression over the indications of the *actual moral condition* of the individual, it will follow that discriminations of moral character founded upon pretended physiognomical or craniological rules have scarcely a chance of being correct. Such decisions are liable to error in many ways:—for, even if the elements of mind were scientifically known, and if the constant external symbols of these elements were ascertained, and if the results of individual combinations of these elements were understood, a capital source of misrepresentation would remain, because that which is most important in the *actual condition* of the mind is often very remotely connected with muscular action, and wholly independent of original conformation. Beside these uncertainties belonging to the imperfect state of our knowledge of human nature, we must remember the vagueness of even the most precise verbal descriptions of form, and the incorrect observations of one who applies the rule in each particular place.

A system for the interpretation of the qualities of the mind by external symbols, such as might merit to be called *phrenology*, must be founded upon the combined observation of all the physical concomitants of mind. It is an egregious misnomer to confer this title upon a system of observations and hypotheses relating exclusively to the figure of the skull; yet upon this ground phrenologists proceed. These sapient investigators pretend, that imagination is not *imagination*, but *imaginativeness*, and that the power of recalling or of re-combining ideas is—*Ideality*. Under their guidance, we shall perhaps be able to pick from a crowd of persons, at discretion, either the enthusiast or the votary of superstition; for both of them, having the bifurc organs of *imaginativeness*,

will have foreheads bulging at the corners, like the bows of a Dutch Indian-man. But where are we to seek for the indication of the very essential difference between the two minds? And what should we say if we were to meet with a case of eminent *imaginativeness*,—of that class, for example, in which the current of thought is evidently ruled by the suggestions of fear, which, instead of being indicated, *as it ought*—by two walnut-like protuberances just over the temples—is, in fact, symbolised by an impending frontal mass, that usurps the localities of many neighbour organs? Every one knows, indeed, that the imagination is a bold faculty; but that it should be an invader of medullary free-holds to this extent almost surpasses belief.—By these philosophers we are informed that, in the interval between the eyebrows and the insertion of the hair, twelve or fifteen distinct elements of mind, like petty feudal lords cooped up between a forest and a marsh, have ‘a local habitation and a name;’ where, fenced about by impassable, though imaginary partitions, they maintain their state, and

whence, in proportion to their several forces, not being able to elbow space for themselves laterally, they impatiently drive bone before them, and obtrude their violence upon the superficies. If it be indeed true that a symbolic chart of the human head must be as thickly set with divisions and as intricate as a map of Germany, and that the entire surface, from ear to ear, is claimed by a clustering host of dignities, powers, energies, faculties, and functions,—it seems not less true, that what usually occurs in politics commonly takes place also in phrenology; namely, that the stronger powers are wont to drive the weaker from their patrimonies. If this be the fact, it will be necessary to remember that what might be laid down as an ideal phrenological topograph, duly numbered and lettered, will yield us as little information relative to the site of particular organs in any individual head, as we should gain from one of M. d’Anville’s maps in Cæsar’s Commentaries, if we wished to understand the *present* boundaries of the electoral states: it is a map of the country, but not of its actual occupation.

## Fine Arts.

*Society of British Artists.*—THE splendid suite of rooms, built by Mr. Nash for the accommodation of this society, were opened, on the 13th, for the reception of about one hundred and fifty gentlemen, who dined there. Mr. Heaphy, the president of the institution, took the chair on this occasion. The duke of Sussex, sir Ronald Ferguson, Mr. Lambton, the hon. D. Kinnauld, Mr. Hart Davics, Mr. Nash, Mr. Campbell the poet, Mr. Hobhouse, captain Morris, and many other distinguished individuals, were among the company; an excellent dinner, the best wine, many professional singers, the duke of York’s incomparable band, and all other ‘appliances and means to boot’ which can give a charm to the hour

of conviviality, rendered it altogether a most heart-stirring and delightful meeting. The duke of Sussex, in returning thanks when his health was proposed, spoke of the views and conduct of the new society, its relation to the Royal Academy, &c. in a very clear manner: his pertinent observations in its favor were ably seconded by Mr. Kinnauld; and Mr. Lambton and Mr. Hobhouse treated the same subject with their accustomed and well-known ability. The unpractised but manly and succinct account of the rise, progress, and views, of the society, given also by Mr. Hoffman, the vice-president, was received with marks of decided approbation. In the course of the evening, this gentleman

received, and read, a liberally-conceived and well-written letter, from Mr. Soane, the architect, enclosing a donation of fifty guineas. This present, from a royal academical, was received (as it deserved) with loud applause. Mr. Northcote, and Mr. Rossi, had already sent some of their productions; Mr. Heath (a member of the academy) was present; and we know that sir A. Carlisle intended to have been; and thus is clearly proved, that many members of that highly-respectable body are capable of estimating the efforts of the infant society in a proper point of view, and conducting themselves with that amenity and good-will which ought to characterise every artist, and must be felt by all who are just appreciators of the claims of art.

The rooms were still farther opened on the following Saturday, when a private view, on an extensive plan, took place, and on Easter Monday they were opened to the public. When it is recollected that only ten months have elapsed since the first meeting was called in Free-masons' tavern, to consider the propriety of forming the society; that, since that time, ground has been sought and found,—that rooms of this magnitude have been planned, and raised, and all the pictures adorning their extensive walls (with very few exceptions) actually painted for them,—the whole seems almost the work of magic.

Of the five rooms which constitute the exhibition, the large central room, and one of the end ones, are filled with paintings in oil, while the others are thus appropriated,—one to sculpture, one to water-color drawings, miniatures, and architectural designs, and one to engravings. Two of these rooms are exquisitely beautiful, and would be sufficient in themselves for a very complete exhibition; and all of them are lighted by lantern roofs, and hung with a bright crimson paper, which, although advantageous to all the subjects of art exhibited, is more especially so to the sculpture and engravings, as these receive a mellow tint from the generous glow of color around them, which has the happiest effect possible. We now proceed to notice the paintings.

No. 22, Mr. Martin's seventh Plague in Egypt, is a most striking picture, and combines his highest excellences, without any of those defects which have in some cases detracted from the great and ori-

ginal genius he evidently possesses. The architectural details, the elemental strife, the dim miraculous obscurity, and the highly improved figures of this artist, are all admirably given; and we have no doubt that this picture will establish his fame on a prouder basis than even his 'hand writing on the wall.'

38, Flowers, by J. Barney, sen. are exquisitely beautiful.

41, Antwerp, C. Stanfield,—a very clever picture.

55, Portrait of J. Scott, Esq. by Mrs. Pearson,—an admirable proof of female talent.

60, Ulles-water, Cumberland, J. C. Hosland,—a beautiful scene, given with all the freshness, purity, and truth of nature, with light so brilliant, shadows so soft, and water so transparent, that on approaching it we almost expected to inhale the breeze from the lake.

61, Twickenham, from Ham-lane, G. Hilditch.—This is one of several good paintings, produced by two brothers, who are alike remarkable for their successful cultivation of their decided talents.

65, 'I will fight,' P. Simpson,—a clever picture of two boys, somewhat similar in design to the celebrated representation of the Wolf and Lamb by Mulready, but very different in the mode of execution. It is full of character, and reflects the highest credit on the young artist whose name it bears, and who, we understand, sold it as soon as it was seen.

70, Portrait of a Lady; *Lady Bell*,—full of good color, with much of the character of sir Joshua Reynolds about it. The fair artist has several other portraits, which are excellent likenesses of the persons they represent, and evince considerable taste and skill. We notice them the more particularly, because we are informed that this excellent and amiable woman has undertaken this branch of art as a profession; and we cordially wish her success.

81, The Widow, H. Richter.—This will probably prove the most attractive piece in the whole exhibition; for it boasts all the usual qualities of this admired artist. It represents a widow exchanging her weeds for gay clothing; her maid in transported admiration, and a young dress-maker assisting the transformation: it is brilliant in color, and full of expression.

87, Moonlight, Windsor, J. C. Hosland.

—a sweet small picture, partaking of the higher beauties of No. 27; which we omitted in the right place, although we were particularly pleased with the fineness of the composition, the silvery tone which it exhibits, and the glowing reflections of the moon-beams in the rippling waves.

108, The Benedictine Abbey, *J. Vincent*.—This is one of the happiest efforts of the ingenious artist, and a great improvement upon all that we have lately witnessed from his pencil.

109, Peacock and Dead Game, *B. Blake*.—This picture, which was sold as soon as it was seen, is a small, but most exquisitely finished work, and proudly emulates the Dutch school in its own peculiar excellence. It was purchased by Mr. H. Davies, a circumstance which alone proves its merit, as no one can doubt the soundness of his judgment, and the knowledge he possesses on the subject of fine art.

100, The Fifth of November, *H. Pidding*.—a very brilliant picture, that is only seen to be admired.

129, Silenus intoxicated, and moral, reproving Bacchus and Ariadne for their lazy, irregular lives, *R. B. Haydon*.—The great characteristics of Mr. Haydon, brilliant color, and splendor combined with truth of delineation, are admirably exhibited in this picture, with a novelty and richness of invention, which his larger pictures did not display. Titian or Rubens scarcely excelled him in the former qualities, as exhibited here; and the latter we regard as an earnest of other pieces, rich in subject, and moderate in size.

149, Portrait of the Duke of Sussex, *J. Lonsdale*.—This is a most imposing picture, exhibiting a correct likeness of the royal personage, in his coronation robes. Mr. L. has also a fine whole length portrait of a judge, and several others, all very striking in point of resemblance; but perhaps the most interesting is 209—*Talma as Hamlet*.

245, View on the Yare, *J. Stark*.—This is a beautiful landscape, full of that delicious coloring, and faithful character, which distinguish the artist.

294, Smugglers pushing off the Boat, *M. Brown*.—This gentleman, who is a veteran in art, having been a pupil of the late president, has several good historical pictures; but we give this the preference, because it is well conceived,

vigorous in execution, and faithful in its detail and finishing.

256, A Bear-Hunt—*vide* *Quentin Durward*—*R. B. Davis*.—Though a little out of place, we cannot omit to draw attention to this striking picture.

286, Moonlight on the Derwent, *E. Bradley*.—a very pleasing promise of future excellence. This young artist has several pictures of game that are very meritorious, especially some snipes and pheasants.

296, A View of Rome, *R. B. Harnden*.—We do not think this the best picture of the artist, who has several more agreeable ones, on subjects more suited to his pencil; but we notice this as offering a faithful and elaborate portrait of the eternal city.

On casting our eyes over the foregoing statement, which for the convenience of our readers we disposed in the catalogue style, we observe numerous omissions. Mr. Haphy's *Game of Put*, a picture full of humor, invention, and beauty, rises to our memory in a very reproachful manner. Mr. Glover's noble landscape, connected with the subject of Narcissus, is in the same predicament; and this excellent artist has also many other fine pieces, one of which, the 'Favorite Haunt of my youth,' is really, in our opinion, the sweetest, most enticing haunt of his riper years. There are also some views of Northwick by Hoffman, which struck us on our first visit as very beautiful scenes, finely colored, and highly finished; and we recollect scenes of various parts of the coast, by Wilson and Linton, of very great merit, and a larger view by the latter, which will not fail to be exceedingly gratifying to his admirers. To omit the name of Nasmyth would be a sin when we are speaking of landscapes; for his are all beautiful. Meyer has some very good portraits, and Hawkins a full length; but to neither of these gentlemen can we at present do justice, because other topics claim our immediate consideration. To this subject we shall revert in the ensuing month.

*Mr. Cooke's Exhibition*.—This is a much better collection than any former displays in the same gallery. It consists of many fine drawings, and pieces in water-colors, not only of the old but of the new school. A novelty, which excites general attention, consists of two moonlight scenes, exhibited by an artificial



light. They were happily adapted by Gainsborough to the peculiar mode of lighting them; and represent the effects of nature more powerfully than any ordinary picture of drawing can do. They were painted by that able artist, not for sale, but for his own gratification and the amusement of his friends. There is also a morning scene by the same painter, remarkable for freedom of penciling, natural taste, and appropriate coloring. There are some fine pieces by Turner; and among these the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome, and the Rialto at Venice, are more particularly admired. The portrait of a young lady of rank, by sir Thomas Lawrence, and his Studies of Children, are very pleasing pieces. Dewint's Stacking of Barley is full of truth and nature; and several of Girtin's productions are rich in color and spirited in execution. Other pieces of great merit are the Wise Men's Offering by Stothard, a Welsh Peasant Girl by Cristall, a Country Girl at Ludlam's Cave by Uwins, and a view near Tivoli by Swinburne. Among the drawings of the old school are some very fine ones by Rubens,—the Martyrdom of St. Andrew, and the Death of Cyrus,—several beautiful pieces by Parmegiano, and a charming design of Arabesques and other ornaments by Cellini.

*Bullock's Exhibition.*—This display refers to ancient and modern Mexico. The antiquities belong to the religious ceremonies of the Mexicans, their wars, arts, &c. The construction and form of the stupendous pyramidal monuments are well represented; the altars and idols of the Mexicans are here brought before the public eye in all the appearances of antiquity and truth; and many of the ancient original works are here collected. An ancient map of the capital is happily preserved, representing that extraordinary assemblage of temples and

dwellings which existed before the despoiling hand of the invaders leveled it with the dust, and out of its fragments erected the present city.

The Colossal Idol, or Great Rattle-Snake, is nine feet in circumference, and sixty feet long—a stupendous monument of religious cruelty. It is coiled up in an erect and irritated position, with the jaws extended, in the act of gorging itself with an elegantly-dressed female, who appears in the mouth of the enormous reptile, crushed and lacerated.

The Great Idol of the Goddess of War is a horriying monster, before which thousands of human beings were annually sacrificed. It is, with its pedestal, twelve feet high, and four feet wide; sculptured out of one solid piece of grey basalt. Its form is partly human; and the rest composed of the rattle-snake, the tiger, &c. From the neck, spreading over its deformed breast, is a necklace of human hands, hearts, and skulls, fit emblems of the sanguinary rites and daily immolations performed to its honor. Before this statue is placed the *great sacrificial stone*, or altar, ornamented on the surface with the representation of the sun, and on the sides with numerous groups of figures exhibiting the Mexican warriors dragging their prisoners to sacrifice. On the altar is a deep groove, made to receive the blood, and marking the place where the victim was laid by the priest—where the heart was torn from the wretched captive, mixed with *copal*, and slowly consumed.

Of the other part of this exhibition it will be sufficient to say, that it comprehends a panorama of the modern city of Mexico; and in a corner of the room from which it is viewed appears a hut, occupied by a native in appropriate costume, who accompanied Mr. Bullock to England.

## Drama.

### THE KING'S THEATRE.

THE late performances at this house have not been distinguished by novelty: but the pieces have been well acted

and well attended. In repeating *Zelmira*, Madame Colbran has acquired additional applause by the skilful management of her voice, and her elegant style both of

singing and acting. On the renewed representation of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the illness of Garcia and Benetti occasioned a transference of their parts to Curioni and Placci, both of whom were respectable substitutes, though the former certainly did not rise to a par with the absent performer.

The *prima donna* has sustained, with considerable effect, the part of the heroine in the opera of *Ricciardo e Zoraida*, to which a fine chorus and a pleasing air have been added. So pleased were the auditors on that occasion with her exertions in the trio, *Sarà l'alma*, and the concurrent efforts of Garcia and Madame Vestris, that they loudly called for its repetition.

Madame Pasta, after an absence of seven years, re-appeared on the 24th at this theatre. When she sang on former occasions, her voice was slender and undulating; but it has now a considerable force, if not the most energetic power. She infuses into it the eloquence of the mind, and those lights and shades which tend to the production of dramatic effect. It is harsh when she particularly strives to exert herself; but her transitions to a gentle strain are very pleasing. She is occasionally light and playful in her manner, and, at other times, assumes a melancholy air with dignified propriety. Her duet with Caradori, *Vorrei che il tuo pensiero*, was highly applauded; her call to an absent African slave was sweetly plaintive; and her general performance of the character of Desdemona gave such satisfaction, that the audience insisted on her advancing to receive loud congratulations,—a French custom, which would be more honored in the breach than the observance.

#### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The return of Easter was hailed by a new spectacle, which had been long in preparation. It was announced as a 'grand Egyptian tale of enchantment,' under the title of *Zoroaster, or the Spirit of the Star*. The scene is laid in Egypt; but we ought to observe, that it is not altogether correct to transform a Persian philosopher (for Zoroaster is no other than Zerdusht) into an Egyptian priest. The hero of the piece, Gebir, is a youthful shepherd, in which state he becomes enamored of Pamina, a shepherdess, who, though at the time unconscious of

her high descent, is the rightful heirress to the throne of Egypt. Gebir is a favorite disciple of Zoroaster (called the high-priest of his and magician of the pyramids), who confers on him the miraculous power of obtaining every object of his desire. The shepherd, in consequence of this wonderful gift, soon becomes a powerful prince, and in his elevation forgets his plighted faith to the humble Pamina. In the progress of the story she ascends the throne, and in her turn rejects the ungrateful Gebir, whose love is then rekindled by ambition. But, as woman's heart is formed to forgive on repentance, Pamina, having assured herself of the sincerity of his sorrow for his treason to her love, pardons the penitent offender, and makes him the partner of her throne. Such is the story of which Mr. Moncrieff has availed himself for the purpose of introducing splendid scenery, accompanied with all the charms of music. This is dexterously done by the transcendent power of Gebir, who places himself in the centre of the earth, and calls before him the wonders of nature and art. In this way we are presented with the great Desert of Arabia, by twilight—an Arab encampment—a caravan of merchants—the Egyptian Pyramids—the colossal head of the Sphinx—the ruins of the Temple of Apollinopolis Magna—the Colossus of Rhodes—the Bay of Naples, with Mount Vesuvius—the Falls of Tivoli—the City of Babylon in all its splendor, its brazen walls, massy towers, and hanging gardens. The scenic display is entitled to the highest praise, and the dialogue was as good as, in cases where music and exhibition form the great objects, we have reason to expect. This piece has been found so attractive, that it is repeated on every evening. Miss Povey and Miss Cubit are the principal singers, and the heroine is ably personated by Mrs. West.

#### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The new piece, prepared by Mr. Farley for this house, is stated to be 'a grand melo-dramatic Egyptian romantic tale of enchantment,' and its appellation is the *Spirits of the Moon*, or the Inundation of the Nile.

Sethon, one of the kings of ancient Egypt, having been assassinated in his chamber in the night, the suspicion fell

upon his only son Amasis, who was arraigned before the judges of the land, and sentenced to eternal exile; and Zerack, the popular leader of the army, was selected as their monarch. The usurper intrusted the young prince to the care of Norad, whom he imagined to be devoted to his interest, and who promised, on their journey across the desert, to destroy him—but Norad, proving loyal to his prince, resigned him to the care of an Arabian chief, who bound himself by an oath to protect the boy, till Norad should again claim him. The chief dying, bequeathed the youth to the care of his widow, with a strict charge never to suffer him to quit their tribe, till he should be claimed by a stranger, producing a similar mark or symbol to that which the boy wore in his cap, as her warrant for his delivery. For five years he sojourned with the free Arabs of Egypt in their wandering life. Zerack, supposing him dead, endeavoured to secure the crown to his dynasty by an union with Zephina, the niece of the late king, and the last of his race; but the prince being warned by a prophet to repair to the city gates at the full of the moon, he there informed him of the only means of destroying the usurper, and regaining his rights. This sketch forms the main link of the chain of many incidents in the melo-drama before Amasis triumphs and Zerack is overthrown, interwoven with the aid of aerial spirits of the moon and the opposing power.

The scenery is of the most splendid description—no words can convey an adequate idea of it. The Festival of the Moon, at the beginning of the second act, and a view of the temple at the end, deserve particular notice. But the most curious scene of the whole glittering miscellany was a march of a caravan, which is distinguished by the barbarous name of Polemporeremoporokinetikon. By a dioramic sort of contrivance, while a great number of figures in the front and middle of the theatre lift up their legs as if they were moving forward very rapidly, different descriptions of scenery are made to pass across the stage, both behind and before them, so that they have the appearance of marching through a large extent of country. Mr. Farley was the usurper, and Miss Beaumont was the suffering princess. There were some subordinate characters, such as Benriceup, overseer of the lands, Tirsem

Steelpinstitch, a tailor, and Eteocles, who supply the usual quantity of laughter. The principal parts in the vocal performance were well sustained by Miss Love, Mr. I. Isaacs, and Master Longhurst. Nothing could exceed the applause with which the piece was received, and it has filled the house from that time to the present day.

#### THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Mr. Mathews is again 'at home,' furnished, as might have been expected, with new materials for the excitation of laughter and mirth. His new entertainment is called a *Trip to America*; and he details his observations on peculiarities of character, relates a variety of adventures, and ably personates a number of individuals. Among these, Jack Topham and his cousin Bray, two Englishmen, figure conspicuously; but there are also several Frenchmen, Irishmen, and negroes;—and the natives are, old Ravenlop, a prosing jester,—Pennington, a sentimental declaimer,—two landlords at inns,—Jonathan W. Doubikin, a real Yankee,—his uncle Ben, a Lycurgus of German descent, who gives a capital charge to the grand jury,—colonel Hiram Pegler, a Kentucky shoemaker,—Miss Mangelwurzel, a great Dutch heiress, &c.

Throughout all this numerous variety, our unequalled imitator runs with such astonishing verisimilitude, as to render his identity almost doubtful; but, after laughing heartily at the parts as one succeeds another, it is only when we come to reflect upon their diversity and multitude as a whole that our admiration rises to its due measure, at the wonderful talent of the performer. The story is amusing, many of the anecdotes are droll enough, and the humor is occasionally pointed; but, with the exception of a Militia Muster, and a Frenchman's Eloge upon the Hero of New Orleans, wanting whom 'America would be like turbot without soy,' and against whom

De English came den thousand on  
Ven he vas no more den von;  
But vat vas dat to Sheneral Shackson?  
Sheneral Shackson is de boy!

the songs introduced are not very effective. The Post-Office, however, is the vehicle for much entertaining colloquy and descriptive scramble. A great deal of merriment is produced by the introduction of American tones, pronuncia-





*Promenade Dress.*

*Invented by Miss Perreault, & engraved for the Lady's Magazine, N<sup>o</sup> 1874*

sion, and phraseology, and the performance altogether is characteristic, versatile, and extraordinary.

#### THE MINOR THEATRES.

All these places of entertainment were thronged on Easter-Monday. At the Surrey theatre, the first piece (taken from Lalla Rookh) was called the *Fire Worshipers*, and abounded with magnificent scenery and processions: during one of the latter, a camel on which the Arab chief rode, having walked on a trap-door, which was not properly secured, unfortunately fell through, and was killed; but the rider, with great presence of mind, threw himself on the stage as the animal was falling through, and escaped unhurt. The piece was announced for repetition amidst the loudest plaudits. A new melo-drama, called the *Floating Beacon*, followed, and was also very well received.

At the Westminster Amphitheatre, the *Battle of Waterloo* was the principal piece, and it highly pleased the admirers of military bustle and parade. The horsemanship at this house is still excellent; and Ducrow, on this evening, seemed almost to surpass himself. A humorous piece, styled the *Feudal Law*, concluded the entertainments with effect.

At Sadler's Wells, three novelties were produced—a ballet, a romantic melo-drama, and a pantomime. In the first there was a very respectable display of the *corps de ballet*. The second piece was called *Ora, or the African Slave*. It gives its chief performers a wide scope for rant, but possesses some interest. The

conclusion (as far as the hero of the piece, Cato, a runaway slave, is concerned) is very tragic; but it produced, at the first representation, a comic effect on the audience. By some mistake, the troop of grenadiers who were in pursuit of Cato, and who were to be the chief instruments of his death, did not come on in their proper time, and Cato received only a couple of mortal wounds, from pistols fired by his master. While he was reeling about the stage, apparently undetermined whether he should fall until he had received a whole volley, the captain of the troop (or the prompter) was heard from behind the scenes, calling out to the men, 'Why don't you come forward?' This unlucky order was heard by the audience, and produced loud bursts of laughter, in the midst of which poor Cato was obliged to fall and expire. The great attraction of the evening was the pantomime; and it would appear that the proprietors were determined to make it worthy of its title, *The Easter Offering, or Harlequin's Golden Harvest*, for they produced not fewer than three Clowns, three Harlequins, three Columbines, and three Pantaloons. To those who delight in such exhibitions this will be found attractive. In the course of its performance, several allusions were made to the cavalry regiment which has recently made so much noise in Dublin. A contemptible coxcomb, in a dashing military uniform, was made to represent the members of that corps; and the recent anecdotes of 'The Tenth don't fight—the Tenth don't dance'—were not forgotten.

## Fashions.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

#### EVENING DRESS.

DRESS of soft white satin, with large ornaments of pine foliage at the border, and a broad full rouleau next the hem. The corsage made plain, with a falling tucker of blond. Head-dress of pearls and flowers; the hair short at the ears. Pearl necklace, fastened with a ruby brooch; gold chain and eye-glass. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

#### WALKING DRESS.

A high dress of *gros de Naples*, of a sage-leaf green; the sleeves close to the arm, and the mancherons formed of foliage. The border trimmed with two rows of rouleaux, in points, with broad-leaved sea-weed laid across, at equal distances.

Bohemian hat of black satin, with bussar plume; one feather of which droops over the left side. Ruff of Urling's lace. Slippers of *gros de Naples*, the same as the dress. Lemon-colored kid gloves.

#### MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

The metropolis is now completely thronged with those composing the higher classes of fashion: we behold them at the elegant morning lounge, Hyde-park, the opera, the theatres, and the select and crowded party. From such sources, so well attended, we lay the following statement before our indulgent patronesses.

Pelisses of violet-colored *gros de Naples* are in high estimation; they are made very simple, and except the bust, which is much ornamented as fancy may suggest, there is nothing very new in their make.

A mantle or Venetian cloke is much admired, which is also of violet-color, and is richly braided with black, highly embossed; the material of which the cloke is formed is of fine British cachemire: three pelerine capes, falling one over the other, finish this elegant cloke at the throat.

The bonnets are large, but their shape is good, and the manner in which they are put on renders them becoming. Beaver bonnets are much in request, either in black or light brown; but the small equestrian hat of the latter material is truly becoming to some faces. The plumeage on the beaver bonnets is very costly; either in brown or black, a plume, consisting of only three feathers, is often valued at from two to three guineas. Straw and Leghorn hats have already made their appearance; the former are encircled round the crown with a wreath of large full-blown roses: the Leghorn have merely a riband, which goes round the crown, and serves also for strings. Bonnets of white and colored figured *gros de Naples*, tastefully trimmed with gauze, blond, and satin or riband, are much worn; a veil is sometimes added, but they have neither feathers nor flowers.

Morning dresses are made of English chintz at present, in preference to white. Pelisse robes of light colored silks are much in esteem for home costume: some fasten down the skirt imperceptibly, and form a round high dress; others are open *à la Sultane*, and partially display a pet-

ticoat richly flounced and embroidered. The bust is much covered, even in full dress; beautifully correct, because the fair skin, of the upper part of the neck only, yet remains exposed; and in half dress those gowns that are made partially high give an opportunity of showing to advantage the elegant frills of lace and embroidery now fabricated by the hands of ingenuity and taste, and which are so becoming an appendage to British costume. Swiss stomachers are again in fashion, and give a very beautiful finish to the corsage. Chinese crape, gauze, tulle, *crêpe lisse*, and gossamer satin, are the most favored materials for the ball-room dress, or the evening party. Some dresses of *gros de Naples* have been seen, the ornaments of which, at the border, consisted of a quilling of broad watered riband *en serpentine*, the same color as the dress: between these are ring straps formed of fluted white satin. Some ladies have three rows of this serpentine trimming; but they look heavy, and two are quite sufficient. Beads of the mock pearl kind are much used in the trimming of ball dresses. On dresses of tulle or gauze, artificial flowers form the favorite ornament: the corsage is of white satin, with bracers of the most prevailing color among the flowers, which is chiefly the rose: a sash, with short bow and ends, completes this appropriate ball-dress.

A white satin Scotch cap, with a most superb plume of white feathers, is amongst the chief novelties in the article of head-dress: the band is woven in chequers, in the true tartan style, but every part of the cap is white. Cornettes of fine lace, ornamented with bows of riband, are worn in *deshabille*; and the Malabar turban is not yet out of favor for home costume, though caps of various forms, ornamented with flowers, have for some time past been more in vogue. Dress hats for dinner parties are very small; they are of white satin, ornamented with red, full-blown roses, with a quilling of blond under the hat next the hair. Marabout feathers on dress turbans are now preferred to those of the ostrich; and we had the advantage of seeing a very beautiful head-dress on a young lady who was going to a private

ball: the hair was clustered in curls; and the ornaments consisted of a number of very short marabout feathers very elegantly disposed; in front of these feathers were placed sprigs of emeralds, and the Apollo's knot was fastened at the back of the head by a comb set with emeralds: behind this comb were two small marabout feathers. We believe we are indebted to Parisian taste for this charming head-dress, as we have seen something very much like it on the head of a foreign lady of distinction.

The favorite articles in jewellery are topazes, coral, and turquois stones.

The colors for turbans, trimmings, and ribands, are damask rose-red, turquois-blue, violet, and pink. For dresses and pelisses, pink, chocolate, Apollo's hair, and sage-green.

#### MODES PARISIENNES.

Mantles and pelisses are now equally in favor for out-door costume; both are, however, of lighter texture than they have been for some months past. The mantles are of light cachemire, and made with much taste, though they still retain the pelerine capes, of which there are generally three: they are left partially open at the collar, and fasten across the neck with a broad gold chain: they are most of them richly braided in very elegant patterns. The pelisses are of *gros de Naples*, well made, and fastening very closely down the skirt; they are fancifully but not much trimmed, and are of beautiful summer colors: light blue, and dead rose-leaf color, are the most in favor. A very light kind of cloth, called *drap-zephyr*, is made up in pelisses for walking; they have a double collar of velvet, the color of the cloth; it is square at the corners, and falls over the shoulders: the pelisse is trimmed and faced with velvet. Cachemire shawls are favorite out-door envelopes.

A few transparent hats of colored crape have already made their appearance; they are generally ornamented with a wreath of lilac. Colored satin bonnets, lined and trimmed with a different but suitable color, are much seen in the morning walks. The carriage hats are large, and are ornamented with full plumes of curled white feathers. Hats of *gros de Naples* have three bands of satin round the crown; they are placed very backward, a large bow of riband ornaments them in front, and the strings

are not tied till they come as low as the sash. Chip and straw hats are ornamented with large bows, and a bouquet of jonquils. Large bonnets of Scotch plaid silk are much admired for walking.

Many ball-dresses are seen trimmed with two full *bouillons* of tulle, and two rouleaux of satin: in front are two bouquets of roses, hyacinths, and jessamine, that appear to confine these *bouillons*. The border of a ball-dress on a very distinguished lady, at the ball given by the English ambassador lately in Paris, consisted of folds of tulle, disposed like fans, and which ornaments were divided by bouquets. Some ball-dresses are of colored gauze, trimmed with satin *bouillons*; the *bouillons* entwined by silk *cordons*; a double bouquet of scarlet ranunculus appears to fasten them all together on one side: the body is of satin, the same color as the dress, with stripes of blond let in, and the sleeves of colored gauze; over these falls a double ornament of white blond. Dresses for home, or for the public walks, are of *gros de Naples*, made high, and very elegantly trimmed with raised leaves of satin, the color of the dress. The waists are rather long, drawn in very small at the bottom; but the bust is often made to appear broad and full by bouffant drapery. White muslin dresses are much worn at public spectacles, where it is never customary to dress much, except at the first representation of a new piece, or a performer's benefit.

Dresses trimmed with blond, for evening parties, are much in favor; and crape dresses, with colored satin stripes, are in great request for the ball-room.

Dress hats are of figured *gros de Naples* of various colors. The hair is dressed high on the summit of the head, and an Apollo's knot occupies all the space that can be taken from the flowers and ribands. Among the full curls the flowers are large, while those who arrange their hair in small ringlets have also flowers of a more diminutive size. The prettiest wreath now worn is formed of white hyacinths and roses, without their foliage. Parma violets, with silver leaves, look well, mingled with pearl rosettes. Gauze turbans and *taques d la Russe* are favorite head-dresses for married ladies: the latter have rather a whimsical appearance, but, when the hair is well disposed are becoming to most faces.

The favorite colors for pelisses and



dresses are lavender-grey, Nile water-green, sulphur-yellow, and violet. For turbans, hats, and ribands, pink, the color of the dead rose, and jonquil.

The bouquets are very large, and are

placed almost under the hollow of the arm; the flowers are small, but thickly clustered.

The most fashionable fans are mounted in polished steel.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN 'Occasional Writer' is offended at our rejection of his poem; but, if he should condescend to re-consider coolly the subject and the execution, he will only blame himself for sending such a mass of frivolity and nonsense.

The Disconsolate Lover, a sonnet from the Italian, is ill-translated, flat, and prosaic.

We can assure F. L. that a sketch of the life of Mr. Maurice, the poet and historian, will be given in our next number.

The 'Strictures on the Nature and Constitution of the Royal Society of Literature' are too satirical: but we agree with the writer, that there is not a man of profound learning or transcendent abilities in the list of pensioned associates, and some of the names are even obscure. The king, we believe, had no concern in the appointment or nomination of these gentlemen.

The *Tempest* is properly preceded by the description of a calm, as the contrast is thus rendered more striking: but neither the animated nor the tranquil parts of the piece have any strong claim to praise.—What tame tautology is this!

'All was so quiet—

And stillness held her calm and peaceful reign.

The sweet serenity gave calm delight.'

The author then says,

'Stillness was music to my soul.'—

Does not this passage border on absurdity? Is it not a *hull*? Sounds are generally supposed to be essential to music. We allow that Shakspeare speaks of a sound as not inconsistent with stillness—'the hum of either army *stilly sounds*:' but *stillness* itself cannot be *music*. In one of Dryden's plays, there is a passage which our correspondent may be inclined to quote in his own vindication:

——— 'Stillness first invades the ear,

And in that silence we the tempest hear.'

But we all know that this great poet frequently wrote nonsense in carelessness and haste.

The Contest, a poem by B., is accepted, and will appear in our next number, as will also the Stanzas addressed to Louisa.

The 'Single Gentleman, or a Flight of Fancy,' is under consideration.

The 'Sonnet to April' would certainly suit the time in which we are writing; but in no other respect will it suit our miscellany.

With regard to the 'Picturesque Sonnets,' we observe, that the rural spots which are supposed to have given rise to the effusions are not well chosen, and the poetry is *mediocre*.

THE  
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MAY 31, 1824.

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WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

NO. X.

THE COPSE.

APRIL 18th.—Sad wintry weather; a north-east wind; a sun that puts out one's eyes, without affording the slightest warmth; dryness that chaps lips and hands like a frost in December; rain that comes chilling and arrowy like hail in January; nature at a dead pause; no seeds up in the garden; no leaves out in the hedgerows; no cowslips swinging their pretty bells in the fields; no nightingales in the dingles; no swallows skimming round the great pond; no cuckoos (that ever I should miss that rascally sonneteer!) in any part! Nevertheless there is something of a charm in this wintry spring, this putting-back of the seasons. If the flower-clock must stand still for a month or two, could it choose a better time than that of the primroses and violets? I never remember (and for such gauds my memory, if not very good for aught of wise or useful, may be trusted) such an affluence of the one or such a duration of the other. Primrosy is the epithet which this year will retain in my recollection. Hedge, ditch, meadow, field, even the very paths and highways, are set with them; but their chief *habitat* is a certain copse, about a mile off, where they are spread like a carpet, and where I go to visit them rather oftener than quite comports with the dignity of a lady of mature age. I am going thither this very after-

noon, and May and her company are going too.

This May-flower of mine is a strange animal. Instinct and imitation make in her an approach to reason which is sometimes almost startling. She mimics all that she sees us do, with the dexterity of a monkey and far more of gravity and apparent purpose; cracks nuts and eats them; gathers currants and severs them from the stalk with the most delicate nicety; filches and munches apples and pears; is as dangerous in an orchard as a schoolboy; smells to flowers; smiles at meeting; answers in a pretty lively voice when spoken to, (sad pity that the language should be unknown!) and has greatly the advantage of us in a conversation, inasmuch as our meaning is certainly clear to her;—all this and a thousand amusing prettinesses, (to say nothing of her canine feat of bringing her game straight to her master's feet, and refusing to resign it to any hand but his) does my beautiful greyhound perform untaught, by the mere effect of imitation and sagacity. Well, May, at the end of the coursing season, having lost Brush, our old spaniel, her great friend, and the blue greyhound Mariette, her comrade and rival, both of which four-footed worthies were sent out to keep for the summer, began to find solitude a weary condition, and to look abroad for company. Now it so happened that the same suspension of sport which had reduced our little establishment from three dogs to one, had also

dispersed the splendid kennel of a celebrated courser in our neighbourhood, three of whose finest young dogs came home to 'their walk' (as the sporting phrase goes) at the collar-maker's in our village. May, accordingly, on the first morning of her solitude (she had never taken the slightest notice of her neighbours before, although they had sojournd in our street upwards of a fortnight,) bethought herself of the timely resource offered to her by the vicinity of these canine *beaux*, and went up boldly and knocked at their stable-door, which was already very commodiously on the half-latch. The three dogs came out with much alertness and gallantry, and May, declining apparently to enter their territories, brought them off to her own. This manœuvre has been repeated every day, with one variation: of the three dogs, the first a brindle, the second a yellow, and the third a black, the two first only are now admitted to walk or consort with her, and the last, poor fellow, for no fault that I can discover except May's caprice, is driven away not only by the fair lady, but even by his old companions—is, so to say, sent to Coventry. Of her two permitted followers, the yellow gentleman, Saladin by name, is decidedly the favorite. He is, indeed, May's shadow, and will walk with me whether I choose or not. It is quite impossible to get rid of him unless by discarding Miss May also;—and to accomplish a walk in the country without her, would be like an adventure of Don Quixote without his faithful 'squire Sancho.

So forth we set, May and I, and Saladin and the brindle; May and myself walking with the sclateness and decorum befitting our sex and age (she is three years old this grass, rising four)—the young things, for the soltan and the brindle are (not meaning any disrespect) little better than puppies, frisking and frolicking as best pleased them.

Our route lay for the first part along the sheltered quiet lanes which lead to our old habitation; a way never trodden by me without peculiar and home-like feelings, full of the recollections, the pains and pleasures of other days. But we are not to talk sentiment now;—even May would not understand that maudlin language. We must get on. What a wintry hedgerow this is for the eighteenth of April! Primrosy, to be sure, abundantly spangled with those

stars of the earth,—but so bare, so leafless, so cold! The wind whistles through the brown boughs as in winter. Even the early elder shoots, which do make an approach to springiness, look brown, and the small leaves of the woodbine, which have also ventured to peep forth, are of a sad purple, frost-bitten, like a dairy-maid's elbows on a snowy morning. The very birds, in this season of pairing and building, look chilly and uncomfortable, and their nests!—'Oh Saladin! come away from the hedge! Don't you see that what puzzles you and makes you leap up in the air is a redbreast's nest? Don't you see the pretty speckled eggs? Don't you hear the poor hen calling as it were for help? Come here this moment, sir!' And by good luck Saladin (who for a paynim has tolerable qualities) comes, before he has touched the nest, or before his playmate the brindle, the less manageable of the two, has espied it.

Now we go round the corner and cross the bridge, where the common, with its clear stream winding between clumps of elms, assumes so park-like an appearance. Who is this approaching so slowly and majestically, this square bundle of petticoat and cloke, this road-waggon of a woman? It is, it must be Mrs. Sally Mearing, the completest specimen within my knowledge of farmeresses (may I be allowed that innovation in language?) as they were. It can be nobody else.

Mrs. Sally Mearing, when I first became acquainted with her, occupied, together with her father (a superannuated man of ninety), a large farm very near our former habitation. It had been anciently a great manor-farm or court-house, and was still a stately substantial building, whose lofty halls and spacious chambers gave an air of grandeur to the common offices to which they were applied. Traces of gilding might yet be seen on the pannels which covered the walls, and on the huge carved chimney-pieces which rose almost to the ceilings; and the marble tables and the inlaid oak staircase still spoke of the former grandeur of the court. Mrs. Sally corresponded well with the date of her mansion, although she troubled herself little with its dignity. She was thoroughly of the old school, and had a most comfortable contempt for the new; rose at four in winter and summer, breakfasted at six, dined at eleven in the forenoon, cupped at five, and was regularly in bed

before eight, except when the hay-time or the harvest imperiously required her to sit up till sunset,—a necessity to which she submitted with no very good grace. To a deviation from these hours, and to the modern iniquities of white aprons, cotton stockings, and muslin handkerchiefs (Mrs. Sally herself always wore check, black worsted, and a sort of yellow compound which she was wont to call *susy*), together with the invention of drill ploughs and thrashing machines, she failed not to attribute all the mishaps or misdoings of the whole parish. The last-mentioned discovery especially aroused her indignation. Oh to hear her descendant on the merits of the flail, wielded by a stout right arm, such as she had known in her youth (for by her account there was as great a deterioration in bones and sinews as in the other implements of husbandry,) was enough to make the very inventor break his machine. She would even take up her favorite instrument, and thrash the air herself by way of illustrating her argument, and, to say truth, few men in these degenerate days could have matched the stout brawny muscular limb which Mrs. Sally displayed at sixty-five.

In spite of this contumacious rejection of agricultural improvements, the world went well with her at Court-Farm. A good landlord, an easy rent, incessant labor, unremitting frugality, and excellent times, ensured a regular though moderate profit; and she lived on, grumbling and prospering, flourishing and complaining, till two misfortunes befell her at once—her father died, and her lease expired. The loss of her father, although a bedridden man, turned of ninety, who could not in the course of nature have been expected to live very long, was a terrible shock to a daughter, who was not so much younger as to be without fears for her own life, and who had besides been so used to nursing the good old man, and looking to his little comforts, that she missed him as a mother would miss an ailing child. The expiration of the lease was a grievance and a puzzle of a different nature. Her landlord would have willingly retained his excellent tenant, but not on the terms on which she then held the land, which had not varied for fifty years: so that poor Mrs. Sally had the misfortune to find rent rising and prices sinking both at the same moment—a terrible solecism in po-

litical economy. Even this, however, I believe, she would have endured rather than have quitted the house where she was born and to which all her ways and notions were adapted, had not a priggish steward, as much addicted to improvement and reform as she was to precedent and established usages, insisted on binding her by lease to spread a certain number of loads of chalk on every field. This tremendous innovation, for never had that novelty in manure whitened the crofts and pigsties of Court-Farm, decided her at once. She threw the proposals into the fire, and left the place in a week.

Her choice of a habitation occasioned some wonder and much amusement in our village world. To be sure, upon the verge of seventy, an old maid may be permitted to dispense with the more rigid punctilio of her class, but Mrs. Sally had always been so tenacious on the score of character, so very a prude, so determined an avoider of the ‘men folk’ (as she was wont contemptuously to call them), that we all were conscious of something like astonishment, on finding that she and her little handmaiden had taken up their abode in one end of a spacious farm-house belonging to the bluff old bachelor, George Bridgewater of the Lea. Now farmer Bridgewater was quite as notorious for his aversion to petticoated things, as Mrs. Sally for her hatred to the unfeathered bipeds who wear doublet and hose, so that there was a little astonishment in that quarter too, and plenty of jests, which the honest farmer speedily silenced by telling all who joked on the subject that he had given his lodger fair warning, that, let people say what they would, he was quite determined not to marry her; so that, if she had any views that way, it would be better for her to go elsewhere. This declaration, which must be admitted to have been more remarkable for frankness than civility, made, however, no ill impression on poor Mrs. Sally. To the farmer she went, and at his house she lives still, with her little maid, her tabby cat, a decrepit sheep-dog, and much of the lumber of Court-Farm, which she could not find in her heart to part from. There she follows her old ways and her old hours, untempted by matrimony, and unassailed (as far as I hear) by love or by scandal, with no other grievance than an occasional dearth of employment for herself and her young lass, (even

pewter dishes do not always want scouring) and now and then a twinge of the rheumatism.

Here she is, that good relique of the olden time—for, in spite of her whims and prejudices, a better and a kinder woman never lived—here she is, with the hood of her red cloke pulled over her close black bonnet of that silk which once (it may be presumed) was fashionable, since it is still called mode, and her whole stout figure huddled up in a miscellaneous and most substantial covering of thick petticoats, gowns, aprons, shawls, and clokes,—a weight which it requires the strength of a thresher to walk under—here she is with her square honest visage and her loud frank voice;—and we hold a pleasant disjointed chat of rheumatisms and early chickens, bad weather, and hats with feathers in them;—the last exceedingly sore subject being introduced by poor little Jane Davics (a cousin of Mrs. Sally), who, passing us in a beaver bonnet on her road from school, stopped to drop her little curtsy, and was soundly scolded for her civility. Jane, who is a gentle, humble, smiling lass, about twelve years old, receives so many rebukes from her worthy relative, and bears them so meekly, that I should not wonder if they were to be followed by a legacy: I sincerely wish they may. Well, at last we said goodbye; when, on inquiring my destination, and hearing that I was bent to the ten-acre copse (part of the farm which she ruled so long), she stopped me to tell a dismal story of two sheep-stealers who sixty years ago were found hidden in that copse, and only taken after great difficulty and resistance and the maiming of a peace-officer.—‘Pray don’t go there, Miss! For mercy’s sake don’t be so venturesome! Think if they should kill you!’ were the last words of Mrs. Sally.

Many thanks for her care and kindness! But without being at all foolhardy in general, I have no great fear of the sheep-stealers of sixty years ago. Even if they escaped hanging for that exploit, I should greatly doubt their being in case to attempt another. So on we go: down the short shady lane, and out on the pretty retired green, shut in by fields and hedge-rows, which we must cross to reach the copse. How lively this green nook is to-day, half covered with cows and horses and sheep! And how glad these frolicksome greyhounds are to exchange the hard gravel

of the high road for this pleasant short turf which seems made for their gambols! How beautifully they are at play, chasing each other round and round in lessening circles, darting off at all kinds of angles, crossing and recrossing May, and trying to win her sedateness into a game at romps, turning round on each other with gay defiance, pursuing the cows and the colts, leaping up as if to catch the crows in their flight;—all in their harmless and innocent—‘Ah wretches! villains! rascals! four-footed mischiefs! canine plagues! Saladin! Brindle!’—They are after the sheep—‘Saladin, I say!’—They have actually singled out that pretty spotted lamb—‘Brutes, if I catch you! Saladin, Brindle!’ We shall be taken up for sheep-stealing presently ourselves. They have chased the poor little lamb into a ditch, and are mounting guard over it, standing at bay—‘Ah wretches, I have you now! for shame, Saladin! Get away, Brindle! See how good May is. Off with you, brutes! For shame! For shame!’ and brandishing a handkerchief, which could hardly be an efficient instrument of correction, I succeeded in driving away the two puppies, who after all meant nothing more than play, although it was somewhat rough, and rather too much in the style of the old fable of the boys and the frogs. May is gone after them, perhaps to scold them; for she has been as grave as a judge during the whole proceeding, keeping ostentatiously close to me, and taking no part whatever in the mischief.

The poor little pretty lamb! here it lies on the bank quite motionless, frightened I believe to death, for certainly those villains never touched it. It does not stir. Does it breathe? Oh yes, it does! It is alive, safe enough. Look, it opens its eyes, and, finding the coast clear and its enemies far away, it springs up in a moment and gallops to its dam, who has stood bleating the whole time at a most respectful distance. Who would suspect a lamb of so much simple cunning? I really thought the pretty thing was dead—and now how glad the ewe is to recover her curling spotted little one! How fluttered they look! Well! this adventure has hurried me too: between fright and running, I warrant you, my heart beats as fast as the lamb’s.

Ah! here is the shameless villain Saladin, the cause of the commotion, thrusting his slender nose into my hand

to beg pardon and make up! 'Oh wickedest of soltans! Most iniquitous Pagan! Soul of a Turk!'—but there is no resisting the good-humored creature's penitence. I must pat him. 'There! there! Now we will go to the copse, I am sure we shall find no worse malefactors than ourselves—shall we, May?—and the sooner we get out of sight of the sheep, the better; for Brindle seems meditating another attack. *Allons, messieurs*, over this gate, across this meadow, and here is the copse.'

How boldly that superb ash-tree with its fine silver bark rises from the bank, and what a fine entrance it makes with the holly beside it, which also deserves to be called a tree! But here we are in the copse. Ah! only one half of the underwood was cut last year, and the other is at its full growth; hazel, briar, woodbine, bramble, forming one impenetrable thicket, and almost uniting with the lower branches of the elms, and oaks, and beeches, which rise at regular distances over-head. No foot can penetrate that dense and thorny entanglement; but there is a walk all round by the side of the wide sloping bank, walk and bank and copse carpeted with primroses, whose fresh and balmy odor impregnates the very air. Oh how exquisitely beautiful! and it is not the primroses only, those gems of flowers, but the natural mosaic of which they form a part:—that net-work of ground ivy, with its lilac blossoms and the subdued tint of its purplish leaves, those rich mosses, those enameled wild hyacinths, those spotted arums, and above all those wreaths of ivy linking all the flowers together with chains of leaves more beautiful than blossoms, whose white veins seem swelling amidst the deep green or splendid brown;—it is the whole earth that is so beautiful. Never surely were primroses so richly set, and never did primroses better deserve such a setting. There they are of their own lovely yellow, the hue to which they have given a name, the exact tint of the butterfly that overhangs them (the first I have seen this year! can spring really be coming at last?)—sprinkled here and there with tufts of a reddish purple, and others of the purest white, as some accident of soil affects that strange and inscrutable operation of nature, the coloring of flowers. Oh how fragrant they are, and how pleasant it is to sit in this sheltered copse, listening to the fine

creaking of the wind amongst the branches, the most unearthly of sounds, with this gay tapestry under our feet, and the wood-pigeons sitting from tree to tree, and mixing their deep note of love with the elemental music.

Yes! spring is coming. Wood-pigeons, butterflies, and sweet flowers, all give token of the sweetest of the seasons. Spring is coming. The hazel stalks are swelling and putting forth their pale tassels; the satin palms, with their honeyed odors, are out on the willow, and the last lingering winter berries are dropping from the hawthorn, and making way for the bright and blossomy leaves.

#### THE WOOD.

April 28th.—Spring is actually come now, with the fullness and almost the suddenness of a northern summer. To-day is April in all her charms;—a bright sun, light clouds, soft showers, and south-west wind; blossoms on the trees, grass in the fields, swallows by the ponds, and nightingales in the thickets. A lovely day it certainly is, just the day to take my fair young friend Ellen G. to gather wood-sorrel. She never saw that most elegant plant, and is so delicate an artist (indeed her flowers seem to grow on the paper), that the introduction will be a mutual benefit. Ellen will gain a subject worthy of her pencil, and the pretty weed will live—no small favor to a flower almost as transitory as the gum cistus; for duration is the only charm that it wants, in my eyes at least, and that Ellen will give it.

We shall order the pony-chaise, and she shall drive me. She likes driving, and I like to have such a charioteer, such a piece of life and youth at my side. I know no fitter emblem of the dear girl than this-April day,—blooming, bright, and various, yet gentle and delightful in every change. We will go in quest of the wood-sorrel, and will take May, provided we can escape May's followers; for, since the adventure of the lamb, Saladin has had an affair with a gander furious in defence of his goslings, in which rencontre the gander came off conqueror; and as geese abound in the neighbouring wood (called by the country people the Pinge, and the victory may not always incline to the right side, I should be very sorry to lead the soltan to fight his battles over again.—Aye, shut him up—that is right—we can do without him or his brindled friend. And on we go for three miles, through

winding lanes, between hedge-rows tenderly green, till we reach the farm-house nearest to the Pinge, where we leave our little equipage, and proceed on foot to the place of our destination. That gate, with the white cottage beside it embosomed in fruit-trees, opens into the wood,—and in a moment we are there. ‘Is not this beautiful, Ellen?’ The answer could hardly be any other than a glowing rapid ‘yes!’ A wood is generally a pretty place; but this wood—imagine a smaller forest, full of glades and sheep-walks, surrounded by irregular cottages with their blooming orchards, a clear stream winding about the brakes, and a road intersecting it, and giving life and light to the picture; and you will have a faint idea of the Pinge. Every step opens a new point of view, a fresh combination of glade, and path, and thicket. The accessories too are changing every moment. Ducks, geese, pigs, and children, give way, as we advance into the wood, to sheep and forest-ponies; and they again disappear as we become more entangled in its mazes, till we hear nothing but the song of the nightingale, and see only the silent flowers.

What a piece of fairy-land it is! The tall elms over-head just bursting into tender vivid leaf, with here and there a hoary oak or silver-barked beech, every twig swelling with the brown buds, and yet not quite stripped of the tawny foliage of autumn; tall hollies and hawthorns beneath, with their crisp brilliant leaves, mixed with the white-blossomed sloe, and woven together with garlands of woodbines and wild briars; and then the ground—what a fine verdure the turf displays, except where it is over-spread by flowers!

‘Is this the wood-sorrel, Mary, covering the open walk,—this regular, open-eyed, white blossom, that springs from its dark leaves, and grows so profusely above the primroses, and pansies, and cowslips that almost hide the turf?’—‘No, that is the wood anemone, or, to use the more elegant Hampshire name, the wind-flower. Did you never meet with it before? This is the wood-sorrel—here, under the holly. Do you not see the pendent white flower, shaped like a snow-drop, and veined with purple streaks, and the beautiful trefoil leaves folded like a heart,—some, the young ones, so vividly yet tenderly green, that the foliage of the elm and the hawthorn

would show dully at their side,—others of a deeper tint and lined, as it were, with a rich and changeable purple,—do you not see them?’—‘Oh, yes! how exquisitely beautiful! and in what quantity, what profusion! Look under the holly, see how the dark shade sets off the light and delicate coloring of the flower, either growing in the midst of the thorny brake, or springing from the rich moss in the roots of that old beech-tree. Oh how beautiful! but how fragile! we must gather roots and all; never mind scratched fingers,—we shall soon fill our baskets—gather away!’ and quickly and carefully we are gathering; scratching our fingers, tearing our gowns,—now caught by the veil in a holly-bush, now hitching our shawls in the brambles,—encountering some petty misfortune every moment, but laughing and delighted with all, till the baskets will hold no more, and we are talking of our departure.

‘But where is May? May! May! No going home without her—May! Here she comes galloping,—the beauty! What has she in her mouth?—that rough round brown substance which she touches so tenderly?—what can it be? A bird’s nest? Naughty May!’

‘No! as I live, a hedgehog!—Don’t bring it to me, May, the prickly ugly thing! Look, Ellen, how it has coiled itself into a thorny ball! Off with it, May! And what is that gliding across the path, and rustling amongst the dead leaves? A snake! really a snake! And what is that bird on the tree?’—

‘Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!’

‘Oh torment of the air! winged monotony! Did I ever think that I should be glad to hear you? There you are at last, and spring is come in good earnest, with its pleasures and its pains.’

M.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CAPABILITY OF  
THE HUMAN FRAME FOR THE ENDU-  
RANCE OF ALL CLIMATES;

*by Mr. E. Griffith.*

THE strength and flexibility of the frame of man enable him to subsist in every variety of temperature, while his ingenuity can devise the means of support from the most ungrateful soils. We find him in the high latitudes of the polar regions, and beneath the burning line; on the lofty mountain, in the deep

valley, and the sandy desert. Cold and heat, drought and moisture, and every atmospheric variety, seem to be alike to him. He may be said to be endowed with terrestrial ubiquity. He thrives every where, and climate is less influential in the production of varieties in his species than in every other. The tendency to variation from diversity of abode is much more conspicuous in the inferior animal creation.

The Greenlanders and Esquimaux are found as far as between 70 and 80 deg. of north latitude, and Europeans have formed settlements in Greenland in as high a degree. Dr. Aikin notices the fact of three Russians having lived between six and seven years in Spitzbergen, between 77 and 78 degrees. The capacity of the human species to endure cold has been still farther illustrated by the late enterprising voyagers to the Arctic regions. While the mercury has been frozen in the ball of the thermometer and in the open air, while many of the animals who seem apparently born for these inhospitable climates, proved incapable of enduring the intensity of the cold, the enterprising and philosophic travelers, Parry, Franklin, and their companions, have lately braved all the rigors of a worse than Siberian winter.

In a temperature where brandy is frozen even in rooms, the wild Canadians and the Esquimaux proceed with impunity to the chase; and even Europeans, if they keep their blood in circulation by sufficient exercise, can bear without detriment a similar severity of cold. The Danes have lived in 72 deg. of north latitude in Greenland; and the Dutch, under Heemskirk, wintered at Nova Zembla, in 76 deg.

On the other hand, the capacity of man to endure intense heat is not less remarkable than his power of sustaining cold. Notwithstanding the assertion of Boerhaave, that a temperature from 96 to 100 deg. would be fatal to the human species, yet the mean temperature of Sierra Leone is 84 deg. of Fahrenheit; and, at some distance from the coast, the thermometer has been seen at 100, and even 103 deg. in the shade. Buffon mentions a case of its having reached to 117 deg. In Sicily it rises to 112 degrees at various times. In South Carolina it has been seen at 115 degrees, even in the shade, and Humboldt saw it

rise from 110 to 115 deg. near the river Oronoko.

Thus it appears that man can sustain all the degrees of heat and cold felt in this planet. Nor is his capacity less for supporting the varieties of atmospheric pressure. We reckon that at the level of the sea the average pressure of the atmosphere is 32,325lb., upon the whole surface of the body, calculated by the barometer at thirty inches. On ascending to a height of 12,000 feet, the barometer stands at 20½ inches, and the pressure is reduced to 21,750lb. At this elevation there are immense tracts of land in South America, well stocked with inhabitants. Condamine and Bouguer lived for three weeks, with their attendants, as high as 14,604 French feet above the level of the sea, where the barometer stood at fifteen inches nine lines, and the pressure was only 16,920lb. There are extensive plains in the Peruvian territory at an elevation of 9000 feet, and the interior provinces of Mexico, containing half a million of square miles, present a level altitude of between 6000 and 8000 feet. The city of Mexico is 7475 feet above the level of the sea, and that of Quito 9550. The highest inhabited spot on the surface of our globe is said to be the hamlet of Antisana, 13,500 feet above the level of the sea, and Humboldt ascended Chimborazo to the height of 19,300 feet. We never find men, in any part, living under a greater degree of pressure than that first mentioned, the depth to which mining has been extended not much affecting this question. In diving, indeed, a considerable increase of pressure may be borne; as, on the other hand, those who have ascended in balloons beyond any point of elevation on the surface of the earth, have consequently experienced a reduction of pressure much more considerable than any above stated.

#### A BENEVOLENT AND PHILANTHROPIC SPECULATION.

MR. HUNTER, being as well acquainted with the habits and manners of the North-American barbarians, as he is with civilised life, has formed a plan for promoting the approximation of the former to the latter. We wish to recommend his plan to the notice of our readers: but it is proper that he should speak for himself.



'I look forward with pleasure (he says) to the task I have undertaken voluntarily. The motives are no less than the preservation of a high-minded, noble race of the human family, who have been debased, cheated and slandered, from a destruction which inevitably awaits them, unless some kind arm be interposed to arrest the causes which are rapidly hurrying them to oblivion. The very thought that such a people, inheriting such distinguished gifts from nature, should eventually become extinct, without records even to tell their melancholy fate, must be truly affecting to those who think seriously on the subject. To me, whose liveliest associations and earliest impressions were derived amongst them, it is indescribably painful. I cannot reconcile it to my feelings to believe it. Independent of the encroachments of the white population, their present mode of life exposes them to a great source of destruction. I mean their being dependent on the precarious supply of nature for subsistence. Compelled to follow the roving herds into distant regions, they arrive in an enemy's country, sometimes almost famished, worn down with fatigue, and frequently tortured with disease. This is almost a perpetual cause of war with one or more tribes. Fix the roving native at home, a home he can call his own; even if he only half cultivates his corn, and but a little spot, under the nurturing influence of a genial sun, in the bosom of a productive soil, his little field will afford bread in abundance; while the towering forests, from the abundance of nuts which they produce, will amply supply him with the pork which they are well known to support in vast numbers, and the fine grazing of the plains and prairies will always supply him with beef, and the blessings of the dairy: yes! once teach the mountain-minded warrior to unbend his lofty notions of fame, the glory of tearing off the scalp of his enemy; show him living examples of social excellence, moral rectitude and domestic comfort; excite his ambition (not extinguish it) on the side of virtue, the useful and peaceful arts; and enlist his zeal in support of mental and intellectual improvement;—succeed thus far, I venture to say the benevolent will have the pleasure to find them as proper objects of their goodness, as any to whom they ever extended it. They will find their labors repaid by their rapid and useful improvement, their time

rewarded by a large bounty of valuable land, and, for every charitable action, a warm return of heartfelt gratitude.

'My plan to extend the benefit of civil life to the Indians is, to settle in the vicinity of the Quapaws. They have a brave and manly chief. He is a man of talent; his glory is fallen, but his spirit not sunk: his lofty mind, still elastic, rises under pressure, and lifts him above the frowns of misfortune. His influence is felt beyond the little remnant of his tribe, and is felt by the neighbouring whites. They have not yet assumed the habits of civilised life; their country yet abounds in game, but it is fast disappearing before the ravages of the white man. I own a tract of land near them. I wish to let them see my improvements, my comfortable house, my rich meadows, my full barn, my fine stock; in short, every comfort which industry, seconded by art, can afford. I would invite them frequently to see me, show them my independence, let them see that I have not to run after the game, and expose my health in the wet and cold, and my life and liberty to my enemies. This will be an appeal to their pride, and their honor, on which points they are extremely sensitive; emulation would be the consequence, for they hate to be outdone.

'I would not wholly abandon their habits; I would frequently amuse myself at shooting, especially when they might call to see me: they think it a great mark of worth to excel in the use of the rifle. I would indulge in many of their rural sports; I would use the pipe as a sign of hospitality; I have experienced it, and I know the habits which are hardest to part with or adopt, on entering the civilised life.

'The Indian clings with ardor to early habits, and commonly resigns them at the expense of his peace; but example can do much, when we are in earnest and feel what we are about. The great object will be, to convert the rambler over the forest to a domestic character. Nature has given him a soul which disdains the chains of tyranny; convert his independence from the ardor of war to the cultivation of peace with mankind. Nature has taught his bosom to glow with the flame of love to the softer sex; let domestic education turn that ardor into kindness and attention, to an attention which shall elevate his burthened squaw to his equal in society, to

a companion of his toils and partner of his joys. Nature has kindled the fires of parental solicitude in his breast; let him teach his children industry, duty to their mother, and all the innocent sports and amusements of life.

‘It is easy to conceive what would be the result: the Indian wigwam would be soon supplied by a lasting dwelling, and the bountiful fruits of the field supply the exertions of the chase. The roaming tenant of the woods would soon be the ornament of civil society. I have no assistant to accompany me with my designs, though I have many friends in my country; I have much to perform, and little beyond personal exertion with which to accomplish it.

‘In the choice of amusements much may be done to prevent vicious habits. To the young and the gay I would recommend such amusements as are calculated to exercise the whole frame, and cause a disposition to rest; others would be capable of choosing for themselves. Man is the creature of motives; and, as he always obeys the most powerful motive, I would frequently appeal, more by actions than by words, to the leading and master passions of the Indian’s character; that is, after obtaining his confidence and friendship, I would let him see the preference of my plan, by directing his attention to the great results of virtuous improvement.

‘The present juncture is more favorable than former times on another account. Not until within a very few years, have the brave Indians believed that all the powers on earth combined could conquer them. The brave and gallant Tecumseh was of that opinion: his fall has damped the ardor, and crushed the hopes of many; and now, the wise and experienced are conscious they must either become tenants of the soil, or be soon lost in the sea of forgetfulness! No idea is more affecting to the brave Indian warrior, than that his very tribe and nation shall perish from the face of the earth: the love he bears to his tribe, to his aged parents, his wife and little ones, has caused him to traverse the trackless forest for days without food; to risk his life in battle; and determined him to defend them to the last, or die in the attempt.

‘Here then is another strong passion to appeal to. If he will suffer so much for his people, destroy his comfort, endanger his life; why not do much more

for them by burying the tomahawk at the roots of the tree of peace, and taking the handles of the plough and other useful utensils? Preserve your people from annihilation by making them happy, by increasing their comforts, by causing the hearts of aged parents to bless their industrious son; and make the wife feel that she has a companion and protector in her husband, and the little ones, rioting in all the pleasures of health and plenty, rapidly approaching the meridian splendor of manhood, wise and useful members of civil life. I know of no stronger appeal that can be made to the Indian. He is affectionate, fraternal, patriotic: such a people are not likely to neglect the only means of arresting the blow which threatens their destruction; means which, in providing for the wants and infirmities of life, afford peace and security to its subjects.

‘On the banks of the St. Francis, or white river, in a delightful climate, and prolific soil; where their habits are simple; where nature has lavished her favors, and emptied the horn of abundance; where, with little exertion, the tenant may reap abundant plenty,—I propose to lay the plan of a settlement. By selecting such a spot, I include many advantages. On one hand, I am on the highway to one of the best markets in the world; although eight hundred miles from New Orleans, I am a near neighbour by the rapidity of steam-boat navigation. Even Pittsburgh and New Orleans are now shaking hands, and exchanging civilities every day. This immense river is supported by streams issuing from sources in all directions, forming an area of several thousand miles, and commands the resources of all the immeasurable tract of fruitful country included in that circle. Thus we can have ample intercourse with the civilised world, and at any time. More than two hundred steam-boats, some of seven hundred and fifty tons, now navigate the ‘mother of waters’ and its tributaries! On the other hand, after enjoying free intercourse with all the commercial world, our situation in the interior gives us all the advantages of an almost interminable wild country, containing all the delights and beauties of bountiful nature; penetrated by streams navigable from seven to nine hundred miles without a settler, save some hunters’ temporary camp; smiling with all the splendid gifts of Providence.

My Indian friends can enjoy in perfect security what they formerly hardly enjoyed with the risk of their lives. Hunting, which was formerly an indispensable labor, now becomes a source of amusement, and a relaxation from domestic duties: they will have plenty of the necessities and most of the comforts of life at home; they have boundless tracts to roam upon for sport. - - -

'The rise of property will be immense; and the Indians, who have formerly been fooled out of their lands, being now more sensible of their value, may become the rightful owners of wealth and power, and occupy that dignified station in society which they richly deserve, and which all should be ambitious to attain.'

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MEMOIRS OF GOETHE, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.—2 vols. 8vo.

IN the hands of a man of genius, autobiography is very pleasing and attractive. It develops, in an interesting manner, the feelings and impressions which moved or influenced the writer, the progress of his mind, the motives of his actions, and the principles of his conduct. It exhibits, in vivid colors, his opinions of men and things, and leads us to a more intimate acquaintance with the author and his friends than we should otherwise have attained. Effusions of vanity may be expected in a work of this description; but there are many readers who will say that this is merely a proper and justifiable sense of that merit which has been acknowledged by the public voice. We think, however, that the excess of self-love above modest humility is too glaring in this narrative.

Goethe was born at Frankfort in 1749. He mentions, with a sneer at the folly of astrologers, the supposed planetary accompaniments of his birth:—'I was born under fortunate auspices; the sun was in the sign of the Virgin at the utmost degree of elevation. The aspects of Jupiter and Venus were favorable to the day. Mercury testified no signs of hostility; Saturn and Mars were neutral. The moon, however, then near the full, was an important obstacle; and the more so, as the labor which attended my birth coincided with the hour of her new phase. She retarded my entrance into the world until that moment had elapsed.'

He dwells with circumstantial minuteness on the feelings of his childhood, and

fondly describes the walks, haunts, and amusements of his early days. He gives us even graphic descriptions of the rooms of the house in which he was born—its furniture, books, and pictures. He justly considers the events of that period as the materials for the thoughts and actions of future life. His imagination was even then filled with deep reflections on subjects of the highest and most mysterious nature—such as the power and providence of God, and the wonders of the creation. He received an excellent education by means of domestic instruction—a system, however, which he pointedly condemns. He recalls with delight the recollection of his first reading Robinson Crusoe, and dwells with rapture on the pleasure imparted to him by the *Contes Bleus*, *Fortunatus*, the *Wandering Jew*, &c.—tales which are the common property of Europe, and which will long continue to interest the rising mind.

He attributes the excitement of his dramatic propensities to the appearance of a foreign army in his native town. The French, taking possession of Frankfort in 1759, introduced their drama; and the enthusiastic boy, becoming acquainted with some of the players, entered with great zeal into all their concerns. His father's house was occupied by the count de Thorane, who, being an admirer of painting, collected around him the principal artists of the city, whose works young Goethe examined with an eye of taste. The circumstance of having such a guest also improved his knowledge of French, to which he soon added English and Hebrew. The reason of his learning the language of the old Testament was this: he had composed a little romance, in which he introduced a ridiculous character speaking the jargon of the German Jews, and this suggested to him the idea of ascending to pure Hebrew. His studies were hence naturally directed to the Bible.—'This study of the sacred books (he says) concentrated on one single point all my scattered acquisitions—all the powers of my understanding and judgement. I am unable to describe the sensation of internal peace which I experienced, when I could penetrate into the profound meaning of these wondrous writings. When my too active imagination led me astray—when fable and history, mythology and religion, mingling in my mind, left my ideas confused—I took refuge in those ancient Oriental coun-

tries; I plunged into the first books of Moses: and amongst those races of shepherds who peopled Asia, I found at once the charms of the deepest solitude, when my fancy wandered in the wilderness; and those of the most agreeable society, when I imagined myself in the tents of the patriarchs.—Such were the feelings which prompted him to write the history of Joseph in a poetical kind of prose, which was, undoubtedly, a great exertion for one who had not advanced far beyond the period of childhood.

He continued his various studies, extended the circle of his acquaintance, and, in his progress to adolescence, ventured to *fall in love*. One glance from a pair of fine eyes seemed to fix his affection, which he disclosed in the most delicate and graceful way: but he was soon shocked by a discovery of the mal-practices of the young lady's relatives, who were accused of forgery and swindling. His constant visits to their private haunts induced a belief that he was implicated in their guilt, from which suspicion, however, he freed himself. They were banished, and the lady, though innocent, quitted the town. He was inconsolable for a long time, but was at last cured by learning that his mistress had sworn, in her declarations before the magistrates, that she only regarded her lover as a child, and merely permitted him to take childish liberties. This roused his pride, and he banished from his heart the fair author of so gross an affront.

He was now sent to the university of Leipsic, where, while he pretended to study the law, he devoted himself to polite learning. His poetical effusions, however, were severely criticised by some of his academical friends; and one of them, in particular, warned him against courting the Muse. 'Gellert (he says) was eternally preaching against poetry. In his private lessons he constantly endeavoured to dissuade us from it. He wished all compositions to be in prose. Verse appeared to him a very dull addition. But, what was worse, my prose itself seldom met with his approbation. Faithful to my old style, I always gave my subject the form of an epistolary romance. I rose in these compositions to a passionate tone, and the style was elevated above common prose. Although the ideas certainly indicated no great knowledge of mankind, still my productions were not worse than those of others. But I met with very little indulgence

from Gellert. He examined them carefully, corrected them with red ink, and wrote a few moral reflections here and there in the margin.'

Of his introduction to Gottsched, he says,—'it was characteristic of the man. He lived in a handsome first floor at the Golden Bear; old Breitkopf had given him these apartments for life, in consideration of the benefits arising to his bookselling business from the translations and other works of his guest. We were announced. The servant told us his master would be with us immediately, and showed us into a spacious room. Perhaps we did not comprehend a sign he made us. We thought he was directing us into an adjoining chamber, on entering which we witnessed a whimsical scene. Gottsched appeared at the same instant, at an opposite door. He was enormously corpulent. He wore a damask robe de chambre lined with red taffeta. His monstrous bald head was bare, contrary to his intention, for his servant rushed in at the same instant by a side door, with a long wig in his hand, the curls of which descended below the shoulders. He presented it to his master with a trembling hand. Gottsched, with the greatest apparent serenity, took the wig with his left hand, with which he dexterously fitted it to his head, whilst with the right he gave the poor devil a most vigorous box on the ear, which sent him to the door in a pirouette, like a valet in a play; after which the old pedagogue, turning to us with an air of dignity, requested us to be seated, and conversed with us very politely for a considerable time.'

The amorous spirit still remained with Goethe; and he met with a young charmer at Leipsic, whose beauty and attractions consoled him for the loss of his former sweetheart. She seemed to be inclined to reward his courtship; but his jealousy, and his seeming arrogance of spirit, cooled her rising love, and he lost the prize at which he appeared to aim. He lamented his folly in a dramatic piece.—'This (he says) was the origin of the oldest of those of my dramatic works which have been preserved; the title of which is, *The Caprices of a Lover*. It is a faithful picture of the affliction caused to an innocent being by an ardent passion. But I was already acquainted with the miseries of social life; my adventure with Margaret, and the consequences of that connexion, had

opened my eyes to the strange irregularities that are to be found in the bosom of civil society. Religion, morality, the laws, the influence of profession, habitual relations, and custom—all these things rule its surface only. In a town, the streets embellished with fine houses are carefully kept clean: every one behaves in them with tolerable decency. But penetrate into the interior, and you will often find in them a disorder which seems the more disgusting from the neatness that prevails without. A glaring stucco on the outside, scarcely conceals walls that are ready to fall in ruins. At length, some night, down they come, with a crash that seems the more terrible, on account of the tranquil repose amidst which it suddenly happens. How many families, more or less connected with me, have I already seen either precipitated into the abyss, or with difficulty preserving themselves on the brink of the precipice, toward which they have been hurried by bankruptcies, divorces, rapes, robberies, and murders! Young as I was, how often in such cases has my aid been resorted to: for my open manner already inspired confidence. My discretion had been tried. No sacrifice alarmed my zeal, and I was capable of rendering myself useful in the most perilous circumstances. I often had opportunities of appeasing or averting a storm, and of rendering all kinds of good offices. I had been exercised by numerous and painful trials, caused by events which interested others or myself. These events furnished me with subjects and plans for dramatic compositions: I sketched several of them; but I found it too painful a task to complete them. As they all necessarily terminated in a gloomy and tragical manner, I abandoned them all one after another. The only one I finished was the *Accomplices*. The gay and burlesque coloring which mingles with family scenes of a dark hue, enlivens a representation which, on the whole, leaves a sorrowful impression. Acts of violation of the laws, represented in their true character of rude violence, annihilate the sentiment of the beautiful, and that of morality. It is this which generally excludes such productions from the theatre, although they have sometimes been favourably received by the public, where these circumstances have been softened. Yet these dramatic pieces were composed under the influence of more elevated views, although I did not

analyse those motives whilst I was engaged in their production. They tend to produce sentiments of tolerance in the moral account which men are destined to render. They illustrate in a forcible manner those truly Christian words, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.'

By a visit to Dresden he improved his taste both for literature and the arts, and considerably augmented his knowledge of men and manners. Yet the attractions of that city were not so forcible as to induce him to establish himself in it, and he returned to Frankfort, where he was seduced by his wayward fancy into the pursuits of alchemy and the reveries of visionary philosophy. In these unsatisfactory studies he so far involved himself, that he injured his health by the anxiety and warmth of his zeal. He then repaired to Strasbourg with views both of personal relief and of mental proficiency. His subsequent travels are not sufficiently particularised; but it appears that he visited Switzerland in 1779, and Italy in 1786.

He acknowledges that his literary taste was decidedly influenced by the study of Shakspeare, 'who (he says) is perhaps better known in Germany than even in England.' It was Dr. Dodd's collection of the beauties of our great dramatist that first inspired him with admiration. 'Notwithstanding all that may be said against collections of this kind, which only make an author known piecemeal, they produce, in my opinion, very good effects. Our understandings are not always strong enough to comprehend the whole value of an entire work; nor do we always know how to distinguish the passages which have an immediate relation to ourselves. Young people, in particular, whose minds are not sufficiently cultivated to possess much penetration, may be discouraged if they have to choose for themselves; and they have a greater relish for the brilliant extracts which are detached and laid before them. For my part, the perusal of the fragments, which I met with in the collection above-mentioned, is amongst my most agreeable recollections. Those noble strokes of originality, those fine sentiments, those excellent descriptions, those sallies of rich humour, so frequent in Shakspeare, had a powerful effect on me when presented in this insulated manner.'

In the midst of his literary exercita-

tions, he again indulged in the task of courtship. His new idol was not handsome; but, while the fit continued, he thought her highly agreeable, and she was still more pleased with him: but he at length became weary of the pursuit, and discontinued his addresses.

He at length resolved to become a professed author, being fully convinced of his own ability.—‘Certain subjects (he says) had in a manner rooted themselves in my soul, and were by degrees taking a poetical aspect. These were Goetz von Berlichingen and Faust. The life of the former had made a deep impression upon me. The rough and honorable character of this independent man, at a period of savage anarchy, inspired me with the liveliest interest. In the popular drama of which Faust is the hero, I found more than one tone which vibrated strongly in my very soul. I also had passed through the circle of the sciences, and had early convinced myself of their vanity. All my endeavours to find felicity in life had hitherto proved fruitless. I delighted in meditating on these subjects in my solitary hours, before I had written any thing.’

In preparing for Werther he endeavoured to free his mind from all external influence, to regard all out of himself with benevolence and affection, and to leave all beings to produce their effects on him according to their respective natures. Such is the mystic sort of language in which he, like most of his brother critics of Germany, thinks proper to describe his mental emotions. A more rational cause may be found in his having become acquainted with persons whose habits and manners he has delineated in his romance. Werther himself is the representative of a youth of the unromantic name of Jerusalem, whom he describes as middle-sized, oval-faced, blue-eyed and fair-haired, dressed in a blue frock, yellow waistcoat, and boots with brown tops. The wife of the young man’s friend was every thing that we find her in the Sorrows of Werther, as was Albert also; and Goethe’s practice of holding imaginary conversations in solitude, in which he made his friends fancied interlocutors, gave him a facility of combining these characters in the situations he has so eloquently described.

The account of his acquaintance with this couple is curious and striking. ‘As a new comer, free from all engagements, I felt myself in full security in the pre-

sence of a young lady whose hand was engaged. She could not interpret the marks of the most perfect devotion as attempts to attach her to me; and she was therefore free to accept them as disinterested proofs of affection and esteem. I neither wished to be, nor could be, more than her friend, and hence I was the more easily enthralled. The youthful couple showed a sincere friendship for me, and treated me with perfect confidence. I, who had hitherto been idle and absent, like a man dissatisfied with his condition, now found all I wanted in a female friend, who, although her thoughts were constantly fixed on the future, knew how to abandon herself to the present moment. She took pleasure in my company; and it was not long before I found it impossible to exist out of hers. I had daily opportunities of seeing her: we might all be said to live together, and we became almost inseparable, at home and abroad. As soon as business left the lover at liberty, he flew to the presence of his mistress. Thus, without thinking of it, we all three accustomed ourselves to each other, and always found ourselves together, without having formed any plan for meeting. We lived together in this manner a whole summer, like the characters of a true German idyl, the foundation of which was a fertile country, whilst a pure, lively, and sincere attachment formed its poetry. We took walks amidst rich harvests, moistened by the copious dew of the morning; we listened to the cheerful song of the lark, and the quail’s shrill cry. If the heat became oppressive, or a storm overtook us, we never thought of separating; and the charm of an affection equally constant and tender easily dispelled any little domestic anxieties. Thus one day succeeded another, and all were holidays to us. Our whole calendar might have been printed in red letters. Whoever remembers the expressions of the happy and ill-fated lover of Julia will easily understand me. ‘Seated at the feet of my beloved, I shall peel hemp, and desire nothing farther, this day, to-morrow, the day after—all my life.’

He now assumed a high rank among the German writers, and his reputation was fully established. Between him and his literary brethren no jealousy seems to have subsisted; mutual regard and esteem, and consequent friendliness, appear to have prevailed among them.

They kept each other in a state of continued intellectual excitement, and readily afforded reciprocal aid. Goethe's accounts of some of the number are lively, spirited, and interesting; and his observations respecting the influence of these distinguished characters on the literature of Germany are pertinent and judicious.

The last incident recorded by him is another love affair, which seems to hold out a prospect of marriage, when the story is suddenly discontinued: but it appears that he was afterwards invited to dignify with his residence the city of Weimar, where he still enjoys comfort and independence, amidst the smiles of the court and the favor of the people.

Critical remarks, by the translator of the memoirs, will form a proper sequel to the biography.—‘On an examination of Goethe's principal dramatic works, it will be found that *Goetz von Berlichingen* and *Egmont* are written on the model of the Shakspearian historical tragedy; that *Clavijo* resembles the domestic tragedies of Lillo and Lessing, with the observance of the French dramatic rules; that, in *Iphigenia in Tauris*, German sentiments and ideas are invested with Greek forms; and that *Torquato Tasso* exhibits the conflict of poetic genius with the spirit of courts. In the two last-mentioned dramas, simplicity of action is carried to such excess, that it almost sinks into insipidity. It would appear that the author, weary of scenic bustle and complicated incident, tried the possibility of exciting interest by dramatic pictures, almost devoid of action, and representing only a few characters. As to *Faust*, it has neither parallel nor model. There is no point of comparison for such a work. It is an allegorical romance, a tale of witchcraft in scenes and dialogues; but, in spite of all its extravagance, it is nevertheless a stupendous piece of machinery, put together and finished with exquisite skill. In this production Goethe has displayed all the versatility and flexibility of his talent; and, if the reader can enter into the monstrous visions of mysticism and superstition which the author unfolds, he will find him a poet of the highest order. The character of Margaret is at once pathetic and agonizing:—whether it be conceived and delineated in conformity with the rules of propriety and consistency, is a point on which Goethe never seems to have

bestowed a thought. This work of phantasmagoric terror is intended to convey a moral lesson. Satiation of pleasure, even of intellectual enjoyment, leads to error and crime. He who is content with nothing, in the end surrenders up his soul to perdition. Such is the conclusion of this dramatic apologue.

‘In his minor dramas, Goethe displays the art of conferring a lively interest on the most trivial subjects. The seal of superior genius and talent is always perceptible. In his comedy of the *Accomplices*, the characters are criminal in a more or less revolting degree: but, if the disgust which they are naturally calculated to inspire be once surmounted, it will be found that they are drawn with the truth of nature, and that the piece possesses considerable comic humor in its situations. Interest, gaiety, and natural delineation of local manners, enliven the pretty pastoral drama of *Jery and Bately*, and the one-act piece of the *Brother and Sister*. *A Lover's Caprices*, *Erwin and Elmira*, *Lida*, *Claudine von Villa Bella*, and Goethe's other comic pieces, all bear the stamp of originality.

The unqualified admiration of Germany has been bestowed on his compositions in the lighter styles of poetry. These minor poems certainly require great talent, and often inspire no less interest than productions of higher pretensions; and, as he has been eminently successful in their execution, it is not surprising that his countrymen have assigned to him the highest rank as a writer of epistles and satires, and as an elegiac and pastoral poet.

His *Werther* is so well known in England, that to enter into any account of that work would be superfluous. *Wilhelm Meister* is imbued with enthusiasm of imagination and feeling, united to glowing and faithful descriptions of the beauties of nature; but this novel is inferior to the former in force of interest and well-maintained action, though the most powerful degree of emotion is excited by the episode of the lovely and devoted Mignon.

‘Beauty of language is a charm which peculiarly characterises his writings. He is always elegant and correct, natural, fanciful, and energetic. His style is happily adapted to every subject, simple as well as sublime. In this particular alone, he is, in the estimation of his countrymen, the first of German writers.’

## THE PICTURE :—A DRAMATIC SCENE.

## CHARACTERS.

COLANTONIO DEL FIORE.

ANGELO SOLARIO.

LAURA.

LISABETTA.

SCENE.—*An Artist's Painting-Room—Flower-pieces finished and unfinished on the walls and the easel—a large picture covered with a veil in the front.*

COLANTONIO.—LISABETTA.

Col. GOOD LISABETTA, know'st thou of my daughter, Madonna Laura? I have sought in vain Her chamber and her garden bower.

Lis. She's still  
At vespers, signor.

Col. Aye, I might have guess'd—  
My fair and pensive nun! She flies the light  
And vain companionship of this gay city;  
Shunning alike woman her gossip, man  
Her vassal; coy, demure, retiring, shy,  
Living in Naples here as if the world  
Were all made up of the still garden where  
My flowers grow, and this cool quiet room  
Where my old hand, not yet deprived by age  
Of its accustom'd skill, lends them new life  
On canvas. But to seek the lonely church,  
Where, closely veil'd, at vesper-hour she steals  
To muse and pray, my gentle daughter ne'er  
Forsakes her home.

Lis. In truth, she is too sad.  
But, good padronè, 'tis thy fault. A maid  
So fair, so rich, should have been match'd long since  
With some gay cavalier. That vow of thine,  
That save a painter, a great painter, none  
Should wed Madonna Laura, may perchance  
Keep the Madonna Laura long a maid.  
For of rare artists some are old, and some  
Are wedded, and some love their single state  
More than a fair young bride. 'Tis certain none  
Hath wooed her to thy heart's content;—and she—  
Alas, poor child!—likes none of them.

Col. Sage nurse,  
Dost love a secret?

Lis. Aye.

Col. A secret too

That thou may'st tell?

Lis. Canst thou doubt that?

Col. 'Then listen

Haste to the jewelers and merchants, furnish  
A wardrobe for a princess;—to the cooks,  
Confectioners, and spice-men; let us have  
A banquet fit for kings;—send round the city  
To bid my friends and kindred;—for the morrow  
Is Laura's bridal.

Lis. And her husband?

Col. One

Whose name hath darted into fame, as the star  
Of evening springs to light.

Lis. Hast seen him?



Col.

No.

But I have seen the master-work by which  
He wooes her ;—yonder curtain'd—hark ! She comes.  
No word of this to her.

*LAURA enters.*

My Laura !

*Laura.* Take  
My veil, good nurse ; the heat is stifling.  
[*Exit Lisabetta.*  
Father,

What would'st thou of me ? Julio says that twice  
Thou call'dst for Laura.

*Col.* I would say to thee—  
Sit here by me, thy hand in mine :—this hand  
So soft and warm, yet trembling, as it knew  
Its destiny, is claim'd, my Laura.

*Laura.* Claim'd !

*Col.* Aye, by a lover, dearest.

*Laura.* Lover !

*Col.* Say  
A husband, sweet-one, if it please thee better.

*Laura.* By whom ?

*Col.* A painter, who hath come from Rome  
To seek thy love.

*Laura.* Love ! Do I know him ?

*Col.* No.

*Laura.* Doth he know me ?

*Col.* He says that he has seen  
My beauteous daughter—here's his letter !—Surely  
I think he loves thee.

*Laura.* Loves me ! If he did,  
I love not him ! And wherefore must I wed ?  
Art weary of me, father ?

*Col.* Sweet one, no !

*Laura.* Am I a burthen in thy house ?

*Col.* The joy !  
The pride ! the sunshine !

*Laura.* Pr'ythee, then, let me bide  
In this dear home, and wear away my days  
In ministering to thee. I have been  
No thriftless housewife. Trust me thou would'st miss  
Thine own poor Laura, when some menial hand  
Shook up thy pillow, when some menial tread  
Broke rudely on thy slumbers ;—thou would'st miss  
The soft light touch of love,—and at thy meals,  
Thy solitary meals, and the sweet hour  
Of morning meeting, and the tend'rer time  
That blends a blessing with good-night !—Oh father,  
Why would'st thou send me from thee ?

*Col.* Didst thou think

I could part from thee ? Go to ! we are sick  
In worldly pelf ; thy spouse shall dwell with us here,  
Here in the home thou lovest. Thou shalt not quit  
Thy pretty garden bower, thy myrtle shade  
For winter, or the summer walk, where grapes  
Hang through the trellis arch amidst their rich  
And clustering leaves. Thou shalt dwell here, as now,  
In thine own pleasant home, thy old fond father  
Blessing thee still at morn and evc. But wed,  
Wed, my own Laura ! Thou art mine only child,

The child of mine old age, and I would fain  
 Live thy fair childhood o'er again, would see  
 Thy beauty multiplied, would taste that fondest  
 And tend'rest ecstacy, a grandsire's love.  
 Besides, thou know'st my vow. Kings have ere now,  
 If chronicles say sooth, offer'd their heirs  
 The prize of valor, of brute strength ; I held thee  
 At higher price, my Laura, when I swore  
 None but a victor in the noble field  
 Of art should win thee, save a painter none  
 Should call thee wife.

*Laura.* Alas !

*Col.* And I have quell'd

The father's natural longing to extend  
 His race ; and, marveling at thy coldness, joy'd  
 To see thee turn from the proud cavaliers  
 Of the gay city, with a gentle scorn  
 That waved away their wooings as the hand  
 Fans off the flies in summer time,—have joy'd  
 To see my virgin flower hang in the shade  
 From year to year, fresh, dewy, beautiful,  
 As when it burst the bud—

*Laura.* Oh flatt'rer, fie !

*Col.* Nestling within its bower, so that no soil  
 Of the rude world came near it, scarcely kiss'd  
 By the hot breath of the sun. But now, my Laura,

*(uncovering the picture,)*

Look on that picture ; needs no practised eye  
 To scan its beauty. Art sits triumphing  
 Like nature there, with daylight life and youth.  
 Almost the vital breath hangs on those lips  
 Of parted coral ; almost the warm blood  
 Glows in the modest cheek, and tender thought  
 Dwells in the fair broad forehead. 'Tis a young  
 Madonna. Look at the soft downcast eye,  
 The head bent downward ! Look ! Hast thou ne'er seen  
 Such features ?

*Laura (to herself.)* 'Tis myself ! Younger and fairer.  
 But such as love—And so my braided locks  
 I wore parted ; so the silken hood,  
 Intensely blue, lay on my hair. Fool ! Fool !  
 The very puppet of a dream ! He was  
 A soldier, a brave soldier !

*Col.* He who painted  
 That picture loves thee, claims thee, the rich guerdon  
 Of excellence in art ; with noble pride  
 He woos as Theseus erst Hippolyta,  
 Conquering his lovelier bride.

*Laura.* Hast seen him ?

*Col.* No.

*Laura.* His name ?

*Col.* Zingaro ?

*Laura (to herself.)* Fool ! fool ! fool ! to think  
 Because a dream, or some strange trick of the sense,  
 Of memory, or fancy, some sweet sound  
 Passing along the air—I had been sitting  
 Within the bower he loved, entranced in thought,  
 Fond dreamy thought of him, through the hot noon,  
 And then I heard the nightingale afar  
 Or distant viol from the bay, and straight  
 Deem'd 'twas his fav'rite air—Fool ! fool ! His hand

Wielded the sword and shield, and deftly rein'd  
 The manèg'd steed ! Little he reck'd of brush  
 Or palette ;—then the time !—long, long ere now,  
 Hath he forgotten his poor Laura ! Man  
 Loves on till hope be dead, then love dies too ;  
 'Tis only woman lays her silly heart  
 In hope's cold urn, and in that fun'ral nest  
 Broods o'er her love.

*Col.* Well ! hast thou gaz'd thy fill ?

It likes me, dearest, that with quivering lips,  
 And mutter'd words, and cheeks with passion pale,  
 Thou look'st on yonder picture. It hath thaw'd  
 Thy maiden coldness. I will send forthwith  
 To summon this Zingaro.

*Laura.* Father, stay !

Listen ! I am about to tell a tale  
 Too long unutter'd. Listen ! 'Thou hast talk'd  
 Of maiden coldness. I have loved, I love  
 With all the ardor that our burning sun  
 Strikes into woman's heart. Nay, start not, father,  
 Nor put me from thee thus ! I'll tell thee all.  
 Thou hast no cause to blush for me ; I loved  
 Deeply and fervidly, but chaste, father,  
 As ever priestess of old Rome adored  
 Her god Apollo.

*Col.* Whom ?

*Laura.* Dost thou remember  
 Young Angelo Solario, the son  
 Of our rich neighbour ?

*Col.* He ! Why he hath left  
 Naples these ten years !

*Laura.* And for ten long years  
 Dwelt in my heart.

*Col.* Aye, I remember now,  
 The count Solario once proposed to join  
 Our children's hands.

*Laura.* Oh good old man !

*Col.* It wrought within me  
 Some marvel that he would abase his son  
 To wed a painter's daughter.

*Laura.* Kind old man !

*Col.* But I had vow'd thee ev'n before thy birth  
 To my great art ; its votary if a boy ;  
 If a weak girl, its guerdon. Thus I said  
 To count Solario : ' Pluck from thy hot son  
 The sword he loves o'erwell, and bid him wield  
 The peaceful pencil ; then, if Heaven have given  
 The painter's eye, the painter's hand, and (rarest  
 And needfulest of all) that inward beam  
 Genius, of painter and of poet bright  
 And glorious heritage !—Then when, matured  
 By time and patient toil, he shall achieve  
 Some master-work of art, then bid him come,  
 And he shall woo my daughter.' The old man  
 Laugh'd ; and the gallant—I bethink me now  
 That Angelo was there—curl'd his proud lip,  
 And fix'd his flashing eye, and tighter grasp'd  
 His jewel'd sword.

*Laura.* Spake he ?

*Col.* No word. He went  
 Forth to the wars that very week ; and then

The father died ;—Why, Laura mine, thou wast  
A girl when he departed !

*Laura.* Old enough  
To love. The day he said Farewell, I wrote  
Sixteen in my short book of life. Ten years  
This very day ! Oh old enough for love !

*Col.* For fancy, flickering fancy ; such as girls  
Waste on a momentary toy, a flower,  
A linnet, an embroider'd robe.

*Laura.* For love,  
Woman's intense and passionate love. I've seen  
Ten times the changing seasons wax and fade,  
Have seen the spring-tide of my youth pass by  
In absence, hopelessness, despair, and still  
The thought within my heart, the voice that lived  
Within mine ear, the image in mine eye,  
Was Angelo. His loved idea hath been  
My sole reality. All waking things,  
The common pageants of this work-day world,  
Pass'd by me as a dream, confused, unmark'd,  
Forgotten ! Then I lived, then my soul woke,  
When in the myrtle arbour, where erewhile  
We spent our childish hours, I could sit  
Alone up-coil'd into myself, and muse  
On him till memory would conjure back  
The very image of his sparkling youth  
Before mine eyes ; the light elastic form  
Whose every motion was a bound, whose walk  
A gay curvet as springy as the pace  
Of his own Barbary steed ; the face as dark  
Even as a Moor's, but brighten'd by a smile  
Vivid as noonday sunshine, eyes that flash'd  
An insupportable light, and close black curls  
Beneath the plumed cap,—I saw them all !  
And in mine ear the very sound would dwell  
Of that farewell which was a vow, that voice  
Which in a tone of prophecy would cry,  
' Laura, I'll wed thee yet !'

*Col.* This is a phrensy.

*Laura.* Oh, father, it is love !

*Col.* Laura, my sweet one,  
The fault is mine. Thou hast been left o'erlong  
Lonely and uncompanion'd, till vain dreams,  
And thoughts vainer than dreams, have overborne  
Thy better reason. Ten years, and thou hear'st  
Nothing of Angelo ! or he is dead,  
Or thou forgotten.

*Laura.* Father, listen, father !  
Last night—I should have said there was an air,  
A rich yet simple strain, whose burthen well  
Became our summer seas, joyous or sad  
As the deft singer in his varying mood  
Hurried or stay'd the measure, always sweet,  
Most exquisitely sweet ! That air from boyhood  
Angelo loved ; would carol as he walk'd  
Along the streets ; sing whilst his plashing oar  
Kept time ; and ever and anon a snatch  
Of the familiar strain might travelers list,  
Crossing the sharp sound of his horse's tread.  
That strain by constant and peculiar use  
Became his very own, belong'd to him

As her sweet music to the nightingale,  
Unmatch'd of any. From a little child  
I knew those notes; for so would Angelo  
Summon his fairy playmate;—'twas the lure  
Of gamesome innocence, the call of love,  
For ten years past unsounded,—till last night  
Ling'ring in pensive musings in my bower,  
I heard once more the strain.

*Col.* A dream! a dream!

*Laura.* Sure as I live, the sound was there. 'Twas not  
The vision which at pleasure fancy calls  
Or chases. I arose, I walk'd; yet still  
That air in its old sweetness, each division  
Musical as a mermaid's song, was borne  
Upon the breeze, though faintlier heard and faintlier  
As I receded. It was Angelo,  
Or of those noises of the air which oft  
Wait round the living, when the parting soul  
Of the beloved-one seeks its Heaven,—the knell  
Which the Death-Angel rings.

*(Music without.)*

Hark!

*Col.* I hear nothing.

*(Music without and nearer.)*

Aye now!

*Laura.* My Angelo, alive or dead,  
I will be thine, thine only!

*(Music again without.)*

Hark again!

*Col.* I shame to have harken'd to this tale. My Laura,  
I tell thee thou art vow'd and dedicate  
To genius, to Zingaro.

*(Angelo Solario enters behind, unperceived by either speaker.)*

*Laura.* I will never  
Wed other man than Angelo. Thy vow  
Is sacrilegious, father, and unblest  
As his, the judge of Israel, his, the king  
Of men, whose sacrificial knife drank deep  
The innocent blood in Aulis. I have wept  
When I have heard the tale of Jephtha's daughter  
Or poor Iphigenia; yet their lot,  
Measured with mine, was blessedness. They died.  
But I should linger out a martyrdom  
Of loveless life. There is no law of earth  
Or Heaven that vests thee with a power to barter  
Thy living child for yon vain shadow. Give  
Thy ducats to Zingaro. Stay me not!  
I'll to a nunnery—hold me not! Unless  
To list my vow that nor by force or fraud  
Will I e'er wed—

*An. (advancing.)* Oh fairest constancy!  
Oh miracle of woman's faith!

*Laura.* 'Tis he!

His very self! This hand that presses mine,  
These eyes that gaze on me—Just so he looked,  
Just so he spake.—Oh surely I have dreamt  
This ten-years' absence! It was yesterday  
We parted!

*An.* Loveliest, most beloved, I come  
To claim thee.

*Col.* She is promised.

*An.* To Zingaro?

*Col.* Even so, good signor.

*Laura.* Never ! Never !

*An.* Sweetest,

Make no rash vows. If thou would'st crown my love,  
'Thou'lt wed Zingaro. Nay, snatch not away  
'This struggling hand !—the hand Zingaro won  
For Angelo ! Hast thou not read me yet ?  
Must I needs tell thee——

*Laura.* Oh no, no, no, no !

Thou art he ! Ye are one ! And thou for me hast laid  
Thy state aside, hast flung away thy sword,  
Hast toil'd in silence and in secrecy,  
For me ! for me ! Father, speak to him ! Father,  
Speak to him !

*Col.* Calm thee, mine own Laura. Signor,  
Thou hear'st her : says she sooth ? Art thou indeed  
The famed Zingaro ? Is this master-work  
Of painting thine ?

*An.* Oh now I see that work,  
That masterwork of nature, whose rare beauty  
I strove to copy, faint and feeble seems  
My portraiture ! Such as it is, the piece  
Is mine.

*Col.* My son !

*An.* My father !

*Col.* Wherefore change  
Thy name ? and why not say——

*An.* Sir ! When I left  
Thy presence, even when thou bad'st me wield  
The peaceful pencil, and by toil and time  
Climb the high steep of art, or ere I woo'd  
Thy daughter, even as thou spak'st, my soul  
Was fix'd to its great purpose, and almost  
Had I flung at thy feet my sword, and vow'd  
To win the prize or die : yet fear and shame  
Master'd my speech, and I went forth resolved  
And silent.

*Col.* Whither didst thou go ?

*An.* To Rome,  
The shrine of art, on love's own pilgrimage.  
My friends and kinsmen deem'd me at the camp ;  
None save my father guess'd—and, when he died,  
I was of all forgotten.

*Laura.* Not of all.

*An.* Of all, save one the faithfulest. Meantime,  
A nameless student, day and night I toil'd  
For that dear faithful one. From my swart skin  
My laughing comrades call'd me oft in jest  
Zingaro \*, till at last the name of scorn  
Was crown'd by fame. Oh very dear to me  
The name that won thee, Laura !

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\* Gipsy.—The groundwork of the foregoing scene will be found in Mr. Mills' very interesting 'Travels of Theodore Ducass.' I have only taken the liberty to change the name of my hero from Antonio to Angelo. A similar anecdote has been related of several painters, especially of Quintin Matsys, the celebrated blacksmith of Antwerp—though I have for obvious reasons preferred the Italian version of the story. What could one do with a blacksmith and a Dutchman, and a man who painted misers counting their gold ?

Col. Will she wed  
 Zingaro?  
 Laura. Will I!—Father, was my love  
 A phrensy?  
 Col. Sweet-one, love and constancy  
 Have wrought this blessedness. Receive thy bride,  
 Thy twice-won bride, Zingaro!  
 Laura. He but gives  
 My hand. My heart is Angelo's.  
 An. Mine! Mine!  
 Both mine!

M.

## SONNET TO MARY ANNE, ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

How many years are yet for me in store  
 I ask not, nor would know; but this I crave  
 That, whether I may sink into my grave  
 With gray hairs on my temples, or before  
 Another birth-day closes, thou may'st be  
 Ever pavilion'd in my memory,  
 Like some all-blessed shrine;—and as, of yore,  
 Thou hast to me been infinitely more  
 Than I dared hope for, let me still retain  
 Thy warm affections, and that tenderness  
 Which I so feel but never can express,  
 Although 'tis in my heart, my soul, my brain.  
 Never,—oh never more would I complain,  
 Wert thou but left to be my future happiness!

P. G.

## SONNET ON A VERY BEAUTIFUL PAINTING OF SIGISMUNDA.

THINE heart is not yet broken;—but thy brow  
 Seems agoniz'd as though it soon would break,  
 And thy closed lips are voluble, and make  
 Melodious murmurs and delicious woe;  
 Yet not a breath escapes thee, for the throe  
 Of agony, which time can never slake,  
 Is on thy brain,—that look of fix'd despair  
 Talks, louder than the hollow thunder's peal,  
 Of suffering, greater than the soul can bear,  
 And deep heart-rendings which no balm can heal.  
 That urn clasp'd to thy bosom with such care  
 Is like an idol to thee,—it contains  
 Thy lover's heart, with its fresh bleeding veins,—  
 They tore it from *his* breast, from *thine* they cannot tear.

P. G.

A VIEW OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS  
OF ITALY, IN THE TIME OF OUR KING  
EDWARD III.

A CONSIDERABLE degree of magnificence began now to distinguish the interior ornaments of the residences of the great. The walls were hung with velvet, satin, or damask, or painted in a regular series of stories from scripture, or from the innumerable romances then in vogue, and the windows were frequently glazed

with that brilliant painted glass which modern art has vainly endeavoured to emulate.

Whilst the walls of palaces were thus sumptuously decorated, the floors were generally neglected. When carpets were used they were of silk or velvet, corresponding with the hangings; but these were rare, and spread partially, in the oriental fashion, for the comfort of individuals of rank. The brick or marble floors were generally strewed (at least in

summer) with rushes or odoriferous herbs, or the flower of the yellow broom when in season, which thence became the emblem of humility. Vases of flowers were also a favorite ornament both of eating and sleeping apartments.

The chief magnificence of the great was displayed in their own personal attire, which, varying in fashion from day to day, and differing in every different capital, may be described as ludicrous or splendid, according to the scene or occasion chosen.

Offices that we should deem a degradation to any above the rank of a menial servant were, in the middle ages, performed by youths of the highest birth, whilst serving as esquires, preparatory to their receiving the order of knighthood, without which no rank conferred the privileges of honor. The young esquires spread the tables for the guests, and when the knights and ladies retired from the festive board, after eating their own meal, they cleared the hall for dancing, or some other general amusement in which they were permitted to join. They arranged the sleeping apartments of their lords, and their male guests; made their beds, and attended them to their chambers after having served them with the wines and confections, which were understood to be the signal of separation. The wines (as this evening-cordial was called) consisted of wine, spices, and honey.

From the offices assigned to the high-born esquire, we may conclude that female servants were rare in the feudal castle, and seldom employed except in the apartments of ladies. Some regulations, with regard to ladies of rank, are of the following tenor.—‘They must not be served at table by a gentleman with a napkin on his shoulder, but only one round his arm. Their bread is not to be put in a napkin folded up on the table, but only laid on the table with the knives, and covered with an unfolded napkin. Their senechal is not to carry a wand of office, nor are they to have two cloths at once on their tables, nor are the trains of their robes to be borne by women, but only by some gentleman or page; nor are they to have gentlemen or horses without number, but only as many as their rank permits.’

The chief luxury of the table was the intermeats, which, on common occasions, were delicate dishes; such as *blanc-mange*, omelets, and in Italy macaroni.

But at public banquets, by the intermeats, were understood certain entertainments and pageants, introduced in the hall between the courses, for the amusement of the guests. Representations of battles and sieges were performed, allegorical personages introduced, and minstrels, dancers, tumblers, and jugglers, vied with each other in exercising their talents for the amusement of the assembly, beside the common exhibitions of licking red-hot iron, keeping up four or five knives or balls in the air at once, catching a lance on the nose, or balancing timbrels on the ends of the fingers. The jugglers seem also to have occasionally practised optical deceptions.

At public festivals dancing generally succeeded to the banquet. All the dances of this period seem to have been of slow measure, so that the customary expression of holding a *sol-mu ball* was more appropriate than it is at first sounds. In private society, singing, playing on some musical instrument, and the art of narrating stories of mirthful or romantic adventure, were accomplishments commonly possessed by the youth of both sexes. No less than forty ways of playing chess are said to have been known. Backgammon and many other games of chance were much practised, and toward the close of this century cards were invented. These were the amusements of the hall or chamber; the more active sports of the young esquires and pages were quoits, ball, prison-bars, or the game of base; shooting at the popinjay, hazel wand or rose garland, tilting with hollow canes, running at the pell or quintain.

The amusements and manners of warm climates remain nearly the same from age to age. The amusements of Joanna of Naples, in the fourteenth century, differed little from those of an Italian princess of the present day, and their points of difference are all in favor of the elder princesses. The musicians of the modern court of Naples may, indeed, excel the minstrels of the hall of Castel-*Novo*; but the effusions of the improvisatore do not surpass in interest the tale of the troubadour, and the monotonous *corsa* is surely not comparable to the splendid though almost equally slow cavalcade on the mole of Naples, in which the form of Joanna, attended by the junior members of her family, and the knights and ladies of the court, became familiar to the eyes, and dear to the hearts, of the



thronging populace. If we ascend to pleasures of a higher order, a princess loving learning like her, would not now easily find, at the court of Naples, a sage Robert, a Barrili, an Acciaiola, a Petrarca, or a Boccaccio.

A LOVE-LETTER, AFTER MARRIAGE,  
FROM NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE\*.

My life is a perpetual night-mare. A fatal foreboding hinders me from breathing. I no longer live. I have lost more than life, more than happiness, more than repose. I am almost without hope. I send you a courier—he will remain only four hours at Paris, and will then bring me your answer. Write me ten pages; that alone will console me a little. You are ill;—you love me;—I have made you unhappy. You are with child, and I do not see you! This idea confounds me. I have committed so many faults towards you, that I know not how to expiate them. I accuse you of having remained in Paris, and you are there ill. Forgive me, my darling; the love with which you have inspired me has taken away my reason:—I shall never recover it; one is never cured of that complaint. My forebodings are so sad, that I would limit myself to seeing you, to pressing you for two hours to my heart, to dying together! Who takes care of you? I suppose you have sent for Hortense. I love that sweet child a thousand times more since I think that she can afford you some little consolation. As for me, there is no consolation, no repose, no hope, until I have received the courier that I send you, and until you explain to me by a long letter what your illness is, and to what extent it is serious. If it be dangerous, I warn you, I set off instantly for Paris. My arrival will be a match for your illness. I have always been fortunate. Never has my fortune resisted my will, and to-day I am stricken where alone I was vulnerable. Josephine, how can you remain so long without writing to me? Your last laconic letter is of the 3d of the month. It is also afflicting for me. I have it, however, always in my pocket. Your portrait and your letters are incessantly before my eyes. I am nothing without you. I can hardly imagine how I existed without knowing you. Ah! Josephine, if

you had known my heart, you would not have waited so long to set off. Is it possible that you should have listened to false friends, who wished, perhaps, to keep you far from me? I own to all the world,—I have an antipathy to every body who is near you.

Josephine, if you love me, if you believe that every thing depends upon your preservation, take care of yourself. I dare not tell you not to undertake so long a journey in the hot weather;—at least, if you are in a situation to travel, go short days' journeys. Write to me at every sleeping place, and send me your letters in advance.

All my thoughts are concentrated in thy alcove, in thy bed, in thy heart.—Thy illness! that is what occupies me night and day: it leaves me without appetite, without sleep, without interest for friendship, for glory, for my country, and the rest of the world exists no more for me than if it were annihilated. I prize honor, because you prize it; victory, because it gives you pleasure, without which I should have quitted all to throw myself at your feet.

Sometimes I say to myself that I am alarmed without reason,—already is she recovered,—she is setting off,—she has set off,—she is already, perhaps, at Lyons. Vain imagination! you are in your bed suffering; more beautiful, more interesting, more adorable. You are pale, and your eyes are more languishing—but when will you be well? If one of us must be ill, should it not be I? More robust and more courageous, I could have borne sickness more easily—Destiny is cruel. She strikes me through you. What sometimes consoles me is, that it is in the power of fate to make you ill, but that no power can oblige me to survive you.

In your letter, my good love, take care to tell me that you are convinced that I love you, that I love you beyond what it is possible to imagine, that you are persuaded that every moment of my life is consecrated to you; that an hour never passes without my thinking of you; and that the idea of thinking of any other woman has never entered my head; that they are all to my eyes without grace, without beauty, without wit; that you, you—nothing but you, such as I see you, such as you are, could please me and absorb all the faculties of my mind; that you have affected it all over; that my heart has no recess that you do not see;

\* Sent from Tortona, in the campaign of 1796.

no thoughts of which you are not the mistress ; that my strength, my arms, my soul, are altogether yours ; that my soul is in your body, and that the day on which you change or cease to live, will be that of my death ; that nature, the earth, is beautiful to my eyes only because you inhabit it.—If you do not believe all that, if your mind is not convinced of it, you grieve me, you love me not. There is a magnetic fluid between the persons who love each other. You know very well that I could never bear to let you have a lover, much less to offer you one. To tear his heart and to see him would be to me the same thing ; and then, if I should dare to lay my hand upon your hallowed person——no, I should never dare to do it, but I would quit a life where that which is most virtuous should have deceived me.

But I am sure and proud of thy love. Misfortunes are the trials which expose all the violence of our mutual passion. A child, adorable as its mama, is about to see day, and may pass many happy years in thy arms. Unhappy ! I would be contented with a day. A thousand kisses upon thy eyes, upon thy lips, upon thy heart—Adorable woman ! what is thy ascendancy ! I am very ill of thy illness. I have, besides, a burning fever. Do not keep *Le Simple* more than six hours. Let him return directly to bring the cherished letter of my queen.

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THOUGHTS ON THE NATURE AND EFFECT OF MARRIAGE.

THAT love is natural to the human heart, and that it is most legitimate and complete when confined to one object, are points which few will deny ; yet doubts have arisen, how far marriage is conducive to happiness. The lover, it has been said, computes felicity by the warmth of his passion and the charms of his mistress ; nature favors the delusion, and the enamored pair are caught in her net. But the delirium of the senses and the fancies of rapture are soon over. The lovers are dissatisfied when they find that enjoyment falls short of expectation. That exterior beauty, which at first allured and enchanted, becomes familiar ; and familiarity produces indifference, if not contempt or disgust. Lovers dwindle into husbands, mistresses into wives. Under the rose lurks the thorn. They seem to think, that

they are robbed of all their delightful ideas, fond hopes, and tender wishes, without any adequate exchange or compensation ; and, when the cares of a family supervene, they are more particularly disposed to lament the precipitancy with which they rushed into marriage.

Others may more justly observe, that this is an overcharged picture, and that the disappointment to which we allude is more attributable to the unguided minds and unsettled habits of lovers, than to love itself or to matrimony. Those gratifications in which the mind has little or no share, are in their nature transient, and lead to satiety : yet from these the young expect a continuance of high enjoyment, and their heated imaginations dream of a state of powerful excitement, and of a passion which exists only in poetry and romance. In such a case, disappointment may naturally be expected.

Undoubtedly the heart and the senses claim a share in the matrimonial union ; for love is not the child of air or the offspring of metaphysical refinement. We are so compounded of body and soul, that sympathy exists between one and the other ; and, while the mind endeavours to control the animal frame, it is too often obliged to yield to the impulse of the latter. But it is our duty to consider marriage as a state of holy union, admirably calculated for an increase of the comforts of life. It provides man with a companion whose society may heighten his joys and allay his sorrows, and who, in return for his protection, and for the honor of being selected from the mass of the community, may endeavour, with studious care 'to make well-ordered home his best delight.' When it meets with good dispositions on both sides, it involves a permanence of friendship, an esteem which is warmed by love, and a love which is refined by esteem ;—a mixed affection which is peculiar to the human species, compounded of desire and approbation, or (in other words) of the love of person and the love of mind,—an union of souls by the medium of the senses. It is upon this kind of affection that the felicity of marriage depends, and it may therefore be called the matrimonial passion. Where it does not exist, circumstances apparently the most fortunate will not render that state delightful, and, where it prevails, it can endear and bless the most humble condition.

The causes of complaint or disgust, in unmaried life, are various. One husband finds his partner sour and ill-tempered; and another thinks that he is not treated by her with sufficient respect, or that his sense is undervalued; a third is rendered jealous by the attention which his wife pays to his male friends, and he thinks her too gay, lively, and fond of pleasure. A want of mutual confidence is sometimes a ground of uneasiness on both sides; and there are certainly many who are so cool and indifferent, that they do not endeavour to conciliate each other's affection. To obviate these and other causes of matrimonial infelicity, the greatest caution and the most deliberate judgement ought to be used in the choice of a partner for life. A poet directs this choice by saying,

‘ Two kindest souls alone must meet :  
 ’Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,  
 And feeds their mutual loves.  
 Bright Venus in her rolling throne  
 Is drawn by gentler birds alone,  
 And Cupids yoke the doves.’

If happiness be ever the portion of mortality, it must spring from such a connexion as is here described; for where can we expect to find it, if not associated with the most agreeable circumstances of the most pleasing passion? Let not, however, the youthful mind and sanguine disposition depend too much even upon this apparently happy union: let no visions of consummate felicity be fondly entertained; let not even those who are united by the most endearing ties imagine, although they may be blest with all the advantages of nature, education, and fortune, that marriage will be a constant reciprocation of delight, which nothing external can diminish and nothing adventitious can destroy. Human happiness, we believe, knows no such stability. So imperfect is the greatest temporal blessing, the *summum bonum* of our mortal existence, that to possess it *completely* is in a great measure to lose it. This may seem a paradox; but the assertion is vindicated by the observations of those who are best acquainted with human nature. There is no perpetual source of delight but *hope*. The mind cannot fully enjoy the present pleasures, if it be not amused or enlivened with the prospect of future gratifications. Such appears to be the condition of this life. It is therefore absurd to adduce, as a charge against wedlock, an objection

which is equally applicable to the enjoyment of every mortal pleasure, and which arises from the constitution of our nature.

These considerations, we hope, will induce lovers to moderate the warmth of their desires, and to expect only a limited degree of happiness; and, even amidst all the imperfections of this sublunary system, matrimony may yet be deemed so productive both of pleasure and comfort, as to induce the majority of people in every civilised state to enter into that sacred union.

Prudence and virtue on both sides, a regard to duty, and a correctness of conduct, conciliatory kindness, and a wish to please, will be attended with beneficial effects. The cares of a family, and the common misfortunes of life, instead of perplexing the minds and ruining the peace and tranquillity of those who marry from reasonable motives, furnish them with fresh opportunities of evincing their mutual love. Their children, the tender pledges of their love, are the source of new hopes. From this double relation, from the union of parental and conjugal affections, they derive feelings which, one would think, even the most determined votary of celibacy might envy; and when age advances, and the heart becomes comparatively cold, the consciousness that they have not lived in vain gives a pleasing serenity to their thoughts, and smoothes their progress to that state which terminates all the joys and sorrows of the present world.

A DAY IN LORN, OR THE LAND OF  
 OSSIAN;

by Mr. Bigelow, an American.

It was noon when, after a walk of ten miles, I arrived at a little eminence which looked down upon Loch Etive and the opening sound of Mull. The foot-path which I followed after leaving Kilchrenan, and the wild woody shores of Loch Awe, had conducted me over a rocky and mountainous country. It was not the direct route leading through Bunaw, but one shorter and more sequestered, which the shepherd's foot has chiefly beaten, saving that now and then it is paced by some adventurous pony at the imminent peril of his more adventurous master. Even to this path I was far from confining myself, but occasionally struck out a new track, and deviated as fancy and humor dictated. Mountains, and moors, and mosses, were successively

traversed; and I felt a pleasure in bracing myself to the toils of a march which amply repaid my labor in the various objects of interest which from time to time caught the attention.

This whole section of country seems to have been more anciently peopled than any other part of Scotland, or at least to have been earlier rendered memorable. It is strewn with monuments of Pictish, Danish, and Druidical antiquity, which read impressive lessons of the nothingness of earthly greatness, and demonstrate the pride and the littleness of man. I several times turned aside to inspect these remains, and surveyed them with no ordinary interest. I have little of the zeal of an antiquary about me, and perhaps not enough of its pruriency; and yet I would any day deviate a full mile to see a solitary Druid's stone standing upon some lone heath, the memorial of a superstition once the terror and the curse of its votaries.

It is true, that reflection at such a spot is not always of the most pleasurable nature. But it may be profitable; and from the contemplation of a moss-grown rock, made venerable by its connexion with an order of people that lived centuries out of mind; from a view of the scarcely distinguishable remains of a military mound which once braved the shocks, and outstood the tide of battles, but which has long been gradually wasting under the desolating hand of time; and even from the inspection of an humble sepulchral heap,—the grass-grown *cairn*,—which marks the deposit of the ashes, perchance, of some contemporary of an Oscar or a Fingal;—from any and all of these objects may a lesson be gathered of salutary import, and the 'still small voice' which they utter may awaken emotions in the breast at once deep and solemn.

I know not how the feeling arose; but during the walk every thing around seemed to tell me that I was approaching the land of Ossian; and, when I reached the heath-skirted waters of Loch Etive, each feature in the landscape that met the eye served to confirm or rather brighten the impression. The whole was distinguished by an air of simple grandeur, altogether indescribable, but singularly affecting. Beyond the opposite shores of the frith were descried the hills of Morven; and they answered well the description given of them by the bard of Fingal. A hood of mist just

then concealed their summits, which, however, soon shifted, and rolled in huge massy folds around their craggy acclivities. On the left shore of the loch stood the venerable ruin of Dunstaffnage; and opposite, on the Isle of Mull, appeared Castle Duart, an ancient fortress.

The solitude which reigned over these monuments of a far-gone antiquity comported with the general grandeur of the scene. The only discernible habitations of a modern date were, a hut on the brae-side, by which I descended to the loch, and, on the other shore, a well-constructed stone building, which, with the addition of a second story and its neat coat of white-wash, was readily recognised to be a Highland inn. The latter house was pleasantly situated in the midst of a green velvet lawn, which sloped to the water's edge. Some straggling woods formed a selva to this glade; and rugged hills and broken ridges of mountains constituted the background. It was a green spot in the desert, rendered interesting by the contrast which it bore to the savage wildness of the adjacent objects, and no less so by the solid comforts which the little inn that crowned the centre seemed to boast.

I stopped for a moment at the hut. A little chubby-faced bairn of three or four, and a pair of well-fed pigs, were the only inmates of the humble abode. I endeavoured to enter into something like conversation with the former, but soon perceived that the latter were conversant with the most intelligible dialect; for, what with a furious grunting and various significant menaces, too pointed to be mistaken, they gave me to understand that my presence was highly unwelcome. Accordingly, I beat a retreat with as good a face as I could rally, not however without casting a second look around, which led me to suspect that my inhospitable reception was in part owing to jealousy, lest I had come to share in the precious contents of a potatoe-pot which huddled over the turf-fire, and which the young bairn, with his swinish associates, appeared to be stationed for the purpose of guarding.

Arriving at the shore, and finding that the boats attached to the ferry were all on the other side, I contrived, by waving a handkerchief, to make signal for a skiff to put off for my transportation. It was not long before a boat, manned by two brawny Highlanders, was shoved from the beach, and shot athwart the

rippling tide. It quickly returned with me, and a few minutes afterwards I was conducted to the inn whose neat and modest aspect had regaled my eye from the opposite shore.

Near the ferry where I crossed, Loch Etive discharges itself into the sea, or more properly into an arm of it which runs up between Mull and Nether Lorn. I observed a singular phenomenon, produced by a contraction of the loch to an inconsiderable width compared with the expanse both above and below, which occasions the water to rush with much violence through the strait, and to form, what is called in America, a rapid. This rapid becomes at half-ebb a foaming water-fall, the height of which, at spring tides, varies from six to eight feet.

Though partially fatigued by my morning's ramble, I allowed myself little time to rest at the inn on my first arrival, but ordered a boat to take me down the lake to Dunstaffnage. This castle is situated in one of the finest possible positions. It is built on a rock not far from the mouth of Loch Etive, the shore of which there forms a beautiful curve, and the waters expand within to a noble bay. Its own height is commanding; and the rock on which it stands having been hewn into a regular square form, and made precipitous in order to conform to it in shape, its apparent altitude is much greater than the true. The masonry is rude and clumsy, but at a short distance this is not discernible. All is then picturesque and lovely, and at the little quay where I embarked on my visit to it, there was a softness thrown over it which was altogether enchanting. We landed under a rocky ledge, and, climbing the bank, struck into a graveled foot-path, now much tangled, and nearly overgrown with weeds and grass. This led to the castle entrance, and terminated at a flight of steps communicating with the interior. Ascending these, I found myself within the court of the ruin; and my eye roved eagerly over the massive walls and tall battlemented towers with which I was encompassed. There was not much which called for particular attention. The building, on three sides, is little else than a shell, although the walls are of surprising thickness. On the remaining side, it is preserved in tolerable repair. I enjoyed highly the view from the walls. The water-prospect was grand; and, on the other side, the steep and rugged head-lands, the mountains, and

hills, and valleys, that stretched into an extensive landscape, were on a nobleness of scale seldom matched. To the south is a decayed roofless building, which I at first presumed to have been formerly a chapel, but, on a nearer view, it proved to be a sort of mausoleum,—only, instead of one tomb, many graves were included within it. A description which Buchanan has left of some ruinous structure in Iona, answers very well to this, being, ‘a tombe of stain formit like a wee chapelle, with ane braid gray marbelle or guhin stain on the gavel of ilk ane of the tombes.’ In this of Dunstaffnage, the flag-stone pavement and the enclosing walls are lettered with many an epitaph of the long-forgotten dead. Like the mysterious roll of the prophet, which was covered within and without with mourning and lamentation and woe, they tell the griefs of surviving relatives for the loss of affectionate kindred and dearly-loved associates,—relatives who themselves have long since paid the debt of nature, and whose monumental inscriptions, in their turn, now ask ‘the passing homage of a sigh.’

THE HEROINE'S CHAMBER, OR A MODE  
OF PROCURING SLEEP;

by Mr. Maturin.

‘I AM weary,’ said the lady; ‘disarray me for rest. But thou, Claudine, be near when I sleep; I love thee well, wench, though I have not shown it hitherto. Wear this carcanet for my sake; but wear it not, I charge thee, in the presence of Sir Paladour.—Now read me my riddle once more, my maidens.’ As her head sunk on the silken pillow, she asked,—‘How may ladies sink most sweetly into their first slumbers?’

‘I ever sleep best,’ said *Blanche*, ‘when some withered crone is seated by the hearth fire to tell me tales of wizardry or goblins, till they are mingled with my dreams, and I start up, tell my beads, and pray her to go on, till I see that I am talking only to the dying embers, or the fantastic forms shaped by their flashes on the dark tapestry or darker ceiling.’

‘And I love,’ said *Germonde*, ‘to be lulled to rest by tales of knights met in forests by fairy damsels, and conducted to enchanted halls, where they are assailed by foul fiends, and do battle with strong giants, and are, in fine, rewarded with the hand of the fair dame, for

whom they have periled all that knight or Christian may hold precious for the safety of body and of soul.'

'Peace and good rest to you all, my dame and maidens!' said the lady in whispering tones from her silken couch, 'None of you have read my riddle. She sleeps sweetest and deepest who sleeps to dream of her first love—her first—her last—her only. A fair good night to all. Stay thou with me, Claudine, and touch thy lute to the strain of some old ditty—old and melancholy—such as may so softly usher sleep, that I may not feel his downy fingers closing mine eyelids, or the stilly rush of his pinions as they sweep my brow.'

Claudine prepared to obey, as the lady sunk to rest amidst softened lights, subdued odours, and dying melodies. A silver lamp, richly fretted, suspended from the raftered roof, gleamed faintly on the splendid bed. The curtains were of silk, and the coverlet of velvet, faced with miniver; gilded coronals and tufts of plumage shed alternate gleam and shadow over every angle of the canopy; and tapestry of silk and silver covered every compartment of the walls, save where the uncouthly constructed doors and windows broke them into angles, irreconcilable alike to every rule of symmetry or purpose of accommodation. Near the ample hearth, stored with blazing wood, were placed a sculptured desk, furnished with a missal and breviary gorgeously illuminated, and a black marble tripod, supporting a vase of holy water; certain amulets, too, lay on the hearth, placed there by the care of dame Marguerite, some in the shape of relics, and others in less consecrated forms, on which the lady was often observed by her attendants to look disregardfully. The great door of the chamber was closed by the departing damsels carefully; and the rich sheet of tapestry dropped over it, whose hushful sweeping on the floor seemed like the wish for a deep repose breathed from a thing inanimate. The castle was still, the silver lamp twinkled silently and dimly; the perfumes, burning in small silver vases round the chamber, began to abate their gleams and odours; the scented waters, scattered on the rushes with which the floor was strewn, flagged and failed in their delicious tribute to the sense; the bright moon, pouring its glories through the uncurtained but richly tinted casement, shed its borrowed hues of crimson,

amber, and purple, on curtain and canopy, as in defiance of the artificial light that gleamed so feebly within the chamber.

Claudine tuned her lute, and murmured the rude song of a troubadour, such as follows.

SONG.

Sleep, noble lady!—They sleep well who sleep in warded castles. If the count de Montfort, the champion of the church, and the strongest lance in the chivalry of France, were your foe, as he is your friend, one hundred of the arrows of his boldest archers at their best flight, would fail to reach a loophole of your towers.

Sleep, noble lady!—They sleep well who are guarded by the valiant. Five hundred belted knights feast in your halls; they would not see your towers won, though to defend them they took the place of your vassals, who are tenfold that number—and, lady, I wish they were more for your sake. Valiant knights, faithful vassals, watch well your lady's slumbers; see that they be never broken but by the matin bell, or the sighs of lovers whispered between its tolls.

Sleep, noble lady!—Your castle is strong, and the brave and the loyal are your guard.

Then the noble lady whispered to me through her silken curtain: 'A foe hath found his way to me, though my towers are strong, and the valiant are my guard, and the brave and the beautiful woo me in song, and with many kissings of their hands.' And I asked, 'what foe is that?' The lady dropped her silken curtain, and slept; but methought in her dreams she murmured—'That foe is Love!'

THE HISTORY OF MATTHEW WALD.

It was natural to expect that the wonderful success of the author of *Waverley* would encourage the zeal of imitation; and the writer of the present novel (Mr. Lockhart) is one of the most distinguished followers of that celebrated personage. Even those who disapprove the warmth of his political zeal may acknowledge his literary merit, and admire his talents as a novelist. But we are sorry to observe that, as he advances in fame, he becomes careless and negligent, and seems to think that whatever he writes must be accepted with avidity.

This is an affront to the public, which no degree of reputation can justify.

Matthew Wald is the son of a cadet of a respectable Scottish family, left at an early age to the guardianship of his aunt, and the perilous companionship of a young and beautiful cousin. For some unknown cause, his father bequeaths him no more than 1000*l.* and leaves the rest of his property to the young lady. His aunt marries a tall fortune-hunter in the shape of a clergyman, who was obsequious and hypocritical in his poverty, and is insolent and tyrannical in his prosperity. He treats Matthew with severity, and at last sends him to St. Andrew's, where he is kept even during the vacations. Tired of his situation, and recollecting his dear cousin, he runs away from the university, and returns to his paternal residence. Here he finds his place usurped by Mr. Lascelyne. His meeting with the family is thus described:—

'Katharine had heard my voice in the lobby, and she ran out immediately. There was such a flush on her face, and such a sweet confused flash of joy in the first glance I met, that I saw nothing but my own old Kate, and felt all my soul kindle and melt at once as I embraced her. But the moment that was over—the moment my eyes rested upon my cousin, I perceived so great a change that I could not help wondering that had not been the first thing I did see. After gazing at her three seconds, I durst no more have offered to kiss her again, as I had just done, than to fly. From thirteen to sixteen—from a child to a woman—what a leap was here!—And such a creature, John!—I was awed into very dumbness when I contemplated the glorious, the gorgeous flower, into which my dear, quiet, little bud had expanded—the elastic, bounding, loveliness of the formed figure; the rich luxury of those deep-set eyes—those lips, on which a thousand new meanings vibrated and hovered—the lofty modesty of mien that sat in the place of blushing bashfulness—the unconscious reserve of conscious beauty—the innocent instinctive majesty of young womanhood!—To think of that moment almost brings boyhood again into my brain and my blood. But I know, I see your wicked smile, and I would fain take the hint if I could.

'In the midst of all this romance, I heard somebody humming some outlandish tune in the parlour; and Mrs.

Mather said hastily, 'Come, Katharine, my love, we are forgetting Mr. Lascelyne. You will be ready for your breakfast, Matthew?'

'I was the last that entered the room, and my aunt immediately honored me with a formal introduction to a very fine gentleman, who, arrayed in a morning-gown of the most delicate chintz, and morocco slippers, was lounging listlessly over a cup of chocolate and an ethereal wafer of toast, and who acknowledged his new acquaintance with a smile and a bow, both redolent of the most condescending indifference. My spirits were rather in a flurry, but that occasional wandering of mind neither prevented my doing ample justice to my breakfast, nor my remarking, with surprise at first, and afterwards with a very different sort of feeling, the complete ease of familiarity with which our honorable youth treated my cousin. While I had barely courage to say *Katharine*, behold *Kate* was the most respectful address his noble lips vouchsafed; and, what was worse, both the mother and the daughter seemed to be quite delighted with this free-and-easy system. His very way of picking his teeth had all the quiet loftiness of presumption in it. There was the quintessence of the aristocratic in his hollow laugh. But the same proud security was visible in things that interested me far more than these. In a word (for why should I expatiate on my own humiliations?) I could not help two rising suspicions from gnawing my heart within me. The first was, that the young lord despised me; and the second, that he loved my cousin.'

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'I heard voices under my window at this moment, and, peeping out, saw Mr. Lascelyne and my cousin standing together in conversation beside the dial-stone. He had laid aside his *robe de chambre*, and was dressed for riding. A short green frock, and tight buckskin breeches, descending without a crease to the middle of the leg, exhibited the perfect symmetry of his tall and graceful person. His profile was purely Greek,—nothing could surpass the bright bloom of his complexion. But it was the easy *degagé* air of the coxcomb, the faultless grace of every attitude and action, that cut me deepest. I saw it all.—Fain would I have not seen it;—I tried to deceive myself! but I could not be blind. I saw Katharine's eye beaming upon him

as he chattered to her. I watched his airy glances—I devoured their smiles. He took her gaily by the hand, and they disappeared round the corner of the house.

Shocked at finding that Katharine is attached to young Lascelyne, Wald, in a fit of passion, resolves to go abroad. For this purpose he takes possession of his little fortune; and his departure is thus described.

‘Never having once closed my eyes the whole night, I found when I rose, that they were shockingly red and swollen; and the more I bathed them in my basin, the worse I thought did they look.—‘Nay, nay,’ I said to my proud self, ‘this will never do. This part of the thing, at least, shall not be seen.’ I put on my clothes, and crept down stairs as quietly as was possible, and found my way into the sitting room, that I might write a note to Mr. Mather. I wrote two or three and tore them all into bits. ‘It will do just as well,’ I said, ‘to write from the village—or the first town I stop at better still. I can say I walked out, and, finding the morning fine, was tempted to go on. I can say I hated the thoughts of taking leave—that, at least, will be true enough.’

‘I had opened one of the window-shutters, and now thought it would be as well to close it again. As I was walking on tiptoe across the room, my eye fell on two little black profiles of Katharine and myself that we sat for to an itinerant dinner, when we were children, and which had ever since hung over the chimney-piece. I took Katharine’s off the nail, and held it for a minute or two in my hand; but the folly of the thing flashed upon me in a moment, and I replaced it. Her work-table was by the window, and I was so idle as to open the drawer of it. A blue sash was the first thing I saw, and I stuffed it like a thief into my bosom. I then barred the window again, and hurried out of the house by the back way. It was a beautiful, calm, gray morning—not a sound but of the birds about the trees. I walked once, just once, round the garden, which lay close to the house—sat down for a moment in the arbour where my father died—and then moved rapidly away from Blackford. I could never describe the feelings with which I took my parting look of it from the bridge. The pride, the scorn, the burning scorn, that boiled

above,—the cold, curdling anguish below,—bruised, trampled heart—I plucked the blue riband from my breast, kissed it once, as I coiled it up, and flung it into the water below me.’

Being persuaded by a friend to relinquish his intention of traveling, and introduced to an artful attorney, he ventures to contest his father’s will. His feelings on this point are expressed in a spirited tone.

‘Let me not linger thus upon my shame. May you, my boy, never know what it is to hold buried, at the root of a heart naturally both honest and proud, the biting, gnawing recollection of *one* act of meanness. I sinned against every right feeling of my nature. The thirst of revenge—the dream, the abominable dream, of a guilty, haughty, insolent triumph, was too much for me. I allowed myself to be flattered, puzzled, argued out of myself. Years have not softened the darkness of that inexpiable stain. Others long ago forgave me; myself I never shall forgive. I have sometimes forgotten those things;—but never, never since I began to go down the hill of life. Age has the memory of other feelings, both good and bad; but one leaves no shadow; it stays itself. Indulge a thousand evil passions, and you may wash out their traces with tears—but yield once, ay once, to a base one, and you will find it not only difficult to weep, but vain.

‘With a thousand paltry little pretences, I half—for it was never more than this—I half-deceived myself at the time. I believe I did really persuade myself, just at the beginning, that I was attacking Mr. Mather, not my cousin. But as to the means of my attack—the questioning the will of my father—as to this I certainly never did succeed in blinding myself. The pitiful unction I laid to the wound, which the sense of guilt that I always did retain as to this part of the affair created and kept open, was nothing but that I should always, under whatever circumstances, have the power of undoing what I might do. I persuaded myself, therefore, that I was only seeking to gratify my vanity—and this, forsooth, this miserable *only* was my consolation.’

The will is established, and Matthieu is nearly ruined by the expense of litigation. Losing the small remains of his fortune in a wild frolic, he is glad to accept the office of tutor in the family of a



baronet, on whose death he has recourse to a new employment. He becomes an eminent physician, marries the daughter of his late patron, and procures a seat in parliament. His wife, inflamed with jealousy at his friendly treatment of his fair cousin, who has been discarded by her brutal husband, miscarries and dies. Lascelyne is so enraged at our hero's interference in his affairs, that a duel ensues. He proposes that some friends should be called to witness the scene of violence.

"Friends! (exclaims Wald) friends to see us!—Seconds, forsooth!" "Ay, sir, seconds; 'tis the rule, and I have no passion for singularities, whatever may be your taste." "Come, come—when you next fall out with some fop about a pointer, or a dancer, my lord—some pirouetting dancer—this puppy legislation will do finely. I thought we were serious."—"Serious! partly so, partly not, Mr. Wald. I consider, (but I won't balk you, though,) I consider this as rather a laughable hurry of yours, Mr. Wald." "Laughable? ha!—was that your word?"—"Ay, laughable—extremely laughable—quite *hors des regles*."—"The *regles*!"—"Madame Françoise has taught you that pretty word, too.—Come, come, do you wish me to spit on you—to kick you—to crush you—to hew you down like a calf?"—"Sir, you are a ruffian: but give me your sword——" How beautifully we went through all the parade!—how calmly we proved the distance!—how exactly we took our attitudes! You would have sworn we were two professed fencers—and yet for me—I knew almost nothing of it—I had never tried the naked sword before but once; and you know how—But, after the first minute of ceremony, what a joke was all this! I rushed upon him, sir, as if I had been some horned brute. I had no more thought of guards and passes than if I had been a bison. He stabbed me thrice—thrice though the arm—clean through the arm—that was my guard—but what signified this? I felt his blade as if it had been a gnat, a nothing. At last my turn came—I spitted him through the heart—I rushed on till the hilt stopped me.—I did not draw my steel out of him.—I spurned him off it with my foot. 'Lie there, rot there, beast!—' a single groan and his eye fixed. The Stagyrte says you cannot hate the dead:—he never hated—I dipped my shoe in his blood. I rushed home as if I had

had wings: but my courage forsook me at the threshold. I entered the room where Katharine was—(she was still seated there, her child on her knee, waiting for me)—I entered it with my cloak wrapped about me. I sat down at some little distance from them, and in silence.—'Matthew,' said she, 'where have you been?—what have you been about?—your looks were strange before—but now——'—I drew my cloak closer about me.—'Oh, Matthew—your eyes!—will you never compose yourself?'—'Never, Kate.'—'But now you were softening. Come hither, Matthew. Oh try if you can weep!'—I drew out my sword from below the cloak—I held out the red blade before me—the drops had not all baked yet—one or two fell upon the floor.—'Speak, Matthew! what is this? Speak—Ha! God of mercy! there is blood upon that sword.'—'Ay, blood, my cousin—blood.' 'My husband! my Lascelyne.' I heard no more. Heavens and earth! that I should write this down! One shriek—one—just one! Fainted—swooned! Dead! oh! dead. I remember no more.

Matthew, it is said, was not absolutely overwhelmed by his misfortunes, but lived long in a state bordering on despair.—The novel, upon the whole, is interesting, and some of the scenes are well conceived and finely wrought.—Strong pathos is occasionally excited, and the smartness of incidental satire enlivens the work; but traces of vulgarity are discernible, various improbabilities are obtruded on the reader, and the work is more desultory and abrupt than regular and consistent.

#### THE WONDERS OF ELORA.

THE antiquities of India have not been sufficiently explored; and we are not much surprised at this neglect, as few of the visitants of that country have been antiquaries or philosophers. A better taste, however, seems now to have arisen, and scientific investigations, antiquarian researches, and literary inquiries, are now prosecuted with zeal and diligence. We do not mean to detract from the merit of sir William Jones in these respects; but we think that his example was not properly followed.

Captain Seely, without neglecting the duties of his profession, has directed his attention to various inquiries; and, among other objects, he has examined

with a curious eye the wonders of Elora. In his opinion, 'no monuments of antiquity are comparable to the caves of Elora, whether we consider their unknown origin, their stupendous nature, the beauty of their architectural ornaments, or the vast number of statues and emblems, all hewn and fashioned out of the solid rock.'

On his arrival at Elora, after a journey of above 250 miles from Bombay, he found his expectations exceeded by the remarkable view which burst upon him.

'On a close approach to the temples (he says), the eye and imagination are bewildered with the variety of interesting objects that present themselves on every side. The feelings are interested to a degree of awe, wonder, and delight, that at first is painful, and it is a long time before they become sufficiently sobered and calm to contemplate with any attention the surrounding wonders. The death-like stillness of the place, the solitude of the adjoining plains, the romantic beauty of the country, and the mountain itself, perforated in every part, all tend to impress the mind of the stranger with feelings quite new, and far different from those felt in viewing magnificent edifices amidst the busy haunts of man. Every thing here invites the mind to contemplation, and every surrounding object reminds it of a remote period, and a mighty people, who were in a state of high civilisation whilst the natives of our own land were barbarians, living in woods and wilds.

'Conceive the burst of surprise at suddenly coming upon a stupendous temple, within a large open court, hewn out of the solid rock, with all its parts perfect and beautiful, standing proudly alone upon its native bed, and detached from the neighbouring mountain by a spacious area all round, nearly 250 feet deep and 150 feet broad: this unrivalled fane rearing its rocky head to a height of nearly 100 feet—its length about 145 feet, by 62 broad—having well-formed door-ways, windows, staircases to its upper floor, containing fine large rooms of a smooth and polished surface, regularly divided by rows of pillars; the whole bulk of this immense block of insulated excavation being upwards of 800 feet in circumference, and, extraordinary as it may appear, having beyond its areas three handsome figure galleries, or *virandas*, supported by regular pillars, with compartments hewn

out of the boundary scarp, containing 42 curious gigantic figures of the Hindoo mythology—the galleries in continuity enclosing the areas, and occupying the almost incredible space of nearly 420 feet of excavated rock; being, upon the average, about 13 feet 2 inches broad all round, and in height 14 feet and a half; while, positively, *above* these again are excavated fine large rooms.'

Of the temple styled *Keylas* the Proud, and of the mansion called *Teen Tal*, he speaks in high terms.—'On ascending four steps (from a very fine portico), we enter the great hall. Here a magnificent scene presents itself, that for some seconds rivets the beholder to the spot; massive and elegantly sculptured pillars, placed in equi-distant ranges, supporting a well-cut and smooth roof of solid rock,

'By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,'—

having their bases in the primitive bed of rock, which forms the floor of the room, equally well wrought with the other parts, and having a much finer polish; every part faithfully and accurately finished.

'The whole of this noble hall is divided by four ranges of square pillars. Each row consists of four, the circumference of which, at the shaft, is eleven feet; the four central ones have a capital, not unlike a well-stuffed round cushion, pressed heavily down, with the outer edge fluted and full, as if forced out by a heavy weight, resting on its capital.

'The rock above is excavated a few inches thick, in imitation of beams supporting the roof, resting on the heads of the pillars, and crossing their capitals at right angles; it is, I conjecture, merely a fanciful imitation of rafters, as it is too small to afford any security to the enormous weight of rock roof above; but the imitation conveys a meaning of what the artificers thought when working here. In the centre of the ceiling are carved a male and two females; the inner row of pillars, or those nearest to the walls, have, opposite to them, pilasters adorning the sides of the hall, and likewise four beautiful figures of females, whose heads reach to the cornice, nearly twelve feet high.

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'If *Keylas* stands pre-eminent, *Teen Tal*, from its immensity of excavation,

massive pillars, and rich sculpture, nearly rivals its neighbour in grandeur. Although different in design and exterior appearance to [from] Keylas, it equally demands the undivided attention of the observer; and be he ever so taciturn or indifferent to works of antiquity, his feelings would be animated, and his admiration excited, at viewing these august works.'

The temple of the god Indra is copiously described, but it will be sufficient for us to take notice of its most remarkable room. 'The dimensions of this richly-sculptured apartment are sixty-six feet ten inches in breadth from the recess or small room containing the figure; seventy-eight feet two inches in depth; height, fourteen feet. The whole has been plastered and painted. There is a great curiosity in this apartment: from two small pillars, near the doorway, on being struck with the hand, a deep hollow sound issues, not unpleasing to the ear. These pillars are very slender, being only one foot ten inches in circumference. The sound continues about a quarter of a minute. None of the other pillars possess the same property. The Brahmins who were around me did not let this favorable chance of indulging in their penchant for the marvellous escape them. Various causes were assigned, and tales told of these curious pillars, equally extravagant and absurd. I observed, being in a merry mood, to those about me, that probably they were constructed by Aurungzebe. The frown of ineffable contempt and disgust that overspread the hitherto placid countenances of the Brahmins, dressed in their white graceful garments; the scowling contraction of features of some characteristically-attired and ornamented fakere; two fanatics, perfectly naked, besmeared on the breast, shoulders, and forehead, with red ochre and brown clay—their whole frame daubed over with oil and the dust of wood-ashes—their hair thickly matted, and approaching in parts to a brick-dust color, reaching to their knees; the uplifted hands and eyes of three or four fat vaishnavas:—the appearance of this motley assemblage at my observation about Aurungzebe was highly picturesque: two or three of my siphanees, in their neat undress clothes, although Hindoos, affirming with a look of self-importance and gratulation, that it must be so if I said it. Near these stood,

dressed in all the frippery and pride of a *petit-maitre* (which the degenerate descendants of the Portuguese are so fond of), with measuring rod and line, conscious of his importance as deputy surveyor, and affecting to look wise and knowing, my second servant Joe. Last, and not least, the author himself, with camp-stool and note-book, clad in only three articles of white linen,—shirt, jacket, and trowsers, with feet to them. All these curious figures, congregated in the spacious and beautiful upper floor of Indra's temple, would have presented a picturesque groupe not often met with in drawings, or described on paper: the latter being the apology I have to offer for its insertion.'

The time when these structures employed the skill and the persevering industry of the Hindoos, cannot be ascertained: but it may be presumed that they have existed nearly in the same state for many ages, and we may confidently prognosticate that they will be as durable as the pyramids of Egypt.

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NARRATIVE OF A PEDESTRIAN JOURNEY FROM THE FRONTIER OF CHINA TO THE FROZEN SEA.—8vo. 1824.

A VERY bold, adventurous, and romantic scheme was projected by captain Cochrane, who, in the fervor of enterprising zeal, resolved to travel round the globe, as nearly as could be done by land. He at first offered his services to the lords of the admiralty, to explore the interior of Africa; but his application was disregarded. He then amused himself by wandering over France, Spain, and Portugal, and at length undertook a journey into Russia, intending in the sequel to traverse Asia and America.

He says in the preface,—'I frequently walked, and as frequently rode, and was thus enabled to go over a vast extent of country in a short time; and such is the kind disposition of the Russian character towards a stranger, as evinced in my case, that I feel convinced that, by studying their manners and customs, partaking of their amusements, showing respect to their religion, and otherwise conforming to their rude notions, the empire of Russia may be traversed by a forcienger in every direction, with much convenience, plenty of food, good lodgings, and even suitable raiment, without molestation, and this for so inconsi-

derable a sum, that to name it were to challenge disbelief. I shall, therefore, only state that the expenses of my journey from Moscow to Irkutsk (by the route I went, six thousand miles,) certainly fell short of a *guinea*.'

With all due respect to the worthy captain, we beg leave to ask, Is not this a mean and degrading mode of peregrination? We should not have supposed that a British officer would have thus wandered like a mendicant, receiving from strangers food, money, and even clothes. Anticipating such a remark, he obviates it by saying, that 'independently of his escaping the chance of his being plundered and ill treated, he might otherwise have been taken for a spy, and sent *over the border*; indeed it would have been impossible for him in any other way to have performed such a journey.'

Many inconveniences and dangers must doubtless have occurred to him. At Pogost he spent the night in a cask. At another time (he says), 'I passed the night in the cottage of a farmer, resigning myself to the attacks and annoyance of such vermin as generally haunt impoverished dwellings. I was proportionably pleased in the morning to pursue my journey. My route was towards Liubane, at about the ninth mile-stone from which I sat down, to smoke a cigar, when I was suddenly seized from behind, by two ruffians, whose visages were as much concealed as the oddness of their dress would permit. One of them, who held an iron bar in his hand, dragged me by the collar towards the forest, while the other, with a bayoneted musket, pushed me on in such a manner, as to make me move with more than ordinary celerity. In the thickest part of the forest, I was desired to undress; and having stripped off my trowsers and jacket, then my shirt, and finally my shoes and stockings, they proceeded to tie me to a tree. From this ceremony, and from the manner of it, I fully concluded that they intended to try the effect of a musket upon me, by firing at me as they would at a mark. I was, however, reserved for fresh scenes: the villains, with much *sang froid*, seated themselves at my feet, and rifled my knapsack and pockets, even cutting out the linings of the clothes in search of bank bills or some other valuable articles. They then compelled me to take at least a pound of black bread, and a glass of rum poured from a

small flask which had been suspended from my neck. They at length released me from the tree, and, at the point of a stiletto, made me swear that I would not inform against them. I was again treated to bread and rum, and once more fastened to the tree, in which condition they abandoned me. Not long after, a boy who was passing heard my cries, and set me at liberty. I did not doubt he was sent by my late companions upon so considerate an errand, and felt so far grateful, though it might require something more than common charity to forgive their depriving me of my shirt and trowsers, and leaving me almost as naked as I came into the world.—Having first with the remnant of my apparel rigged myself à l'*Ecossoise*, I resumed my route. I had still left me a blue jacket, a flannel waistcoat, and a spare one, which I tied round my waist in such a manner that it reached down to the knees: my empty knapsack was restored to its old place, and I trotted on with even a merry heart. Within a few miles I passed betwixt files of soldiers employed in making a new road, under the orders of general Woronoff, upon whom I waited to report the situation in which I was placed. The servant, perhaps naturally enough, refused to let me pass without first acquainting him with my business. I, however, steadily persisted in my determination; and at length hearing the noise and scuffle of turning me out, the general appeared and listened to my mournful tale. The good heart of his excellency suggested the necessity of first administering me food: some clothes were then offered to me, which I declined, considering my then dress as peculiarly becoming. He then sent an officer with two men back to the village to make inquiries concerning the robbery. These were, however, fruitless, and I quitted, with many thanks to the general, in his own carriage, which was directed to take me the first station. I soon discovered that carriage-riding was too cold, and therefore preferred walking, bare-footed as I was; and on the following morning reached Tschudove, whence I proceeded to Podberezi and Novgorod. I had passed on the road many populous and neat villages, and numerous tents belonging to the military workmen, which gave additional interest to a fertile and picturesque scenery. To the left was the river Volkhoff, on which Novgorod stands. The approach is grand, and the

numerous spires and steeples of the churches and convents, with their gilded and silvered casements glittering in the sun, recalled for a moment the memory of its ancient splendor. I entered at two o'clock, and immediately waited on the governor. He would have provided me with clothing on the instant; I was however hungry, and requested food. The governor smiled, but assented, and I then accepted a shirt and trowsers.

Pursuing his journey with unabated zeal and alacrity, he reached Zaitzova, a pleasant town, where, at what he calls a *civil house*, he was as much disgusted at the indecorous behaviour and conversation of the numerous inmates, as he was pleased with their obliging manners.

'The women of Moscovy (he says) hitherto appear civil and cleanly dressed, though disfigured by the abominable custom of tying their breasts as low, flat, and tight, as possible. The men appear equally civil, obliging, and hospitable, but almost equally disguised, by their swaddling coat of cloth, or sheep-skin, colored trowsers, and immense boots, sash round the body, a wide-rimmed hat, and long beard.'

Yet the people were not universally civil; for he says, 'I might have considered myself fortunate if I could have reached Vladimir with only a sound drubbing instead of a broken head, merely because I could not ask in the Russian language for some kuass and fire to light my pipe. To prevent the recurrence of this evil, on the next occasion I entered a house, *sans ceremonie*, and helped myself. My hostess instantly dashed the cup into the street, and with the assistance of others of her sex drove me after it at the end of broomsticks, which were besides not spared upon my back. The odds were fearful against me; I was therefore content to bear my punishment without resistance. At the next place, I inquired of a servant who spoke French, the character of my persecutors, and learned that most of these villages are inhabited by Roskolnicks or Schismatics, who have, in a manner, withdrawn or separated from the Greek church, and admit even less toleration than the church of Rome. They are bound, by the rules of their religion, to deny food, fire, and water, and every assistance, to all who are not of their own persuasion, and are even forbidden to hold any intercourse with them. Notwithstanding the repulsiveness of these

tenets, they are said to gain many thousands of proselytes every year. They are considered good agriculturists, and of the most sober and industrious habits, never drinking ardent spirits, nor using tobacco. Among themselves they are a kind, friendly people, and excellent fathers and husbands, but towards the rest of the world are—what I too certainly experienced.'

After a tedious voyage down the Volga, he arrived at Kazan.—Here is a church which gave rise to that beautiful building, the Kazan church, at Petersburg, though its architecture would seem to denote a theatre. I dined with her eminence the abbess, for so she is styled. She had the benevolence to present me with an image of their saint, which was to act as a charm against otherwise inevitable mischief. I accepted it, of course, with due reverence, without any strong faith in its boasted virtues. The lady, the original of this image, lives twelve miles from Kazan, to which, however, she makes an annual visit, and collects, from the credulity of her believers, sufficient to support her during the ensuing year.'

Returning, after his voyage, to the activity of pedestrianism, the captain advanced to the Ural chain. When he reached Krasnoufinsk, he was courteously invited by a deputation of the inhabitants 'to be present at a dinner to be given in honor of the first Englishman who had visited the place.' This invitation he ought not to have declined; but he was so modest as to refuse it, because it was 'perfectly unmerited by the individual.' We should not have been influenced by such delicate scrupulosity.

'I ascended (says our author) a considerable elevation into the bosom of the Ural mountains, where not a vestige of cultivation exists besides young firs and birch. The air was exceedingly cold on the summit. At noon I stopped at the last European residence, where I dined. The good people had resolved I should not leave this paramount quarter of the globe with any trace of dissatisfaction, and young children continually presented me with wild strawberries and cream: the strawberries were of an excellent flavor, and it is the custom of these poor people to present the traveler with such fruit during the season. I received the present, standing with one foot in Asia and the other in Europe, surrounded by lofty mountains. In the

evening I reached the first station in Asia, called Groborskoy, a post-town, and next day, with a stout heart, descended the Siberian part of the Ural chain, to the iron foundery, on the banks of the Tachusova, where there are many handsome buildings. Early the ensuing morning I reached Katherineburg, having passed in safety the mighty barriers which divide Europe from Asia. The ascent and descent are so nearly imperceptible, that were it not for the precipitous banks every where to be seen, the traveler would hardly suppose he had crossed a range of hills. As far as this frontier town of Siberia, I had traveled through one continued forest of pine trees, and for twenty miles nothing met the eye but fire-wood, grown for the use of the imperial fabrics. On reaching the Asiatic side of the Ural chain, I could not help remarking that the inhabitants of all the villages were much more civil, more hospitable, and more cleanly dressed; and in no one instance would they accept money for the food I had occasion to procure. I never entered a cottage, but cabbage soup, meat, milk, and bread, were immediately placed before me unasked; nor could any entreaty of mine induce them to take a higher reward than a pipe of tobacco, or a glass of whisky. In short, to prevent uselessly troubling the inhabitants, I was obliged to consign my nearly exhausted purse to the care of my knapsack, renouncing the hackneyed and unsocial custom of paying for food.

Among other proofs of their civility, or rather of the interest which Russians take in foreigners, as well as the means they have of making themselves understood, a very strong one occurred to me in a small village. I had learned so much of the language as to know that *kchorosho* is the Russian word for *well*, but not that *kchudo* was the translation for *bud*. My host, being a good sort of a blunt fellow, was discoursing upon the impropriety of traveling as I did. As I could not comprehend him, I was impatient to go, but he persisted in detaining me till he had made me understand the meaning of *kchudo*. My extreme stupidity offered a powerful barrier to his design; but a smart slap on one cheek, and a kiss on the other, followed by the words *kchudo* and *kchorosho*, soon cured my dullness, and I laughed heartily in spite of this mode of instruction.

‘Katherineburg is the key of Siberia.

It is a well-built city, containing fifteen thousand inhabitants. There is a large fabric belonging to the emperor, for polishing and preparing vases, urns, slabs, and the like, as well as to deposit selections of mineralogy and precious stones for the formation of cabinets. There are also numerous large iron and copper founderies in the neighbourhood, the latter of which supply the mint of the city with metal for coining. The coin is badly executed, being chipped and cracked the first moment it is issued, nor is the metal better; and no care is taken to select or recoin any of this wretched money. Near the city the river is dammed up so as to form a sort of lake for the washing of the sand, which produces the gold, and close to it is the department for smelting that costly metal. This is produced from the gold mines of Herczofsky: the quantity produced is, however, small. The moment a fine specimen of pure gold is discovered, it makes its way into the cabinet of some private individual.’

The Siberian territory admits not a long description. It is little better than an immense wilderness, the inhabitants of which are so scattered, that a wandering stranger, traveling some hundreds of miles, can scarcely see an individual, or witness the works of man, or the progress of cultivation.

Having entered Tartary, the captain in due time found himself on the banks of the Irtysh, and gained a temporary asylum at Omsk. This town ‘was one of the strong places of the Tartars, and successfully withstood the attacks of the great Yermak. The country round is fertile as to its soil, though not extensively cultivated: it is one vast plane as level as a floor. The fortress is north, and the town south of the Om, but both are east of the Irtysh.’ Opposite is the territory of the wandering Kirgeese, presenting no appearance of cultivation or dwellings. A considerable trade is carried on with them, as also with the Calmucks to the south, which consists in the barter of cattle, &c. for tobacco and spirits. Several children of each of these tribes are to be seen in Omsk, who are slaves, having been sold by their parents for a pound of tobacco, or a glass of spirits. They are, however, in this degraded condition, better off than when wandering in the inhospitable deserts.

‘The Kirgeese are divided into three hordes, all more or less tributary to

Russia, although they have khans of their own. They are all wanderers over the countries between Omsk and the Caspian sea. Their occupations consist in hunting, fishing, and breeding cattle, and of the latter they have immense droves in this vicinity. They are not considered nice in the mode of acquiring them, and have even been accused of kidnapping and selling Christians: an accusation not improbable from the example set them. They continue only so long in a place as there is forage for their beasts, getting, in winter, as near the woods as possible, for the advantage of fuel, though, in most parts, the dried dung of their cattle provides a ready and efficient substitute. I saw one of their chiefs, a good-looking fellow, but very filthy; and indeed, they are in general the most miserable and filthy race I ever beheld, scarcely, during the warm weather, affording themselves a pair of trowsers for mere decency. One large iron kettle, with wooden spoons, constitutes the furniture of their wretched tents.

'The Calmucks who, like them, make no scruple to dispose of their children upon any momentary distress, or want of spirits, are yet a different race, both with respect to features and origin. They are, however, their equals in idleness and filth, and follow the same vagabond way of life. Their features will for ever mark them, in whatever part of the world.—The flat face, small and elongated eyes, broad nose, high cheek-bones, thick lips, and brownish yellow complexion, are sure signs of their Mongolian descent. They are obliging, but inquisitive and dishonest; yet, with a little Russian education and discipline, they make good servants.'

Of the situation of Boukhtarma, a considerable town on the Irtysh, he speaks in flattering terms. 'It stands in one of the most romantic spots in the universe. It is envired by the noblest mountains, which yet appear to have no other connexion with each other than that of standing together on the same globe. They are in fact so many beautiful hills placed on a perfectly level plane, so that a traveler may go round them without an ascent or descent of ten perpendicular feet. From this may be imagined the romantic beauty of the valleys which intervene: not a tree, nor a shrub or habitation is to be seen, save only in the fortress;—nothing but grass. The valley is one continued carpet of herbage,

forming, in contrast with the sterile mountains, a picturesque solitude.

'I drank tea with the commandant, and called on the administrator of the customs, to whom I had a commendatory letter. I found him civil, obliging, and tolerably educated, and accompanied him to view what is deemed an object of curiosity in this part of the world. It is a large sand-stone near the bank of the river, on which are imprinted the marks of the feet of a man and of a horse; they are in a perfect state, and to all appearance have been formed by nature. The heels are towards the river, the feet of the man in advance of those of the horse about thirty inches, very well representing the situation of the feet of a man holding the horse. It is evident, from the situation of this stone, that the river has changed its course.

'The fortress, though it maintains a commandant with the garrison, is a miserable place, the worst along the whole frontier line; nor is the village better. The Kirgeese commit great havoc among the cattle, stealing great numbers, of which not more than one half are, in any circumstances, restored. A considerable trade might be established at this point between the Russian and Chinese empires, but for the obstinacy, ignorance, and policy of the latter nation.

'To the first Chinese settlement it is eighty miles; I would fain have visited it, but durst not without previous notice, and for this ceremony could ill spare the time. Formerly their advanced post was where I am writing this account, and I felt something like pleasure to find myself within the celestial empire. Their guard was, it seems, removed by the court of Peking, from jealousy of its subjects holding any converse with foreigners. The commanding officer is a banished mandarin, who is compelled to live like the soldiers, being denied both money and assistance from his friends; but, as the post is generally occupied by a person who has been condemned to death for some great crime, he is fain to accept his pardon on condition of serving ten years as chief of the guard.'

The sight of the noble river Lena, which is said to run above 4000 miles from its source near Irkutsk to the Frozen Ocean, at length gratified our bold adventurer. He marched along its banks, through an ill-peopled country, and sometimes ventured on its ice-clogged waters. On its left bank, he

visited a cave, much venerated by the Yakuti:—‘I ascended with great difficulty the rugged steep leading to it. The roof certainly presented a beautiful appearance, being illuminated by what may figuratively be termed chandeliers; formed, no doubt, by the water, which, making its way through the apertures above, there freezes, and hangs in icicles from the roof. The scene is very brilliant, but the effect is marred by a projecting crag of rock which overhangs the mouth of the cave, and prevents the eye from taking any other than a horizontal view of it. The air emitted from it was the chilliest I had ever felt. At Jerbat is the line which divides the Tongousian villages from those of the Yakuti.

‘The Tongousians are all wanderers, and rarely to be seen in any mechanical or subservient employment. They are classed into Forest and Desert Tongousi. The former occupy themselves in fishing and the chase, having few rein-deer; the latter subsist entirely by the breeding of those animals, and wander from one pasture to another with their flocks, tents, &c. A very few of them have received baptism; the rest are idolaters. They are characteristically honest and friendly, robbery being considered by them as unpardonable. I was myself a witness of their hospitality or improvidence; for they seem to have no thought of the future, and therefore readily share what they have killed; yet it is strange that nothing will induce them to kill a rein-deer for their own consumption, unless the party is rich, till they have been eight days without food; the act is then considered justifiable. They bear fatigue, cold, and privations, to an extraordinary degree. They are sensible of, and thankful for, kind treatment, but will permit no one to abuse them. To strike a Tongousian is indeed a great crime, and often leads to fatal consequences, as in that case they do not consider their word as sacred, but justifiably to be broken. They are exceedingly irascible, and nothing can be done with them but by good words. Their persons are small and rather delicate in appearance, their features regular and somewhat pleasing. They are considered good soldiers, and are excellent marksmen either with bow or rifle. The dress of either sex consists of trowsers of the rein-deer skin, with the hair inside, and stockings and boots of the same animal; the latter made from the legs. A waistcoat or jacket also

of leather, sometimes lined with the skins of white foxes or hares, supplies the place of a thick sort of short surtout-coat of double-leather without the hair; and lastly, a single or double frock [*is worn*] with hair in and outside, the two leather sides being together. A warm cap and large gloves, with sometimes a guard for the breast, of white fox, called nagroodnick, viz. breast-cover, and a comforter round the neck formed of the tails of the squirrel: such is their costume, which is almost wholly furnished from the skins of rein-deer. Foxes’ skins serve for caps and linings, and a wolf’s is considered valuable, as the warmest of all outside garments. They have also a guard for the forehead, ears, nose and chin. Their beds are made of a bear’s skin or of the large rein-deer, with a blanket from the same animal, lined with the warmest fur, and in shape like a bag, as the feet are completely enclosed. An axe, a knife, wooden spoon, and kettle, constitute their only utensils; the first is a *sine qua non*, and a pipe of tobacco, with a glass of spirits, their highest luxury. Their modes of dress, and general mode of living, &c. they have in common, more or less, with all other Siberian nations. There is no other difference amongst them than in the embroidery of their clothes, or the richness or poverty of the wearers.’

#### THE GHOST.

IN all ages, persons of weak intellects have believed in apparitions: yet we may confidently affirm, that stories of ghosts are mistakes, or impositions, and that they may always be detected by a proper exercise of the mental faculty. In all relations of this kind, there is manifestly an endeavour to make the events as supernatural, wonderful, and as well attested as possible, to prevent the suspicion of trick, and to silence all objections which might be made to their credibility. In compliance with this custom, we will recount a story of a ghost, which seems to possess all the desired requisites.

At a town in the west of England, twenty-four persons were accustomed to assemble once a week, to drink, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like the academy of Rubens at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president’s was more elevated than the rest. As one of the members had been in a dying state for some time, his chair, whilst he was absent, remained vacant.



When the club met on the usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went to inquire after him, and returned with the melancholy intelligence, that he could not survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight the door opened; and the form, in white, of the dying or the dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all who were present of the reality of the vision. At length he arose, and stalked toward the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and shut the door after him. After a long pause, some one, at last, had the resolution to say, ‘If only one of us had seen this, he would not have been believed; but it is impossible that so many of us can have been deceived.’ The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home. In the morning inquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club-room. There could be little doubt before; but, *now*, nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been simultaneously seen by so many persons. It is unnecessary to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels; for, in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the *fixed* laws of nature, was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be *unfixed*. Years rolled on, and the story was almost forgotten.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice, he was called to an old woman, whose business it was to attend sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, *but for one thing*, which lay upon her mind. ‘Do you not remember Mr. \*\*\*, whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. On the night of his death, I left his

room for something I wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long; but, at my return, I found the bed *without my patient!* He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but, after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room, shivering and his teeth chattering, laid himself down on the bed, and died! Considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not to do it. I knew, by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting it was the night of meeting); but I hope God and the poor gentleman’s friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented.’

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ANCIENT POETRY AND ROMANCES OF SPAIN,

selected and translated by John Bowring.—1824.

THE influence of the popular poetry of Spain has served more than any other circumstance to preserve, from age to age, the peculiar characteristics of that nation. The habitual thoughts and feelings of the people have borrowed the hues of their romantic songs; and the fame and effusions of their bards mingle with their daily pursuits and enjoyments. ‘The haughty orientalism of the Moslems (says Mr. Bowring), and the rude struggles of ardent and courageous adventurers for freedom,—the knight-errantry of the chivalric ages,—the music of the troubadours,—all in action among high mountains, mighty streams, the surrounding sea, the unclouded heaven, and conveyed through a language singularly poetical and sonorous,—have created the love and the practice of romantic song throughout the peninsula, and stamped a distinguishing impress upon its universal mind.’

There are many pleasing pieces in this volume, and the translations in general are well executed; for Mr. Bowring has a poetical talent, a delicate taste, and a considerable command of language.

The ‘World and its Flowers’ will serve as a specimen of the more serious part of the volume.

' Trust not, man, earth's flowers, but keep  
 Busy watch—they fade, they bow—  
 Watch, I say, for thou may'st weep  
 O'er the things thou smil'st on now.

Man! thou art a foolish child,  
 Playing for a flying ball—  
 Trifling sports, and fancies wild;  
 But the earth-worm swallows all.  
 Wherefore in a senseless sleep,  
 Careless dreaming—thoughtless vow—  
 Waste existence?—Thou wilt weep  
 O'er the days thou smil'st on now.

Earth, that passes like a shade,  
 Vain as lightest shade can be,  
 Soon in dust and darkness laid,  
 Crumbles in obscurity.  
 Insects of destruction creep  
 O'er its fairest, greenest bough:  
 Watch, I say, or thou shalt weep  
 O'er the flowers thou smil'st on now.

Watch, I say; the dying worm  
 That lifts up its voice to thee,  
 Dreads the over-threatening storm,  
 Fain in shelter'd port would be.  
 Laugh not—scorn not—tempt not—keep  
 Smiling folly from thy brow,  
 Lest in misery thou should'st weep  
 O'er the thoughts thou smil'st on now.\*

Ease and elegant simplicity recom-  
 mend the next piece which strikes us:

' What of you and me, my lady,  
 What will they say of you and me? \*  
 They will say of you, my gentle lady,  
 Your heart is love and kindness' throne—  
 And it becomes you to confer it  
 On him who gave you all his own:—  
 And that as now, both firm and faithful,  
 So will you ever, ever be.

\* Que de vos y de mi, señora,  
 Que de vos y de mi dirán?

What of you and me, my lady,  
 What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,  
 That I for you all else forgot;  
 And heaven's dark vengeance would have  
 scath'd me,  
 Its darkest vengeance—had I not.  
 My love! what envy will pursue us,  
 Thus link'd in softest sympathy?  
 What of you and me, my lady,  
 What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,  
 A thousand things,—in praises sweet—  
 That other maidens may be lovely,  
 But none so lovely and discreet.  
 They will wreath for you the crown of beauty,  
 And you the queen of love shall be.  
 What of you and me, my lady,  
 What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,  
 That I have found a prize divine—  
 A prize too bright for toils so trifling,  
 So trifling as these toils of mine;  
 And that, from heights so proud and lofty,  
 Deeper the fall is wont to be.  
 What of you and me, my lady,  
 What will they say of you and me?

The two pieces which follow are jocu-  
 larly epigrammatic:

' O Father Friar!

' O father friar, who can tell  
 How much thou dost torment us here?  
 Would I could in thy convent dwell,  
 For thou art never there!'

' To Clara.

' Clara, to church! your sad complaint  
 Will find a remedy at least;  
 For, if your pray'rs won't move the saint,  
 I know full well they'll move the priest.'

#### THE CONTEST.

WHEN the world, with beauty dawning,  
 First in æther's depth was hung—  
 When life was blooming as the morning,  
 And nature's treasures all were young—  
 The heart, with passion's first throb glowing  
 Oped its stores to feeling's thrill,  
 And mental bliss was overflowing,  
 Pure as stream'd the mountain rill.  
 Fancy, fraught with mildest pleasures,  
 Pour'd around her gentle balm:  
 Mirth expanded wide her treasures,  
 Teeming with love's brightest charm.  
 But never yet his charms were granted,  
 Unobscured by clouding pain:  
 And Mirth and Fancy, both enchanted,  
 Parted ne'er to meet again.

Each enticed her votaries round her,  
 Spreading wide her warm defiance—  
 Fancy's nymphs with honor crown'd her,  
 Myriads flock'd to Mirth's alliance ;  
 Till Cupid, roused to interference  
 By the ardor they display'd,  
 With frequent summons made appearance,  
 To bestow his potent aid.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fancy came with many a maid,  
 Pensive, sylph-like, and retiring,—  
 In hues of heavenly blue array'd,  
 Bewitching all, though unaspiring :  
 Their eyes were of no brighter glow,  
 Nor fiercer than Mirth's votaries' glances ;  
 Their cheeks no deeper crimson owe,  
 Not more their loveliness entrances.  
 But still to Heaven their eyes were turning,  
 Flashing with unconscious light :  
 Transparent skins betray'd the burning  
 Of ardent thoughts, that wing'd their flight  
 Toward Heaven,—and spurning earth's dominion,  
 Dwelt with purer souls above,  
 Wafting on their rainbow pinion  
 All that Heaven can know of love !  
 Cupid gazed.—His kindling eyes  
 Such a tale of joy confess'd,  
 That Fancy thought *her own* the prize,  
 Ere the judgement was express'd !  
 But Mirth, with roving gaze, advancing,  
 Light-wing'd as the butterfly,  
 From flower to flower for pleasure glancing,  
 With a sprightliness of eye,  
 That darts around it rays of beauty,  
 Light and brilliant, but of power  
 To chain the sceptic to their duty,  
 And assert their genial hour.  
 To Heaven they seldom rove—but earth,  
 In all its scenes of mount and stream,  
 Excites the fondling glow of mirth,  
 And spirits forth its brightest beam.  
 One gazed around—one glanced above—  
 And with a look so mild, so roving,  
 That impotent to act was love,  
 And Cupid's self grew pain'd by loving.  
 Now would his eye on Fancy rest,  
 And now on Mirth would smiling fall ;  
 The passion, in his fickle breast,  
 Selecting none—admiring all !  
 Still changing—fixing—roving—resting—  
 Till desire inflamed his soul,  
 With such floods of love contesting,  
 That away the urchin stole.  
 Each goddess claim'd the pendent laurel—  
 Each display'd the victor's power,  
 And undecided stood their quarrel,  
 As undecided to this hour !—  
 But each, to make distinct her track—  
 Will'd that the eye should change its hue,  
 And Mirth assumed the radiant *black*,  
 While Fancy chose the pensive *blue* !

No more the jocund train of Mirth  
 With Fancy's milder votaries mingle—  
 Each dwells distinct upon the earth,  
 As though never aught but single!  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 When the earliest glow of morning  
 Climbs the dew of eastern hills;  
 When the sun's bright beams are dawning  
 O'er the surface of the rills;  
 When the playful breeze is curling  
 Round the tendrils of the flower,  
 Busily its sweets unfurling,—  
 Then—then only is Mirth's hour!  
 But when the shades of eve descending  
 Wrap the glowing west in gray,  
 And the moonlight, sweetly blending,  
 Chases sombre night away;  
 While the starry host on high,  
 From their azure regions glancing,  
 Just dawn upon the scene to die,  
 Lost in the brighter flood advancing;  
 When hill is crown'd with vest of white,  
 And vale is chequer'd with its glory;  
 When spreading ocean gleams with light,  
 And rocks and headlands grow more hoary;—  
 Then with the trackless sea before her,  
 Its heights with glimmering turrets crown'd,  
 While inspiration flutters o'er her,  
 And nought but rapture kindles round,  
 Mild Fancy sits. Her eye is teeming  
 With visions of another sphere,  
 And, to her celestial seeming,  
 Nought, but Heaven and joy, is here!  
 Then, when from eyes of deep bright blue  
 Her spirit flashes, and her tongue  
 Is fraught with accents, oh how true!  
 On which a seraph might have hung;  
 Accents of love's imaginings,  
 Its wishes and aspirings all,  
 Round which the heart in rapture clings,  
 By which 'tis glory e'en to fall;  
 Who can resist the magic spell,  
 That Fancy weaves around the heart,  
 Dispensing thoughts we love so well?  
 'Tis anguish from our dream to start!

A REASON; TO A LADY.

THOU askest why the lovelier kind  
 Of mortals I condemn:—  
 Believe me, 'tis but when my mind  
 Reverts from *thee* to them.

The stars that gem the vault of night,  
 And sparkle on the wave,  
 Were but the moon less rich in light,  
 Would more admirers have:

And *other* charms might win my smile,  
 And *other* worth my praise,  
 Did ne'er *thy* thoughts my own beguile,  
*Thy* beauty bless my gaze.

But—sun of this terrestrial air!—  
 Beside thee nought can shine;  
 For all that's virtuous, wise, and fair,  
 Centres in thee—and *thine*.

## TO LOUISA.

ALAS! I know time brings decay,  
 And beauty, even *thine*, must fade.  
 Who can expect the charms of May,  
 When wintry blasts the fields invade?

But mine's the love that will out-last  
 The stormy as the sunny hour;  
 'Twill cling the closer for the blast  
 Which on it spends its useless pow'r.

When youth and loveliness are fled,  
 And those bright eyes their lustre lose;  
 When growing age shall o'er thy head  
 Scatter its sear'd autumnal hues;

Still there's a beauty of the mind,  
 Which blooms when all the rest are gone.  
 O may its fadeless wreaths be twined  
 To bind our mingling souls in one!

And I will cherish in my breast  
 Thee, lovely flow'r, when droop'd and fading;  
 Thy griefs I'll share or lull to rest,  
 And shield thee from the world's upbraiding.

T. C.

## THE SUPPOSED DESERTION.

*a Song, from the new Comedy, Pride shall have a Fall.*

FAREWELL! I've broke my chain at last!  
 I stand upon life's fatal shore!  
 The bitterness of death is past,  
 Nor love nor scorn can wring me more.  
 I loved, how deeply loved! Oh, Heaven!  
 To thee, to thee the pang is known;  
 Yet, traitor! be thy crime forgiven—  
 Mine be the shame, the grief, alone!

The maddening hour when first we met,  
 The glance, the smile, the vow you gave,  
 The last wild moment, haunt me yet;  
 I feel they'll haunt me to my grave!—  
 Down, wayward heart, no longer heave;  
 Thou idle tear, no longer flow;  
 And may that Heav'n he dared deceive  
 Forgive, as I forgive him now.

Too lovely, oh, too loved, farewell !  
 Though parting rends my bosom strings,  
 This hour we part !—the grave shall tell  
 The thought that to my spirit clings.  
 Thou pain, above all other pain !  
 Thou joy, all other joys above !  
 Again, again I feel thy chain,  
 And die thy weeping martyr—*LOVE.*

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ANOTHER SONG FROM THE SAME PIECE.

WHEN eve's blue star is gleaming,  
 When wakes the dewy breeze,  
 When watch-tower lights are streaming  
 Along the misty seas,  
 Oh, then, my love ! sigh to me  
 Thy roundelay !  
 The night, when thou'rt nigh to me,  
 Outshines the day.

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VERS A UNE JEUNE DEMOISELLE.

Vous avez déjà l'air de plaire.  
 Quel bonheur vous offri-  
 ra ?  
 Charmante rose de Cythere,  
 Vous n'êtes encore qu'un bouton !  
 Votre âge, trop jeune et tendre,  
 Met un obstacle à mon ardeur :  
 Pour vous cueillir, il faut attendre,  
 Que le tems vous ait mis en fleur.

REPONSE.

Puisque j'ai déjà l'air de plaire,  
 Pourquoi me parler sur ce ton ?  
 Sachez qu'au jardin de Cythere  
 La rose se cueille en bouton.  
 Est-ce que mon âge, jeune et tendre,  
 Met un obstacle à votre ardeur ?  
 L'on perd souvent tout, pour attendre,  
 Que le bouton devienne une fleur.

M.

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DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

WHEN intelligence of the poet's illness reached this country, a general anxiety prevailed; but this sensation yielded to hope on the announcement of his recovery, and the public earnestly wished that he might 'go on and prosper,' in the noble cause to which he had devoted himself. All hopes of that kind, however, are now extinguished by the melancholy effect of a subsequent indisposition. By being too long exposed to the rain he caught cold, and was not so fortunate as to recover. Before he became delirious, his last thoughts and

expressions were given to his wife, his child, and his sister.

The following proclamation soon after appeared.

*Provisional Government of Greece.*

'The present days of festivity are converted into days of bitter lamentation for all.

'Lord Noel Byron died to-day, about eleven o'clock in the evening, in consequence of a rheumatic inflammatory fever, which had lasted for ten days. During the time of his illness, your general anxiety evinced the profound sorrow that pervaded your hearts. All

classes, without distinction of age or sex, oppressed by grief, entirely forgot the days of Easter.

The death of this illustrious personage is certainly a most calamitous event for all Greece, and still more lamentable for this city, to which he was eminently partial, of which he became a citizen, and of the dangers of which he was determined personally to partake when circumstances should require it. His munificent donations to this community are before the eyes of every one, and no one amongst us ever ceased, or ever will cease, to consider him, with the purest and most grateful sentiments, as our benefactor.

Mesolonghi, April 19.

If the most illustrious and popular native member of the new republic had died, the honors decreed to his memory would not, we think, have been greater than those which were paid on this occasion to a distinguished foreigner. All courts of justice, and all public offices, were ordered to be shut for three days, and likewise all shops, except those in which provisions and medicines were sold; all dances, all musical performances, entertainments in taverns, and every other species of public amusement, were prohibited during that time; a general mourning was commanded for three weeks; and the priests were directed to perform funeral ceremonies in all the churches.

REMARKS ON THE TRUE NATURE OF POETRY; BEING PART OF A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN INSTITUTION BY THE HONORARY SECRETARY.

WHAT is poetry?—Dr. Johnson defines it, ‘metrical composition; the art or practice of writing poems.’ This definition is, however, so cold, so lifeless, so totally devoid of taste, and (may I not add?) of correctness too, that we cannot hesitate at once to pass it over.

Let us hear what Dr. Blair says. ‘Poetry is the language of passion or enlivened imagination, formed most commonly into regular numbers.’ He proceeds to say that ‘The historian, the orator, the philosopher, address themselves for the most part primarily to the understanding; their direct aim is to inform, to persuade, or to instruct. But the primary aim of the poet is to please and to move; and, therefore, it is to the

imagination and the passions that he speaks. He may and he ought to have it in his view to instruct and to reform; but it is indirectly, and by pleasing and moving, that he accomplishes this end. His mind is supposed to be animated by some interesting object that fires his imagination or engages his passions, and which of course communicates to his style a peculiar elevation suited to his ideas, very different from that mode of expression which is natural to the mind in its calm ordinary state. I have added (continues Dr. Blair) to my definition, that this language of passion, or imagination, is formed, *most commonly*, into regular numbers, because, though versification be in general the exterior distinction of poetry, yet there are some forms of verse so loose and familiar as to be hardly distinguishable from prose; such is the verse of Terence’s comedies; and there is also a species of prose, so measured in its cadence, and so much raised in its tone, as to approach very near to poetical numbers; such as the *Telemachus* of Fenelon, and the English translation of *Ossian*. The truth is, verse and prose, on some occasions, run into one another like light and shade.’

Although this definition of poetry is, upon the whole, the best with which I am acquainted, yet I do not think that Dr. Blair has succeeded in giving an exact description of this enchanting siren: for I cannot avoid doubting, whether the *primary* aim of the poet is, or ought to be, to please and to move. In my humble judgement, that poetry which neither reforms, instructs, nor persuades, is good for little. Indeed I should be disposed to reverse Dr. Blair’s positions, and say that the aim of the poet ought to be, to instruct and reform by pleasing and moving: and these of course not only by the animation, elevation, and figurative nature of his language and style, but also by harmony of numbers suited to the different subjects of which he treats.

The Welsh, who appear from their earliest history to have been enthusiasts in poetry, tell us in their triads, that *three things* must be avoided in poetry, the frivolous, the obscure, and the superfluous; that the *three excellences* of poetry are, simplicity of language, of subject, and of invention; that the *three indispensable purities* of poetry are, pure truth, pure language, and pure manners; that *three things* should all

poetry be, namely, thoroughly crude, animated, and natural. But here, although some of the precepts are good, a strict definition of poetry is not given.

Horace says, that a poet ought to profit and to please; but the best way of doing this, *as a poet*, is not so easily described. Many have considered a certain number of feet, or of long and short syllables, peculiarly placed, as essential to the character of poetry, whilst others have thought that verses, having a certain number of syllables, and similar terminations called *rhymes*, constitute poetry; whereas frequently, in both instances, nothing is farther from the truth.

The ancients never used rhyme; and it is well known that many of our modern verses which rhyme contain no poetry whatever. Poetical measures or feet, and also rhyme, may be considered then as the exterior only, the body of English poetry; its spirit or essence consists chiefly in happy invention, in the novelty, boldness, and correctness of its figures, and the propriety of their application. But, as example is, perhaps, the best way of defining poetry, I will introduce to your notice a passage from Ossian, which is highly poetical. It is an address to the Sun, from the poem called *Carthor*.

‘O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall, the mountains themselves decay with years, the ocean shrinks and grows again, the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun! in the strength of thy youth! age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon,

when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.’

This, in my opinion, is *poetry*; for, although the passage is written in the measured prose to which Dr. Blair alludes, it has that animating spirit, that soul, without which no genuine poetry can exist.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

*Miss Sophia Lee.*—THIS lady was not only an ingenious writer, but a valuable member of society. She was the daughter of Mr. John Lee, for some time manager of the Edinburgh theatre, and an occasional performer at Covent-garden. Educated strictly in all the habits of domestic life, she devoted her attention, at an early age, to the education and welfare of the younger individuals of the family, to whom, after the premature death of their mother, and the subsequent loss of their father, her prudence became eminently useful. She thus sacrificed, to affection and duty, somewhat of that celebrity which she might have increased by the exclusive cultivation of her talents. Yet few writers had more allurements at their outset to pursue the path of fame. Her comedy of the *Chapter of Accidents*, offered anonymously to the elder Mr. Colman, a man of approved taste and genius, was received by him with an immediate request to know the author; and its success fully justified his high opinion of it. The talents of Edwin were never better displayed than in that original, true, Somersetshire clown, Jacob Cawky; and *our Bridget* became the phrase of the day for comic vulgarity.

Her interesting novel of the *Recess* next appeared, and was the first English work of merit, in which historical characters were made the ground-work of fictitious events. It presented the writer in strong contrast with herself, both as to subject and diction, and was so popular, that, after the publication of the first part, Mr. Cadell desired her to name her own terms for the remainder, enclosing a bank-note as a compliment. She now, however, devoted only her leisure hours to her pen, and produced her succeeding works after long intervals, having established (in concert with her sister Harriet) a seminary for young



ladies at Bath, which her name rendered distinguished and flourishing. From this situation she retired about twenty years since, to close an active and well-spent life in family association, privacy, and content.

Her novel, called the *Life of a Lover*, is not her best work, although it is marked with that fertility and vigor of mind by which all her productions are characterised. In the *Canterbury Tales*, only those of the *Young Lady* and the *Clergyman* were written by her; and they certainly reflect credit on her talents. Her tragedy of *Almeyda* is far from being destitute of merit, but it is now scarcely remembered; and her comedy of *Assignment* is still less known, yet it is not deserving of contempt or neglect.

*Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Baronet.*—This gentleman possessed considerable talents and an enterprising spirit. He was the son of a clergyman, who gave him a classical education, and sent him to the university of Oxford. He tried his skill as a dramatist in the time of Garrick, by writing the interlude of *Henry and Emma*. 'The Rival Candidates' proved more successful: his *Flitch of Bacon*, an amusing *petite piece*, served to introduce his friend Shield, as a composer, to the notice of the public; and his opera of the *Woodman* has not yet been laid aside. He brought forward, in 1780, the *Morning Herald*, and we believe that no paper was ever more rapidly established. Having received offers of preferment, he took orders; but, being of a bold and irritable spirit, he fought several duels even after he had been ordained. For this unjustifiable conduct he ought to have been stigmatised and suspended from his functions; but these delinquencies are usually overlooked. When he became more steady, he acted with success as an agricultural improver, and with propriety and impartiality as a magistrate. He also patronised that merit which others were slow in discovering; for he greatly contributed, by his strong recommendations, to the rise of a great painter and a celebrated actress—*Gainsborough* and *Mrs. Siddons*.

*Mr. William Cooke.*—He was born at Cork, but left that city in the year 1766, and never returned to it. He came to this country with strong recommendations to the first marquis of Lansdown, the duke of Richmond, Burke, and Goldsmith; and he retained an in-

timacy with all these distinguished characters through life. Soon after his arrival in London he became a member of the *Middle Temple*; but, after a circuit or two, purchased a share in two public journals, and devoted himself chiefly to the public press. His first poem was entitled '*The Art of Living in London*,' which was attended with considerable success. His next work bore the title of '*Elements of Dramatic Criticism*.' He afterwards wrote the *life of Macklin* the actor, with a history of the stage during the career of that performer; he also wrote the *life of Foote*; and both these works abound with anecdotes and judicious theatrical remarks. His chief poetical production was '*Conversation*,' in the fourth edition of which he introduced characteristic and spirited sketches of *Dr. Johnson* and other ornaments of that literary club in *Gerard-street*, of which only two members now survive—*earl Spencer* and *lord Stowell*. He paid the same compliment to the *Essex-street* club, and feelingly lamented the death of its most distinguished members. By the produce of his industry and occasional bequests, he was gratified with that opportunity of retirement which *Goldsmith* prophesied would never be his lot. If not distinguished by great learning, he was a man of sense and knowledge, and an agreeable companion.

*Mr. Bowdich.*—He was the son of a considerable manufacturer of Bristol, but, disliking trade, and having a relative in an important situation on the *Gold Coast*, he obtained an appointment as a writer in the service of the *African Company*. In 1816 he arrived at *Cape Coast Castle*; and, as it was determined to send an embassy to the interior of *Ashantee*, a service in which few were willing to embark, he was at his own solicitation appointed to that perilous enterprise. Of this expedition he published a narrative that was very favorably received by the public, and obtained for him the reputation of a scientific traveler. He was author of some other publications; and, not long before his death, was employed upon a work tending to illustrate the geology and natural history of *Madeira*. While he was surveying the river *Gambia*, in January last, he caught a fever, which proved fatal, when he was only in his thirty-first year. He was a good scholar, an able mathematician, and was endowed with a philosophical mind.





Drawn by R. Westall R.A.

Engraved by Chas. Heath

### THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

"OH MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER! DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR SON?"

Vide Sketch Book V.

London, Published by S. Robinson, Chapter House Passage 1524.

## THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

AMONG the tales intermingled with the essays in the celebrated Sketch-book, there is not one more interesting and pathetic than that which treats of the forlorn widow and her unfortunate son. The story is related with unaffected simplicity, and makes a strong impression on those feelings which are not deadened

by fashionable apathy: but, as we formerly extracted it at full length from Mr. Irving's very pleasing miscellany\*, there is no necessity for a repetition of particulars, and it will suffice to observe, that the most striking part of the story is beautifully represented in the annexed engraving.

\* See our number for September, 1821.

*Fine Arts.*

Nor having taken sufficient notice, in the last number, of the varied claims of the new Society of British Artists to public encouragement, we shall redeem our pledge by a farther specification.

The Vale of Lonsdale, by Linton, deserves particular notice and approbation. The scene is thus described by Gray:—'Here Ingleborough, behind a variety of lesser [*smaller*] mountains, makes the back-ground of the prospect: on each side of the middle distance rise two sloping hills; the left clothed with thick woods, the right with variegated rock and herbage; between them, in the most fertile of valleys, the Lune serpentizes for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear through a richly-wooded and well-pastured fore-ground. Every feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of the extensive sort is here not only boldly marked, but also in its best position.'—The scene is represented, in this passage, both with the eye of a poet and that of a painter; and the painting is chastely natural and beautifully illustrative. We find that this piece is already sold, and we are sure that the purchaser has evinced his taste.

The Cattle and Figures, by Burnet, must not pass without high commendation. The composition is good, the tints are rich and harmonious, and the piece displays every character of the picturesque.

The Gypsies Encamped, by Stark, although the coloring is not so good as in his other pieces, must be allowed to possess considerable merit.—A Rustic Girl, by Brown, is marked by that gracefulness of which some ladies of fashion are destitute, and is at the same time characteristic of rural life.

Almost all the portraits by Meyer are well executed: they exhibit his own taste and the distinctive character of each of the personages.—The Cross-Examining of a Witness, by Ripplingillc,

is defective in coloring; but there is a great variety of natural expression in the countenances of the assembled individuals.—With regard to Heaphy's Leap-Year Ladies, it has been *pointedly* observed, that it is a 'subject of courtship, which, with much *point*, tells its own story.'—There is an architectural piece which is very striking: it represents the front of a palace toward the water, and exhibits a fine central portico, towering above the colonnades that surround the courts.—A Fishmonger's Shop, by Pidding, is so admirably depicted, as to tempt the epicure by the delicacies which it presents to his view.—Blake's Dead Game is an exquisite *morceau*; and the Arctic Dog, by Hawkins, is an able and spirited delineation.

The sculptural works are not very numerous; but some of them have great merit. There are good busts by Sconlar, Hemming, and H. Rossi; and we observe a model for a statue of the late Mr. West, by C. Rossi, who has given the exact likeness of his deceased friend. A groupe, by Sconlar, representing the discovery of Moses, is highly worthy of notice.

*Exhibition of the Royal Academy.*—The besetting sin of every exhibition, by this society, is the multiplicity of portraits: but, if there be a greater demand for pieces of that description than for historical paintings, works of fancy, or landscapes, the blame is more imputable to the public than to the artists. In the present display, individuals, as usual, prevail over groupes, and a number of obscure persons, beside many of note, seem to stare the spectator out of countenance.

The portraits exhibited by the president excite the greatest attention: but there are different opinions with regard to the peculiar merit of each. Some prefer the Children of Mr. Calmady to any

one of the rest : others admire the portly citizen, sir William Curtis ; others are more particularly pleased with the venerable lord Stowell ; and a critic thus speaks of the charming representation of the duchess of Gloucester : ' The portrait of the daughter of our late venerated sovereign is a work that would have graced the highest school of old. It is finely drawn, admirable in color, unaffected in style, and expressive of that benignity of countenance and dignity of mien which adorn the royal prototype—a lady whose virtues are truly worthy of her parentage.'—To us, however, the first piece is the most attractive. It is in the first style of art ; the coloring is brilliant, yet chaste ; and the expression is admirable.

Mr. Jackson's portraits may be reckoned among the greatest ornaments of the present exhibition. ' They have the peculiar merit (says Mr. C. M. Westmacott) of being pictures independent of their similitude to the originals,—a virtue that will secure them honorable mention when the persons for whom they are painted may be consigned to oblivion. This artist now exhibits six pictures. That they are all in the highest walk of art every observer will admit. The portrait of sir Benjamin Hobhouse, painted for the Literary Fund, is certainly one of the best ; but in all there is a boldness of pencil, with a breadth of *chiaroscuro*, which is peculiarly his *forte*. A friend said to me, looking at and admiring the likeness of general Phipps, ' If ever I have my own portrait painted, Jackson shall be the artist ; but if I want that of my wife or daughter, I should prefer the elegant playfulness and flattering touch of the president.'

Shee and Philips have also distinguished themselves in this department. The portrait of the anatomical professor, Carlisle, by the former, is pleasingly characteristic, and has all the requisites that constitute a fine picture ; and the latter has fully maintained his former fame by his representations of lord Acheson, the duchess of Northumberland, and other characters. Even the great age of sir William Beechey has scarcely diminished the spirit of his pencil ; and his portraits of two ladies of fashion are remarkable for gracefulness of manner and delicacy of coloring. Mr. Lonsdale has exhibited a correct likeness of the prince Leopold ; and the piece is well drawn and neatly colored. Mr. Howard, descending from

his elevation of pictorial character, has employed himself upon six portraits, all of which, but more particularly that of a young lady in the Florentine costume of the year 1500, possess considerable merit. There is a good portrait of the bishop of Durham by Mr. Owen ; Mr. Northcote has exhibited a lady and her child in a pleasing and spirited style ; and Mr. Chalon has delineated, with skill and effect, the countenance of the well-known Mr. Clarkson.

We are sorry to observe that Mr. Westall has only one piece in the exhibition ; for, although his paintings betray a stiffness in the drawing and a want of variety in the figures, they frequently display a beauty of expression and a richness of color. His present subject is, the Appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalen after his Resurrection. There is a want of keeping in the picture ; but, upon the whole, it is a fine piece.

Fuseli has had recourse to Spenser's Fairy Queen for a romantic subject, and he has executed it in his fanciful and eccentric manner. It refers to the success of Britomart, in dissolving the spell of Busyrane.

Mr. Wilkie has not been very liberal in contributing to the stores of the Academy ; for he has only sent three pieces to enrich the temporary display. To withhold our praise from any one of the three would be invidious and unjust. One is entitled *Smugglers offering run Goods for Sale or Concealment* ; the second is the *Cottage Toilette* ; the third, a *Study for Commodore Trunnion*, made in Greenwich Hospital. The first excels in character and color, and, without the appearance of elaborate exertion, evinces the master. The *Toilette*, which is perhaps more attractive, is explained in these lines :

' While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,  
With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair ;  
Glaud, by his morning ingle, takes a beck ;  
The rising sun shines mottly through the reck ;  
A pipe his mouth, the lassies please his een,  
And now and then his joke maun intervene.'

The *Study* is rather too close an imitation of the style of Rembrandt ; yet it displays some traces of originality.

Mulready's *Widow* is thus introduced :

' So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love.'

It is not altogether fair in an artist thus to ridicule the eagerness of a widow to be re-admitted within the pale of matrimony : but those ladies who are

fond of the arts will surely forgive the satirist whose merit is so striking. This piece abounds with humor and talent. The person of the wooer is properly conceived, displaying all his attractions to make an indelible impression at first sight: the half-yielding coyness of the widow, the formal prudish appearance of the antiquated domestic, the arch playfulness of the younger children, and the expressions of reflection and grief in the eldest daughter, are exquisitely painted. The whole story is remarkably well told, and the arrangement and keeping are admirable.

Leslie's picture from *Don Quixote*, representing Sancho in the apartment of the Duchess, is the finest piece in this class of composition. It is admirably grouped and arranged, and the lights and shadows are so skilfully disposed, that the eye comprehends the whole at once without effort. The figure of the duchess is charming: it answers perfectly to what we should conceive a Spanish beauty: the countenance is lovely and most interesting,—pale with dark eyes. The attitude is dignified and easy, and the satin drapery tastefully disposed and finely painted. At her right hand stands a duenna, whose appearance is well contrasted with the elegance of her mistress, and also with the open-hearted mirth of the waiting-maidens, excited by the ludicrous demeanor and conversation of Sancho. These form a groupe behind him, and he is seated immediately before the duchess. The general composition of the picture is very good; the principal figures are as prominent as they ought to be; and the accessories are pleasingly and correctly delineated.

Stothard's *Venus with Cupid*, attended by the Graces, may be admired for its coloring and for the grace and

beauty of the female figures; but there is an affectation in the artist's manner, and the design is defective. Hilton's *Love taught by the Graces* may justly be deemed superior to Stothard's picture, being more finely conceived and more feelingly and forcibly executed. It has no tendency to a particular style or manner, but represents nature with elegant simplicity. Mr. Etty's *Pandora* is not painted in a natural style; and indeed the subject, being mythological, admits a considerable latitude in that respect. The design, however, is tasteful, and there is great beauty in the execution. To fabulous history Mr. Bone has also had recourse. His picture is entitled *Mercury, Argus, and Io*, and it is a proof of great talent.

Witherington's Picture Gallery is creditable to his talents; the pieces which are supposed to cover the sides of the room are very distinctly given; and the general effect is brilliant and pleasing.—The *Stage-Coach Travellers*, by Ripplingille, may be praised for the humor which is displayed, and for the neatness with which the piece is finished.—Pickersgill's *Oriental Love-Letter* is full of exquisite design and fine feeling. It alludes to the flowers which are used as tokens and

————— that tell

What words can never speak so well.\*

Some historical pictures also deserve our notice. King William reconnoitring the *Enemy near the Boyne*, and the *Battle of Shrewsbury*, both by Cooper, are pieces of considerable merit, and have an animated air; and Allan's *Enforcement of the Abdication of Mary*, the *Scottish Queen*, is a favourable specimen of fine drawing and elaborate execution.

Many other paintings, and a variety of subjects in sculpture, are reserved for future notice.

## Music.

Of the concerts of ancient music, the fifth (on the 31st of March) was the best. After the overture, lord Mornington's airy and fanciful glee, 'Here in cool grot,' was given with effect; and Miss Stephens sang, 'Hide me from day's garish eye,' in the finest style. A young bass singer, named Wheeler, then made his *debut*. His voice has no great volume; but his tones are pleasing,

and his manner has a good share of polish.

The fourth concert of the season given by the Philharmonic Society included a tasteful selection. The *Ah Perfida* of Beethoven, though a difficult piece, was sung by Garcia with propriety and force; and Mrs. Salmon gave the air from Handel's *Susanna* with admirable effect.

Mr. Ries, the celebrated composer and performer, lately gave a farewell concert, which was very well attended, and gave great satisfaction, mingled with regret for his departure. He performed on the piano-forte with unabated skill, and was ably assisted by the veteran Clementi, who conducted a new overture of his own composition.

A player of extraordinary promise on

the same instrument has started up in the person of a boy of the name of Aspull, only eight years of age. He not long since played before his majesty, and on the 28th of March he had a benefit concert. The precocity of children, in music, is not now so rare or so surprising as it once was; but this is certainly a child of remarkable talent, and he plays with great rapidity and neatness.

## Drama.

### THE KING'S THEATRE.

AN excellent singer, who is also a respectable actress, may confidently expect an ample benefit. Madame Caradori was highly gratified in this respect; and her performance of Zerlina, in the opera of Don Giovanni, was loudly applauded. Garcia, in the character of the Libertine, was not perhaps equal to Ambrogetti in point of acting; but his singing was unexceptionable.

The opera of Tancredi has been received for the purpose of exhibiting Madame Pasta as the hero. She therefore appeared in male attire, without fear or shame; and she ably executed the task assigned to her. The *scena*, *Oh Patria*, was universally encored, and a very delightful performance it was. This lady sings it more slowly than the usual time, which perhaps adds to its pathos, though the air is somewhat dragging in consequence; but she enriches it so much by a few chaste and original ornaments, and imparts so much feeling and true musical expression to it, that, upon the whole, it loses nothing by the change of movement. Her duet with Curioni, *Ah, se di mali miei!* and another with Madame de Begnis, *Lasciami! non t'ascolto*, were admirably sung, and made a great impression.

A new performer, named Remorini, has appeared in *Il Turco in Italia*. He has a good bass voice of great power; his style of execution is bold and effective, and his acting easy and natural.

### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The manager has made a good choice of pieces during this month; but novelty has not prevailed. The sudden retreat of Mr. Kean into the country, when he was expected to remain in the metropolis, occasioned a commotion in the house, when he was announced for

the character of Richard; but it was allayed by the ready consent of Mr. Macready to go through the part, and he acted the tyrant with striking effect. The professional secretary of the absent actor (for his dignity requires such an officer in his establishment) afterward wrote to the stage-manager to assure him of his master's *indisposition*.

Mr. Munden has repeated those characters in which he is known to excel, with a force and spirit which could not have been expected at his age; and it is the wish of his admirers, that he would relinquish, at least for some years, his intention of retiring from public life: but his determination, he says, is irrevocable.

### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The lively personation of Friar Tuck by Mr. Charles Kemble induced his friends to believe that he might shine in the representation of Falstaff; and, having performed the arduous part with approbation at a provincial theatre, he was encouraged to enact it at the house over which he presides. The First Part of King Henry the Fourth was therefore brought forward in a splendid style; but his performance seemed to want richness. The admirable scene which occurs on the meeting of all parties, after the knight and his cowardly associates have been beaten by the prince and Poins, produced some effect. 'By the Lord I knew thee, Hal!' was well given; but the description of the ragged recruits, which ought to have produced the effect of convulsing the house with laughter, excited little emotion. The great requisite in this character should be—the very joints ought all to appear to be in motion with an overflow of luxurious mirth; but Mr. Kemble, on the contrary, seemed laboring to make us laugh







*Carriage Costume.*

*Invented by Miss Perpoint & engraved for the Ladies Magazine, 1824*



1 "Flower" dress

## Opera Dress

Invented by Miss Repoint, & engraved for the Lady's Magazine, N° 5. 1824.



by the effect of art and study. The voice which he assumed was peculiar; and there was some variety of tone, but not enough. Indeed his acting was deficient in breadth of humor. We have so long admired his excellence in many characters, that we are not pleased to see him adopt one to his representation of which we can yield no higher praise than that of respectability. Mr. Young did not play Hotspur with the nervous energy which he used to throw into that character; still much of his declamation was fine. His description of the fop was excellent, rather too hurried, but yet unrivaled. Mr. Cooper, as the Prince,

displayed judgement and discrimination. Blanchard made an excellent Francis. Miss F. H. Kelly performed the trifling character of Lady Percy with much grace; Mrs. Davenport was a capital Hostess; and the subordinate parts were well supported. On the costume in general too much praise can hardly be bestowed. The whole of it was rich—much of it picturesque. We have thus spoken only of the evening of revival; but it is proper to add, that Mr. Kemble's acting has been considerably improved by his repetitions of the character: it is more easy and mellow than at first, and will gradually become more effective.

## Fashions.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

#### OPERA DRESS.

DRESS of Urling's lace over white satin, the border elegantly ornamented with foliage and figures of white satin, with the Scottish thistle interspersed at the summit of the trimming on the border. White satin body made quite plain, and short sleeves, ornamented to correspond with the skirt, but without the thistles. The hair adorned with a bandeau of pearls on the right side, and a few thistles in front towards the left. Pearl ear-rings, and *negligé* necklace, terminating in a bow in front, instead of the long ends formerly worn with this necklace. Two bracelets of pearl clasped with gold worn over the long sleeves on each arm.

#### CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Tunique pelisse robe of *gros de Naples*, the color of the Persian lilac; the corsage made in the Gallo-Greek style, and finished on each side of the bust *en rouleaux*, the mancherons to correspond. A falling collar of fine Vandyke lace ornaments the bust. Village hat of white *gros de Naples*, bound and trimmed with pink satin, and crowned with two simple full-blown roses: a small peasant's cap of fine lace worn underneath. Gold neck-chain, and gold bracelets over the sleeves. Parasol of sea-green, black satin shoes, and doe-skin gloves.

#### MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

It is always with peculiar satisfaction that we lay before our readers an account of the latest spring fashions, because we are generally assured that they bear, at that time, not only a novel but a decided feature. Our information is derived from the most genuine sources, and, as such, we hasten to impart it to our fair readers.

Pelisses of the most lovely tint, either of *gros de Naples* or of the lighter, though equally rich in appearance, Levantine, are now seen embellishing the verdure of the Park and Kensington Gardens: simple in their make and ornaments,

but fitting well to the figure, they have very little trimming, and fasten down the front with bows. Spencers have appeared partially: with them a white dress is absolutely requisite; and the British ladies, seemingly still averse to white, prefer their beautiful silks with only a Cachemire shawl thrown over their shoulders, when they do not wish to wear a pelisse, the present make of these comfortable envelopes being certainly too warm to admit a gown underneath. When these shawls are white, the ground is almost covered with a rich and variegated pattern; but they are reckoned most elegant when the ground is all of one color; either light or bril-

liant, and all the diversity of colors and design displayed in the border.

The summer hats now begin to make their appearance; those of Leghorn are very large: some are very tastefully trimmed with flowers, both round the crown and underneath the brim, and others with riband in various ways. Bonnets of figured *gros de Naples*, both white and colored, are very general; the latter are ornamented with marabout feathers, the white with fancy flowers, or those most in season. Some white bonnets are trimmed with puckered gauze, and have a *chevaux de frise* at the edge; these are generally ornamented with a plume of white flat feathers, very highly curled.

Figured silks, of very slight texture, are much worn in home costume; some of these wash remarkably well. Chintzes, the grounds of which are of two shades of green, are much admired for morning dresses: they are trimmed with a double flounce, set on in a serpentine manner; this trimming, as well as French tucks in undress silk gowns, is very fashionable. Serpentine folds and plaitings of gauze are worn on ball-dresses, and between them are beautiful wreaths of flowers: in almost every ornament two shades of the favorite color are used; it has a beautiful, truly novel and cheerful effect. The gowns for half-dress are made only partially low, and a *colerette* tippet, all of lace, and trimmed with a handsome border of the same material, gives a splendid finish to the dress, which renders it fit for any time of the day, and improves its style almost to evening costume, or for the private concert.

Head-dresses consist of elegant blond cornettes, ornamented with flowers for home attire, or for the dinner, where only the members of a family may be invited. Turbans of figured gauze, colored figures on a white ground, when without feathers, are worn on the same occasion: these turbans, with the addition of an elegant plume, are appropriate for the evening dress party. Young ladies adorn their hair with flowers, or with an ornamented comb. Feathers seem excluded from the ball-room, and properly: they look awkward, and, notwithstanding their proverbial lightness, they appear heavy when nodding down the sprightly dance.

The favorite articles in jewellery are pearls, topazes, and rubies.

The most approved colors for dresses

and pelisses are violet, spring-green, canary-yellow, and tea-color. For ribands, turbans, and bonnets, peach-blossom, pink, emerald-green, and ethereal-blue.

#### MODES PARISIENNES.

Pelisses and mantles of *gros de Naples* are yet in favor; they have but little alteration in their make from those of warmer materials worn during the winter. Black lace square handkerchiefs are so much in request, that they are often thrown over a pelisse by way of ornamenting the shoulders. Spencers of light-colored silks have appeared on some *élégantes*; the sleeves are very full. Some of these spencers fasten behind, and others fit tight to the shape, and are richly laced across the bust, and finished by Brandenburg buttons and tassels: a falling collar finishes this kind of spencer.

Chip hats are ornamented in front with a bunch of cherry-blossoms; sometimes they have a very large bow of gauze of Ipsiboë green, and the brims of some hats are puckered over with gauze. The form of the hats at the public promenades is the Bolivar: they are made of colored crape, and are simply placed on the head to their whole extent; they are generally ornamented with one long flat feather. Double violets are favorite flowers on Leghorn hats, as is the Persian lilac, which is sometimes mixed with white lilac: other Leghorn hats we find ornamented with fruit, and flowers of the peach-blossom are a very favorite embellishment; but the most prevailing way of trimming Leghorn hats is with riband, according to the wearer's taste. Bolivar white hats of *gros de Naples* are bound with blue, and ornamented with stripes of blue; the crowns are much higher in front than behind. All hats that are of silk or satin are trimmed with very large bows of riband. Some green willow hats have been seen lately; they are ornamented with a profusion of bows made of broad riband; some have streamers. The color of the flowers on a hat should always correspond with that of the lining. A gray lavender bonnet, lined with ripe currant-red, and ribands of the same color, has been much admired; it is ornamented in front with a plume of cocks' feathers of currant-red, spread out in two directions.

Merino crapes are much in request for

half-dress gowns; they are of light colors, and are trimmed with rows of puffings, each puff beautifully formed in the cockleshell style, fluted at one end, and tapering off plain into a point at the other. Cambric dresses (not near so much in favor as silks of different colors) are worked in cotton, in very rich embroidery, in distinct rows round the border. *Ourika* blouses are most in favor; they are embroidered with red worsted, to represent branches of coral. The fashionable balls in Paris being now over, there is nothing new in the article of ball dresses.

Small *cornettes*, without any ornament, are worn at the breakfast table. Young persons appear at all times in their own hair, with very little ornament. *Toques* of black gauze and *crêpe lisse*, ornamented with beads or jet, and surmounted by two feathers, placed *à la Moïse*, are much worn at evening dress parties.

The favorite colors for pelisses, dresses, and spencers, are light blue, rose-color, mahogany-brown, and lavender. For trimmings, turbans, and bonnets, canary-yellow, rose-color, pearl-grey, and Persian-lilac.

## Court News.

THE late drawing-room excited a strong sensation. Nothing of that splendid description had occurred for two years, and that is a long time in the calendar of fashion. The palace of St. James was intended to be the scene of the brilliant assemblage; and various alterations were deemed necessary to adapt that declining fabric to the purposes of royal magnificence. Three rooms, in particular, have been fitted up in a very handsome style; but the third, being the Presence-Chamber, is more gorgeously embellished than the rest. The throne is exceedingly splendid, and, in point of size and magnificence of effect, far exceeds that in the house of lords. It is composed generally of rich crimson Genoa velvet, thickly covered with gold lace, and is surmounted by a canopy of the same material, on the inside of which is a star embroidered in gold. There are three steps for his majesty to ascend, which lead to a state chair of exquisite workmanship. Over the fire-place is a full length portrait of the king in his coronation robes; and fine representations of the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo also attract the eye. The piers of the room are filled up with plate glass, before which are some beautiful marble slabs. The window curtains are of crimson satin, trimmed with gold fringe and lace. The cornices, mouldings, &c. are richly gilt, and the other decorations and furniture are of corresponding elegance, presenting a *coup d'œil* in every way suited to the dignity and splendor of the British court.

After a thronged levee, the presenta-

tions of ladies were unusually numerous. His majesty received them with dignified grace and politeness; but, at the close of the ceremony, he appeared to be greatly fatigued.

As the elegant and rich dresses of the ladies were much admired, a short description of the most striking displays of that kind will, we trust, be agreeable to our readers.

The princess Augusta wore, over a white satin dress a robe of silver lama, richly embroidered. On the lower part was a fulness of lama, with rich rollo; above this was a flounce finished with a handsome border of silver; the body was elegantly trimmed with silver, and a superb suit of Brussels lace; the manteau was composed of a green and silver tissue, trimmed with lama and rollo. Her head-dress consisted of feathers and diamonds; and, to prevent repetition, we here observe that every lady of rank had a similar head-dress.

The princess Sophia of Gloucester wore, over a petticoat of white satin, a superb dress of tulle, elegantly embroidered with pearls in wreaths of roses and lilies, interspersed with bouquets of jacee and pearl stars, body and sleeves profusely ornamented with pearls, jacee, and Brussels lace, rich brocaded white tissue train, superbly embroidered with pearls in wreaths and stars to correspond with the petticoat.

The duchess of Wellington had a white net dress over a white satin petticoat, with a trimming of satin and net; the body of the dress was ornamented with blonds, and the train was of satin, trimmed with leaves of blond.—The

duchess of Argyll exhibited a striped gold lama dress, with an elegant border of the same material, curiously wrought in flowers, and a corresponding train of peculiar richness. Her grace of Northumberland had a similar dress, embroidered *à colonne* in very elegant designs, and a superb garniture over a white satin slip. The marchioness of Londonderry had a magnificent robe over a white satin petticoat, embroidered in emerald lama, double wreaths of raised tulips and roses, and a deep border worked in amethysts and pearls; train of *ponceau* velvet, embroidered in gold flowers and stones to match the dress: an emerald necklace, ear-rings, and stomacher of precious stones, a splendid pear rosary, fastened by a large aigrette of diamonds, round the most magnificent Siberian of amethysts ever seen in this country, an ornament which was a present from the emperor of Russia. The *tout ensemble* presented one of the most splendid exhibitions at court.

The countess of Chichester wore a dress of tulle over white satin, embroidered with blue floss silk and pearls, tastefully grouped with ornaments of pearl and satin, and trimmed with Brussels lace: her manteau was of blue brocaded silk, and her head-dress was a Parisian toque, with the usual ornaments.—The countess of Suffolk was arrayed in a French blond dress, richly trimmed with the same, over a white satin slip; her train was of amber *gros de Naples*, decorated with crape, lace, satin, &c.—The appearance of lady Selsey was strikingly elegant. She had a fancy tulle dress, adorned with pearls in waves, tastefully intermingled with wreaths of *rose d'amour*, and suitable *bouquets*. The body was trimmed with rich blond, and the manteau was composed of rich pink *gros de Naples*, fancifully trimmed with pink tulle and satin. We might expatiate on this subject; but the specimens of elegance and splendor which we have thus selected will probably suffice.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MEMOIR of the late lord Byron will be given in our next number.—An elegy on his death, sent to us by a person who styles himself a 'Lover of Poetry,' cannot be admitted; for the writer has substituted dullness for pathos, and vulgarity for elegance.

The Stanzas addressed to a Lady by J. M. L. are not absolutely rejected; but the editor has the privilege of choice, and therefore, like a wise and slow-paced judge, he takes time to determine; but his delay will not be so ruinous as the long-protracted decision of a suit in the court of chancery.

The 'Directions to an Attorney's Clerk' are not suited to our miscellany; but we allow that they are appropriate and judicious.

An Old Maid has sent a 'Vindication of the Sisterhood;' but we do not see the necessity of any defence. Women are rarely left in that solitary state by choice; and, if they are sometimes peevish after disappointment, we cannot seriously blame them.

Laura has a pretty name, and she may be a pretty girl; but she is not a mistress of poetic beauty.

Some of Mrs. Le-Noir's pieces are reserved for the ensuing number.

The Essay on Courtship is under consideration; but the Observations on Marriage are inadmissible, because they are absurd.

There is some good argumentation in the Inquiry into the Foundations of Political Economy; but, as that subject has been ably discussed in the London Magazine, we advise Crito to send his manuscript to the editor of that publication.

It is with reluctance that we reject the narrative and obituary connected with the unfortunate Grant family. The offer is well-meant; but we apprehend that the account would not be generally interesting.

# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

## A New Series.

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JUNE 30, 1824.

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### DOCTOR CASDEN.

EVERY country village has its doctor. I do not mean him whom Crabbe has so inimitably described in his picture of a parish workhouse, although of such the race is so far from being extinct, that I subjoin his portrait as a fitting introduction to mine. I write from memory; but it is amongst the qualities of his admirable poetry, that it *clings* to one's recollection. Here is his village doctor:

‘———— a loud and hasty summon calls,  
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the  
walls;

Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,  
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;  
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,  
With speed that cut'ring speaks his haste to go,  
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,  
And carries fate and physic in his eye;  
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,  
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;  
Whose murd'roushand a drowsy bench protect,  
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.  
Paid by the parish for attendance here,  
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;  
In haste he seeks the bed where mis'ry lies,  
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;  
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er  
Without reply, he rushes on the door.'

Now the sort of practitioner with whom we have to do, although not occupying quite so elevated a rank in the profession, probably owes its existence and certainly its influence to such persons as the original of Mr. Crabbe's portrait. I allude to that particular department of the medical world, which is neither physician, nor surgeon, nor apothecary, although

it unites the offices of all three; which is sometimes an old man, and sometimes an old woman, but generally an oracle, and always (with reverence be it spoken) a quack. Our village, which is remarkably rich in functionaries adorned with the true official qualities, which can boast a tippling constable\*, and the most stupid of schoolmasters, could hardly be without so essential an officer. Accordingly we have a quack of the highest and most extended reputation in the person of Doctor Casden, inventor and compounder of medicines, bleeder, shaver, and physicker of man and beast.

How this accomplished barber-surgeon came by his fame I do not very well know; his skill he inherited (as I have been told) in the female line, from his great-aunt Bridget, who was herself the first practitioner of the day, the wise woman of the village, and bequeathed to this favorite nephew her blessing, Cul-

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\* This *great officer* stands committed just now for a very characteristic piece of delinquency. He undertook the task of escorting a fellow-sot to the bridewell in our neighbourhood under a magistrate's warrant for petty larceny; but, at the end of two days, no tidings of either of them had reached the prison; and, as they had not been seen at their respective homes, it was concluded that they had absconded together. On the third morning, however, while the committing magistrate, his clerk, and the keeper of the prison, were holding a council on the case, the missing gentlemen made their appearance, both tipsy; and it was ascertained that they had been *sixty hours drinking their way four miles*. M.



pepper's Herbal, a famous salve for cuts and chilblains, and a still. This legacy decided his fate. A man who possessed a herbal and could read it without much spelling, who had a still and could use it, had already the great requisites for his calling. He was also blest with a natural endowment, which I take to be at least equally essential to the success of quackery of any sort, especially of medical quackery; namely, a prodigious stock of impudence. Moliere's hero,—who, having had the ill-luck to place the heart on the wrong side (I mean the right), and being reminded of his mistake, says coolly, '*nous avons changé tout cela*'—is modesty itself compared with the brazen front of Doctor Casden. And it tells accordingly. Patients come to him from far and near; he is the celebrated person (*l'homme marquant*) of the place. I myself have heard of him all my life as a distinguished character, although our personal acquaintance is of a comparatively recent date, and began in a manner sufficiently singular and characteristic.

On taking possession of our present abode, about four years ago, we found our garden, and all the gardens of the straggling village-street in which it is situated, filled, peopled, infested by a beautiful flower, which grew in such profusion and was so difficult to keep under, that (poor pretty thing!) instead of being admired and cherished and watered and supported, as it well deserves to be, and would be if it were rare, it is disregarded, affronted, maltreated, cut down, pulled up, heed out, like a weed. I do not know the name of this elegant plant, nor have I met with any one who does; we call it the Spicer, after an old naval officer who once inhabited the white house just above, and, according to tradition, first brought the seed from foreign parts. It is a sort of large veronica, with a profusion of white gauzy flowers streaked with red, like the apple blossom. Strangers admire it prodigiously; and so do I—every where but in my own garden.

I never saw any thing prettier than a whole bed of these spicers, which had clothed the top of a large heap of earth belonging to our little mason by the roadside. Whether the wind had carried the light seed from his garden, or it had been thrown out in the mould, none could tell; but there grew the plants as thick and close as grass in a meadow,

and covered with delicate red and white blossoms like a fairy orchard. I never passed without stopping to look at them; and, however accustomed to the work of extirpation in my own territories, I was one day half shocked to see a man, his pockets stuffed with the plants, two huge bundles under each arm, and still tugging away root and branch. 'Poor pretty flower,' thought I, 'not even suffered to enjoy the waste by the road-side! chased from the very common of nature, where the thistle and the nettle may spread and flourish! Poor despised flower!' This devastation did not however, as I soon found, proceed from disrespect; the spicer-gatherer being engaged in sniffing with visible satisfaction to the leaves and stalks of the plant, which (although the blossom is wholly scentless) emit when bruised a very unpleasant odor. 'It has a fine venomous smell,' quoth he in soliloquy, 'and will certainly when 'stilled be good for something or other.' This was my first sight of Doctor Casden.

We have frequently met since, and are now well acquainted, although the worthy experimentalist considers me as a rival practiser, an interloper, and hates me accordingly. He has very little cause. My quackery—for I plead guilty to a little of that aptness to offer counsel in very plain and common cases, which those who live much among poor people, and feel an unaffected interest in their health and comfort, can hardly help—my quackery, being mostly of the cautious, preventive, safe-side, common-sense order, stands no chance against the boldness and decision of his all-promising ignorance. He says, Do! I say, Do not! He deals in *stimuli*, I in sedatives; I give medicine, he gives cordial waters. Alack! alack! he gives a dose of rhubarb, even although reinforced by a dole of good broth, compete with a draught of peppermint, a licensed dram? No! no! Doctor Casden has no cause to fear my practice.

The only patient I ever won from the worthy empiric was his own wife, who had languished under his prescriptions for three mortal years, and at last stole down in the dusk of the evening, to hold a private consultation with me. I was not very willing to invade the doctor's territories in my own person, and really feared to undertake a case which had proved so obstinate; I therefore offered her a ticket for the B. dispensary, an

excellent charity, which has rescued many a victim from the clutches of our herbalist. But she said that her husband would never forgive such an affront to his skill, he having an especial aversion to the dispensary and its excellent medical staff, whom he was wont to call 'book-doctors'; so that wise measure was perforce abandoned. My next suggestion was more to her taste; I counseled her 'to throw physic to the dogs'; she did so, and by the end of the week she was another woman. I never saw such a cure. Her husband never made such an one in all the course of his practice. By the simple expedient of throwing away his decoctions, she is become as strong and as hearty as I am. *N.B.* For fear of misconstruction, it is proper to add, that I do not in the least accuse or suspect the worthy doctor of wishing to get rid of his wife—God forbid! He is a tolerable husband, as times go, and performs no murders but in the way of his profession; indeed I think he is glad that his wife should be well again; yet he cannot quite forgive the cause of the cure, and continues boldly to assert in all companies, that it was a newly discovered fomentation of *garbs*, applied to her by himself about a month before, which really produced this surprising recovery; and I really believe that he thinks so; one secret of the implicit confidence which he inspires is that triumphant reliance on his own infallibility with which he is possessed—the secret perhaps of all creators of enthusiasm, from Mahomet and Cromwell to the

'Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind  
Believ'd the magic wonders that he sang.'

As if to make some amends to this prescriber-general for the patient of whom I had deprived him, I was once induced to seek his services medically, or rather surgically, for one of my own family,—for no less a person than May, poor pretty May! One November evening, her master being on a coursing visit in Oxfordshire, and May having been left behind as too much fatigued with a recent hard day's work to stand a long dirty journey, (note that a greyhound, beside being exceedingly susceptible of bad weather and watery ways, is a worse traveler than any other dog that breathes; a miserable little pug, or a lady's lap-dog, would, in a progress of fifty miles, tire down the slayer of hares and out-runner of race-horses),—May being, as

I said, left behind slightly indisposed, the boy who has the care of her ran suddenly into the parlour to tell me that she was dying. Now May is not only my pet but the pet of the whole house, so that the news spread universal consternation; there was a sudden rush of the female world to the stable, and a general feeling that the boy was right, when poor May was discovered stretched at full-length in a stall, with no other sign of life than a tremendous and visible pulsation of the arteries about her chest—you might almost hear the poor heart beat, so violent was the action.—'Bleeding!' 'She must be bled!' burst simultaneously from two of our corps; and immediately her body-servant the boy, who stood compromising his dignity by a very unmanly shower of tears, vanished, and re-appeared in a few seconds, dragging Doctor Casden by the skirts, who, as it was Saturday night, was exercising his tonsorial functions in the tap-room of the Rose, where he is accustomed to operate hebdomadally on half the beards of the parish.

The doctor made his entry apparently with considerable reluctance, enacting for the first and last time in his life the part of *Le Medecin malgré lui*. He held his razor in one hand and a shaving brush in the other, whilst a barber's apron was tied round the shabby, rusty, out-at-elbow, second-hand, black coat, renewed once in three years, and the still shabbier black breeches, of which his costume usually consists. In spite of my seeming, as I really was, glad to see him, a compliment which from me had at least the charm of novelty,—in spite of a very gracious reception, I never saw the man of medicine look more completely astray. He has a pale, meagre, cadaverous face at all times, and a long lank body that seems as if he fed upon his own physic (although it is well known that gin, sheer gin, of which he is by no means sparing, is the only distilled water that finds its way down his throat):—but on this night, between fright—for the boy had taken possession of him without even explaining his errand,—and shame to be dragged into my presence whilst bearing the *insignia* of the least dignified of his professions, his very wig, the identical brown scratch which he wears by way of looking professional, actually stood on end. He was followed by a miscellaneous procession of assistants, very kind, very curious, and very troublesome, from

that noisy neighbour of ours, the well-frequented Rose inn. First marched mine host, red waistcoated and jolly as usual, bearing a huge foaming pewter-pot of double X, a sovereign cure for all sublunary ills, and lighted by the limping hostler, who tried in vain to keep pace with the swift strides of his master, and held at arm's length before him a smoky horn lantern, which might well be called dark. Next tripped Miss Phœbe (this misadventure happened before the grand event of her marriage with the patten-maker), with a flaring candle in one hand and a glass of choice brandy, reserved by her worthy mother for grand occasions, in the other—*autre remède!* Then followed the motley crew of the tap-room, among whom figured my friend Joel, with a woman's apron tied round his neck, and his chin covered with lather, he having been the identical customer—or patient (which is the word?) the very shaver, whose beard happened to be under discussion when the unfortunate interruption occurred.

After the bustle and alarm had in some measure subsided, the doctor marched up gravely to poor May, who had taken no sort of notice of the uproar.

'She must be bled!' quoth I.

'She must be fomented and physicked!' quoth the doctor; and he immediately produced from either pocket a huge bundle of dried herbs (perhaps the identical venomous-smelling spicer), which he gave to Miss Phœbe to make into a decoction *secundum artem*, and a huge horse-ball, which he proceeded to divide into boluses;—think of giving a horse-ball to my May!

'She must be bled immediately!' said I.

'She must not!' replied the doctor.

'You shall bleed her!' cried the boy.

'I won't!' rejoined the doctor. 'She shall be fo'—mented he would have added; but her faithful attendant, thoroughly enraged, screamed out, 'She sha'n't!' and a regular scolding match ensued, during which both parties entirely lost sight of the poor patient, and mine host of the Rose had very nearly succeeded in administering his specific—the double X, which would doubtless have been as fatal as any prescription of licentiate or quack. The worthy landlord had actually forced open her jaws, and was about to pour in the liquor, when I luckily interposed in time to give the ale a more natural direction down his own throat, which was almost as well

accustomed to such potations as that of Boniface. He was not at all offended at my rejection of his kindness, but drank to my health and May's recovery with equal good-will.

In the mean time the tumult was ended by my friend the cricketer, who, seeing the turn which things were taking, and quite regardless of his own plight, ran down the village to the lea, to fetch another friend of mine, an old game-keeper, who set us all to rights in a moment, cleared the stable of the curious impertinents, flung the horse-ball on the dunghill, and the decoction into the pond, bled poor May, and turned out the doctor; after which, it is almost needless to say that the patient recovered. M.

#### A MEMOIR OF THE REV. MR. MAURICE.

WHEN men of intellect and talent, and also of private worth, are removed by Providence from the world, a tribute of respectful commemoration is due to their merits. In the present instance, we are sorry to observe that acknowledged merit was not properly rewarded. Preferments, indeed, are frequently lavished on the undeserving, while modest worth is neglected.

Thomas Maurice was the son of a schoolmaster of Ilterford, and was born about the year 1755. His father, in the decline of life, had entered into a second marriage, and the young lady whom he selected became the mother of two sons, who, at his death, were entitled with her to a participation of the sum of seven thousand pounds: but, after she had been inveigled into matrimony by an unprincipled Irish adventurer, the property was thrown into the court of Chancery, and very seriously diminished by the enormous charges of the law, before the remaining portion could be secured to the family. Thomas, the elder son, was intrusted to the care of friends, one of whom was a votary of pleasure, while another was a gloomy devotee: but he was neither corrupted by the former, nor deprived by the latter of his cheerfulness and vivacity. For some time his education was not well conducted; but his situation and talents were at length mentioned to Dr. Parr, who readily admitted him into his establishment, without regard to the loss which might be eventually sustained from the inadequacy of young Maurice's unsettled in-

come to the regular charges of lodging and tuition. To this able instructor the youth gratefully attributed that share of learning with which his mind was stored, and the consequent expansion and maturity of his intellectual powers.

While he resided with Dr. Parr, he composed a variety of poetical pieces of the smaller kind, which occasionally appeared in the periodical publications of the time. Of these one was the *School-Boy*,—a happy imitation of Philips' 'Splendid Shilling.' This poem introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, sir William Jones, and other friends who visited Dr. Parr at Stanmore. The blank verse Johnson praised as highly Miltonic; and added, 'that he should be proud to be the father of one who, at so early a period of life, could compose a poem of such varied excellence.' At a proper period he was sent to Oxford, where he had for his tutor the celebrated sir William Scott, now lord Stowell\*. The scene of his exertion now became more expanded. His muse was not idle; he soon published the *Oxonian*, in which the spirit of burlesque and the false sublime are very happily kept up.

Still attending to literary pursuits, Mr. Maurice was encouraged, by the praise with which he had been honored, to publish, in 1779, a volume of poems and miscellaneous pieces; and, when he had settled his pecuniary affairs, he embraced the ecclesiastical profession, and resided as a curate, first at Woodford, and subsequently at Epping. In 1786, he entered into the matrimonial state, making choice of Miss Pearce (the daughter, of a captain in the India Company's service), whose personal beauty, goodness, and worth, constituted the best portion which she brought him. This accomplished female, whose father had died a martyr to an inveterate gout, and whose mother had recently fallen the victim of a consumption, had, unfortunately, the seeds of dissolution too deeply seated in her elegant and delicate

frame to render the union of long duration. Death dissolved the connexion in February, 1790; and the melancholy event was deplored by the afflicted husband in an elegant and pathetic epitaph.

In the lifetime of his wife, he had occasion to visit Mr. Nathaniel Smith, at that time chairman of the court of directors of the India company; and, in consequence of his occasional conversations with that gentleman, he turned his thoughts to the history and antiquities of India. The Asiatic society had then scarcely commenced its valuable labors; but enough of its researches had reached England to convince him that a vast and wide field was opened for the display of a species of oriental literature, hitherto little investigated, and that a work which might charm by its novelty, and interest by its importance, might be undertaken with great effect. He stood in need of some powerfully interesting object to divert his mind from the contemplation of his recent loss; and, thus influenced, he made the requisite preparations for the execution of his scheme. Having examined his proposals, Mr. Smith communicated them to the directors at a public court, and they seemed inclined to honor the rising work with their patronage.

Mr. Maurice now vigorously commenced his efforts, arranging the immense materials he had collected, and combining them into a solid mass of luminous instruction. Every Muse but the historical one was ungratefully deserted, and a grand prospectus of the history of India, during a period of nearly three thousand years, was published in 1791. The literary world seemed to be astonished, but nobody stood forth to patronize. All the encouragement which the company gave was by subscribing for forty sets, without advancing a shilling to the author, who, in the fervor of pursuit, had now engaged several respectable artists to engrave his numerous plates, and already began to be deeply involved with the stationer and the printer. As he proceeded, he found the Indian mythology so blended with the history of the country, that, to render his work at all intelligible to European readers, it was absolutely necessary to write distinct dissertations on the various branches of that mythology. This necessity gave birth to the 'Indian Antiquities.'—He now plunged into the depths of ancient

\* This connexion does not appear to have been advantageous to Mr. Maurice, as he died an unbeneficed clergyman. The learned lord might, *with a word*, have procured from the chancellor a crown living for his pupil; but he thought, perhaps, that an author who could find pens, ink, and paper, might easily and sufficiently promote his own interest.

mysteries, which had hitherto been veiled from the exploring eye, and mocked the ardent gaze. By analogy, by a just and extended comparison of the ancient physical *arcana* and theological doctrines of Egypt, Persia, and Hindostan, he developed the tremendous rites practised by the sages of India in their subterranean recesses, their human sacrifices, their Sabian idolatries, and their magical incantations. But he did not stop here.—The Gallic hydra had already erected its head, and on Indian ground infidelity had begun to elevate its most triumphant banner. He attacked the monster on its favorite ground:—he showed the European world that this wonderful and intricate mythology was only a perversion of the facts of genuine but obliterated history, and that the vestiges of the pure patriarchal theology were visible amidst the darkness of the most gross superstitions; that the exaggerated chronology, by which the Mosaic hypothesis was to be overthrown, was nothing more than a system of small cycles, calculated principally by the lunar vicissitudes, and governed by the planetary motions; in short, that they had reckoned days for years, and months for centuries. He brought the Brahmin testimonies in evidence of the truth of the national faith, and completely foiled the enemy at his own weapons. He extended the Antiquities to seven volumes, and the History to four; but he injured his health by his labors, and obtained empty fame rather than substantial emolument.

Resuming his poetical pursuits, he maintained his reputation unimpaired, and at length procured a small recompense in the form of an official appointment. He became assistant keeper of the manuscripts in the British museum, and thus, beside 120*l.* *per annum*, gained the advantage of a lodging free from rent. A few years ago, he was gratified with an accession of property, in the use of which, it is said, he was not sufficiently economical.

His Grove-Hill is a very pleasing descriptive poem; his elegy on the death of sir William Jones displays taste and feeling; his Ode to Mithra is written in a fine lyric strain; his Crisis is spirited and patriotic; and his historical works display elaborate research, judgement, and vigor. When his health had been for two years declining, he died on the 30th of March last, in his seventieth year.

#### PRECEPTS FOR IMPROVING AND PRESERVING THE SIGHT,

by Dr. Kitchener.

THE sensibility of the organ of sight is in proportion to the expansion of the pupil of the eye, whose mean diameter is commonly calculated at about one-tenth of an inch, but varies in magnitude, from one to at least two-tenths, according to the brightness of the object which is presented to it. When the light is too strong or the object too bright, the pupil closes, in order to intercept that excess of light which would otherwise offend the eye: when the light is faint, the pupil expands, that a greater quantity of it may enter the eye, so as to make a stronger impression upon it. This contraction and dilation [*dilatation*] of the pupil, you may easily discern by holding a looking-glass at a window, and turning gradually round from the window, continually looking at your eye in the looking-glass. The lowest small speculum of a Gregorian telescope, as it magnifies a little, will show you this still plainer; and it may be easily and perfectly observed by attentively watching the eye of another, during such a change of position: it is most visible in a fine, full, bright, blue eye.

The fact that the sensibility of the sight is in proportion to the diameter of the pupil, is strongly illustrated by the following circumstance—‘What can be the reason,’ a very intelligent and accurately-observing artist said to me, who was sitting by the side of his window, ‘that when I look at that portrait opposite to me, it looks *warm* with my left eye, and cold with my right; *i. e.* with my left eye, which is from the window, it appears considerably brighter than it does when I look at it with my right eye?’ I gave him a *Circumspector*, and desired him to attentively examine the size of the pupil of each eye while his head remained exactly in the same position—and tell me in which eye the pupil was largest: his answer was, ‘In the left certainly,’ *i. e.* in the eye least exposed to the light.

Mr. Butt, of Bath, informed me that he saw the five first-discovered satellites of Saturn in an achromatic telescope of forty-four inches’ focus, and two inches and three quarters’ aperture, by placing a patch before that part of the field of the telescope where Saturn appeared, and thereby enabling the pupil to ex-

pand, and the eye to adjust itself for discerning the fainter objects, the satellites. In observing double stars, the very minute star which accompanies some large stars (for instance, the small star near *Alpha Lyrae*) is visible when the large star is out of the field, with a telescope with which it is not discernible while the larger star is stimulating and shutting up the pupil. These very striking facts sufficiently establish the position, that, *cæteris paribus*, the impressions on the retina are vivid, in proportion to the expansion of the pupil.

These observations led me to consider how beneficial it would be to the eyes of painters, engravers, and those artists whose eyes are irritable from great exercise, if they could be so shaded, that the pupil might be secured from being interrupted in its adjustments; for which purpose I recommend a shade made of black silk stiffened with wire, and fixed on a spectacle frame, something like the contrivance of tubes which are made for viewing pictures: such assistance to the sight is surely quite as advantageous to the artist to paint with, as it is to the amateur to examine his picture with. The eye cannot adjust itself perfectly, while it is exposed to the stimulus of surrounding objects. A defence from the intrusion of collateral rays will prevent the picture on the retina from being confused by those adventitious rays which otherwise distract it; and if only those rays are admitted into the eye which come direct from the object under examination, it will make a much more vivid impression on the sight, which will be sharpened and strengthened very much. This is worthy of the attention of all who wish their eyes to enjoy the utmost sensibility that they are capable of being excited to; for the action of the eye is perfect in the proportion that its adjustment is perfect; and, when all its attention is concentrated on one object, the sensibility of the sight is much increased; moreover, you will not only see better, but, vision being rendered easier, your eyes may be employed longer, with comparatively less fatigue. The pupil of the eye is larger when shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, such as coachmen wear, who probably adopted this costume from its advantage in sharpening their sight.

There is no part of the economy of the eyes more important, than that the object they are at work upon should be

placed at exactly that distance from them at which they see with the greatest ease:—this may be easily accomplished by the assistance of a double rising desk; and hard students will do wisely to have a high desk at which they can occasionally stand, instead of always sitting. Those who are much occupied in engraving, painting, writing, reading, &c. or works which require all the power of the eye to be exerted to the utmost, should be careful not to offend it by too much light, which is quite as prejudicial as too little light. Light enough to illuminate the object, and to make it easily and perfectly visible, is all that is wanted:—on this occasion, the old proverb, ‘enough is as good as a feast,’ is quite true:—more is unnecessary and injurious, and will not only over-stimulate the eye, and force the pupil to shut itself up, but, if continually so irritated, the eye will soon become as much impaired by such over-stimulation, as the stomach is by dram-drinking. I have observed in my visits to a numerously attended reading-room, that the seats next the windows were generally filled by persons wearing spectacles, who had no doubt accelerated the necessity for so doing by a habit of over-stimulating their eyes with superabundant light.

The proper way of defending the eyes from too much light is by preventing all that is superfluous from entering the room, by means of blinds or shutters; thus, you may admit only just such a degree of light as you find most agreeable to your eyes. All artists choose a room lighted only from one aperture, and (if possible) with the steady north aspect; that is the best place in the room, indeed the only proper place for study for those who have any regard for their eyes, where the light falls on their work or book, coming from the side or from behind.

It is requisite always to have an equal well-regulated light in every employment, particularly in the evening; the eye may be seriously strained and injured by working, writing, or reading with either too much or too little light: for want of a due attention to preserve the visual organ, and from using the eyes very much during the busy part of life, a morbid sensibility is brought on, an unnatural weight of the eyelids, a great deficiency of distinctness, and occasionally a distressing, undulatory, quivering appearance of refrangible co-

lors on either side. To remedy this, washing the eyes with clear cold water, and keeping them from the light for an hour, or taking a nap, will be found most efficacious.

If your eyes are much employed in reading, &c. and are extremely irritable, you may have your window glazed with green glass,—or a blind of it to put up occasionally—or a rolling blind of green silk or muslin—or have a plate of green glass fixed in a frame, which may be placed so that the light may pass through it to your book or work. But do without all these if possible; for, if they alleviate the irritation while you use them, they will render the eyes more morbidly irritable after. At night, use a reading candlestick or lamp, with a shade to shield the eye from the glare of the light; which is of much greater assistance to the sight than those who have not tried it can imagine: *one* candle so shaded will enable a person to see better than *two* without such a shade, and with such a lamp you may see, I think, almost quite as well as by day-light,—the sensibility of the eye is preserved in such perfection.

The optic pupil inevitably adjusts itself to the brightest object, which therefore should be that which it is its business to attend to,—not the flame of a candle, but the book you are reading. Green, or any colored glasses, veil objects with a gloomy obscurity, and can never be recommended, except to those who have to travel over a white sand, or are much exposed to any bright glare, which cannot be otherwise moderated. Light reflected from any white surface is very piquant and injurious to the sight, whether proceeding from water, snow, &c. *Goggles*—or black cups, fitted with plain glasses, and mounted in double-jointed frames formed to the shape of the face—are preferable to those which are fixed in leather and silk, and tied on with riband: the latter come so close to the face that they soon become a vapour-bath for the eye; but the former are occasionally found very serviceable to travelers to protect their eyes from wind and dust, and to shield them from a strong reflected light; blue or green glass may be fixed in them, but it must be of a very light color. Some more nice than wise folks, among other ridiculous refinements, have recommended thin green gauze or crape, instead of green glass, under the pretence,

that, while it moderates the light, it still admits the air, and is therefore cooler to the eyes. All colored glasses increase the labor of the eyes, and soon bring them into such an irritable state as unfits them for all the ordinary purposes of life;—there is scarcely an external or internal sense, but may be brought, by extreme indulgence, to such a degree of morbid delicacy and acuteness, as to render those organs which nature intended as the means of gratification, the frequent sources of disappointment and pain.

The most proper material for spectacle glasses is that which shows objects the nearest to their natural color.—Lastly—whatever glasses you use, take care to keep them perfectly clean: this is as important as the choice of the figure or the color of them.

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#### A VIEW OF SOCIETY, MANNERS, &c. IN SIBERIA.

CAPTAIN COCHRANE, resting at Yakutsk after the fatigues of his extraordinary peregrination, met with a hospitable reception at the house of Mr. Minitsky, governor of the town.—‘The way (he says) in which I passed my time here was sufficiently regular; I rose early, and always went early to bed; occupied, while day-light lasted, with bringing up my journal; then at a game at billiards; afterwards at dinner, always on the most excellent fare, with wine, rum, and other delicacies; in the evening, with a party of the natives, male and female, at the house of the chief, the ladies (to all appearance dumb) not daring to utter a word, and solely employed in cracking their nuts, a very small species of the cedar nut, which abounds in such quantities as to be made an article of trade to Okotsk and Kamchatka. I am not exaggerating when I say, that half-a-dozen of females will sit down and consume each many hundreds of these nuts, and quit the house without having spoken a word—unless a stolen one, in fear it should be heard. Should tea and cakes be offered, they will sip two, three, or four cups, as long as the samavar (a sort of copper tea-urn) has water in it. The manner of their using the sugar with tea (though not entirely singular, for the Chinese have the same fashion), is remarkably ridiculous; each individual takes a small

lump, which he grates between his teeth in such a manner as only to consume a very small part of it; and thus, although the person has drunk three or more cups, the greater portion of sugar remains, and, being placed upon the inverted cup, finds its way back to the sugar dish, when the party has broken up; so that, probably, at the feast on the following day, a lady or gentleman may happen to get his old friend back again. Nor is it with sugar alone that this system of economy is adopted. Biscuits, cakes, &c. on being presented, are received and placed behind them, on the chair, to keep warm, and their fragments also are ultimately restored to the basket. Thus, luxuries of these kinds are rendered cheap, for the custom is general, and I have often witnessed the fact, not indeed at Mr. Minitsky's, but at other respectable houses, the inmates of which knew no better, and were ignorant of the chief's disliking it.

'While the ladies are thus cracking their nuts, staring, and listening, and speechless, the gentlemen are employed in drinking rum or rye-brandy punch, as their tastes may dictate. Nor is even good rum a scarce article here, coming as it does by way of Kamchatka. I was one feast-day on a visit to a respectable old gentleman, one of the council; there were no chairs, but a long table was spread with fish pies, a piece of roast beef, boiled deers' tongues, and some wild berries in a tart. The first thing presented is a glass of brandy, which I refused, knowing the chief to have sent some wine; this I accepted, when I was told by my friend the chief, that it was not the custom to accept any thing of that kind the first time, but to await the third. Relying upon the chief's knowledge of the world, I refused the next glass of wine, which was offered me twice, and need not say I ultimately lost it, probably from the practice of economizing good wine in a place where it can seldom be purchased.

'Great parade is kept up in this part of the world with respect to rank, and no lady visits the wife of the chief or vice-governor, without kissing her hand, while the latter sits motionless upon the sofa without making the least acknowledgement of such a condescension. The same custom was also established at Irkutsk, with governor Treskin's wife, who, being the mother of Mrs. Minitsky, of course initiated her daughter

into the mysteries of her importance: she probably finds a sad falling off when at St. Petersburg. This absurd custom is carried so far, that the priests are compelled to offer thanks and prayers for them, individually, every Sunday at church.'

When the captain had been for some weeks stationary, he thus prepared himself for the renewal of his journey.—'My dresses being completed, I packed up my knapsack, and other baggage, as I was provided also with a couple of bags of black biscuit through the kindness of my host, with a piece of roast beef, a few dried fish, half a dozen pounds of tea, and twenty pounds of sugar-candy, besides fifty pounds of tobacco, and a keg of corn-brandy, a most indispensable article on such a journey, whether for my own or others' consumption. I had besides a pipe, flint, steel, and axe, and (what was of most importance) a Cosack companion. My destination was Nishney Kolyma, distant about one thousand eight hundred miles, which were to be traveled over in the coldest season of the year, and in what is deemed the coldest part of the world. All this I heeded not, and, being provided (as I thought) with warm clothing, considered myself as proof against at least fifty degrees of Reaumur's frost. The spirit thermometer was at 27 degrees of cold of Reaumur, or nearly the same number below the zero of Fahrenheit; yet I walked about the streets of Yakutsk with only my nankeen surtout, trousers of the same material, shoes, and worsted stockings: a flannel waistcoat, which had lost its principal virtue, was the only warm clothing: yet I can truly say I was not at all incommoded. The natives felt surprised, pitied my apparent forlorn and hopeless situation, not seeming to consider that, when the mind and body are in constant motion, the elements can have little effect upon the person.

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'Yakutsk, although a considerable place of trade, is ill-built, and more scattered even than Irkutsk, in the most exposed of all bleak situations on the left bank of the Lena, which is in summer four miles, and in winter two miles and a half wide. The greatest part of the population subjected to the government of this town is on the banks of the Lena, and of small streams running into it; no less than twenty thousand families certainly reside on it. The clear revenue



derived is half a million of roubles, or twenty-five thousand pounds. The trade carried on by its numerous pedlars is very considerable, from the immense quantity of skins of all sorts. Tobacco, tea, sugar, spirits, nankeens, cottons, kettles, knives, and the like, constitute the cargoes of the traders, for which they receive the skins of bears, wolves, sables, river otters, martens, foxes and ermines, at very unfair prices.

His mode of bivouacking was so comfortable, that a person habituated to luxury and indulgence will almost shudder at the recital.—‘The first thing was to unload the horses, loosen their saddles or pads, take the bridle out of their mouths, and tie them to a tree in such a manner that they could not eat. The Yakuti then with their axes proceeded to fell timber, while I and the Cossack with our wooden spades cleared away the snow, which was generally a couple of feet deep. We then spread branches of the pine-tree, to fortify us from the damp or cold earth beneath us: a good fire was now soon made, and each, bringing a leathern bag from the baggage, furnished himself with a seat. We then put the kettle on the fire, and soon forgot the sufferings of the day. Yet the weather was so cold that we were almost obliged to creep into the fire; and, as I was much worse off than the rest of the party for warm clothing, I had recourse to every stratagem I could devise to keep my blood in circulation. It was barely possible to keep one side of the body from freezing, while the other might be said to be roasting. Upon the whole, I slept tolerably well, although I was obliged to get up five or six times during the night to take a walk or run for the benefit of my feet. While thus employed, I discovered that the Yakuti had drawn the fire from our side to theirs, a trick which I determined to counteract the next night. I should here observe, that it is the custom of the Yakuti to get to leeward of the fire, and then, undressing themselves, put the whole of their clothes as a shelter for one side of the body, while the other side receives a thorough roasting from exposure to the fire; this plan also gives them the benefit of the warmth of their own bodies. The thermometer during the day had ranged from 20 to 25 degrees, according to the elevation of the sun.

‘The following day, at thirty miles, we again halted in the snow, when I

made a horse-shoe fire, which I found had the effect I desired, of keeping every part of me alike warm, and I actually slept well without any other covering than my clothes thrown over me, whereas before I had only the consolation of knowing that if I was in a freezing state with one half of my body, the other was meanwhile roasting to make amends. On the third night I reached the foot of the mountainous pass which may be said to lead to Northern Siberia. My route had hitherto lain generally on the banks of the Toukoulan, which runs along a picturesque valley on the western range of the mountains, and is well wooded with fir, larch, and alder. Upon reaching thus far, I looked up at what I had yet to perform, and felt astonished, not at the height, but how it could be practicable to get up a slippery and almost trackless road. However we commenced, and mainly by preferring the deep snow, as I uniformly did, at last gained the summit, but not without great fatigue; a horse could not carry a person up under a considerable time, and it took me two hours at least. We sat down, my Cossack and I, to gain breath and wait for the Yakuti with the baggage—in the mean time smoking a pipe; but it was too cold to remain; we therefore prepared to descend. As to keeping my feet, however, that was impossible; I therefore lay down and slid to the bottom of the most dangerous part, a feat for which I had nearly paid dear, by coming in contact with a horse which had taken the same expeditious mode of descending.’

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ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE LATE ARCTIC VOYAGE.

CAPTAIN LYON, being of opinion that two accounts of the same voyage and the same people might be acceptable to the public, brought forward his private journal, which comprehends an interesting narrative and a striking display of savage manners. He says, that it was written solely for the amusement of his own fire-side, and that nothing but the advice of captain Parry and Mr. Barrow induced him to publish it. Admitting the sincerity of this declaration, we are pleased to find that he was thus influenced, because his account is both entertaining and informative. It is written in a plain unaffected manner, and seems to bear the features of complete veracity.

Not having particularly described the personal appearance of the Esquimaux seen in the last voyage, we now give the captain's observations.—‘I could not, even in a dozen visits, discover the regular color of their skin, from its being so covered with blood, grease, and dirt, as to baffle all attempts to trace its natural hue. Its artificial dye was of a dull copper or brown color. Among some of the young girls we could discover a deep purple tinge of health on the cheeks, and the skins of both sexes were very soft and greasy to the touch. The hair of the women was confined in a knot on the top of the head, or on the forehead in some; but others, like men, wore it in glorious confusion all over their necks and faces. Whichever way it was arranged, not a curl was to be seen, and the jetty black of these locks gave an air of inexpressible wildness to each countenance. The men had very scanty or no beards, and, as far we could learn, the bodies of both sexes were destitute of hair. A species of ophthalmia appeared very generally to exist; many persons had lost their eye-lashes, and some were nearly blind. A very curious kind of wooden eye-shade was in general use, and was so contrived as to admit but little of the dazzling glare of the ice.

‘It is scarcely possible to conceive any thing more ugly or disgusting than the countenances of the old women, who had inflamed eyes, wrinkled skin, black teeth, and, in fact, such a forbidding set of features as scarcely could be called human; to which might be added their dress, which was such as gave them the appearance of aged ourang-outangs.’

With regard to the children, our author says that they were ‘pretty, lively, and well-behaved.—I at first conceived a most favorable idea of their quiet and unobtrusive manners, and I never afterwards had occasion to alter my opinion of them. I could not look on these modest little savages, without being obliged to draw comparisons rather disadvantageous to many sweet little spoiled children in England, and I only determined, should I ever be blessed with a family of my own, to tell them many stories of these Indians, whose orderly behaviour might be an example to them. Of the outward garb of my young friends I cannot say much, for they were as dirty as human creatures could possibly be; their large dresses gave them, when

their faces were hidden, the appearance of young bears, wolves, seals, and puppy dogs: they were, however, the picture of health, rosy, fat, and strong, with the finest black eyes imaginable, and a profusion of long jetty hair.

‘The faces of the young women would, if cleaner, have been considered pleasing, notwithstanding the great breadth of their features; for they had a fine rosy color, with brilliant and expressive eyes. All the females, while we were present, repeatedly uttered a kind of grunt, which I at length discovered to be a sign of great satisfaction. We observed a boy, of at least four years of age, walk up to his mother and ask for the breast, which she immediately presented to him, at the same time squeezing the milk into his mouth with both her hands.

‘Scarcely any ornaments were worn or possessed by the women, except a small bracelet of beads, so that they received our looking-glasses and trinkets with raptures, which showed that they were as much delighted with innocent finery as the fair sex in a better country. When I say they have few ornaments, I am in error, for I ought to mention the kak-keen (or tattoo) with which they are covered, not excepting the thighs and breasts.’

Their mirthful and lively dispositions are evinced by the following statements.—‘The strangers were so well pleased in our society, that they showed no wish to leave us, and, when the market had quite ceased, they began dancing; and playing with our people on the ice alongside: this exercise set many of their noses bleeding, and discovered to us a most nasty custom, which accounted for their gory faces; and which was, that as fast as the blood ran down, they scraped it with the fingers into their mouths, appearing to consider it as a refreshment or dainty, if we might judge by the zest with which they snatched their lips at each supply. Some of the most quiet came on board, and behaved very well; while others walked quietly alongside, gazing occasionally at the men, but more frequently at some quarters of English beef, which were hanging over the stern, and had a most attractive appearance. Some slices were cut off and thrown down to them, and these they instantly devoured with great satisfaction; but they refused to eat the biscuit which was offered at the same time. One woman

in particular attracted general notice by her unwearied application for presents, and by feigning to be hurt, and crying to excite compassion; in which she no sooner succeeded, than a loud and triumphant laugh proclaimed the cheat. Of all horrible yells, this laugh was the most fiend-like I ever heard; and her countenance corresponded with her voice. She had lost all her front teeth, with the exception of the eye-teeth; her mouth was plentifully ornamented by blue tattoo-lines; and a vast profusion of black, straight, and matted hair, hung all round her head and face. At her back was an imp not more prepossessing in features than herself, and screaming itself black in the face. Although the countenances of the other children were generally rather pretty than otherwise, yet, from their dress and manner of walking, they might, without any great stretch of the imagination, have been taken for the cubs of wild animals; particularly some who were laid for safety in the bottoms of the women's boats, amongst blubber, the entrails of seals, &c. of which they were continually sucking whatever was nearest to them.

'In order to amuse our new acquaintances as much as possible, the fiddler was sent on the ice, where he instantly found a most delighted set of dancers, of whom some of the women kept pretty good time. Their only figure consisted in stamping and jumping with all their might. Our musician, who was a lively fellow, soon caught the infection, and began cutting capers also. In a short time every one on the floe, officers, men, and savages, were dancing together, and exhibited one of the most extraordinary sights I ever witnessed. One of our seamen, of a fresh, ruddy complexion, excited the admiration of all the young females, who patted his face and danced round him wherever he went. I was half inclined to suppose they fancied him a woman, although he was nearly six feet high and stout in proportion.

'The exertion of dancing so exhilarated the Esquimaux, that they had the appearance of being boisterously drunk, and played many extraordinary pranks. Among others, it was a favorite joke to run slyly behind the seamen, and, shouting loudly in one ear, to give them at the same time a very smart slap on the other. While looking on, I was sharply saluted in this manner, and, of course,

was quite startled, to the great amusement of the by-standers: the joke consisted in making the person struck look astonished, which, as may be supposed, was always the result. Our cook, who was a most active and unwearied jumper, became so great a favorite, that every one boxed his ears so soundly, as to oblige the poor man to retire from such boisterous marks of approbation. Among other sports, some of the Esquimaux rather roughly, but with great good humor, challenged our people to wrestle. One man, in particular, who had thrown several of his countrymen, attacked an officer of a very strong make; but the poor savage was instantly thrown, and with no very easy fall; yet, although every one was laughing at him, he bore it with exemplary good humor. The same officer afforded us much diversion by teaching a large party of women to bow, curtsy, shake hands, turn their toes out, and perform other polite accomplishments; the whole party, master and pupils, preserving the strictest gravity.

'As sailors seldom fail to select some whimsical object on whom to pass their jokes, they soon found one in the person of an ugly old man, possessing a great stock of impudence, and a most comic countenance. He had sold all his clothes, with the exception of his breeches, and in this state they made him parade the decks, honored by the appellation of king. Some rum was offered to this exalted personage, but he spat it out again with signs of great disgust. In order to show him that it might be drank, one of the seamen was told to finish the glass, but he refused to touch it 'after such a brute.' The boatswain, however, with much humor and a knowing look, stepped forward, saying, 'Here, hand me the glass, I'll drink with the gentleman,' and nodding a health, which was returned by our king, he drank off the grog. Sugar was offered to many of the grown people, who disliked it very much, and, to our surprise, the young children were equally averse to it. Towards midnight all our men, except the watch on deck, turned in to their beds, and the fatigued and hungry Esquimaux returned to their boats to take their supper, which consisted of lumps of raw flesh and blubber of seals, birds, entrails, &c., licking their fingers with great zest, and with knives or fingers scraping the blood and grease which ran down their chins into their mouths. I walked quietly

round to look at the different groupings, and in one of the women's boats I observed a young girl, whom we had generally allowed to be the *belle* of the party, busily employed in tearing a slice from the belly of a seal, and biting it into small pieces for distribution to those around her. I also remarked that the two sexes took their meal apart, the men on the ice, the women sitting in their boats. At midnight they all left us, so exhausted by their day's exertions, that they were quite unable either to scream or laugh.

Some of the amusements of the voyagers are pleasantly recounted.—'A theatre was fitted up, and opened with the play of the Rivals, the parts of Sir Anthony and his son by the captains Parry and Lyon. On another evening, a shivering set of actors performed, to a great-coated yet very cold audience, the comedy of the Poor Gentleman. We were much amused during the exhibition of this play by a burst of true English feeling. In the scene where Worthington and Foss recount in so animated a manner their former achievements, advancing at the same time, and huzzaing for Old England, the whole audience with one accord rose, and gave three of the heartiest cheers I ever heard. They then sat down, and the play continued uninterrupted. On Christmas-eve, in order to keep the people quiet and sober, we performed two farces, and exhibited a phantasmagoria, so that the night passed merrily away. Christmas-day was very fine, and we all attended church on board the *Fury*, as we had been accustomed to do every Sunday since we were frozen in. The people then returned to their dinners, at which English roast beef, that had been kept untainted since the transport left us, was the principal luxury. To this were added cranberry pies and puddings of every shape and size, with a full allowance of spirits. I never, indeed, saw more general good humor and merriment on a Christmas-day since I went to sea.—On the following day, we sent all the people for a run on the ice, in order to put them to rights [*as they were not yet sober*]; but, thick weather coming on, it became necessary to recall them, and, postponing the dinner hour, they were all danced sober by one *p. m.*, the fiddler being fortunately quite as he should be. During this curious ball, a witty fellow attended as an old cake-woman, with lumps of frozen snow in a

bucket; and such was the demand for his pies on this occasion, that he was obliged to replenish pretty frequently.'

The steady firmness and good humor of our countrymen, in performing plays when the thermometer was 22 degrees below zero, in a room where coffee froze in a cup only six inches above a stove, may be more easily admired than imitated.—'For my sins,' says captain Lyon, 'I was obliged to be dressed in the height of the fashion, as Dick Dowlas in the *Heir at Law*, and went through the last scene of the play with two of my fingers frost-bitten! Let those who have witnessed and admired the performance of a Young answer if he could possibly have stood so cold a reception.'

#### MORE SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE success with which a modern author of considerable ability has commented upon the ancient proverbs and adages with which every rank of life is well acquainted, induces us to look a little farther into the truth of them, and request our readers to go along with us into the examination. The subject is one about which every person must know something; for, although the quotation of an adage is deemed a vulgarism, and the usage was thought obsolete even in the time of Cervantes, who places it among the tedious and ridiculous oddities of Sancho, and renders it the disgust and torment of his polished though eccentric master, yet sooner or later these maxims reach all ears, and are riveted on all memories. They become as decidedly a portion of the original knowledge which all obtain, as the language in which they are spoken, and the great, the learned, the elegant, the wise, as well as the ignorant and foolish, the affected and silly, find them more or less imprinted on their minds, and mixed up with their recollections, as something belonging to their common nature, received they know not when or how, seldom perhaps recurred to, yet never discarded.

We will begin with one which is the most broad, vulgar, and prominent, concluding that if it shall be found indeed the assertion of wisdom and experience, rather than that of impudence and malignity, much may be conceded for many younger branches of the same family; and therefore we venture to examine and criticise those tremendous

words, 'Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil.'

At the first glance, the judgement contained in this sentence seems to be cruel, unjust, short-sighted, and illiberal, in the highest degree, and one especially unworthy of a people who owe so much to commercial enterprise as the inhabitants of Great-Britain. Besides, it is the especial boast of the country, that industry and talent, the natural and acquired nobility of mind, are here left to their own inherent rights of distinction, unpruned by the envy of aristocratic prejudices, and not trampled on by the tyranny of legal despotism. Surely, in that land where every man's hut is his castle, where the lowest pauper can summon the proudest peer to answer for the slightest injury, and where the vilest miscreant has a right to a long and patient and reiterated examination, ere he is punished for flagrant transgression, it seems extremely inconsistent to say, that when low persons are relieved from want, raised to fortune, power, or rank, they are only set on horseback to be sent to the devil,—in other words, 'to make fools of themselves by a waste of their property and an abuse of their power, to disgrace their new situation, and be rendered on the whole so much worse for their elevation, as to prove themselves wholly unworthy of it.' Yet, reason on it as we may, actual observation compels us to confess, that where the gifts of fortune are suddenly showered in any way upon persons utterly unprepared for them by education or habit, they seldom have any other effect than to make the late beggar conspicuously ridiculous at the outset of his new course, extravagant afterwards, poor and wretched in the end. It will easily be understood, that this remark is not applicable to heirs in expectance. These, though very poor, have a certain preparation of mind; they have *thought much*, and that alone is a species of education. Probably they have been complaisant even to servility; but this has given them courteous manners and subdued passions. They have been supported perhaps by the kindness of those who knew their expectations; hence they have learned gratitude, and their desire to be worthy of future fortune may have awakened some degree of taste and mental cultivation. Such persons, however humble their situation may have been, are not the *beggars* whom it would be dangerous to set on

horseback. They may be a little awkward or ungraceful; they may amble in narrow ways, or they may frisk out of bounds; but they will not 'ride to the devil.'

The industrious tradesman, who began life with a crown, and retires on a plum, never has been a beggar. For *him* there can be no fear—still less for the boy whom a kind patron took from the plough to send to school, and thence to the university; for the toil of education has fitted his mind for receiving the goods of fortune and using them wisely, although it may so happen that his person and manners even yet retain marks of early drudgery. One who is gifted with genius may be suddenly removed from his own sphere, without being injured by the change, and may act as if he were for the first time put in the very place for which he was designed by nature; but then he also has had that tuition which reflection gives, and his very superiority, by increasing his wants, has rendered him subject to that process of thought, which prepares the mind for accepting wisely and enduring firmly; to say nothing of that conscious nobility of nature which such men enjoy, even when they are singularly simple in their manners and habits. If by chance they ride madly, curvet proudly, yet it is poetically, heroically: we never can consider them as 'riding to the devil,' though we may be astonished at their caprices, and mourn over their follies.

But when the share of a lottery-ticket, an advertisement for a cousin from the East-Indies, or the death of a great aunt never heard of before, comes suddenly on a toiling but probably thriftless couple and their ill-managed family, then 'comes the din of war.' Pawings and prancings, mad spendings, vulgar prodigality, disgusting gluttony, wallowing revelry, intolerable pride and affectation, then exhibit the full truth of the proverb. We remember a few years since that the heir of a barony was found in the person of a private soldier, whose wife was washing his shirt at the moment when this wonderful change was announced to her: 'I shall finish my washing notwithstanding,' said the woman,—a proof that she at least would not ride to the devil; for there are few minds capable of the quiet firmness to bear such a change, evinced by the answer. Far different was the conduct of a couple in the country, who subsisted

by selling crockery, and who, on obtaining a fourth share of the 20,000*l.* prize in the lottery, carried the whole contents of their little shop into the streets, to witness the glorious crash they made under the wheels of the market-carts. We also well remember, in very early life, the accession of unexpected wealth to a family, who really seemed to writhe under a kind of torture till they contrived to get rid of it, without even experiencing any of the actual comforts which their situation required. John Ball and his wife, a grown-up daughter, and two young sons, were maintained by the exertions of the father, who was a hard-working man, very fond of his children, whom the mother indulged less perhaps from affection than illness. An unknown uncle died in India, leaving them between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. Of the extent and capabilities of this sum to produce income, John knew nothing; but he fancied that it would have no end; and, when a considerable portion was sent in produce, he turned it over to those who brought it, concluding that, as 'the money could have no end, to trouble himself with the *stuff* was foolish.' He took the largest empty house near his own smithy, and commissioned his wife to furnish it, which the meanness of her nature forbade her to do by employing an upholsterer, and the female passion of her heart for pretty things prompted her to begin by an immense purchase of China; and as, the more she bought, the more she wished for, in a short time all the bed-chambers were filled with it, and the family slept on the floors below. Servants were hired, but they only remained for a few days at a time, on account of the discomfort they experienced, if they were respectable; in other cases they did not complain of the mode of living, but at length escaped with much booty, which was never missed or inquired after. Miss Ball bought silk gowns and millinery with as much avidity as her mama got china, glass, and plated candlesticks, and each of the boys demanded horses, which were accordingly purchased. As no regular utensils were provided, their mother's china came into use for every purpose in the house, and her costly punch-bowls were used alike for guineas and corn; and, as on one occasion they were filled with both, the unfortunate pony of the younger lad, it is said, was literally fed with guineas, and died from his incapacity

of digesting gold. At length, so much of the china was broken, that Mr. Ball, to his great satisfaction, found elbow-room in his great house, and began the trade of feasting and ruining all his late fellow-workmen. The taps of his barrels of brandy, and butts of wine, ran from morn to night and from night to morn, and the injury soon given to the stomachs of the family and their guests by the abuse of these liquors, introduced them to epicurism. No money was thought too much to give for any dainty; and, as satiety was not easily obtained by their class of visitants, the daily consumption of money was rapid from this source alone; but it was increased most wonderfully, first by the marriage of the daughter, then by the christening of her child (which followed very speedily), and afterwards by the magnificent funeral of a son who died of a surfeit.

Miss Ball was not gratified with a specific dowry; but she had full permission to bring in a scoundrel husband, who was fond of cock-fighting, a follower of hounds, a lover of races; like herself passionately fond of fine clothes, and very ambitious of sporting a pocket full of guineas; and, with his assistance, it was astonishing (John Ball himself said) 'how fast the guineas melted.' Poor Mrs. Ball, finding her china almost all demolished by the drunken revels of her family, and inspired perhaps by the example of her daughter, now took a great fancy for lace, and for satin cardinals trimmed with fur; and her long blue cloke lined with scarlet, surmounted by a purple beaver and yellow plume, often drew my eye at church, after she had waddled in just before sermon time, followed by a long rustling train of brocade, stiff with the accumulated mire of her journey.

John Ball's perilous situation, his in-offensive temper, and boundless hospitalities, drew many advisers around him; but he listened only to one, who, indeed, was his former master, and to whom from long habit he could not turn a deaf ear. This person strenuously intreated him to vest the remainder of his property in the purchase of houses, the rent of which would form a certain income; but, as his wife observed 'that it would be better to build and please himself,' he was roused to action, and commenced by erecting a habitation for himself, intended to be the best house in a street which should bear his name. From the

hour when his fingers were dipped in mortar, his ruin was foreseen; but the demands of his workmen had at least the happy effect of diminishing the beastly intemperance which had prevailed in his house, and perhaps of saving his life by sparing his constitution. Mrs. Ball also abstained from merry meetings, that she might give due attention to the progress of her building, in which she insisted upon having closets for china without end, and kitchens that would have served a spacious mansion-house. Her son demanded stables, her son-in-law a billiard-room, and her daughter a drawing-room; and so often were their orders contradictory, so frequently were doors and dimensions altered, as ignorance or caprice dictated, that the poor fellow himself often prophetically shook his head, and observed, 'there would not be a single room in which he could smoke a pipe in peace and quietness.' *There* at least he never found one; for the walls were not yet dry, and one half of the last string of his wife's conveniences and his daughter's gentilities had not been completed, when the money utterly failed, and the builder wisely refused to continue labors hitherto unsatisfactory and discreditable.

John now began to inquire after the property he had so magnanimously despised, and a small portion came again into his hands; but he was compelled to dispose both of it and the brittle remains of his wife's purchases by an auction, which produced little or nothing. The younger branches of the family, accustomed to luxury and averse to industry, began to exert themselves for the purpose of retaining the former and avoiding the latter. But some melancholy incidents soon occurred. When the father, with reduced strength and bitter mortification, returned to beg work from his old employer, his son-in-law was hanged for forgery, his own son transported for horse-stealing, and his daughter, after partaking of their infamy, returned to him with two miserable children to add to his misery and poverty, and find for herself a premature grave. As working and sorrow agreed ill with poor Ball, he did not long survive; and, after his death, his wife and grand-children found refuge in the work-house, where, if I recollect rightly, the woman died; but the honesty of a merchant, who had profited by the goods before-mentioned, rescued the children

from absolute want, and they yet fill decent though humble stations in society, far more respectably and happily than they could have done had their inconsiderate parents been living.

That the same spirit in an inferior degree pervades numerous classes in society, who, although not beggars, are yet allied a little to the mushroom tribe, cannot be doubted. The equalizing education of the present day bids fair to remove much of this evil; but, half a century ago, the superior management, exhibited by a gentleman's daughter, to that which was practised by the furbelowed flaunting misses, whose papas had suddenly risen to wealth by commerce, was proverbial, and probably gave rise to the saying, 'a man must ask his wife if he can live,' and also to the coarse comparison of the extravagance of such people to 'those who butter their bacon.' In these days of dress and display, when houses are furnished till you cannot conveniently move in them, and curtained till the light of heaven is shut out of them—when dinners of four courses are followed by desserts as expensive as dinners, and the wines which our fathers thought luxurious are discarded for those which we once deemed sacred to the princes of the land—when our wives and daughters are trimmed up to the eyes, and their maids flounced up to the waist—when the beauty of every article of elegance is estimated by its expense, and fashion asks rather for the splendid and massive than the neat and appropriate,—it is to be feared that many in the highest ranks of life, even where refinement of mind and delicacy of manners prevail, may yet sympathise with the clown, who, having at one time buttered his bacon too much, is condemned at another to regret the want both of bacon and butter.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR—Though a determined bachelor of some standing, my attention has lately been called to the following subject, in which the fate of the fair sex is intimately concerned. To you then I have thought fit to intrust my lucubrations, because your attention is particularly directed to the amusement and benefit of the ladies. My subject, though

it may be light in name, is in reality important: it is no other than COURTSHIP.

In this affair, which, though most erroneously, is considered by many as a matter of amusement and levity, rather than of serious import, two considerable difficulties present themselves; one is a too rare, the other is a too frequent intercourse: if the former, where no previous length of acquaintance has existed (which for the most part is the case, since those known in childhood are looked on with a feeling which generally precludes farther passion), it becomes impossible that the parties should with sufficient accuracy discern the temper, disposition, and habits, both of thought and action, peculiar to each; but that these should be known with certainty is obviously necessary to future happiness, or even to future peace,—that negative happiness which preserves the medium between misery and bliss. A too frequent intercourse, on the other hand, is objectionable, as those minute attentions then become habitual, which in marriage would seem to be absurd, though the subsequent neglect of these may excite an idea that affection is waning: while this suspicion prevails, happiness cannot exist. It may be added, that courtship, for the most part, is a system of deception; and, reasoning from analogy, we should conclude that all marriages (its product) must be unhappy; yet experience *sometimes* shows the contrary.

In a new novel entitled 'Seventy-Six,' we meet with the following exclamation: 'Curse on the spirit which drove us asunder; but ten thousand curses on that which would put a man at the feet of a woman whose lord he would be.' There is much good sense in this: it is most absurd to flatter and almost raise into an idol that being whom we shall afterward compel to submit in multiplied instances to our caprice.—Having pursued the usual course of courtship, can we wonder that women are led almost to hate, if not to despise, that person in whom they have found so much deception? In almost all the tales of love we see the men *in tears* soliciting the accomplishment of their desires\*: can

a woman afterward respect one in whom she has found such weakness? Would not a parent be accused of folly who should first with tears implore obedience, and then exert his legitimate authority? Yet where is the difference? Over his wife a man should possess as much authority as over his children. In this, as in many other cases, the words of lord Byron are true, when he says that men are 'debased by slavery or corrupted by power.' They first fawn, flatter, cajole, whine, and in the sequel they become harsh imperious masters.

If a woman be led to marry a man from *pity*, he cannot in justice afterward look for respect: if in this point she be overcome by her feelings, he cannot commend her discretion or judgement. In subsequent life the man may look back with shame on his childish weakness, and on his duplicity perhaps with repentance. The woman may also marvel at her folly in expecting that which observation ought to have shown to be visionary.

Of love I am unwilling to judge from the descriptions given of it by the poets, nor, indeed, can I from experience form an opinion: but I am forcibly induced to suppose that the usual mode of *making* it is incompetent for that which ought to be its object. The end of courtship ought to be the attainment of such knowledge of each other's character, that, when inseparably united, neither may find any thing to counteract that happiness which had been fairly hoped. On the contrary, in general, a man thinks it necessary to use such continued deference, such unwearied diligence in anticipating every wish of the lady, that he does not attend to the task of appreciating the real foundation of his future comfort,—the temper of her with whom he seeks to associate eternally.

By the constitution of nature the superiority was evidently intended for man; and this shows most clearly that such an arrangement is necessary to happiness. He expects then to find submission in her with whom he would consort. But it is universally acknowledged that no persons willingly submit to the authority of one into whose power they have been entrapped; yet to this it amounts when a woman has been induced to place her neck beneath that yoke which has always been covered with flowers, though, when these are removed, it will be found sufficiently grievous.

\* We are not aware that even the most silly novelists write thus of male lovers; and we know that this weakness is not prevalent in real life. Our correspondent's succeeding question, therefore, appears to be unnecessary and inapplicable.—EDIT.



It is to no purpose to allege that these concessions in courtship are mere matters of form, and that every woman knows them to be so; for, in the first place, it is denied that every female has this knowledge, for she may have been debarred from it by her inexperience; and, even should she have known that others have been deceived, there is always that in human nature which makes us flatter ourselves by supposing that we shall form an exception to the general rule. To say the least of it, such deception as this is in itself highly improper, and here it is also inexpedient, since it may tend to cause an effort for superiority, and, in the consequent struggles for it, all love may be destroyed. Here I will end with a promise, that, if it should be desired, I will hereafter discuss some other errors very prominent in this affair\*.

I am, sir, with great sincerity of heart,  
a well-wisher to England's fairest boast,  
the Ladies. T. O.

BATAVIAN ANTHOLOGY, OR SPECIMENS  
OF THE DUTCH POETS;

by John Bowring and H. S. Van Dyk.

THE very name of a Dutchman seems to exclude all poetical ideas: the nature of his country is certainly *unromantic*, and his habits are by no means refined. Yet it would be illiberal and unjust to suppose that the mind of every Hollander is cast in a coarse mould, and we know that literature and the fine arts, if they have not greatly flourished amidst fogs and humidity, and in the incessant activity of commercial pursuits, have not been absolutely despised or neglected.

Mr. Bowring and his associate have produced some favorable specimens of Dutch poetry. They consider Joost van den Vondel as the chief in the list of bards; and his countrymen rank him with Milton and Shakspeare. His *Lucifer* is a fine poem: his tragedies and satires display great force and energy, and some of his epigrams are well turned and pointed. One of his minor pieces, which we may entitle a 'Child in Heaven,' may be quoted with considerable approbation.

' Infant fairest—beauty rarest—  
Who repairst from above;  
Whose sweet smiling, woe-beguiling,  
Lights us with a heavenly love.  
Mother! mourn not—I return not—  
Wherefore learn not to be blest?  
Heaven's my home now, where I roam now—  
I an angel, and at rest.  
Why distress thee? Still I'll bless thee—  
Still caress thee, though I'm fled;  
Cheer life's dulness, pour heaven's fulness  
Of bright glory on thy head.  
Leave behind thee thoughts that bind thee,  
Dreams that blind thee in their glare.  
Look before thee, round thee, o'er thee;  
Heaven invites thee—I am there!'

Of Mynheer Cats the Dutch entertain also a high opinion, and some of his poems are very pleasing. 'Cupid lost and cried' is a lively piece, in which the little god is thus described:

' He is a little wayward thing,  
That's panoplied on fiery wing;  
Two pinions, like a swan, he carries,  
And never for an instant carries,  
But now is here and now is there,  
And couples many a curious pair.  
His eyes like two bright stars are glowing,  
And ever sidelong glances throwing:  
He bears about a crafty bow,  
And wounds before the wounded know:  
His dart, though gilt to please the view,  
Is dipp'd in bitter venom too;  
His body, though 'tis bare to sight,  
Has overthrown full many a knight:  
His living torch, though mean and small,  
Oft makes the hardiest warrior fall,  
The highest dames with cares invades,  
And spares not even the tenderest maids;  
And, what is worse than all the rest,  
He sometimes wounds his mother's breast.

If such an urchin should be found,  
Proclaim the joyous news around;  
And should the boy attempt to fly,  
O seize him, seize him daringly.  
But if you have the child at last,  
Be careful that you hold him fast,  
Or else the roving bird he'll play,  
And vanish in thin air away:  
And if he seem to pine and grieve,  
You must not heed him—nor believe—  
Nor trust his tears and feign'd distress,  
His winning glance and bland caress,  
But watch his cheek when dimples wreath it,  
And think that evil lurks beneath it;  
For under his pretended smile  
Are veil'd the deepest craft and guile.'

The poetry of Grotius is feeble and spiritless, while that of Hooft, who has been called the Dryden of Holland, is forcible and animated. But, without particularising the various poets, it will be sufficient to give another specimen. It is a brilliant gem, by Maria Tessel-

\* In admitting this communication, we do not concur with the writer in every particular.—EDIT.

schade Visscher ; and the fourth line,  
we may observe, is finely poetical.

‘ Prize thou the nightingale  
Who soothes thee with his tale,  
And wakes the woods around ;  
A singing feather he—a wing’d and wand’ring  
sound ;

Whose tender caroling  
Sets all ears listening  
Unto that living lyre  
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies in-  
spire ;

Whose shrill capricious song  
Breathes like a flute along,

With many a careless tone,  
Music of thousand tongues form’d by one  
tongue alone.

O charming creature rare,  
Can aught with thee compare ?  
Thou art all song ; thy breast  
‘Thrills for one month o’ th’ year—is tranquil  
all the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call —  
Most wondrous this of all,  
‘That such a tiny throat  
Should wake so wide a sound, and pour so  
loud a note.’

#### THE STORM.

‘ Ye gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,  
Ah little do you think upon the dangers of the seas.’

*Mary’s Gle.*

I SAW her start in her brightest array,  
With all her glories upon her,  
And she look’d, as she kiss’d the liquid way,  
A bulwark of life and honor ;  
And gay as a bridegroom’s marriage vest,  
Her rigging upon her was brac’d,  
And she woo’d the wave with her manly breast,  
That danc’d gaily to be so grac’d.

I saw her bonny men leap on her deck,  
Like train’d falcons ready to fly.  
Oh, there was no presage of danger or wreck,  
In the wind’s or the pilot’s eye.  
I grasp’d parting hands for a moment’s space,  
The next they were sever’d and rest,  
And the last thing my straining eye could trace,  
Was the track that the good ship left.

There were some on shore that did heave a sigh,  
And from some dropp’d many a tear ;  
And all did address a prayer on high  
For the mariners’ hearty cheer ;—  
Yet on went the ship like a hound new-slipp’d,  
When the stalwart game is in view,  
And, as often amidst the waves she dipp’d,  
She near’d the fell sea-robbers’ crew\*.

I kept my eye on the treacherous wave,  
Till her pennon was lost in the mist ;  
I still look’d on till, dark as the grave,  
The night-cloud her canvas had kiss’d ;  
And I laid me low on my downy bed,  
But I thought of that ship on the deep,  
And visions seem’d hov’ring round my head,  
Like a dream ’midst my fearful sleep.

\* The ship was in chase of a pirate when she went down.

And the zephyr wind, that so gently play'd,  
 Like the summer-fly, round my bed,  
 Seem'd loud as the clangor when trumpets bray'd,  
 And havoc its legions led ;—  
 And the tramp of a steed, as it paced by,  
 Like the storm-king's hoof did ring,  
 And the flap of the bat, as it wheel'd on high,  
 Seem'd the rush of his mighty wing.

I could not sleep, for I thought of those  
 Whom the mariners left behind,—  
 Such as tremble at every gale that blows,  
 And shiver in every wind.  
 Oh the fight and the storm, to them that roam,  
 Are but blasts to the tower and rock ;  
 But they that are left weak tremblers at home,  
 Are as shrubs that bend with the shock.

Was it fancy ? again ! is 't a voice from the sea,  
 Or only the cormorant's scream ?  
 Or the night-fiends set from their caverns free,  
 To twine themselves into a dream ?  
 Now wilder it sounds, like the moan of a blast,  
 As it pierceth the forest bough ;  
 Up ! up ! 'tis that dreadful gun !—'tis past !  
 Oh God ! keep the mariners now.

She I saw is gone, a watery fall  
 Is clinging round mast and sail,  
 And her gallant trim and her ensign tall  
 Are shiver'd beneath the gale.  
 Oh ! that cold, cold bride, the treacherous wave,  
 Has woo'd her lover too well ;  
 Like Ogygia's queen, she smiled on the brave,  
 The better to work out her spell.

Not one soul has 'scap'd with whom we can weep,  
 Should he tell of his messmates true ;  
 There is not one saved from the gorging deep,  
 To love as a thing we knew.  
 Ah ! we only know that we saw them here,  
 That our blessings away they bore ;  
 That we heave the sigh, that we drop the tear,  
 That they fell ! and we know no more.

I look'd on the strand that was late so gay,  
 With the kiss of a cloudless sun,  
 When the wooing breezes, in gentle play,  
 Seem'd over the calm wave to run ;  
 When yon lady smil'd on her dear dear lord \*,  
 Divided 'twixt pride and fond fear,  
 And their urchins laugh'd as he mounted on board ;  
 They knew not the bliss of a tear.

It is dismal now—the foam of the main  
 Flies like froth from a fretted steed,  
 And the shore, but now devoid of a stain,  
 Is black with the storm-toss'd weed.

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\* The recent loss of a vessel on the coast of Ireland renders the references here made no fiction.

That lady now sits in her widow'd bow'r,  
Like a statue of brightest mold,  
And, but that her restless eye has power,  
You'd deem her as pale and as cold.

She does not weep, and she seems not to see  
The young faces that round her press,  
And, clad in the sternness of misery,  
She returns not their tiny caress.  
Oh, she deem'd her hero but half her own,  
While *their* children danc'd in her hall;  
But *now* her children, her all, seem flown,  
And swath'd in his watery pall.

'Tis sad—but they who have felt love's bliss,  
Which a meek wife bears for her lord,  
Will heave many a sigh o'er woe like this,  
That is sharper than tear or sword—  
But the lady wakes—in her bosom fair  
An infant has nestled its head;  
One wild look she gives, then presses it there,  
And weeps—for the death-trance is fled.

And yet often, as angry winds sweep by,  
And the leaves of the bower rock;  
With a firmer brow, and a sterner eye,  
She will smile as she looks on the shock:  
And she shrieks, 'Ay, blow now, thou braggart wind,  
And howl loudly, thou angry blast;  
His gay, gallant bark thou no more canst find;  
His hour and his trial are past.'

But I cannot look on the clouded sun,  
Or gaze on the lightning's beam,  
But I think of that dreadful minute gun,  
And the cormorant's death-like scream;  
And I sigh as I look on the bridegroom gay,  
As he speedeth to claim his bride;  
For I think of that vessel's little day,  
That is rotting beneath the tide.

J. S. F.

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STANZAS, WRITTEN IN 1822.

AND have I waked to ire the gentle tongue  
Whose every accent I with reverence heard!—  
On whose resistless tones persuasion hung,  
And music, sweet as of the vesper-bird,  
When not a leaf or wave by *other* breath is stirr'd!

Oh! ne'er the dewy rose, who nightly listens  
To that lone warbler on her trembling spray,  
While nature's tear-drop on her red cheek glistens,  
Hath thrill'd beneath his melancholy lay,  
As *I* have oft to hear each word thy lip would say.

There doth not breathe another voice on earth,  
Save *one* (the modest echo of thine own),  
That e'er I deem'd such deep attention worth;  
But all the tenderness of thine is flown,  
And—aggravated grief!—it will not fly alone.

For those young lips I fondly hoped to teach  
 A lesson such as angels well might learn,  
 Did love celestial need the help of speech ;—  
 Thou'lt tutor age with curses to return  
 The vows, in uttering which my heart will vainly burn.

The sword of thy reproof hung o'er my head ;  
 The thread a breath has cleft, my brain is riven,  
 And now from phrensied throbs may never rest,  
 Till to the grave my cold remains are given ;  
 For thou, too cruel ! hast destroy'd my earthly heaven.

Once o'er me waved thy necromantic wand,  
 Whose opening buds gave pledge of riper bliss ;  
 But now 'tis wrath'd with serpents in thy hand,  
 Which round the stifled blossoms rave and hiss,  
 And sting whate'er would strive the flowers beneath to kiss.

And why ?—I raised my voice against a herd  
 Of wolves : did I rebuke the tender lamb ?  
 That woman's bent is faithless, I averr'd,—  
 And wiser men have thought and said the same ;  
 But could I mean the true, or *truth itself*, to blame ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh ! who can ever love the barren waste,  
 Though *there* one precious flower be blossoming ;  
 Or desert sands, though haply there he trace  
 The unhop'd sweetness of *one* gushing spring ?  
 Sad rolls that year which but a *day* of joy doth bring

Then who can praise the sex, though *one* there live—  
 But oh ! my lawless thoughts are wand'ring still,  
 And swell the crime I sue thee to forgive—  
 If crime it be to brand whate'er is ill,  
 Or, in the soul that pants for truth, to drink its fill.

Yet wiser far ev'n reason to resign,  
 Than joys, *without* which 'twould but sharpen woe ;  
 Better to lose mine *own* esteem than thine,  
 For thou hast brighter blessings to bestow,  
 Than *I*, shorn of thy fav'ring smile, can ever know.

THE POET'S LOT ; BY BERNARD BARTON.

Askest thou what it is to be  
 A poet ?—I will tell thee what,  
 And show the thoughtless world and thee  
 His wary lot.

It is to sacrifice each good  
 That Fortune's favor'd minions share,  
 And in unheeded solitude  
 Her frowns to bear.

It is to nourish hopes that cheat ;  
 Which, when he felt them first beat high,  
 Appear'd so humble, blameless, sweet,  
 They could not die.

It is to feel foreboding fears,  
 Then fancy them unfounded too,  
 And last, with pangs too deep for tears,  
 To own them true !

It is to cherish in the heart  
 Feelings the warmest, kindest, best ;—  
 To wish their essence to impart  
 To every breast ;—

And then, awaking from such dream,  
 With anguish not to be controll'd,  
 To find that hearts which warmest seem  
 Are icy cold !

'Tis, like the pelican, to feed  
 Others from his warm breast ; but own,  
 Unlike that bird—the bard may bleed,  
 Unthank'd, unknown.

It is to pamper vicious taste,  
 By spurning virtue's strict control ;  
 Then be with fame and riches graec'd,  
 And lose his soul !

Or, while his humble verse defends  
 Her cause, her loveliness portrays,  
 To win from her apparent friends  
 Cold cautious praise.

It is a thorny path to tread,  
 By care, by sorrow overcast,  
 With but one thought, its balm to shed,—  
 ' *This cannot last !*'

For soon that thorny path is trod ;  
 From man he has no more to crave ;—  
 Grant him thy mercy, gracious God !  
 Thou, earth ! a grave !

## ORIGINAL LETTERS.

## NO. V. \*

## MALVINA TO OSCAR.

My dear Sir,      Banks of Cona, 1824.

AFTER a long and dreary silence, I again take up my pen in order to address you once more, before quitting my temporary residence ; for I find you are fully resolved to make good your *threat* of not writing to me again, till you *first* hear from your negligent, but not ungrateful correspondent. You have heaped upon my head such an immense load of obligations, that I begin at last to be seriously concerned about the consequences ; and I must make an effort, however feeble, to disengage myself, at least in part, from the agreeable pressure.

\* For the fourth letter of this series, see the 633d page of the last volume.

Some would call it the discharge of a debt ; but I am not nice about terms, especially when they are the representatives of sensations which no language can accurately delineate. To say I was agreeably surprised when, on receipt of the two last packets, I found them to contain each a communication from my worthy friend, would be altogether superfluous. The *expressed* language of friendship is often less eloquent, and seldom more significant, than that which is left to be *understood* by its grateful operations upon a sensible mind ;—if I should attempt, therefore, gravely to tell you of the exhilarating associations and delightful emotions which your welcome and highly-valued favors kindled in my bosom, you might deservedly set me down as a prating pedant or prosing rhapsodist. I shall not therefore say a word more on the subject.

I cannot but admire (while I feel humbled at the recollection) the delicate manner in which you have alluded to the ill-advised delinquency of my childhood, and the feeling traits displayed in your account of our subsequent reconciliation. Yes, my friend, your resentment was just; and, amidst the condemning sense of my own demerits, I am forced to admit that your animadversions are softened by liberality of sentiment. I admire the manner in which you describe the first interview that formed the basis of our present happy intimacy. It is no doubt correct, although the incidents and circumstances had almost entirely escaped my memory. It would ill become me as a child, to complain of my mother's arrangements and conduct; but I will endeavour to make all the compensation in my power by remaining faithful to your interests.

Although my curiosity was sufficiently excited by every part of your letter, I cannot pretend altogether to understand your remarks on the surpassing purity of our sex; yet I would hope, for the credit of the ladies and the welfare of society, that your proud theory is not wholly destitute of foundation, notwithstanding the humiliating incidents which afford too plausible a pretext in support of a doctrine less flattering to our half-acknowledged excellence. For my part, I willingly resign, to the physiologist and the philosopher, the task of ascertaining the nature and extent of our physical or constitutional advantages, being fully persuaded that, upon the ladies, devolves the more important duty of *proving* the superiority of their nature by the rectitude of their lives.

I am not sure that ever I viewed the subject of *sweet-hearting*, or rural gallantry, in the strong light in which you have thought proper to consider it,—for this good reason, that I never thought about the matter. Your strictures, however, seem to be well-founded; and every candid inquirer must admit, that these idle and inconsiderate nocturnal interviews between the sexes are highly indecorous in themselves, subversive of the best interests of morality, and tend to degrade and deteriorate the otherwise respectable characters of the middle and lower orders. It is much to be lamented, too, that there is little probability of a speedy remedy, if all sense of *shame* be lost; for, so long as parents and masters remain unconcerned spectators of these

irregular proceedings, abuses will prevail; nor is it to be expected that heedless, forward youth, will pay much attention to the remonstrances of their superiors, till the lower orders become more enlightened, and more fully acquainted with the pure principles of Christianity. There can be no doubt that the *girls* are the *first* to promote and encourage these midnight frolics; for, if *they* should hold out no encouragement, the young men would soon give up the pursuit, and have recourse to more honorable methods of gaining the affection of their mistresses. To argue with females of this description, is only to expose yourself to their *ridicule*; for the plainest truths will neither be felt nor understood, unless their own good sense should teach them. There is an inherent modesty, or an instinctive glow of virtuous feeling, with which some people are *born*, while others are not:—to those who enjoy this valuable treasure, neither advice nor restraint is necessary;—to those who do not possess it, all remonstrance is vain.

Whether I may, or may not, claim the possession of this quality, I shall not presume to determine. But I may observe, that I run very little risk of incurring your censure on account of a midnight assignation. I am not *sure* that I have ever yet found a sweet-heart; or, if I have one, he is so very shy and bashful, that I seldom enjoy the pleasure of his company by day, and he is too discreet to propose seeing me by moonlight. I cannot say that ever I observed any of those symptoms of a wounded heart which you so well describe: perhaps I know just as much about love as I do about the *tooth-ache*, and all my knowledge of the latter is merely derived from observing its effects upon *others*;—yet I think I should be at no loss to recognize *either* of these troublesome guests, should they think fit to honor me with a visit. When I first addressed you, Oscar, I was a simple, credulous girl,—timid and playful as the bounding fawn,—my heart was not only unengaged, but an entire stranger to its own sensations. *Now*—I don't know how it is,—I know more of the world, and more of *myself*. My ideas have undergone a sad revolution;—I am not quite at ease, nor, indeed, am I unhappy.

'Ah! love every hope can inspire;  
It banishes *wisdom* the while.'

But I am forgetting myself:—I was going to remark that, in conducting their affairs of gallantry, considerable allowances must be made to females. No small degree of *manœuvring* is sometimes necessary on the part of the lady, for the important purpose of ascertaining the character and disposition of the man with whom she may be united for life, and whose virtues or vices must have an immediate effect in rendering her happy or miserable. That which can generally be done but *once* in our lives, ought most assuredly to be well done. Besides, it is bad policy to declare our sentiments in favor of a lover, *too soon*. The men, in that case, are apt to look upon us as mere *simpletons*; and little value is set upon that which costs no trouble in the acquisition. As Peggy well observes in the Gentle Shepherd,

‘But ken ye lad, gin we confess o’er soon,  
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing’s done;  
The maidens that o’er-quickly tyne their  
power,  
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.’

But why cannot girls keep their love to themselves?—or why do they allow those schemes, on which their fondest hopes depend, to be blasted by the breath of calumny, and blazoned over the whole country, to the no small prejudice of our sex? It is no wonder that people say we are impatient of a single life, and tease us accordingly,—on the strange supposition that every woman must or *ought* to be in love, as a matter of course, and even in spite of herself; as if she entered the world for no other purpose but to become the humble domestic of the first suitor who may have the address to *court* her into compliance. Is it then criminal in a woman to prefer the more dignified state of ‘single blessedness’?—or is she incapable of such a *sacrifice*, if so it must be called? I verily believe that many a girl is subjected to the jeers of her companions on account of her supposed *partialities* in this respect, when she is as innocent of the *crime* of love as myself. Such are the effects of popular prejudice, almost always founded on error; and so true is it, as Pope remarks, that

‘None judge so wrong as those who think  
amiss.’

Often have I been filled with shame and indignation on hearing it insinuated, that some females are so foolish as to imagine, that a little levity and flirtation

are excellent *lures* for attracting the notice and regards of the gentlemen,—*dandies*, I presume;—for no man of sense will choose either a *mad-cap* or a flirt for a favorite. For my part, I hope I shall never aim at distinction in this way, or endeavour to allure the men by forfeiting the esteem of all the wise and good, for the despicable *privilege* of being made the jest and scorn of every designing fellow who might deem his impertinent flatteries a sufficient equivalent for his amusement and my disgrace. How lamentable!—that any of our sex should be so unpardonably inconsiderate as never to reflect, that such behaviour must produce upon the mind of every beholder an effect the very reverse of what was intended!

But marriage, they tell me, is ‘all a lottery at the best.’ On this principle, in spite of every precaution, we may chance to meet with an ill-natured or dissipated husband, or be harassed by unexpected trials and difficulties. But what then?—it is the common lot of humanity; and our only solace in such cases must be the animating assurance that, though fortune may frown and friends prove untrue, there is still *one*, whose heart and hand are unalterably devoted to our service, whose smile will cheer amidst the darkest gloom of adversity, and whose love will most amply counterbalance the blackest malignity of a treacherous world. Let every young female by all means endeavour to *choose* with discretion; let her only bestow her hand on the idol of her heart; let her be assured that he who has gained her affection prizes her above all other women; and, with health and industry, there is nothing to fear. Indissolubly united to him ‘for better for worse,’ let her humbly pray for the comforts and blessings of life. As Ramsay finely expresses it,

‘Let folk bode weel, and strive to do their best;  
Nae mair’s required—let Heaven mak out the  
rest.’

There is no subject on which parents and friends are more apt to differ from their juniors, than on that which refers to what are called ‘*affairs of the heart*.’ Our ideas of the world and its enjoyments are by no means in unison with those of our elders. They can boast of their experience, it is true; but we are foolish enough to reject their testimony, in the hope, or rather the assurance,



that *we* shall be more fortunate; and presumptuously conclude that all the ills with which they endeavour to terrify us are the mere phantoms of their own brains, whose existence we doubt, and whose visitations we defy. We may be in the wrong, but the delusion is agreeable; the error is natural and pardonable;—our prospects may be too sanguine, but, so long as they do not lead inevitably to misfortune or crime, it is a pity that any one should blast the fairy scene with the withering look of arbitrary authority,

'Branding our laughter with the name of madness.'

Our sun will set soon enough of its own accord; *too soon* will its glories be extinguished by the ceaseless revolutions of time: it is needless to anticipate its doom, and with ruthless hand to 'pluck it from its sphere,' or attempt to diminish its lustre, and check its exhilarating influences, by the chilling clouds of sullen restraint, or the premature forebodings of useless solicitude. It is cruel to disturb the dreams of youth, so long as they present to 'the mind's eye' no impure images;—the fond enthusiast will be soon enough roused from delicious reveries by the unavoidable cares and duties of maturer years.

'It is good to believe thus, in youth's happy hour;

While it can be unbroken, O! break not the spell;

When those exquisite hopes of the heart are in flower,

It is sweet on their fragrance and beauty to dwell,

And wiser to fancy 'twill *always* be thus,  
Than, coldly ungrateful, their date to discuss.

The Creator is honor'd, existence adorn'd,  
By the blissful enjoyments and hopes of the young,

Ere the heart's early homage from good is suborn'd,

Or its innocent feelings restrain'd from the tongue:

It is good to believe in such visions of youth,  
And the soundest of wisdom to trust in their truth.'

Gracious Heaven! what have I been saying?—Oscar!—I see a sullen cloud darkening on your brow,—and no wonder—I am a naughty girl, and have tampered with the patience, perhaps the esteem, of the best of friends! Pardon me, thou guide of my youth; forgive the overflowings of a vacant heart,—and let

these idle, perhaps impertinent paragraphs, pass for the untutored extravagances of an inexperienced child, who is perhaps too confident, and too vain of her newly-acquired attainments. But what are these attainments?—When a young lady has resided so long in Edinburgh, you know her friends in the country naturally expect that she should pick up something smart and new-fashioned. Beside the other 'elegant accomplishments' to be acquired in town, I have observed that many of our female dandies are emulous to become adepts in the arts of pride, spirit, and affectation, with the complete eradication of that clownish incumbrance, the *mauvaise honte*. But I am such a simpleton, that I am afraid I shall never make any great progress in these truly *feminine* studies (unless you consider this rhapsody as a proof to the contrary): I can at least *blush* as easily as ever; but this is a privilege which I am determined never to relinquish—so much for our country prejudices! As to pride, forwardness, &c. you shall judge of these hereafter. In these points of behaviour, I *hope* I shall make a very poor figure.

A few evenings ago, we were gratified with a visit from an old woman, who 'min'd the year *forty-four*,' and who prides herself not a little on having seen the far-famed prince Charles 'Ay,' says she, with peculiar emphasis and feeling, 'he was a pretty man! and I mind weel o' laying my hand on his horse's side, that I might have it to be said that I had touched the prince's beast.' This ancient matron, who is full of legendary lore, told us of a young lady, the daughter of an ancestor of the present laird of Dells, who, according to the custom of that part of the country, had gone to reside during the summer months at one of the temporary huts, or *shielings*, which they erect in the Highlands, to be near the *luchts*, or pens, in which the ewes are confined for the purpose of being milked. In these rural abodes, not only the daughters of the farmers, but also of the lairds or proprietors, did not think it below them in former times to sojourn; and here it was, that the loves and misfortunes of Mary Fraser had their origin and termination. It is natural to suppose, that the spot, where so many swains and milk-maids occasionally met, would not long escape the prying research of little Cupid; and it is as natural to take it for granted that the arrows of

his blinking, vindictive godship, would not be allowed to rust in the quiver for want of employment. Amidst many random shots, during that season, at least two of his shafts flew with deadly effect; for Miss Fraser, and one of the handsomest of the shepherds, became deeply enamored of each other. Tidings of this affair soon reached the ears of Mary's brother, through the cringing officiousness of a boy belonging to our little pastoral colony. The proud blood of the Fraser began to boil in his veins; and he considered his sister, himself, and the whole family, as disgraced by such an ignoble alliance, more especially as it was reported that the young lady had been seduced by her lover. He soon resolved to put a speedy termination to this degrading intercourse; and declaring that the stain thus brought upon his sister's honor could only be wiped away by the blood of the youthful offender, he repaired to the place of rendezvous, and watched for an opportunity of vengeance. Rushing from behind a turf dyke, he shot his unconscious victim through the heart, as he was carrying a pail of milk, and whistling by the side of his blooming mistress! Who can picture the agony and distraction of the hapless Mary? She uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless on the turf. She was carried to the shieling; but she refused all sustenance or consolation; she lost all composure on beholding the murderer of her soul's idol; the shock which her feelings had sustained hurried her into delirious ravings; and on the third day she died of a broken heart! Such a melancholy event was not soon forgotten; and the catastrophe is recorded in a ballad or dirge, written in Gaelic, which the old woman could neither repeat nor explain very perfectly. I only recollect the following words of the chorus—'Woe to the boy that caused the slaughter in the bughts.'

The same woman repeated part of another song, which was composed by a young lady, a daughter of the laird of Glenmorris, who was on the eve of being married to one of the Macleods. Her father's mansion stood on the west side of Loch-Ness, on the banks of which she and her friends were awaiting the landing of the bridegroom and his suite. As they were sailing gaily along, amidst the glare of streamers and the sprightly tones of the bag-pipe, a sudden squall upset the boat, and the whole party per-

ished in the lake, in the presence of the disconsolate bride and her relatives. The young lady of course narrates her woes in Gaelic verse, which not only records the names, &c. of those who were invited to the wedding, but also enumerates the different articles of her splendid dress, and the places where they were purchased. I could not help admiring the simple but touching pathos, with which the venerable matron related both these stories; and if the narrative had been more complete, it might have furnished a fine subject for your poetical recreations.

Having, I hope, amused you with these stories, I revert to my own concerns. My thoughts, Oscar, frequently turn toward home. I am heartily tired of the ceremonious etiquette and dull routine of a town-life, and would much rather be sipping 'Jock o' Hazeldean' or 'Auld lang syne' with Miss Margaret, or nursing my roses and wall-flowers. Such innocent recreations as these are more congenial to my taste and habits. O how I long to hear once more the winter-evening tale, to join in the happy tea-party, to frolic on the verdant lawn, or frisk in the merry dance, with the gay villagers, the companions of my youth! These pastimes are natural to me; they brace the nerves, give buoyancy to the spirits, and freshness to the complexion; and are infinitely preferable to all the labored amusements and studied frivolities of Edinburgh. Thus you see that I am not one of your pensive, sentimental girls, who delight only in solitary walks and purling streams;—I like to mingle with society, and to enjoy the fun and frolic of the village. On this account, of our two gardens at home, I prefer the one next to the street, as being the most agreeable. I seldom visit the theatre; but to this forbearance, perhaps, I am not so much influenced by a wish to avoid, or to discountenance, any thing of questionable propriety, as by a want of *taste*; for I admit that we are too ready to take credit to ourselves for *motives*, to which we may have no pretensions: for instance, when we imagine that we are making certain sacrifices to decorum, we flatter ourselves that we are acting from *principle*, when in fact we are frequently the mere dupes of *prejudice*, or at best only refraining from indulgences to which our habits or inclinations do not lead us.

Oh what a valuable treasure is a true and faithful friend; one to whom we

can unbosom ourselves without the dread of exposure ; to whom we can impart our joys or sorrows without being subjected to the humiliating rebuff of censure or reproach ; who takes a lively interest in all that concerns our welfare ; who is ever ready to lend us a helping hand when beset with difficulty or danger ; and who, with all the palpitating anxiety of a parent, would fain persuade us to walk in the paths of probity and honor, that he may see us respected in this world, and be assured of our happiness in the next ! *Such a friend is OSCAR.*—You have uniformly honored me with your confidence, and earnestly solicited a participation of mine in return ; but I feel myself timid and abashed, when I wish to be bold without immodesty and frank without indiscretion. I would fain break this embarrassing silence at times, to tell you my mind without reserve, or ask your advice on some affair of delicacy or importance ; but I *cannot*. You have some reason, no doubt, to complain that I do not treat you as a confidential friend ; but my age and sex constitute my best apology.—I assure you, however, that I venerate your principles and esteem your counsels ; and if, in the course of this letter, I have presumed to express with too great freedom my idle fancies, or to enforce the delusive ideas of heedless youth in opposition to the dictates of ‘truth and soberness,’ it is not, believe me, because your pupil thinks herself wiser than her teacher :—and if I did not confidently assure myself that you will pardon the unguarded sallies of a sportive imagination, I would instantly commit this paper to the flames.

I expect to see you soon ; but, in the mean time, I request you to favor me with another communication before I leave this place. Although few people dislike formal advice more than I, a mere hint from you is always sure to meet with a partial reception. Assist me, my friend, to form a proper estimate of those objects of ambitious attainment which are so eagerly sought by our sex. Instruct me in the principles of duty and decorum, teach me how to conduct myself amidst all the errors and temptations of a wicked world, and inform me yet farther, how to avoid the snares of those who ‘lie in wait to deceive.’—Malvina can do nothing wrong ;—ah ! my friend, what cruel irony ! I seldom do any thing right ;—yet write to me once

more ;—your letters are so kind, so affectionate, so tender !—the sentiments they contain seem to be the kindred echo of my own reflections, and the lessons which they inculcate, though seemingly hard, are such as ought to be followed by all those who wish to get through the world with any degree of comfort or credit to themselves or others.

It is not without a feeling of regret that I now quit for ever my ideal residence on the banks of Cona ; and with a misgiving heart I announce to the best of friends, that this is the *last* time I shall address you in the name of a Fingalian heroine. Yet, while memory delights to dwell on the images of the past, amidst all the vicissitudes of life, in prosperity or in adversity, in youth or in age, as a maiden or a matron, the favorite name of Oscar will rekindle in my bosom the most pleasurable associations ;—and, if I may presume so far without the imputation of vanity, I would fain flatter myself that, notwithstanding the hurried avocations of your literary pursuits, and the distracting solitudes of your professional duties, you will deign sometimes to bestow a thought upon one whom, in the ardor of a disinterested and romantic attachment, you distinguished by the tender appellation of

MALVINA.

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A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. BURKE  
TO BARRY THE ARTIST.

WITH regard to your studies, you know, my dear Barry, my opinion. I do not choose to lecture you to death ; but, to say all I can in a few words, it will not do for a man qualified like you to be a connoisseur and a sketcher. You must be an artist ; and this you cannot be but by drawing with the last degree of noble correctness. Until you can draw beauty with the last degree of truth and precision, you will not consider yourself possessed of that faculty. This power will not hinder you from passing to the great style when you please, if your character should, as I imagine it will, lead you to that style in preference to the other. But no man can draw perfectly, that cannot draw beauty. My dear Barry, I repeat it again and again, leave off sketching. Whatever you do, finish it. Your letters are very kind in remembering us, and surely, as to the

criticisms of every kind, admirable. Reynolds likes them exceedingly. He conceives extraordinary hopes of you, and recommends, above all things, to you the continual study of the *Capella Sistina*, in which are the greatest works of Michael Angelo.

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At Rome you are, I suppose, even still so much agitated by the profusion of fine things on every side of you, that you have hardly had time to sit down to methodical and regular study. When you do, you will certainly select the best parts of the best things, and attach yourself to them wholly. You, whose letter would be the best direction in the world to any other painter, want none yourself from me, who know little of the matter. But as you were always indulgent enough to bear my humor under the name of advice, you will permit me now once more to wish you, in the beginning at least, to contract the circle of your studies. The extent and rapidity of your mind carries you to too great a diversity of things, and to the completion of a whole before you are quite master of the parts, in a degree equal to the dignity of your ideas. This disposition arises from a generous impatience, which is a fault almost characteristic of great genius. But it is a fault nevertheless, and one which I am sure you will correct, when you consider that there is a great deal of mechanic in your profession, in which, however, the distinctive part of the art consists, and without which the first ideas can only make a good critic, not a painter.

I confess I am not much desirous of your composing many pieces, for some time at least. Composition (though by some people placed foremost in the list of the ingredients of an art) I do not value near so highly. I know no one who attempts, that does not succeed tolerably in that part: but that exquisite masterly drawing, which is the glory of the great school where you are, has fallen to the lot of very few, perhaps to none of the present age, in its highest perfection. If I were to indulge a conjecture, I should attribute all that is called greatness of style and manner of drawing to this exact knowledge of the parts of the human body, of anatomy and perspective; for, by knowing exactly and habitually, without the labor of particular and occasional thinking, what was to be done in every figure

they designed, they naturally attained a freedom and spirit of outline; because they could be daring without being absurd; whereas ignorance, if it be cautious, is, poor and timid; if bold, it is only blindly presumptuous. This minute and thorough knowledge of anatomy, and practical as well as theoretical perspective, by which I mean to include foreshortening, is all the effect of labor and use in *particular* studies, and not in general compositions. Notwithstanding your natural repugnance to handling of carcasses, you ought to make the knife go with the pencil, and study anatomy in real, and, if you can, in frequent dissections. You know that a man who despises, as you do, the *minutiae* of the art, is bound to be quite perfect in the noblest part of all, or he is nothing. Mediocrity is tolerable in middling things, but not at all in the great. In the course of the studies I speak of, it would not be amiss to paint portraits often and diligently. This I do not say as wishing you to turn your studies to portrait-painting, quite otherwise; but because many things in the human face will certainly escape you without some intermixture of that kind of study.

You never told me whether you received a long—I am afraid not very wise—letter from me, in which I took the liberty of saying a great deal upon matters which you understand far better than I do. Had you the patience to bear it? You have given a strong, and, I fancy, a very faithful picture of the dealers in taste with you. It is very right that you should know and remark their little arts; but, as fraud will intermeddle in every transaction of life, where we cannot oppose ourselves to it with effect, it is by no means our duty or our interest to make ourselves uneasy, or multiply enemies on account of it. In particular you may be assured that the traffic in antiquity, and all the enthusiasm, folly, or fraud, that may be in it, never did and never can hurt the merit of living artists: quite the contrary, in my opinion; for I have ever observed, that whatever it be that turns the minds of men to any thing relative to the arts, even the most remotely so, brings artists more into credit and repute; and though now and then the mere broker in such things runs away with a great deal of the profit yet, in the end ingenious men will find themselves gainers, by the dispositions which are nourished and dif-

fused in the world by such pursuits. I praise exceedingly your resolution of going on well with those whose practices you cannot altogether approve. There is no living in the world upon any other terms.

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A COMPARISON BETWEEN MR. BURKE  
AND DR. JOHNSON;

*from Mr. James Prior's Memoir of the  
former.*

THESE two remarkable men were perhaps the only persons of their age, who, in acquisitions or in original powers of mind, could be compared with each other; they had been at first fellow-laborers in the literary vineyard; they had each ultimately risen to the highest eminence in different spheres; they preserved at all times sincere esteem for each other; and were rivals only in gaining the admiration of their country. From the first, Burke seems to have possessed a strong ambition of rising in public life far above the range accessible to mere literature, or even to a profession, though that profession was the law. Johnson's views had never extended beyond simple independence and literary fame. The one desired to govern men, the other to become the monarch of their books; the one dived deeply into their political rights, the other into the matter of next importance among all nations—their authors, language, and letters.

A strong cast of originality, yet with few points of resemblance, distinguished not only their thoughts, but almost their modes of thinking, and each had the merit of founding a style of his own, which it is difficult to imitate. Johnson, seemingly born a logician, impresses truth on the mind with a scholastic, methodical, though commonly irresistible, effect. More careless of arrangement, yet with not less power, Burke assumes a more popular manner, giving to his views more ingenuity, more novelty, more variety. The reasoning of the former is marshaled with the exactness of a heraldic procession, or the rank and file of an army, one in the rear of the other, according to their importance or power of producing effect. The latter, disregarding such precise discipline, makes up, in the incessant and unexpected nature of his assaults, what he wants in more formal array; we can

anticipate Johnson's mode of attack, but not Burke's; for, careless of the order of battle of the schools, he charges at once front, flanks, and rear; and his unwearied perseverance in returning to the combat on every accessible point, pretty commonly ensures the victory. The former argued like an academical teacher; the latter like what he was and what nature had intended him for—an orator. The labours of the former were addressed to the closet; of the latter, most frequently to a popular assembly; and each chose the mode best calculated for his purpose.

Both were remarkable for subtlety and vigour of reasoning whenever the occasion required them. In copiousness and variety of language, adapted to every subject and to every capacity, Burke is generally admitted to possess the advantage; in style he has less stiffness, less mannerism, less seeming labor, and scarcely any affectation; in perspicuity they are both admirable. Johnson had on the whole more erudition; Burke inexhaustible powers of imagination. Johnson possessed a pungent, caustic wit; Burke a more playful, sarcastic humor; in the exercise of which both were occasionally coarse enough. Johnson, had his original pursuits inclined that way, would have made no ordinary politician; Burke was confessedly a master in the science; in the philosophy of it he is the first in the English language, or perhaps in any other; and in the practice of it, during the long period of his public career, was second to none. Added to these were his splendid oratorical powers, to which Johnson had no pretension. With a latent hankering after abstractions, the one in logical, the other in metaphysical subtleties, both had the good sense utterly to discard them when treating of the practical business of men.

They were distinguished for possessing a very large share of general knowledge, for accurate views of life, for social and conversational powers instructive in no common degree—and in the instance of Johnson never excelled. They understood the heart of man and his springs of action perfectly, from their constant intercourse with every class of society. Conscientious and moral in private life, both were zealous in guarding from danger the established religion of their country; and in the case of Burke, with the utmost liberality to every class of

**Dissenters.** Johnson's censures and aversions, even on trifling occasions, were sometimes marked by rudeness and ferocity; Burke, with more amenity of manners, and regard to the forms of society, rarely permitted his natural ardor of feeling to hurry him into coarseness in private life, and on public occasions only where great interests were at stake, and where delicacy was neither necessary nor deserved.

Viewed in every light, both were men of vast powers of mind, such as are rarely seen, from whom no species of learning was hidden, and to whom scarcely any natural gift had been denied; who had grasped at all knowledge with avaricious eagerness, and had proved themselves not less able to acquire than qualified to use this intellectual wealth. None were more liberal in communicating it to others, without that affectation of superiority, in Burke at least, which renders the acquisitions of pedants oppressive, and their intercourse repulsive. Whether learning, life, manners, politics, books, or men, formed the subject—whether wisdom was to be taught at once by precept and example, or recreation promoted by amusing and instructive conversation—they were all to be enjoyed in the evening societies of these celebrated friends. As a curious physical coincidence, it may be remarked that both were near-sighted.

#### THE MISTAKEN MEDICINES.

AMONG the many good things of which England has to boast (says Mrs. Edridge) are the salubrious or restorative properties of her mineral springs, of which the most famous are those of Bath. Thither the sick and the lame resort from all parts of the kingdom, not only to drink the water, but to wash therein. Previous, however, to the draught or the dip, it is customary to consult some of the medical men of the place, who are supposed to have more knowledge of the due proportion of its use in the variety of cases which seek relief from its application, than the medical senders from distant counties can, for want of experience, acquire; and the Bath sons of Esculapius generally find it necessary to give preparatory medicines to the patients, that the constitution may be made fit to receive properly, and digest efficaciously, the qualities of the spring.

Not many years ago, a gentleman, who was not very well, was advised to go to Bath, and try what Bath water would do for him. Traveling was even then so very easy and expeditious, that, on the day after he was so advised, he reached Bath by dinner-time. On his arrival he hired apartments in a lodging-house, and sent for the apothecary who had been recommended to him by his medical adviser in London. The apothecary, after making all necessary inquiries about this, that, and the other, and receiving as explanatory answers as Mr. Malcombe knew how to give, told him that he had a very much overcharged habit, and that it would be necessary to relieve him before he ventured to drink the Bath water. 'I will send you, sir,' said he, 'an emetic. After you have swallowed it, if you find it slow in its operation, you will walk about the room; and you will use canomile, and do all that is usually done with such a medicine.'

In the same house where Mr. Malcombe had fixed himself, the good apothecary had another patient, a lady who had been a long time under his care, whose malady baffled all his skill, and who daily grew worse. Though it was not his usual hour of visiting her, yet, being in the house, he thought that it would save him the trouble of returning if he saw her then; so he paid a visit also to her. He found her exhausted, and almost dying away, lying on a sofa. 'Well, my good lady, how go we on?' said he. 'Sadly, sadly, sir,' she replied; 'I have no rest by night, no ease by day.' 'Did not the draught I sent you procure any sleep?' 'O no—I counted the clock hour after hour, from the time I went to bed till I rose.' 'I will change the medicine,' said he; 'I will send you a little soporific mixture, and I trust that you will have a good night's rest.' 'Do, sir,' said Mrs. Sandby.

When he went home he gave orders for the two medicines, and left them to their operations. The gentleman received his little bottle, and the lady received hers. He put on his dressing gown, took off his cravat, made his canomile tea, surrounded himself with every thing that he thought would be necessary, and then swallowed his dose. He swallowed it in vain. He rose from the elbow chair, in which he had deemed it prudent to seat himself; and, while he was parading with long strides from

corner to corner, in order to lengthen his walk, he grew very tired, and somewhat sleepy, and threw himself on the bed, where he fell fast asleep. Mrs. Sandby also swallowed her potion, and went to bed, hoping to have a good night's rest: instead of which she was almost convulsed by a pain here, and a pain there; and her shrieks verily alarmed the house. Every one thought that she was about to expire; and every one was clamorous for better advice than that of the man who had so ignorantly mistaken her case, as to kill her by such a violent experiment. However, they all said, 'send for the brute, and let him see what he has done.' Away went the servant, and roused the sleeping apothecary from his bed. 'Mrs. Sandby is dying, sir,—your physic has absolutely killed her—she has swallowed her death, sir,' said the servant.

Poor man! he rose; followed the servant, and went into Mrs. Sandby's room. —'O, sir!' said the nurse—'O, sir!' said the maid—'See what a condition she is in,' said the landlady. 'Here was a medicine truly, to give to a woman in Mrs. Sandby's weak state.'

The poor apothecary was a little alarmed, as the good lady had been so ill. He looked at her with a very long face, and that lengthened all the faces round her; also hers. 'O, sir, I shall die, I shall die, sir!' said she.—'No, no,' said he, 'not so bad as that, I assure you, my dear madam. Depend upon it, the worst is over: and I will send you another soporific draught, which will, I make no doubt, set all to rights very shortly.'

By the way, he found on putting the phial to his mouth, and tasting the dregs, that what she had swallowed was not very soporific. However, he kept that to himself, and was careful to put the empty bottle in his pocket. 'Now I am here,' thought he to himself, 'I will visit my patient up stairs, and see how he goes on with his emetic.' He knocked at Mr. Malcombe's door; nobody said, 'come in.' He knocked again; no one spoke. He knocked a third time; no answer: so in he went. There lay Mr. Malcombe in a fine composed sleep. His empty bottle lay on the table, and explained all that had happened. The two patients being in the same house, the wrong bottles had been taken into their respective apartments; and each, without reading the label, drank off the contents. Fortunately they both did well. The gentleman's long nap did no

harm to his overcharged habit; and the violent rummage, by mistake given to Mrs. Sandby, and which the apothecary had been afraid to order her, entirely carried off all her complaints. The gossips, nevertheless, all said that it would have been less hard-hearted to let her die, than to save her by such rough means.

As for Mr. Malcombe, who was let into the secret, he is thoroughly convinced that physic is physic, be it what it may, and now, instead of sending for advice, if by chance he happens to be sick, he walks into the first apothecary's shop he comes to, lays down eighteen pence, and takes a phial of any mixture which he finds ready prepared; and he says that it always answers the purpose.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE EFFECTS OF NOVEL-READING, AND ON THE ADVANTAGES OF OPENNESS AND CONFIDENCE;

*by the Author of some late Lucubrations.*

ONE great foremost evil of novel-reading is generated and established in its tendency to banish simplicity and nature from the mind, and to form artificial, imitative character; to fashion and confirm a practised mind; to seduce the frank and honest disposition from its native ingenuousness, and to teach the art of acting perpetually upon plan: to be frivolously busy in analysing what never can be analysed, except by that power which formed it—the human heart.

Novel-reading leads to a fondness of making experiments on the affections of others toward ourselves, in cases, where to suspect is the extremity of injustice and the perfection of folly. These moral alchemists seem not aware, that true affection may receive such a shock by an unwarranted experiment, or test, as may risk, perhaps accomplish, its overthrow and ruin. Is not life too short, and happiness too precious, for such adventurous and unamiable curiosity as this?

During an intimacy between a lady and her lover, as we have been somewhere told, the former, whom, by her own representation, he all the time believed to be without fortune, finally avowed herself possessed of great wealth; a fact which she had concealed with a view to her satisfaction of the zeal and

sincerity of his attachment. Bad was the result of this experiment. True affection, disappointed in the character of its object, received a wound of deadly infliction; for no more than truth and honor can affection endure the touchstone and the test of doubt. He now discovered, and, what was more, felt severely, that the confidence in which, as he fondly considered, they had long lived, each with each, had been a tissue of illusion; and that the truth and ardor of his love had been met by an habitual imagination and secret admission of his possible unworthiness; and this, too, in defiance of right reason, and all force of likelihood. He saw that a reciprocal interchange of entire confidence could never be depended on; therefore, that *nothing* could be depended on. He is reported to have pronounced, 'As this girl has unhappily imagined and executed one cunning and ominous deception, she has probably others in reserve: in vulgar phrase, if she has these tricks, she has more: I must not be the subject of them.' He determined to renounce the lady and her wealth.

Nor is it from novel-reading only, that the art of dissimulation is infused into the mind. It may too frequently be learned,—from accidental lapses of the writer's attention, let us suppose—in works, which are, upon the whole, truly commendable, and therefore qualified to increase the pernicious operation of whatever they may introduce, meet for reprehension.

I will, on this occasion, confine my remark to a single instance, in illustration of its propriety and correctness: it shall be Dr. Gregory's *Legacy to his Daughters*; a work intended as a didactic on the regulation of moral conduct and the economy of life. In this, the author has intimated, that a tenderly attached wife ought not to let her husband discover the full extent of her regard and love for him.

With all instant acknowledgement of the worth and talents of Dr. Gregory, I will yet appeal to and confide in the support of a respectable number of moral reasoners, when I submit, that the maxim is at once dangerous and ill-founded. It may be placed, I think, amidst the most curious and subtle results of spurious and artificial sentiment, of a wrong and mischievous manœuvre, too crooked and too entangled for war-rantry by good sense, and appearing to

savor less of wit than madness; at all events, less of soundness than of hollow-ness.

What ingenuity might urge in defence of the maxim, may be easily anticipated, and, as I am well satisfied, easily refuted. The subject, argue we ever so long, will at last resolve itself into this simple inquiry; is open, generous, undisguised confidence, or aly, cautious circumspection, and that, too, in the closest of all moral connexions possible, to be recommended and adopted? Such is the real and obvious character of the point at issue.

Here the subject and the question might be left for resolution to the speculative and the curious; but I will just subjoin, that the arguments in favor of *concealment*, would, if brought forward, all be found to seek their support, and to ground their very existence, in a principle of artifice, and a necessity for the practice and the continuance of delusion. Whence such principle? Whence such necessity? Inauspicious indeed must be the connexion, very weak and uncompacted the cement of those hearts, which, on either side, requires, for its duration, a continual supply from the contributions of art, and a perpetuity of watch.

Again—the feelings by which the wife is instinctively directed to manifest her heart to the partner of that heart, all prove themselves of amiable and sterling character: their antagonists, as we have seen, evince themselves to be entirely the reverse of these. On one side, we are invited to the contemplation of nature, simplicity, and truth; of a heart without guile; of a spirit without suspicion; of thought and action grounded in innocence: on the other, we are disgusted and forbidden by such objectionable traits of character, as might require space fully to expose; but which may be collected into a brief summary, viz. the errors and obliquities of a mind, not sufficiently wise and dignified to throw away and execrate cunning.

Unhappily circumstanced, indeed, must be that love and that regard, which it is imprudent and unsafe to acknowledge to a husband: and, what becomes a serious and an alarming recollection, let the married female, who tenderly loves the husband of her choice, weigh well to what the burthen of her feelings might amount, if he should suddenly sink into the grave, and she, under the



pressure and poignancy of grief, he left in sad remembrance that the object of her best affections had never known how dearly she had loved him. In a mind of keen sensibility, nothing could avert madness from such remembrance, except a lively hope and faith of a future reunion in the world of spirits.

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OURIKA, A TALE.

EVERY novelty in Paris excites particular attention, more especially when it is brought forward by a distinguished or titled personage. The duchess de Duras having lately written a tale under the title of *Ourika*, the public received it with enthusiasm; and it so far became the rage, that the name was applied to vaudevilles, prints, dresses, &c. Catching for a moment the flame of inspiration, we are eager to gratify our readers with the substance of this attractive story.

A physician of Paris states, that he was desired to attend an invalid in one of the convents which had been re-opened by Napoleon. He found, with surprise, that the patient was a black woman, and he was still more surprised at her command of language, and her polite address. After several visits, he so far conciliated her regard by appearing to be deeply interested in her fate, that she communicated to him the most remarkable incidents of her life.

'I was brought over (she said) from Senegal by the governor, the chevalier de B., when about two years old. He took compassion on me as he stood witnessing the embarkation of some slaves on board of a negro transport ship then going to sail. I had lost my mother, and I was carried into the vessel, in spite of my violent screams and resistance. He bought me, and, on his return to France, gave me to his aunt, the wife of the marshal de B. She was a most amiable woman, and united an elevated and highly-refined mind to the most exemplary virtue. To save me from slavery, and choose for me such a benefactress, seemed to be like twice bestowing life upon me. Such was my ingratitude toward Providence, that I was not made happy by it. But is happiness always the result of the development of our faculties? I think not. How often does the knowledge we acquire teach us to regret our days of ignorance! Nor does

the fable tell us that Galatea received the gift of happiness with that of life.

'I was not informed of the early circumstances of my life, until long after they happened. My first recollections always bring madame de B.'s drawing-room to my mind. I used to pass my life there, doted on by her, praised and caressed by her friends, who loaded me with presents, and exalted to the skies my wit and graces. The tone of her society was animated gaiety. What deserved praise always met with it; what deserved blame was generally excused; and, from excessive lenity, erroneous notions were often suffered to pass for right ones. Success gives courage, and all were sure of being estimated a little above their real worth. Dressed in the eastern fashion, and seated on a little stool at madame de B.'s feet, I used to listen to the conversation of the first wits of the day long before I could understand it. I had no childish petulance. I was pensive ere I began to think. I was perfectly happy at being by the side of my patroness. To love her, listen to her, obey her, and, above all, to look at her, was all that I desired. Neither a life of luxury, nor accomplished society, could astonish me; I knew no other, but I insensibly acquired a great contempt for every other sphere than the one I lived in. Even when a child, the want of taste would shock me. I felt it ere I could define it, for habit had made it necessary.

'Thus did I grow up to the age of twelve years without an idea of any other kind of happiness than that which I possessed. I felt no pain at being a negro. I was continually praised and admired, and nothing ever suggested its being to my disadvantage. I seldom saw any other children; and the only one who was my friend, did not love me the less on account of my color.

'Madame de B. had two grandsons, the children of her daughter who had died young. Charles, the younger, was about my own age. We spent our infancy together. He was my protector and my adviser in all my little faults; but he went to school when he was eight years old. I wept at parting. This was my first sorrow. He seldom came home, yet I often thought of him. Whilst he pursued his studies, I was ardently engaged in acquiring the accomplishments necessary to complete my education. My voice was thought worthy of the instruction of the first masters; a celebrated painter

undertook to guide me in his art; and madame de B. formed both my mind and judgment. By conversing with her, and discovering the beauties of her soul, my own grew elevated, and admiration was the first source of my own intelligence. My thoughts sometimes wandered upon my own future life; but, with the confidence natural in youth, I fancied that I should always be happy with my benefactress. Her tenderness toward me, and the bewitching life I led, contributed to confirm my error. A single instance will show the pride she took in me. You will perhaps scarcely believe that my shape was once remarkable for its beauty and elegance. Madame de B. often boasted of my grace, and resolved to show off my talent in a quadrille, representing the four parts of the world, in which I was to perform Africa. The comba, a national dance of my own country, was fixed upon. My partner put a crape over his face. I had no need of any to blacken mine; but this was far from my thoughts, which were engrossed by the pleasures of the ball. I danced the comba with the greatest success. Indeed, the dance was in itself sufficiently attractive, being composed of graceful attitudes and measured steps, expressing love, grief, triumph, and despair. I was totally ignorant of these violent passions; yet from instinct I guessed them, and my imitation succeeded. I was surrounded by an applauding assembly, and overwhelmed with praise.

‘A few days after this ball had taken place, I overheard by chance a conversation, which awakened me to a proper sense of my condition.

‘Madame de B. had a lacker screen in her drawing-room, which hid one of the doors, and extended beyond the window. Between the door and this window there was a table where I used frequently to draw. I sat down one morning, to work at a miniature there; my attention became so completely absorbed that I remained for some time motionless, and no doubt my friend concluded that I had left the room when the marchioness de C. was announced. This lady possessed a penetrating judgement; but her manners were positive, harsh, and dry. She was capable of great devotion to her friends, but at the same time was inquisitive, and not easily pleased or satisfied. I feared her, though she had always shown a regard for me; that is, in her

own way. Severity and investigation were its signs. I was too much accustomed to indulgence, not to fear her justice. ‘Now that we are alone,’ said this lady to madame de B. ‘let me speak to you of Ourika. She is a charming girl; her mind is nearly formed; she possesses wit, infinite natural grace, and very superior talents; but what is to become of her? What do you intend to do with her?’ ‘That is the very thought that distresses me,’ cried madame de B. ‘I love her as my child: I should think no sacrifice too great to make her happy; but the longer I reflect upon her situation, the less remedy I find for it. Alas, poor Ourika! I see thee doomed to be alone—eternally alone in the world!’

‘It would be impossible for me to describe the effect these few words produced upon me; lightning could not have been more prompt. I discovered the extent of my misery. I saw what I was—a black girl, a dependent, without fortune, without a being of my own kind to whom I could unite my destiny; and the most bitter thought of all was the certainty of belonging to no one in the world. I pretended to be ill, and was believed; but the physician who felt my pulse abruptly declared that nothing ailed me. This quieted the uneasiness of my benefactress about my health, and she sought all possible means of diverting my mind. I dare not own how little gratitude I felt for her care. My heart seemed withered. As long as it had received favours with pleasure, it gladly acknowledged the benefit; but now, filled with the bitterest feelings, it had no power to expand. My days were spent in the same thoughts, differently combined and under various forms, but still the blackest my imagination could invent. Often were my nights passed in weeping. I exhausted my whole pity upon myself. My face became odious to me,—I no longer dared to look in a glass—and my black hands struck me with horror.—I dwelt upon the idea of my ugliness, and my color appeared to me the sign of my reprobation: it was that alone which separated me from my fellow-creatures, and condemned me to live alone, and never to be loved.

‘My anxiety and sorrow, though no particular disorder assailed me, continued to undermine my health, but, at the same time, tended to perfect my understanding. ‘What doth the man

know who hath not suffered?' says an Eastern sage; and I soon perceived how true was this remark. What I had taken for ideas, were impressions. I did not judge—I liked. I was either pleased or displeased with the words or actions of the persons I lived with; but stopped not to consider why. Since I had found out that the world would reject me, I began to examine and criticise almost every thing that had hitherto enchanted me. Such a tendency could not escape Madame de B.'s penetration, though I never knew whether she guessed the cause. Possibly she was afraid of letting me confide my chagrin to her, for fear of increasing it; but she was even kinder to me than usual. She intrusted all her thoughts to me, and tried to dissipate my own troubles by busying me with hers. She judged my heart rightly, for nothing could attach me to life but the idea of being necessary or even useful to my benefactress. To be alone, to die, and leave no regret in the soul of any being, was the dread that haunted me: but there I was unjust toward her, for she sincerely loved me; still she had other and superior interests to mine. I had a sisterly love for her grandson Charles; yet I never ventured to inform him of the distress that preyed upon me. We did not see each other alone; and it would have taken time to explain my grief to him. He would then have understood me, I am sure. His manners were mild and grave, but he had a propensity to ridicule that intimidated me; not that he ever gratified it, but at the expense of affectation. Sincerity completely disarmed him. However, I kept my secret. Beside, the chagrin of our parting was a relief to my mind, to which any grief was more welcome than its accustomed one.

Omitting the sketch of the French revolution, and the reflections of the negro lady on a subject which is no longer interesting, we proceed to the sequel of her narrative. Her aristocratic friend, as we may suppose, was in the greatest danger.

'We discovered indeed (says Ourika) that she was on the eve of perishing, when the death of Robespierre put an end to so much horror. We breathed again; and misfortune seemed to have linked us closer to each other. I felt in those moments that I was not a stranger. If I ever passed a few happy hours since the fairy days of my child-

hood, it was during the times that followed this disastrous epoch. Madame de B. possessed in a supreme degree those qualities which constitute the charm of domestic life. Her temper was easy and indulgent; she always put the most favorable construction upon what was said before her; no harsh or captious judgement of hers ever cooled the confidence of her friends. Thoughts were free, and might be uttered without responsibility before her, merely passing for what they were worth. Such gifts, had they been her only ones, would have made her friends almost adore her; but how many others she possessed! It was impossible to feel *ennui* in her company; there was a charm in her wit and manner, that made even trifles interesting.

'Charles bore some resemblance to her. His mind, like hers, was liberal and just, but firm, and without modification, for youth allows none—it finds every thing either quite right or wrong, while the failing of old age is to believe that nothing is ever entirely right or wrong. He was endowed with the two first qualities of his age—truth and justice. Reserve was habitual to him, and this made his confidence the more flattering, as it was evidently the result of his esteem, and not of his natural propensity: whatever portion of it he granted was of value, for he never acted inconsiderately, and yet was always natural and sincere. He placed such full reliance on me, that his thoughts were communicated to me as quickly as they came. I still refrained from telling him what had so long oppressed me. I listened to him; and, by I know not what magical effect, his conversation banished from my mind the recollection of my sorrows. Had he questioned me, I should have confessed them all; but he did not imagine that I had any secret. Every body was accustomed to my weak state of health; and madame de B. had striven so much to make me happy, that she had a right to think me so. So I ought to have been: I felt it, and often accused myself of ingratitude and folly. I doubt whether I should have ever dared to own how miserable the irreparable misfortune of my color made me. There is a sort of degradation in not being able to submit to necessity; and, when hopeless grief masters the soul, it bears the character of despair. There was a rigidity, in the notions of

my young friend, which likewise increased my timidity. One evening our conversation turned upon pity, and it was asked whether misfortune inspires most compassion from its cause or from its effects. Charles decided for the former: this was declaring that all grief should be actuated by some powerful motive. But who can judge the motives of another? All hearts have not the same wants; and does not real misfortune consist in the heart's being deprived of its desires? It was seldom, however, that our conversations thus led me to reflect upon my own case, which I so earnestly sought to forget. I would have no looking-glasses in my room; I constantly wore gloves and dresses that covered my arms and throat; I had a large hat and veil to walk out in, which I often continued to wear in the house: in short, I was ready to deceive myself, and, like a child, I shut my own eyes, and thought that no one saw me.

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'When the scattered remains of madame de B.'s society rallied round her after the comparative solitude to which she had been restricted during the reign of terror, an old friend gratified her with a proposal of marriage for Charles. Mademoiselle de Thérmines had become a rich heiress in the most distressing manner. Except her great aunt, her whole family had perished on the scaffold in one day. The old lady, sole guardian of her niece, was exceedingly anxious to have her married, lest her own death should leave her without a single protector. Anais de Thérmines, beside possessing the advantages of birth, wealth, and education, was as beautiful as an angel. It was impossible that madame de B. should hesitate: she spoke to her grandson on the subject, and an interview took place. Anais was formed to please him. She appeared so unconscious of her charms, and possessed modesty so unassuming and quiet, that she could not fail to endear herself to him. He was allowed to visit at her aunt's, and soon became passionately in love with her. I knew the progress of his feelings, and longed to behold the lovely Anais. She came one morning to St. Germain's. Charles had spoken of me to her, and I had no contemptuous scrutiny to undergo. She appeared to me an angel of goodness. I assured her that he would make her happy; she questioned me much about him, for she

knew that we had been friends from infancy; and I was delighted at this opportunity of extolling his virtues.

'Some weeks passed before the marriage took place, for the settlement of business, and Charles spent most part of that time at the house of his intended mother-in-law, sometimes remaining two or three days at a time in Paris. His absence pained me; I was sorry to lose him, and vexed with myself for preferring my own happiness to his. I had never done so before. The days that he returned home were holidays for me. Then he would tell me how he had passed his time, what progress he had made in the affections of his mistress, and rejoice with me at the success he had met with. Once he said, 'I will obtain her confidence, and give her mine: all my thoughts shall be open to her—every secret impulse of my heart will I tell her; in short, I wish that the same confidence may exist between us, as between you and me, Ourika.' The same confidence! How this pained me. I recollected that he knew not the only secret I ever had, and determined never to let him know it.

'By degrees, his absences became longer and more frequent, until at last we entirely lost his company in an evening. Madame de B. used to joke him for having deserted us; would I could have done so too! One morning, as we were walking in the forest, I perceived him coming at full gallop. He had been absent nearly the whole week: as he approached us, he leaped from his horse, and began walking with us. After some general conversation, he boasted to me of his fervent love for Anais. 'Ah! (said he) I never can express to you what I feel for her. If she blushes, I long to throw myself in adoration at her feet; and when I think that I am to become the protector of this angel, and that she trusts her happiness, her life, her fate to me, ah! how proud am I of my own! I shall replace the parents she has lost: I shall also be her husband—her lover! Her first affections will be mine; our hearts will flow into each other.' How rapturous are my feelings, Ourika, when I reflect that she will be the mother of my children, and that they will owe their life to my Anais! Ah, they will be as beautiful and good as she is! Merciful Heaven! what have I done to deserve such happiness?'

'Oh! what a different question was I then addressing there! I had listened to

his passionate discourse with the most unaccountable sensations. Thou knowest, O Lord! that I envied not his happiness; but why gavest thou life to poor Ourika? Why did she not perish in the slave ship from which she was snatched, or on the bosom of her mother? A little African sand would have covered her infant body, and light would have been the burthen. Why was Ourika condemned to live? To live alone, never to be loved! Oh! my God, do not permit it! Take thy poor Ourika from this world. No creature wants her—must she linger desolate through life?

‘Oppressed with this heart-rending thought, I felt my knees sinking under me—my eyes closed, and I thought that I was dying. Charles carried me home in his arms. Succour was promptly administered to me, and I returned to my senses. I found madame de B. by my bed-side, and Charles holding one of my hands; and the sight of their anxious sorrowful countenances penetrated my very soul. I felt life flow again. My tears began to rise; madame de B. gently wiped them away. She said not a word—did not ask a question, while Charles overwhelmed me with a thousand. I know not what I answered. I attributed my indisposition to heat and fatigue. He believed it all, and my bitter feelings returned on perceiving that he did. I immediately ceased weeping. How easy is it, thought I, to deceive those whose interest lies not with you! I withdrew my hand, which he was holding, and strove to assume a tranquil air.

‘Charles soon left us. I would have wished him to be very uneasy about me: indeed, I was suffering greatly! He might still have gone to his Anais, for I should have insisted on it, but he would have owed the pleasure of his evening to me, and that might have consoled me. I carefully concealed this sensation from him. Delicate feelings have a sort of chastity about them. They should be guessed, or they are thrown away. There must be sympathy on both sides.

‘Scarcely had he left us when I was seized with a violent fever. Madame de B. watched me with her usual tenderness. She seemed distracted at the state I was in, and at the impossibility of removing me to Paris, whither the celebration of her son’s marriage obliged her to go the next day.

‘My physician answered for my life if I remained at St. Germain’s, and she

at last consented to leave me. The real and complete loneliness in which I was then left threw me into despair. The vision was realized that my imagination had so long dwelt upon—I was dying far away from those I loved. I fancied them given up to the most ecstatic bliss, whilst I lay pining on the bed of sickness. They were all I cared for in the world, but they wanted not my care. The frightful conviction of the uselessness of my existence made me sick of it. It was a pang not to be endured, and sincerely I prayed that I might die of my illness. I neither spoke nor gave any sign of life. The only distinct idea I could express in my mind was—I wish I may die. At other times I became excessively agitated. All that had passed in my last conversation with Charles rushed into my mind. I saw him lost in the ocean of delight he had pictured to me, whilst I was abandoned to a death as solitary as my life. This produced a kind of irritation more painful to endure than grief. I increased it by filling my brain with chimeras. I fancied Charles coming to St. Germain’s, being told that I was dead, and rendered miserable by my death. Can it be believed?—The idea of grieving him rejoiced me. It would be a revenge—Revenge? for what? for his goodness—for his having been the protecting angel of my life! Such guilty thoughts were soon replaced by horror at having conceived them. My grief I thought no crime, but giving way to it might lead to one: then I tried to collect my inward strength, that it might fight against this irritation; but even that I sought not where I should have found it. I was ashamed of my ingratitude. Oh! let me die, I exclaimed, but let no wicked passions enter my heart.

‘Madame de B. continued to reside at St. Germain’s after the marriage. Charles often visited her, accompanied by his Anais. I always suffered more when they were present. Either the image of their happiness made me feel my misfortune more acutely, or the sight of Charles renewed my remembrance of our old friendship, which I sought to find what it once was, but could not. Yet he always spoke to me just as before—it resembled the friendship he used to show me as the artificial flower does the natural one. It was the same, except that it had neither life nor perfume.

‘Anais gave hopes of increasing her family, and we returned to Paris. The

languor into which I fell after the fever had left me increased daily. The spectacle of domestic happiness so peaceful, of family bonds so endearing, of love so passionate and yet so tender, was misery to a poor wretch who was doomed to live in no other bonds than those of dependence and pity.

'Days and months passed on thus. I took no share in conversation. My talents were neglected. The only books I could endure were those in which a feeble picture of my own sufferings was traced. I fed upon these poisons—I feasted on my tears, and remained shut up in my room whole hours, giving way to them.

'The birth of a son enraptured Charles. He came, his heart overflowing with joy, to give me the news, and I recognised in the expressions of his delight some of the accents of his former confidence. It was the voice of the friend that I had lost, and brought painful remembrances back with it. The child of Anais was as beautiful as herself. Every one admired the tender young mother and her sweet infant. I alone beheld them with bitter envy. What had I done that I should have been brought to this land of exile? Why was I not left to follow my destiny? Well, if I had been the negro slave of some rich planter, sold to cultivate his land, and exposed during the whole day to the burning heat of the sun, still, when evening came, and my toils were over, I should have found repose in my humble cottage; I should have had a sharer in them, a companion through life, and children of my own complexion to call me mother! They would have pressed their infant lips upon my cheek without disgust, and laid their little heads to sleep upon my bosom. Why am I never to experience the only affection my heart was made for? Oh, my God! take me from this world—I cannot endure life longer!

'I was addressing this impious prayer to my Creator, in agony upon my knees, when my door was opened, and the marchioness de C. entered the room. I beheld her approach with terror; for I too well remembered that she had first revealed my fate to me,—she had first caused my misery.—

'My dear Ourika (said she), I want to speak with you. You know that I have loved and admired you from your infancy, and I grieve to see you giving

way to such deep melancholy. How comes it that you make not a better use of the ample resources of your mind?'—

'The resources of the mind, Madam (answered I), only serve to increase misfortunes, by showing them under many different forms.—'But if those misfortunes are without remedy, is it not a folly to struggle against them, instead of submitting to necessity, which can compel even the strongest to yield?'—'True, Madam; but that only makes necessity a hardship the more.'—'Still you must own, Ourika, that reason commands us to resign ourselves, and divert our attention.'—'We must have a glimpse of happiness elsewhere, to be able to do so.'—'Then cannot you try what occupation, and forcing your mind to a little pleasure, will do?'—'Ah! Madam, pleasures that are forced upon us are more tedious than melancholy.'—'But why neglect your talents?'—'Talents must have some object (when they charm not their possessor,) ere they can become a resource. Mine would be like the flower of the English poet,

——— Born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness in the desert air.'

'Are your friends then no object?'—'I have no friends, Madam; I have patrons.'—'Ourika, you make yourself very needlessly unhappy.'—'Every thing in my life is needless, Madam, even my grief.'—'How can you nourish such bitter thoughts? you, who were so devoted to madame de B. during her distress, when every other friend had left her.'—'Alas! Madam, I am like an evil genius, whose power lasts in calamity, but who flies on the return of happiness.'—'Let me be your confidante, my dear; open your heart to me; tell me your secret. No one can feel a greater regard for you than I do, and I shall perhaps be able to do you good.'—'I have no secret,' replied I; 'my color and my situation are my sole misfortunes.'—'Nay, do you deny that you have a secret sorrow? It is impossible to behold you for a moment without being certain of it.'—I persisted in what I had first said. She grew impatient, and I saw the storm rising that was to burst upon me.—'Is this your good faith?' cried she; 'Is this your vaunted sincerity? Ourika, take care—Reserve sometimes leads to deceit.'—'What, Madam, can I have to reveal to you? You foresaw my misery so long ago—I can tell you nothing that you do not

'know already.'—'I will not believe you,' answered she; 'and since you refuse to trust your secret to me, and pretend that you have none, I will convince you that I know it. Yes, Ourika—a senseless passion is the cause of all your grief and your regret; and were you not so desperately in love with Charles, you would care very little about being a negress. Adieu—I leave you, I must own, with much less regard than I felt in coming here.' So saying, she quitted the room. I remained thunder-stricken. What had she revealed to me! What horrid interpretation had she put upon my grief—Who! I! nourish a criminal passion—I let it canker my heart? Was my wish to hold a link in the chain of my fellow-creatures, my longing after natural affections, and my grief at being desolate, was that the despair of guilty love? And when I thought that I was only envying the picture of his bliss, did my impious wishes aspire to the object itself? What cause had I given to be suspected of so hopeless a passion? Might I not love him more than my own life, and yet with innocence? Did the mother, when she threw herself into the lion's jaw to save her son; or the brothers and sisters, who intreated that they might die upon the same scaffold, and united their prayers to heaven as they went up to it—feel themselves influenced by guilty love? Is not humanity alone the cause of the sublimest devotion of every kind? And why might I not have the same feelings for Charles—my friend from infancy, and the protector of my youth? And yet a secret voice, unheard before, warns me that I am guilty! Oh! Heaven—remorse must then become a fresh torment to my wasted heart—Poor Ourika! Every species of misery must then oppress her! Poor Ourika! and are even her tears to be deemed criminal? Is she forbidden to think of him? Must she no longer dare even to be unhappy?

These thoughts threw me into a death-like stupor. Before night came, I was violently ill, and in three days my life was endangered. My physician declared that the sacrament ought to be promptly administered to me, as there was not a moment to lose. My confessor had died a short time since. Madame de B. sent for the pariah priest, who could only bestow extreme unction upon me, for I was perfectly insensible to what was passing round me. But, when my death was hourly expected, when all hopes

were over, God took pity on my soul by preserving my life. I continued to struggle against my illness, and my senses returned to me. I was now led by an involuntary impulse to seek for repose in the bosom of religion. I made an avowal of my errors to the priest. The state of my soul did not frighten him. Like an experienced mariner, he was accustomed to the tempest. He quieted my fears as to the passion I was accused of. 'Your heart is pure,' said he; 'you have injured no one but yourself, and in that you were guilty. You will have to account for your happiness to God, for he entrusted it to you. It depended on yourself, since it lies in the performance of your duty. Have you ever considered in what that duty consisted? God should be the aim of man; but has yours been? Let not, however, let not thy courage fail thee, Ourika; but pray to God. He hears you, and will receive you in his arms. He knows no difference of men or color. All are of equal value in his eye, and do thou strive to render thyself worthy of his favor.'

Thus did the venerable man open the path of consolation to me. His simple words carried peace to my heart. I meditated on them, and drew from them, as from a fertile mine, a store of new thoughts. I saw that I had not known my duty. Following the uncurbed impulses of my soul, I had pursued the enjoyments of the world, and had thrown away my happiness. Still I lost not all hope; God was willing, perhaps, in throwing me on this foreign land, to take me to himself. He snatched me from my savage state of ignorance, he saved me from the vices of slavery, and permitted me to learn his laws.

The new light in which I viewed my situation brought peace to my heart. I was astonished at the calm that it enjoyed after so many storms. An outlet had been opened for the torrent, and it now floated in peaceful tides, instead of carrying devastation with its current.

I soon determined upon taking the veil, and intreated Madame de B.'s permission to do so.—'I shall be extremely sorry, my dearest Ourika (said she), to part with you; but I have done you so much harm by wanting to do you good, that I have no right to oppose your determination.' Charles pleaded against it with great earnestness: he intreated, he conjured me to renounce it.—'Do not attempt to dissuade me, Charles

(cried I); let me seek the only asylum, where my prayers for you will be equally pure with the friendship I have ever felt for you."

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Ouriika did not long linger in the convent to which her sorrows had driven her. All the endeavours of her medical attendant were fruitless, and she fell a victim to a hopeless passion.

#### BARTON VILLAGE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

##### NO. VI.

A VERY unusual bustle has lately pervaded the village. The old adage has been fully exemplified,—‘It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good;’ for, in consequence of some exceedingly perplexing pecuniary difficulties on the part of its noble owners, Warrendale Castle has been advertised for sale with all its rich furniture, pictures, books, &c., and is now *on view*,—a demi-Fonthill, attracting all the idle, gadding, home-hating gentry in the county, and a host of *dilettanti* brokers and dealers from town. The ‘great world and his wife’ certainly have not been convoked by the intelligence that lord Warrendale is about to dispose of his stately mansion to the best bidder; but our little world has been put into motion by this event, and an universal holiday seems to be proclaimed. The great gates of the park, so jealously and cautiously closed against the *canaille*, are now thrown open to barouches, curricles, gigs, whiskeys, buggies, donkey-chaises, and dog-carts. Rustics in their church-going dresses are staring with mute wonder at the Rubens and the Vandykes. Groupes of young ladies in pink spencers and yellow pelisses are scattered over the flower-gardens, in dells, and glades, and fairy nooks, sacred to solitude, *never shown with the house*, and never before contaminated by ignoble feet. Poor lady Warrendale’s *sanctum sanctorum* is invaded. A junta of matrons, their ponderous persons spread over the silk-cushioned chairs and embroidered sofas, sit in judgement upon the extravagance of its mistress, as they contemplate the beautiful but useless toys, the luxurious embellishments and costly furniture, mingling their philippics on all this wanton waste with sage reflexions, in the manner of the Baillie Mucklethrift, on

the mutability of human affairs. The family were not popular in the county. The rigid exclusiveness of the system which they affected made them strangers to their nearest neighbours, who of course, if not inclined to detest them on that account, could feel little or no interest in their fortunes; and the few with whom they had ever been brought in contact, they had offended; therefore I believe I may say, that I alone, among the numerous visitants, felt any thing like sorrow at the painful sacrifice which his lordship’s pressing necessities had obliged him to make. I could not contemplate the mortifying change in the circumstances of a noble house without pain,—the influx of crowds of indifferent, or curious, or scoffing spectators into apartments devoted to domestic privacy, before the mansion and all its appendages should pass into other hands. The round good-humoured faces of the country people, who came thither merely to wonder, and to see how great folk lived, were very delightful. I was charmed to see so many of the honest race of farmers in red waistcoats, and farmers’ wives in mode clokes. I was less pleased with others, whose airs and blunders were beyond measure ludicrous. Their affected familiarity with high life, and the gross ignorance which, in their desire to show off, they proclaimed to the surrounding audience, afforded a rich treat to the satirist. These were chiefly persons either *in* or just *out of* trade from the neighbouring towns, who were enchanted with an opportunity of exhibiting their fine attire. The husbands and fathers infested the stables, and talked largely of their intention of purchasing my lord’s best horses, adding, that they could afford to keep as good a stud as any peer in the land; and then came jokes respecting the necessity of these great people finding the use of their feet, and exultation at the present and prognostics of the future downfall of the aristocracy. The mothers and wives examined the texture of the curtains and carpets, rang the china vases to be secure that there was no flaw, and, having repeatedly turned and twisted every article which they desired to appropriate, put a triumphant mark against each in their catalogues, saying, ‘this is *mine*; no one shall outbid *me*.’ Then the daughters were frequently appealed to for an explanation of the use of sundry elegant trifles.—‘I say, Caroline, what’s



to be done with this *thingome*? You that have never seen nothing but genteel life must know what all these gimcracks mean.’—‘Law, ma, how you distract one!—don’t you see that I am quite absorbed in this divine Murillo?’ (the artist’s name was painted on the picture-frame). ‘Ah, bello Toscano! there is nothing, as Mr. Dent says, like the tender tints of the Venetians.’—‘Well, for my part,’ cries the mother, ‘give me Somerset House; one secs green trees and blue skies in the pictures there, nothing like such dark dingy-looking things as these. Who is that brazen face with the bare neck?’ pointing to a copy of a half-length, a Cleopatra by Giorgione. ‘Oh, that is the portrait of lady Warrendale in the turban she wore at the race ball, and monstrous like it is.’—Mrs. Gibson was very great indeed. She established herself in the principal suite of apartments, and acted as *cicerone* to all her acquaintance. ‘This was dear lady Warrendale’s favorite window, where she used to sit admiring the *prospick*; this was the poor dear lady’s chais-lounge; and here on this very *hottoman* couch, she had sat next to her the last, the only, time she had dined at the castle.’ Miss Gibson could point out the drawings of the young ladies, and to their talents she attributed some masterly sketches of our most celebrated artists which decorated an ante-room, unappalled by the piercing steady gaze and curled lip of an amateur, who turned round to look at her as she made the assertion. ‘The dowager Mrs. Fitz-allan pointed out to Mr. Blagden various alterations which had taken place in the mansion since the time of lord Warrendale’s father, when she used to visit there,—all of course exceedingly unwise and unnecessary, and the remote causes of the present ruin of the family. The younger Mrs. Fitz-allan surveyed the superabundance of costly ornaments with a dissatisfied countenance. Her own house had not been newly furnished since her marriage, and her son had reached the age of twenty-five years, consequently the reflexions which the scene suggested were of the most painful and serious nature. She despaired of convincing her husband of the necessity of an entire revolution in the interior of his domicile, and to drag out a protracted existence in the midst of such antiquated lumber as disgraced her best rooms, was an almost intolerable evil; she fretted, and fumed, and

betrayed a discontented and repining spirit. Mrs. Lyon dragged her daughter through all the hot-houses and green-houses in search of rare plants, which would be likely to go cheap, negotiating with the gardener for choice flower-seeds, and making capital bargains of slips and cuttings which he had never dared to dispose of before, on the peril of losing his place, so tenacious was lady Warrendale in the preservation of her exotics, alas! now doomed to court the vulgar gaze from Mrs. Lyon’s parlour windows. I was charmed with Mrs. Osborne; she came with her three youngest girls, and two fine boys, in their usual neat attire: not a riband or a flower had been added on the strength of the exaltation of her daughters by marriage, nor did this circumstance cause any alteration in her manners, which were quiet and lady-like as before. The melancholy which formerly clouded her fine face was gone; but her countenance was so mild, and her deportment so gentle, that her cheerfulness, though manifest, was not obtrusive. She received with pleasure the congratulations of the friends whom she had not seen since the weddings; yet there was no boast or exultation, no proud enumeration of Mrs. Sydney’s equipages and Mrs. Montague Hargrave’s servants. Elizabeth and Isabella, she said, were very happy, and in their husbands she and Mr. Osborne seemed to have found sons; but she did not tell us that they were to be soon presented at court, leaving this intelligence to find its way to Barton by the newspapers. Still such a circumstance was by no means a matter of indifference to her; and she had at the moment a letter in her pocket, containing at her request a long description of the dresses which these beloved creatures were to wear. She knew that Elizabeth had a splendid set of diamonds, Mr. Sydney’s family-jewels, and that Montague had purchased for Isabella a profusion of the richest pearls. Little Charlotte, in the fulness of her heart, informed me that ‘her new brothers had sent her papa a fine horse and gig, that mama might ride sometimes, and that Henry had got a cadetship, and the back parlour was now full of books.’ Her mother, though she kept these things to herself, did not check the delighted child in her communication, well knowing that it was not dictated by vanity. She only smiled at her eager enumeration of these un-

wanted luxuries, and the value of the horse and the price of the Stanhope were not mentioned, though one was thoroughbred, and the other came from the most esteemed breeder in London.

There were of course all the county families to be seen at the castle; some came to look at the pictures, others with the intention of becoming purchasers at the auction, and a third set, perhaps the most numerous, merely to see the house and the company. One young lady, who was considered the beauty of —shire, came for no other purpose than to be looked at, and she certainly divided the attraction with the Titians and the mirrors. One day she came in a rose-colored bonnet; the next, she was enveloped from head to foot in pale blue; and on the third she only wore a mob cap, and on all she sate on a sofa in the most conspicuous place, and seldom moved from her throne. This consequently became the rallying point for all the young men, especially when, tired of the stables, they stood in rows gazing, many being stationary nearly the whole morning, and not one except young Fitz-allan, who carefully avoided the spot, so blind to female charms as to neglect paying the silent homage of the eyes to this fair piece of mischief. The squire, sullen and abstracted, stood moodily gazing on Grace Lyon, who was not allowed to quit her mother's side; and, with a look of ill-humor, he turned his back upon the beauty, because his father had expressed a hope that her charms would efface the impression made by the widow's daughter.

Surrounded by a host of flatterers, the queen of the day was either unconscious or disdainful of Fitz-allan's neglect; she quaffed the delicious incense offered by the multitude, with evident delight, apparently never to be satiated with adulation. Contrasted with this dainty specimen of affectation and vanity, was a lovely girl, who, entirely regardless of her person, and unconscious of her claims to attention, was wholly occupied in collecting information for the improvement of her mind. She had a decided taste for the fine arts, with very few opportunities of cultivating it. I found her in some perplexity, and, though not previously acquainted with her, I ventured to offer her my services. There was a copy of a head supposed to be by Raphael in lady Warrendale's boudoir, and she had unfortunately left her drawing materials, carefully packed for the occasion,

behind her. 'I have heard of this picture,' said she, 'without the least hope of ever seeing it, for it was difficult at any time to get admission to the castle, and this room was always closed upon people who were not intimate with the family.—I am surprised,' she added with much *naïveté*, 'that the fortunate possessors of such treasures are not more liberal in their indulgences to persons less happily circumstanced. I should have been so thankful for an hour's study of this sublime work; and now in my agitation and anxiety (for it was not carelessness), I have come without my paper and pencils.' Mr. Blagden's intimacy at the house, and his command of the library, enabled me to supply her with both. She was all gratitude, and instantly began to employ herself, not stirring from her occupation the whole time her party remained. On their departure she repeated her thanks to me, and, unaware of the construction which might be placed on her words, said, smiling, 'I shall be here again to-morrow.' It was quite reviving to contemplate this charming creature, when surrounded by so many mincing, lisping, dressed-up dolls, looking scorn upon all below them, or whispering satire to each other. My interest was divided between this unsophisticated child of nature, and poor Grace Lyon, who in the scene of festivity looked more pale and more heartstricken than ever, exposed as she was to the frown of the dowager Mrs. Fitz-allan, and the angry glances of her lover's father,—afraid to speak even to me, lest Arthur's jealous ire should be aroused, and reproached by her mother for the depression of her spirits.

On the third day of the bustle, and whilst our carnival was at its height, a hack chaise drove up to the portal, no uncommon circumstance at the time, and therefore little regarded. The postilion dismounted and opened the door, for not a servant was at hand, and to our utter surprise we beheld Spencer Warrendale seated, or rather reclining in the corner of the vehicle, haggard and wan as if the finger of death already pointed at him, and totally ignorant of the state of affairs at the castle. 'Good Heaven!' I exclaimed, 'What a scene for this poor young man! he ought not to be left here.' 'The inns at Barton are full,' said Mr. Gibson hesitating, and looking at me for encouragement: 'there will not be any accommodation or any quiet

for him in the village.—‘Mr. Blagden has only a bachelor’s house,’ said I, ‘but I will inform him of Mr. Warrendale’s situation; he will no doubt procure for him all the care and attention which men are able to bestow upon each other.’—‘Would it not be better to take him to my house?’ said my companion.—‘Lucy is at home; she is an excellent nurse, and will see that he is made as comfortable as possible.’—‘A lucky thought,’ I replied: ‘no arrangement could be half so good.’—‘I will step into the chaise,’ said Mr. Gibson, ‘for I see he is quite insensible to every thing around him; and perhaps you will be so kind as to mount my horse, and let Lucy know that I am conveying a sick guest. I would not have him made the gaze of the crowd.’ I readily undertook the mission, and proceeded in a full gallop to Barton. Lucy, seeing me from the window riding with great speed on her father’s charger, concluded that some fatal accident had happened to him, and flew out into the road in an agony of terror. I had hoped to give her this alarm, as I imagined, when her fears had been strongly excited on a more shocking event, that she would be better able to bear the news which I was about to impart. I called out that all was well, and, throwing myself from my horse, imparted to her the intelligence of Mr. Warrendale’s danger, and his near approach. As I expected, she was so thankful to hear of her father’s safety, that she received the account with firmness, and instantly making a strong effort to subdue her agitation, she lost not a moment in making the necessary preparations, most grateful for being permitted to watch over the malady of a beloved object, instead of being kept in a state of perpetual suspense, and dependent for all her information on the reports of others.

The arrival of Mr. Warrendale, at such an inauspicious moment furnished conversation for all the gossips. Mrs. Gibson rose very high in public importance, in consequence of the intelligence which she daily promulgated respecting his health. As she harangued to her own circle, it was curious to observe the groupes of auditors which she attracted: persons who would not otherwise have condescended to accost her, now approached under the pretence of examining a table or a musical instrument, and were not only eager to learn whether the sick gentleman was likely to recover, but also to know the cause of his illness,

and how he happened to visit the castle at a period so extremely *mal-à-propos*, and whether he had been plundered in Paris at the gaming-table, or poisoned in Italy by a jealous mistress. Mrs. Gibson, to do her justice, was very liberal of her marvels. From the few incoherent sentences which Spencer had uttered, she made out a most surprising concatenation of circumstances, much to the annoyance of her husband, whose better sense suggested the propriety of being silent on the private history of his patron’s family. Fortune achieved for him what his own authority was unable to effect; for suddenly the bustle and agitation ceased; all the strangers were put to flight, and the castle relapsed into its former solitude and seclusion. There was not to be an auction, every thing having been disposed of by private contract to a young man of large fortune, who was expected to take immediate possession. The intelligence was not altogether agreeable to the people, who could now only congregate at their own parish-churches. The innkeepers and publicans were terribly discomfited; they had enjoyed a very brisk trade for the last week, and looked forward to a continuation of the jubilee.

It was certainly an inexcusable breach of faith on the part of lord Warrendale, after he had expressly promised an auction; but there are many who consider their own interest in preference to the amusement of their neighbours. The disappointment to those who had set their hearts upon the possession of certain *candelabra*, cabinets, and bits of china, was of the most afflicting nature, and human patience could scarcely support it. After the first chullition of anger had subsided, and time had in some degree reconciled the community to the loss of its promenade, ample subject for conversation and conjecture was supplied by the purchaser of Warrendale Castle and its magnificent demesne. Even Mr. Warrendale became a dead letter, and was pronounced out of danger, and going to be married to Lucy Gibson, without making any impression upon the public mind, so completely was it absorbed by curiosity respecting the new possessor of the castle. By preserving silence I kept a fair character in the village, and nobody guessed that he was a particular friend of mine, or that I had advised the measure which had put him in possession of one of the finest estates and best-appointed houses in the county.

## CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

THE envy and jealousy that prevail among contemporary bards have been frequently noticed; yet the author of the *Lovers of the Angels* lived on the most friendly terms with lord Byron; Southey and Wordsworth are neighbours and friends; and sir Walter Scott has lately evinced his candor and liberality of mind in the following tribute to the memory of an illustrious poet.

‘That mighty genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame, and [*that*] of malignant censure, are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was leveled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question what were Byron’s faults, what his mistakes; but how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly gifted persons, has produced none who approach Byron in *originality*, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-seven [*-six*] years old:—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seems to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition: who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path; such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder? One word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it for ever.

‘The errors of lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart,—for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense,—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress: and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, provided he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. But his

wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author, he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who could venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error,—so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree, as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and (so to speak) his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden’s despot, ‘to show his arbitrary power.’ It is needless to say that this was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest; and, if the noble bard gained a sort of triumph, by compelling the world to read poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was *his*, he gave, in return, an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, beside deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued.

‘It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country; while, in fact, he was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privileges as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high birth and rank, and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a

collision taken place between the different parties in the state, exerting all his energies in defence of that to which he naturally belonged.

'We are not Byron's apologists, for now, alas! he needs none. His excellences will now be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of Childe Harold, a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddling* and petty precaution, which little authors call 'taking care of their fame.' Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists; and, although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimates of his genius, yet he advanced to the honorable contest again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his Don Juan), he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, and seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither Childe Harold, nor any of the most beautiful of his earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of Don Juan, amidst verses which he appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration,

sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest:—

'All that's bright must fade,  
The brightest still the fleetest.'

'With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflexion solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerated calumny has propagated against Byron \*.'

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#### THE MISERIES OF A STAGE-COACH;

by an American Humorist.

'AFTER all,' says madame de Staël, 'it is a melancholy pleasure to travel.' My dear Corinna, what an expression! 'a pleasure to travel!' You might as well have said, 'D'abord ce n'est qu'un triste plaisir que de se faire arracher un dent!' However pleasant it might be to you to roll in your baronial traveling carriage from Geneva to Paris, to meet the incense of your adoring *beaux esprits*, I can assure your illustrious shade, that the American stage-coach is quite another affair. The very genius of inconvenience seems to have invented it, and to continue his ungracious assistance to arrange its evolutions.

Misery 1st. Packing.

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\* It is known that his lordship, some years ago, chiefly with a view of assisting Mr. Moore the poet in a pecuniary way, transmitted to England a memoir of himself, to be offered to Mr. Murray for a considerable sum, and not published before his decease. The money was received; but Mr. Moore, finding, on perusal, that the work contained various statements and reflexions which might be injurious to the feelings of the widow and relatives of his noble friend, consented, with the most honorable feelings, to the destruction of the manuscript, and engaged to refund the money.

2. After a sleepless night of anxiety, on the eve of the fatal day, mixed with the interesting reflexions—is every thing right in my valise?—will Mary remember to wake me at four?—where did I pack my shaving apparatus? &c.—you drop into a perturbed sleep, which in half an hour is broken by the appalling cry—‘*The stage is come, sir.*’ You wake with aching head and low spirits, and would give every thing in the world, except your already-paid passage money, to sleep till nine.

3. Getting into the coach in the dark, treading on the feet of the peevish, sleepy occupants—you are stuck upon the midst of the narrow, tottering, *middle* seat, with no back to lean against, and two or three trunks already in possession of the place destined for your legs. A sick child is waked by your *entrée*, and the mother opens on an octave higher than concert pitch, to drown his cries and aid in waking him thoroughly. After keeping you in this state half an hour, the coachman drives on, and you are greeted with the muttered curse of your opposite male fellow-passenger, as you pitch against him, and the whining ‘*dear me! luddy mercy,*’ of the *ladies* (to use the coachman’s hyperbolic compliment to the gingham-draped travelers), on whom in turn you recoil.

4. A breakfast at a poor tavern. Domestic coffee, sweetened with maple sugar—heavy, coarse bread—tough, cold ham. No napkins, no salt spoons, no egg cups, no toast. You have now a view of your fellow-passengers, who are to bear you company throughout a long summer’s day. And first of the *ladies*—the sick child’s cross mother—a red, fat, snuff-faced widow, and two old maids with faded silk gowns and gold necklaces. The men ignorant and presuming, wrangling about manufactures and politics, and treating their salivary glands with a profusion of tobacco. You have a fine time to reflect on your folly in leaving the charming, cheerful breakfast at C——’s, the strong, hot amber of the coffee, the light French rolls, the Vauxhall ham, and, above all, the rosy, laughing girls, blooming and giggling from their morning slumbers, and full of the amusements and sports of the day. ‘Cast a longing, lingering look behind.’

5. As you are about to remount the mud-flecked coach, you look with tardy prudence for your *valise*. Remember, at

this convenient season, you forgot it. You thus endure, like the man in the play, not only disgrace and inconvenience, but positive loss. Forced to open your heavy, large, close-packed trunk twenty times a day, for want of the valise as a tender—your imagination dwelling on it with nervous tenacity,—‘So neat a *valise*—so convenient—all my dressing articles—the very *valise* I had abroad—how could I lose it?’

6. A rough, stony road, wooden springs to the carriage, the horses as well as the driver *in spirits*, or deep clinging mud, lazy driver, and tired horses—long stages of 12 or 15 miles with a heavy load.

7. Wishing to make a cross-cut, you are told at the next village, you will certainly find horses. Arrive, and while seeking the landlord, let the former stage drive off. Find out that there are no horses *in*. Perquisitions, reluctantly and indolently made for you at the doctor’s, ‘Squire L.’s, &c. unsuccessful, it being the landlord’s interest to detain you.

8. A day at a country tavern—no books, amusements, or company—no good wine—no agreeable prospect—no pleasant scenery—no pretty chamber-maids. The day seems like a little eternity—

‘Nothing there is to come, and nothing past.’

9. Arrive at your destination—hotel full—are corkscrewed up five pair of stairs to a little low, dark chamber, with two beds. The servant vanishes under the artful pretence of filling your dressing pitcher, but returns not—no bell—grope down to the bar—every one busy with the previous customers, in their new coats and smooth skins—bar-keeper, from your muddy traveling frock and long beard, takes you for your own servant, and minds nothing you say—dressing to go out—find that every thing you want is precisely at the *nadir* of your trunk, which is not quite so handy as an elephant’s—clothes full of wrinkles—cravats yellow—quizzed by the native dandies in the reading and bar-rooms—nobody to whom you have cards at home—your banker in the country to stay a fortnight—little money and no credit—see a fine girl in the street, who laughs at your yankee coat instead of falling in love with you, *comme de raison*—and the proverb true, that a prophet is not honored in his own country—treated rudely at the *table d’hôte*—quarrel—no friend to take your note—make your

dying arrangements—no friend to leave them with—bound over to keep the peace—no friend to be bail—get into the coach to return—every thing worse than before, because you have no curiosity to gratify, and have tired your body and mind into a state of querulous despondence. Arrive at home, and learn that in your absence your firm has failed, and your mistress married your rival.

#### THE STORY OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

THE supposed feelings of a person who has unconsciously slept for twenty years, considering that long period as only the lapse of a night, have given occasion to various tales; and the author of the Sketch-Book, profiting by the legend, has converted it into an amusing and well-written story. Having presented it to our readers on a former occasion\*, we only refer to it at present with a view of pointing out that part which our designer regarded as the most proper for delineation. Rip van Winkle, on his return to his old neighbourhood, stares about him with a stupid look of astonishment; is importuned by one and harassed by another; beholds, leaning against a tree, a counterpart of himself, as he appeared when he left his house before his long sleep; recognises his daughter, whom he finds with an infant in her arms; and, after doubting his own identity, like the Irishman who said he had been changed by his nurse, is brought to a due sense of the wonderful event.

#### MY NOTE-BOOK.

A CERTAIN feeling of modesty prevents us from treating our calumniators with the contempt we feel for them. We regard them as beings so vile that we dare not show we know all their baseness.

There are things which a delicate mind is ashamed to appear to know. To perceive them, or conjecture them, seems to be a stain. This delicacy, which few can comprehend, frequently gives to persons, who think nobly, the appearance of a *blindness*, or a *credulity* which belongs not to them.

There are occasions when nothing can repair the effect of a word rashly uttered. The friend or the lover can pardon, but not forget. A heart deeply wounded is never completely restored. Tenderness

and sensibility may preserve from resentment, but not from suffering.

Great errors are often connected with elevated sentiments; but, in order to understand this, we must ourselves possess greatness of soul.

Those who waste their incomes by splendor of dress or equipage, may be said to resemble a town on fire, which shines by that which destroys.

Past time is frequently thought better of than the present (though the one may be neither more nor less fortunate than the other), because the anxieties that embittered the days which are gone are softened, if not forgotten; so that, while we are alive to all the *disquietudes* of the present time, we seem to remember only the *enjoyments* of the past.

Nothing ensures the success of a fine woman so much as the general acknowledgement of her charms. Confidence, thus secured, adds to her graces, by producing a sort of tranquillity which resembles gentleness, and even modesty. To employ with ease all our means of pleasing, it is necessary to have a reliance on a favorable prepossession. Much cannot be obtained without risking a little. But what do we hazard when we know that nothing will be judged rigorously, and that every thing that can be approved will receive universal applause? The timid and the modest see none in society but imposing observers and enlightened and severe judges: but the confident, flattered by their self-love, never suppose that they meet with any but inferiors and admirers. If they have sufficient address to conceal this opinion, what great advantage they have over others!

Frugality is good, if benevolence be joined to it. The former, without the latter, brings covetousness; the latter, without the former, brings prodigality. Both together make an excellent temper.

Hospitality is good, when the poor are objects of our bounty; otherwise it borders on waste.

Perhaps I may be thought to degrade human nature by comparing it with a sounding instrument. But when I see old Harpax capable of exulting at nothing but the jingle of his money, or his nephew only delighted with the rattling of the dice-box; the music of their whole lives does not, in my opinion, come up to the variety or number (to say nothing of their sweetness) of notes on a salt-box. To what can I compare Clarinda, when

\* See our Magazine for November, 1821.



Drawn by R. Westall R.A.

Engraved by Chas. Heath

THE VAN WHITKILL.

I'M NOT MYSELF I'M SOMEBODY ELSE ..  
 FRANKS ME YONDER"

Vide Sketch Book Vol. I. P. 72









R H I O R H I O .

KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS .

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine .

1824 .

she stuns us with her continual noise, while she is repeating her adventures, her conquests, her bargains, her misfortunes, but a drum? What is Flavia, with her changing notes, dying airs, and seraphic raptures, but an *Æolian harp*? And what is Amaryllis, who keeps a list of all the miscarriages and indiscretions of her acquaintance, and proclaims scandalous anecdotes through the town, but a trumpet?

Flacourt, in his history of the island of Madagascar, gives us a sublime prayer, used by the people whom we call savages.—‘O Eternal! have mercy upon me, because I am passing away;—O Infinite! because I am but a speck;—O Most Mighty! because I am weak;—O Source of Life! because I draw nigh to the grave;—O Omniscient! because I am in darkness;—O All-bounteous! because I am poor;—O All-sufficient! because I am nothing.’

We should observe, says Socrates, that the sun, which seems designedly exposed to the view of the whole creation, permits no one, steadily, to behold it. Every instrument employed by Heaven is invisible. The thunder is darted from on high; it dashes in pieces every thing it meets; but no one can see it fall, strike, or return. The winds are invisible, though we see the ravages they commit, and feel their influence the moment they begin to blow. If there be any thing in man that partakes of the divine nature, it is his *soul*: there can be no doubt that this is his directing, governing principle; yet it is impossible to see it. Hence we may learn not to despise things which are invisible, but to acknowledge their powers in their effects, and to honor the Deity.

One great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and feeling too much indifference for those we possess. Young says,

‘The present moment like a wife we shun,  
And ne’er enjoy, because it is our own.’

#### DEATH OF BELZONI.

THIS enterprising man was a native of Padua, where he received merely a common education; but he subsequently gave himself a tincture of science, and extended his knowledge by diligent inquiry and investigation. In the year 1803 he arrived in England, and entered soon after into the matrimonial state.

It is said that he was for some time a performer at Astley’s amphitheatre; but, as we cannot easily refer to the records of that house, or the newspapers of that period, we leave the point undecided. He visited Egypt in 1815, to superintend the construction of machines for the irrigation of the lands, and he performed other services in that country at the desire of the pasha. His travels have been occasionally noticed in our miscellany. In 1823, he left England for the prosecution of discoveries in the interior of Africa. His friends and the public hoped that he might be enabled to reach Timbuctoo; but, in his way to Benin, he was seized with a dangerous indisposition, which proved fatal. He was tall and athletic in his person, mild and engaging in his manners and behaviour. His courage and fortitude, and his persevering spirit, fitted him for the execution of bold schemes, and his sagacity and good sense aided the effect of those qualities. His brother Francis is a man of talent, and is not destitute of scientific attainments; but whether he will pursue the course pointed out by the deceased adventurer, remains to be proved.

#### A VISIT FROM THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS;

WITH A PORTRAIT.

SINCE captain Cook’s fatal visit to Owhyhee, the subjects of Great-Britain have had frequent intercourse with the Sandwich islands; and, as the natives are more docile and less intractable than many of the savage tribes of the Pacific ocean, the effect has been seen in their gradual approach to civilisation. They have imbibed a taste for European habits and arts; they have formed naval establishments, entered into regular commerce, erected schools, and encouraged the propagation of Christianity. It may be remembered that the sovereignty of Owhyhee was ceded to our late monarch in a meeting of the chieftains; but he was not inclined to exercise any authority in consequence of this grant. It does not appear that Riho-Riho (as the king who has visited this country is styled) intends to renew this surrender; but it is believed that his jealousy of Russian encroachment has induced him to solicit the honor and advantage of a defensive alliance with our sovereign.

This distinguished stranger resembles,

in his features that adventurer (named Omai), who came to England many years ago from one of the Society islands: indeed, the natives of all the islands, both in the North and South Pacific, appear to be of the same race. His complexion is black rather than tawny: his countenance is not deficient in expression, his figure is manly and well-proportioned. The queen, whose person is rather masculine than delicate, considerably exceeds him in stature; her manners are easy and unembarrassed, and her de-

meanor and deportment would not disgrace an European. They are fond of cards, and smoking is also one of their recreations. They do not present themselves very frequently before the public, nor do they seem to be actuated by that spirit of curiosity which influenced the emperor Alexander and his sister: but they have made their appearance at the two major theatres and the opera-house, where they were pleased with the hearty welcome of the audience, and still more delighted by the performances.

## Fine Arts.

WHATEVER may have been said of the inferiority of the present exhibition at the Royal Academy to many of the preceding displays, we still think that there is that degree of varied merit which calls for respectful notice. We therefore resume the subject with pleasure, and shall endeavour to unite accuracy of remark with candor of decision.

There is a portrait which we ought to have mentioned before, because it displays considerable talent. It represents the widow of general Riego, the Spanish patriot. The countenance is not beautiful, but the look is interestingly pensive:—the lady's mind seems to be dwelling intensely on the memory of her husband. Her regret and sorrow hastened her death.

Mr. Martin seems to have treated the Academy with disrespect, in sending his design for the Seventh Plague of Egypt, while his finished picture on the same subject embellishes one of the rooms lately opened by the Society of British Artists; but there are many who think that his drawings are superior to his completed paintings.

We rather wish that artists would make choice of subjects, than execute those which are suggested to them; for they are always more successful in the former instance. A gold medal was offered for the best representation of the contest between the arch-angel Michael and Satan for the body of Moses, and three pieces were consequently produced, of which the merit is by no means striking: That of Mr. Hurlstone was deemed the best by the academicians; but to Mr. Wood's piece, in the opinion of others, the prize ought to have been awarded.

Mr. Briggs has not increased his re-

putation by his picture of Edward III., queen Isabella, and the earl of March. Its power of light and shade may be commended as broad and effective; but the figures are not sufficiently elegant or dignified, and the piece is defective in character and sentiment. The Triumph of Rubens, by Stephanoff, is a fine sketch, the idea of which was borrowed from Northcote's Dream of a Painter: it is free and bold in design, rich and glowing in color.—Newton's M. de Pourceaugnac, or the Patient in spite of himself, abounds with humor and spirit. Two pieces, by Dighton, possess considerable merit, if they claim not the praise of first-rate excellence. One represents an attack upon a party of English by the banditti of the Roman territory: it is well conceived and skilfully executed. The other is entitled 'a Highland Clan escorting the Regalia of Scotland'—an incident which occurred during the king's visit. A 'Peep at Dressing for a Masquerade,' by Ramsay, is full of spirit and character. The footman's tip-toe anxiety is particularly amusing, and curiosity is well blended with the fear of detection.—A droll subject has been ably handled by Good, who calls it 'Rummaging an old Wardrobe.' This picture exhibits much of that whim in which the artist seems to delight; and he is evidently at home among the antiquated dresses. The principal figure is a girl, who has arrayed herself in an old-fashioned brocade gown. Various other articles of obsolete finery are dragged forth from their respective repositories, by her companions, who seem to treat them very unceremoniously; whilst an old woman, who is about to enter the room, appears as if inclined to spoil their sport, and teach them to behave more respect-

fully toward those treasures, which probably adorned her youthful charms.

Clater, a promising young artist, has produced two pieces which deserve attention. They are taken from domestic life, and are well drawn and neatly finished: one is on the subject of persuasion; the other is styled the 'Morning Lecture, or late Hours improved.'—*Sour Grapes*, by Bigg, may be praised as a very lively picture; the tale is well told, and the figures are full of expression.—*The Mouse*, by Miss Sharples, is much admired, as it evinces skill, humor, and feeling.

Among the landscapes and water-pieces we observe many which reflect great credit on the artists. Those of Collins and Calcott need only be seen to be admired. The view of Buckland and the scene at Turvey, by the former, are well drawn and beautifully colored. The view of Rochester from the river below the bridge, by the latter, displays an airiness and breadth of shadow finely contrasted with a beautiful effect of light. A 'Boat passing a Lock,' by Constable, is clear and pure in color, and deep in tone. Danby's 'Sun-Set at Sea after a Storm,' is well conceived and finely executed. Through the gloom which hangs over the ocean, a raft is seen, with some exhausted mariners faintly attempting to guide it with the oars; some of their companions are dying around them, and a shark is waiting for his prey. The setting sun is of a blood-red, and glares upon the waters with a tremendously grand effect.

The present exhibition is particularly rich in architectural designs. There is a striking piece by Gandy in this branch of art,—a geometrical elevation of part of a front for a palace. Many are of opinion that his majesty has no residence worthy of his exalted rank and station; but we think that he is sufficiently provided with splendid mansions, and therefore we are not disposed to recommend an adoption of this magnificent plan, for the mere purpose of removing the 'stigma fixed upon us by foreigners, who assert that the residence of our monarch is inferior to the abodes of many of his subjects.' The design is not without faults and incongruities; but, upon the whole, it has an imposing air and great splendor of effect.

The Sketch of Athens, by Cockerell, gives a good idea of an ancient city; it must have required diligent investiga-

tion, and is seemingly the result of correct research. The view of the Erechtheum, by Inwood, is formed from a comparison of the remains which existed in 1819, with the accounts given by Pausanias and other authors: it is a fine drawing, but the picturesque effect might have been improved. The designs of Wilkins for the new buildings at King's College, Cambridge, are proofs of his architectural talent; yet we doubt whether the style adopted by him in imitation of that which prevailed in the Tudor period, will harmonise with the neighbouring structures. The interior of a hall for the same college, by Inman, is a chaste and pleasing design. A Sculpture Gallery, by Mec, is objectionable for the coupled columns; but it is a good design in other respects, and he has introduced the ancient statues in a tasteful manner. A design for a general Post-Office, by Mead, is skilfully arranged and adjusted, and exhibits considerable talent; and one for a naval hospital, by Purser, offers every requisite for such an establishment.

There is also a fine display in the sculptural department. Chantrey's statue of Dr. Jackson, dean of Christ-church, is perhaps the best of all the figures which he ever executed: there is great expression in the countenance; the attitude is solemn and dignified; and the drapery is admirably represented. The statue of Watt the engineer, by the same artist, is nearly equal to the former, and some would probably prefer it for its interesting simplicity; but in the figure of the late countess of Liverpool, he has been less successful. Sculptors are fond of the story of Psyche. Freebairn has given a good sketch of that admired personage, with her little lover, and Flaxman and Legé have produced her figure in a still better style. Westmacott's Nymph is censured by a critic as being deficient in grace and true simplicity; but the remark is uncandid; a more pleasing specimen of art we have rarely witnessed. Sievier has distinguished himself by a fine representation of a sleeping Bacchante, and by a well-executed bust of lord Francis Gower. Bailly's bust of Fuseli is spirited and characteristic, and Behnes has done equal justice to Mr. Lambton. Adam consoling Eve, a groupe by Seonlar, evinces his knowledge, not only of anatomical proportion, but also of nature and character.

## Music.

THE late concerts in the metropolis do not require very particular notice. There was much repetition in the pieces, and no improvement appeared in the instrumental performances. Sapio's benefit was honored with a fashionable attendance; and he stood prominently out, even by the side of Braham and Sinclair, pleasing every one by his manly style and the fine quality of his voice. His brother made his *debut* as a bass singer, with a considerable flexibility of voice, a fine round tone, and some degree of taste and skill. Miss Paton has appeared to advantage at several of these concerts, and two very young ladies, of the name of Cawse, have given strong indications of vocal talent.

A concert for the benefit of young Aspull was very well attended, and the skilful exertions of the performers corresponded with the judicious choice of the pieces. When we say that Miss Stephens and Mesdames Pasta and de Begnis exerted themselves on this occasion, it will readily be allowed that the singing was excellent; but the extraordinary genius of the boy formed the chief attraction of the evening.

Among the late musical publications, the following may be deemed most worthy of notice.

Ries, alluding to his own departure, has published the *Il finit partit* of Blangini, with variations for the piano-forte; and this is one of his most pleasing compositions.—A *divertimento*, by the same composer, is an elegant lesson, with many passages of very sweet expression; and learners will not find it particularly difficult.

Two *Rondos* for the same instrument by Moscheles (says a musical critic), 'partake of the character of the other compositions of the master, namely, strength and energy, tempered by a cultivated taste, and natural elegance of

mind. The interest never languishes, but is preserved by frequent changes in the construction and sentiment, united with spirit and flowing melody.'

Bochsa has a *Fantasia* and variations on the favorite Scottish air, Kelvin Grove. The lesson is not in his best manner, and it requires the energy of his own style of playing to make it very effective; but it evidently rises above ordinary productions.

Cianchettini's *Irish Fantasia* has less of fancy in its composition than in its style of performance. This is observable in the numerous marks of expression, the changes of measure and rhythm, and in the abundance of ornament. In composing for Catalani, he has adapted his works to that singer's peculiar manner of gracing and execution; and the slow Irish air affords an illustration of this remark.

An *Italian Serenade with variations*, by Kiallmark, is one of his best works: the subject is melodious and graceful, and the variations are light, smooth, and brilliant.

Mr. Calkin has arranged *The Maid of the Valley*, with variations, so as to make it a good lesson for practice or amusement among those who do not seek the highest rank in art. His six numbers of French airs contain many agreeable pieces of the same description.

Cipriani Potter has composed for the Harmonicon *Le Départ de Vienne, a Rhapsody*, which evinces his taste and fancy.

The air 'O! say not woman's heart is bought,' composed by Whitaker, arranged with accompaniments for the flute and violoncello, by S. Goadby, is a delightful piece, and the variations have no small degree of merit.

## Drama.

### THE KING'S THEATRE.

No object of attraction made a more forcible appeal to the musical part of the community, than the benefit of Madame Catalani. The house was crowded to excess, and the hopes of high gratifi-

cation were fully answered. She performed the part of Susanna, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with grace, archness, and vivacity, and executed the airs in a fascinating style. The Countess was personated by Madame de Begnis, whose

lady-like demeanor suited the character; and the tender and lamenting airs which are allotted to the deserted wife lost nothing of their delicacy and sweetness by her execution. They were given with a pathos and feeling which thrilled through the heart; and her duet with Catalani was remarkably fine. The character of the Page was sustained by Madame Biagioli very prettily. Her acting was airy and pleasant, and her singing evinced purity of taste. Her execution of *Voi che sapete*, in particular, was highly creditable to her talents. Signor de Begnis was a pleasant Figaro, and he gave the well-known and justly-admired air, *Non piu andrai*, with the most effective humor.

#### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

One of the props of this house, to the great regret of the public, lately retired from theatrical life. We allude to the veteran Munden, who, after repeating many of his characters with little abatement of his former spirit, acted for the last time on the 31st of May. Sir Robert Bramble and old Dozey were the parts which he then selected; and if he did not display that buoyant alacrity which would have precluded all observance of the decline of his vigor, he performed with judgement, skill, and humor. He said, in his valedictory address, 'When I call to remembrance that five and thirty years have elapsed since I first had the honor of appearing before you, I am forcibly reminded that I ought to leave the scene for younger and gayer spirits.—I shall carry with me into private life the deep and indelible remembrance of that kind and liberal indulgence with which you have at all times regarded my humble efforts to amuse. I feel that I am poor in thanks; but your kindness is registered here, and never will be forgotten; and should the recurrence of early association occasionally bring back the veteran comedian to your recollection, he will ask for no higher fame.'—Having taken frequent notice of his public performances, we take this opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to his private worth; and we sincerely wish him a long enjoyment of ease, tranquillity, and comfort.

A new piece of the melo-dramatic species has been lately produced at this house. It is called the *Revolt of the Greeks*; but it is not so interesting as an able treatment of that subject might

have rendered it. It was, however, favorably received, and has been occasionally repeated.

#### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Three new pieces have entertained the frequenters of this theatre, since our last report. One is a comedy in three acts, bearing the title of *Charles the Second, or the merry Monarch*; another is, *My own Man*, a farce; and the third is the *Castellan's Oath*, a melo-drama.

The plot of the comedy may thus be given.—The queen, feeling herself much neglected by his majesty, in consequence of his nocturnal rambles, devises with lady Clara a stratagem by which she hopes to disgust her husband with his irregular course of life. Clara, to whom the earl of Rochester is paying his addresses, consents to his proposals, on the condition that he will assist in the plan. The earl agrees, and learning from his protégé Edward, that he is in love with Mary, the niece of captain Copp, landlord of the Grand Admiral at Wapping, he persuades his sovereign to attend him thither in the disguise of a seaman. The king falls into the snare laid for him. Arriving at the rendezvous, he meets with Mary, whom Rochester, from the information of the landlord, discovers to be his own niece; and that nobleman, when the moment arrives for executing his purpose, privately withdraws, having first left Charles without a penny in his pocket. In this dilemma, the royal wanderer gives up his watch to the angry landlord, who, suspecting it to be stolen, goes out to ascertain the fact. The king in the mean time escapes; the watch is found to be his property; he smiles at the trick; and Edward is united to Mary.

Mr. Charles Kemble personated the royal character with vivacity and spirit, and Jones rendered the part of Rochester more prominent than the author had made it; and the vocal powers of Duruset and Miss Tree, as the two lovers, increased the general effect of the piece, which was honored with decided approbation.

With regard to the farce we may observe, that it exhibited some good acting, but its success was doubtful. The melo-drama was received with applause; but, containing only the usual ingredients of such pieces, it does not require a specific description.



# Fashions.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

### OPERA DRESS.

WHITE satin dress, with a row of Vandyck trimming at the edge of the hem ; above which are two waisted rouleaux, and over them an ornament, forming a row of diamonds ; across these runs a rouleau, confined by ring straps. Plain body, with a narrow bouffant drapery of gauze round the neck, fastened in front with a large rosette, formed of pearls : the belt has the same superb fastening in front. Pink Valois hat, with white feathers, and broad pink crape lappets, floating loose : on the hair, under the hat, a wreath of small red roses. Necklace, one row of large pearls ; pearl bracelets and ear-rings. On quitting the theatre, or an evening party, an opera cloke is thrown over this dress, of pink satin, lined with dove-color, and trimmed with swansdown.

### COURT DRESS.

A petticoat of white net, over pink satin, trimmed with blond in festoons, ornaments of white satin, and roses. Train and body of pink satin, splendidly ornamented with full-blown roses ; the body trimmed with blond, so as to form the Gallo-Greek style. Bandeau of diamonds, with full court plume of white ostrich feathers. Ear-pendants and necklace of diamonds.

N. B. The above dresses were furnished by Miss Pierrepont, Edward-street, Portman-square.

### MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

The metropolis is now completely thronged ; nor do we imagine it will be even *partially* deserted at present : when the midsummer recess takes place, then the anxious mother will, perhaps, remove her offspring to a purer air at the family country seat, or to the salubrious watering-place ; but the fathers belonging to St. Stephen's chapel must remain, while their duties require them : there are, therefore, many families that will not depart till all can leave town together, and London will not be completely thinned till the retiring of parliament.

Wherever we now turn our eyes, we behold Fashion arrayed in all the gaiety and versatility of the early summer. White dresses are now conspicuous in the open carriage, with light-colored spencers and pelisses of *gros de Naples*, or sometimes only the slight covering of a shawl of Chinese crape, of some beautiful summer color ; but then the dress underneath is oftener of dark-colored silk than of white muslin. Over high dresses of silk little more is seldom seen than a rainbow elastic scarf, or an open net gossamer *fichu* of varied colors, admirably relieved by the color of the

dress, which is either of Swedish blue, violet, or plum-color. Some spencers are made to lace behind ; most of these, as well as the new pelisses, are made without collars, and are surmounted at the throat by the handsome lace frill, or a double colerette of beautiful embroidery, on which openwork is very conspicuous and finely executed ; these colerettes are very perceptibly pointed, and are broad. A contrariety which we know not how to account for marks the fashion of the sleeves at the present day, not only in pelisses and spencers, but in dresses for home costume : some are extravagantly full, while others sit close to the arm ; it therefore puzzles us to declare which is most fashionable. Muslin pelisses, lined with colored sarcenet, and slightly trimmed with lace, it is expected will become very fashionable as the summer advances. With these the loose sleeve must be adopted, or the lady whose elbow is only *finely* turned, but which qualification, when she is lean, has a sharpness that is an ill omen, might soon pierce through the thin texture of the fine India muslin, were the sleeve made tight to the arm.

Large hats of Leghorn are much worn for walking : we caution our fair readers





*Opera Dress.*

*Designed by Miss F. P. & engraved for the Lady's Magazine, N° 6, 1824*



*Court Dress.*

*Illustrated by Miss E. J. 1844 in the Ladies Magazine No. 11*



against adopting, implicitly, general fashions; these hats are useful in summer, because they keep out the sun: what then is to become of the umbrella-makers? for a parasol is of no use when such a hat is worn. There are few, very few faces that they become. Small, insignificant features, with little round apple faces, look shocking in them; when, by their adopting a hat of small dimensions, and becoming to their faces, even their little countenances would appear to much greater advantage. Never, so much as now, was Fashion authorised to take what form she pleases: any thing, every thing is fashionable: let us then see our fair countrywomen, renowned for their judgement, adopt only those modes that best suit their features. The beautiful Valois hat, represented in our engraving, must have a very plain face under it, if that face looks ill in it: these charming hats are adapted to any time of the day, according to the simplicity or splendor of their ornaments: such a hat was worn by one of the most beautiful women of her time, Margaret de Valois of France, first wife to Henry the Great, and a beauty contemporary with the unfortunate Mary queen of Scots, who wore a hat also very much of the same shape, but smaller. Mary knew better, lovely as she was, than to wear a hat of the same dimensions as that of Margaret, and which might not have become her so well as the small one she adopted. To every female countenance is given some peculiar charm: we hope never to see this destroyed or concealed by our fair countrywomen patronizing what does not become them. Veils, both white and black, are much worn with bonnets; the hats are placed very backward; and the early summer rose is a very favorite ornament on all hats.

White, consisting of rich embroidery, on India muslin, begins to make its appearance; but white dresses are not general: they are, for the most part, trimmed with two or three narrow flounces, each flounce edged with embroidery, with a beautiful running pattern worked between each flounce. Silk dresses are still in high favor; they are often trimmed with flounces of Italian crape the same color as the dress: across the bust is a representation of the Montezuma plume, wrought in very narrow rouleaux of satin. Shot and figured silks are preferred to those that are plain. Muslins, printed in elegant patterns, in

colors on a white ground, the flowers on the borders of the flounces beautifully clustered, are in high estimation for home costume. Japanese crape and gauze are much in favor for ball dresses; they are ornamented with beads both white and colored, interspersed with satin: some ball-dresses are embroidered on *tulle*, in riband-work, which has a most beautiful effect. The bodies are light, simple, and very little ornamented, but well marking out the contour of the bust: the British ladies are now remarkable for the correct and truly modest manner in which they partially conceal this beautiful portion of the female form without totally obscuring it.

Small caps of blond, ornamented with every flower to be found amongst the treasures of Flora, continue to be more in favor for half dress than the *deshabille* turban; they have now much style and fancy about them, and we therefore the less regret the becoming Malabar turban, or that of Madras. Toques, in full dress, are worn more than either dress hats or turbans: they are superbly ornamented with feathers; the dress opera hats are transparent, and are edged often with small pearls: some ladies, however, affect a more simple style at the opera, and this seems to be much in favor; a specimen of this we have given in one of our engravings, because it was adopted by a lady of high rank and fashion. We hope, however, a neglect of full costume will not take place at this charming theatre. Too much has been taken from the brilliant spectacle of our two national theatres by the almost *deshabille* style that now prevails there in the boxes.

Cameos are still a favorite article for bracelets. Coral is much worn in undress, and amethysts and pearls in evening costume.

The favorite colors for pelisses, spencers, and dresses, are pink, violet, lilac, Canary-yellow, and Swedish blue. For ribands, hats, and bonnets, spring-green, yellow, and ethereal-blue,

#### MODES PARISIENNES.

Blouses still continue in high favor with the French ladies: the sleeves are more capacious than ever. These dresses, when the weather is favorable, often form the sole out-door costume, with the addition of a *fichu*, which is often made of broad riband crossed, like braces, either in front or at the back: the blouse

is of fine India muslin, for white dresses now begin to prevail. Pelisses of *gros de Naples* are, however, still worn, with a pelerine cape, and a colerette of *tulle*. The new pelerines are cut in points all round, and Cachemire shawls are universally adopted, either hanging on the wrist, or half off the shoulders.

White chip hats are in universal esteem; they are ornamented with blond, or plain, as fancy may suggest; but the favorite finishing, to these hats, is a wreath of flowers round the crown. White satin bonnets, with blond at the edge, are much worn by ladies of distinction. Hats of gauze of a pale yellow, ornamented with blue bells, have been seen and much admired in the public walks; the flowers fall carelessly over the brim.

Silk dresses, when trimmed with flounces, have the flounces reversed, the plaits standing upwards instead of falling, and the narrow head of the flounce below; the bodies are plaited in large

folds, in bias, when the dress is made high. *Chevaux de frise* form a favorite trimming on evening dresses, and approach nearly to the knee. Aprons the same as the dress are worn, trimmed in the same manner; and the sleeves are ornamented to correspond.

The hair is much ornamented for evening parties: aigrettes of jewels, bouquets of flowers, marabout feathers, are alternately seen, and sometimes all those articles are put together. The hair is generally arranged *à l'enfant*. Small caps with flowers are worn at the theatres. The favorite flower is the heath-blossom.

The favorite colors for dresses, pelisses and spencers, are a shot silk, in color resembling opal, primrose and sandalwood brown. For hats, trimmings, and ribands, bright jonquil, brown stripes on a white ground, lilac, celestial blue, and rose-color.

The new parasols are of Lyonese silk, the color either lilac or tourterelle.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A GENTLEMAN pretends, that we have accused him of writing nonsense or absurdity: but, when we reply that the two subjects (Courtship and Marriage) were merely introduced in consequence of their apparent connexion, not as being discussed or investigated by the same writer, we trust that he will be satisfied with the explanation. The conclusion, indeed, which he has drawn to his own prejudice, is not strictly justified by the premisses. His nature seems to be too sensitive.

It is said that second thoughts are best. Thus influenced, we shall send back the Stanzas of Mr. L. and the Single Gentleman.

Observing 'Dear *Hamlet*' at the beginning of a Sonnet, we expected a fine address to the popular prince of Denmark; but we soon found that the beautiful lines were devoted to the description of a *village*, which is blessed with 'a winding hawthorn-skirted lane,' where the 'bees with tow'ring nettles play.'

'Mary the Maniac,' and 'Edward and Emma,' are very poor specimens of poetic talent.

An Ode addressed to the king and queen of the Sandwich Islands, and a few Hints to their master of the ceremonies, Poodle Byng, are trifling, and therefore inadmissible.

The accounts of the late ascensions, not *in* (as a correspondent says) but *with* balloons, are not only destitute of novelty, but are unscientific.

If Sylvia will condescend to re-consider coolly the nature of her communication, and weigh the quantum of its merit, she will not blame us for rejecting it.

'Lucy re-visited,' the 'Village Club,' and other pieces which we have lately received, will speedily be inserted.

# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

*A New Series.*

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JULY 31, 1824.

MISS FANNY.

ABOUT sixteen years ago, I passed an autumn among my father's relatives in a northern county. The greater part of the time was spent with his favorite cousin, the lady of a rich baronet, who was on the point of setting out on an annual visiting tour, as the manner is in those hospitable regions where the bad roads, the wide distances, and the large mansions, render an occasional sojourn so much preferable to the brief and formal interchange of mere dinner-parties. Sir Charles and lady C. were highly pleased at the opportunity which this peregrination of friendship and civility afforded, to show me a fine country, and to introduce me to a wide circle of family connexions.

Our tour was extensive and various. My cousins were acquainted, as it seemed to me, with every one of consequence in the county, and were themselves two of the most popular persons it contained,—he from character, for never was any man more unaffectedly good and kind,—she from manner, being one of the pleasantest women that ever lived,—the most lively and good-humored, and entertaining, and well-bred. In course, as the young relative and companion of this amiable couple, I saw the country and its inhabitants to great advantage. I was delighted with every thing, and never more enchanted than when, after journeying from house to house for upwards of a month, we arrived at the ancient and splendid baronial castle of the earl of G.

Now I had caught from sir Walter Scott's admirable poems, then in their height of fashion, as well as from the older collections of Percy and Ritson, with which I had been familiar almost from the cradle, a perfect enthusiasm for all that savored of feudal times, and one of the chief pleasures which I had promised myself in my northern excursion was the probability of encountering some relics of those picturesque but unquiet days. Hitherto these expectations had been disappointed. Halls, places, houses, granges, lodges, parks, and courts out of number, we had visited; but neither in the north nor in the south had I yet been so happy as to be the inhabitant of a castle. This too was a genuine Gothic castle, towered and turreted, and battlemented, and frowning, as heart could desire; a real old castle, that had still a moat, and had once exhibited a draw-bridge; a castle that had certainly existed in the 'old border day,' and had in all probability undergone as many sieges as Branksome itself, inasmuch as it had, during its whole existence, the fortune to belong to one of the noblest and most warlike names of the 'Western Wardenry.' Moreover, it was kept up in great style, had spears, bows, and stags' horns in the hall, painted windows in the chapel, a whole suit of armour in the picture gallery, and a purple velvet state-bed gold-fringed, coroneted, and plumed, covered with a purple quilt to match, looking just like a pall, and made up with bolsters at each end,—a symmetry which proved so perplexing



to the mayor of the next town, who with his lady happened to sleep there on some electioneering occasion, that the worthy chief magistrate and his wife fairly got in at different ends, and lay the whole night head to foot\*. I was not in the coroneted bed, to be sure; I do not think I should much have relished lying under that pall-like counterpane and those waving feathers; but I was in a castle grand and romantic enough even to satisfy the romance of a damsel under seventeen, and I was enchanted; the more especially as the number of the family party promised an union of the modern gaiety, which I was far from disliking, with the ancient splendor for which I sighed. But, before I had been four and twenty hours within those massive walls, I began to experience 'the vanity of human wishes,' to wonder what was become of my raptures, to yawn I did not know why, to repeat to myself over and over again the two lines of Scott that seemed most *à-propos* to my situation,

'And all in high baronial pride  
A life both dull and dignified;'

in short, to find out that stupid people will be stupid any where, even in a castle. I will give after my fashion a slight outline, a sort of pen-and-ink drawing of the party round the dining-table; and by the time they have scanned it, my readers, if they do not yawn too, will at least cease to wonder at my solcism in good-breeding.

We will begin with the earl, a veteran nearly seventy years of age, a tall lank figure with an erect military carriage, a sharp weather-beaten face, and a few gray hairs most exactly powdered and bound together in a slender *queue* behind. His talk was very like his person, long and thin; prosing most unmercifully about the American war, and telling interminable zig-zag stories which set comprehension at defiance. For the rest, he was an excellent person, kind to his family and civil to his guests; he never failed to take wine with lady C. at dinner, and regularly every morning made me in the very same words a flourishing compliment on my rosy cheeks.

Next in order came the countess, tall and lean like her husband, and (allow-

\* This accident actually befell the then mayor of N., at Alnwick castle some years back.

ing for difference of sex and complexion, his skin resembling brick-dust in color, and hers being of the sort of paleness usually called *sallow*), not unlike him in countenance. In their minds and manners there was also a similarity, yet not without some difference.—Dullness in him showed itself in dead speech, in her in dead silence. Stiff and cold as a poker was my lady. Her fixed, settled, unsmiling silence hung over the banquet like a cloud, chilling and darkening all about her. Yet they say she was warm-hearted, and (which would seem extraordinary if we did not frequently meet with instances of the same apparent contradiction) was famous for epistolary composition, dealt out words in writing with astonishing fluency and liberality, and was celebrated far and near for that most intolerable waste of paper which is commonly known by the name of a sensible letter.

Then came the goodly offspring of this noble couple, that is to say, the three youngest; for the elder branches of this illustrious house were married and settled in distant homes. The honorable Frederic G., the only son who remained in the paternal mansion, was a diplomatist *in embryo*, a rising young man. His company they were not likely to enjoy long, since he was understood to be in training for the secretaryship to a foreign embassy. He had recently come into parliament for a neighbouring borough, and his maiden speech (I wonder who wrote it!) had created a prodigious sensation in the family circle. On the glory of that oration, the echo of his fame, he lived then, and has lived (as far as I know) ever since. I can only say that I never heard him utter more than a monosyllable at a time during the ten days that we breakfasted, dined, and supped in company—ineffable coxcomb! and I have not heard of his speaking in the house of commons from that time to this. There he sits single-speech G. Of his elder sister the lady Matilda, I can say little more than that she was reckoned one of the finest harp-players in England—a musical automaton, who put forth notes instead of words, and passed her days in alternate practisings for the purpose of subsequent exhibition (which fatiguing exercise was of course a continual and provoking struggle with a host of stringed difficulties), and in the exhibitions themselves, in which also to my ear the dif-

scilities seemed to have the best of the battle. Then followed her sister the lady Caroline, an intelligent-looking young woman, and no musician—but, alack! the fair damsel was in love, and on the very point of marriage. Her lover, lord B. (who may as well fall into this division, since he was domesticated in the house and already considered as a son), was also pleasant-looking,—but then he was in love too. Of course this couple, although doubtless very good company for each other, went for nothing with the rest of the party, of whose presence indeed they, to do them justice, seemed generally most comfortably unconscious.

Next came the appendages to a great house, the usual official residents. First appeared Mr. M. the family chaplain, a great mathematician, whose very eyes seemed turned inward as if contemplating the figures on his brain. Never was man so absent since the one described by La Bruyère. He once came down to dinner with the wrong side of his waistcoat outward; and, though he complained of the difficulty of buttoning it, could not discover the reason; and he has been known more than once to walk about all the morning, and even to mount the pulpit, with one white leg and one black (like the discrepant eyes of my friend the Talking Gentleman), in consequence of having forgotten to draw a silk stocking over his gauze one. He seldom knew the day of the month, often read a wrong lesson, and was pretty sure to forget his sermon; otherwise a most kind and excellent creature, whom for very pity nobody could think of disturbing when he appeared immersed in calculation, which was always. Secondly came Miss R., some time governess and present companion; what a misnomer! the errantest piece of still life I ever encountered, pale, freckled, red-haired, and all over small. Thirdly entered Dr. S., the family physician, a stern oracular man, with a big wig and a tremendous frown. Two red-faced gentlemen, *des vieux militaires*, who drank my lord's wine and listened to his stories, completed this amusing assembly.

There was another person who never appeared at the dining-table, but whose presence, during the two or three hours that she spent in the salon in the morning, and about the same time which she passed in the drawing-room after dinner, distressed and annoyed me more than all

the party put together. This was the honorable Mrs. G., the earl's mother, (the title had descended to him from an uncle) a lady in her ninety-second year, and sufficiently vigorous to justify the expectation that she might live to see a hundred years. She was a tall, spare, tough-looking woman, with a long bony face, dim staring eyes, and an aspect altogether corpse-like and unearthly. Her dress was invariably of black silk with a very long waist, a point-lace kerchief, or rather tippet, and a very small short rounded apron of the same costly material. On her head she wore a lace cap and lappets surmounted with a sort of shepherdess hat of black silk, fastened on by two enormous pins with silver tops. This dress, which, in gay colors and on a young and handsome woman, would have been very pretty, only served to make Mrs. G. appear more ghastly, more like a faded picture which had stepped out of its frame. She was a perpetual *memento mori*; a scull and cross-bones would hardly have been more efficacious in mortifying the vanity of youth. This, however, I could have endured: it was an evil in common; but the good lady had experienced the partial loss of faculty and memory, so frequent at her advanced age, and, having unfortunately mistaken me for her great-grand-child, the eldest daughter of lord G.'s eldest son, she could by no means be turned aside from the notion which had so unaccountably scised her imagination, and treated me exactly as a doting, scolding great-grandmama would be likely to treat her unlucky descendant,—a process which so thoroughly disconcerted me, a shy shamefaced girl, that, after I had undergone about six hours of hugging and lecturing from my pretended mistress, I was fain to keep my room to avoid her intolerable persecution. In this dilemma the countess suddenly proposed to turn me over to Fanny, and a young lady about my own age, whom I had not before seen, made her appearance. Oh what a difference between her and the other inhabitants of the castle! What a lovely airy creature it was!

'A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt and startle and waylay;'

light and bounding as a fawn, with a wild fanciful beauty in her bright black eyes, in the play of her features, and the brilliancy of her dark yet glowing complexion! A charming creature, in mind

and in person, was Miss Fanny,—for by that name alone she was introduced to me,—almost equally charming in the high spirits whose elasticity harmonised with her animated beauty, or in the tender and pensive melancholy which so often chequered her gayer mood.

We became almost immediately intimate—happy privilege of youthful companionship!—and had speedily told each other our whole histories, as two young ladies meeting in an old castle ought to do. My story, I am sorry to say, was very little worthy of such a situation and opportunity for display. Nothing could be less romantic than the ease and comfort and indulgence in which my life had hitherto passed, nothing less adapted to a heroine than the secure and affluent middle station in which my happy lot then seemed to be fixed. My tale was told in two or three brief sentences. The history of my fair companion was not so quickly despatched. What she knew of herself might indeed have been revealed in three words, since that amounted to nothing more than her having lived ever since she could recollect at G. Castle, sometimes in the nursery and the library, sometimes in the housekeeper's room, kindly treated by all, and taught by fits and snatches as she came in their way; so that her education, partly conducted by the young lady's governess, partly by the young gentlemen's tutor, and sometimes even by lady G.'s maid, bore a very strong resemblance to that ingenious exercise of female patience called patch-work, where you meet with bits of every thing and nothing complete. The two most extraordinary circumstances were her want of a surname (for she had never been called by any other appellation than Miss Fanny) and the sedulous care with which, although living in the same house, she had been concealed from my *soi-disante* great-grandmother Mrs. G. The loss of faculty which occasioned that mistake was of recent occurrence, as the venerable lady had till within a few months been remarkable for the accuracy and clearness of her perceptions; and Fanny related fifty stories to prove the care with which her very existence was guarded from Mrs. G.'s knowledge,—the manner in which she had been crammed into closets, stowed under sofas, smuggled behind screens, or folded into window-curtains, at the first tap of the old lady's Italian heel,—and the me-

naces which were thrown out against the servants, if any should presume to name her in Mrs. G.'s presence. One unlucky footman had actually been discharged on the spot, for want of invention and presence of mind and fluency of lying: when questioned as to the arranger of the flowers in their vases (an art in which she excelled), he stammered, and looked as if going to say Miss Fanny; for which piece of intended truth (an uncommon fault in a London footman!) the poor lacquey was dismissed.

Now if either of us had possessed the slightest knowledge of the world, these circumstances could hardly have failed to suggest the true origin of Miss Fanny. We should immediately have conjectured her to be the illegitimate offspring of some near connexion of the family;—in fact she was the daughter of lord G.'s second and favorite son, long since deceased, by a beautiful Italian singer who died in childhood of poor Fanny; but this was the last conjecture that would have entered either of our silly heads.—I, indeed, not yet seventeen, and carefully brought up, had hardly heard that such things were, and Fanny, although older and less guarded from the knowledge of fashionable wickedness, had, when left to choose her own studies, read too many novels, in which the heroines emerged from similar obscurity to high rank and brilliant fortune, not to have constructed a romance on that model for her own benefit. Indeed she had two, in one of which she turned out to be a foreign princess, in the other the daughter of an English duke.

I remember being a little startled, when, after I had given all my faith to the Russian legend (for the emperor Paul was the potentate on whom she had pitched for her papa—pretty choice!) she began to knock down her own castle in the air, for the sake of re-building it on an English foundation. I could readily imagine that she had one father, but could not quite comprehend what she should want with two: besides, having given up my mind to the northern romance, I did not like to be disturbed by a see-saw of conjectures, good for nothing but to put one out. I was of a constant disposition, and stuck to the princess Rusty-Fusty version of the story so pertinaciously, that I do not even know what duke she had adopted for her English father. Any one might have

been proud of her; for, with all this nonsense, the offspring of an equivocal situation and a neglected education, she was a sweet and charming creature, kind and generous and grateful, with considerable quickness of talent, and a power of attaching those with whom she conversed, such as I have rarely seen equalled. I loved her dearly, and, except the formal meals which we shared with the rest of the family, spent nearly the whole of my visit with her alone, strolling through the park or the castle in the mornings, and in the evenings sitting over the fire deep in girlish talk, or turning over the books in the old library with a less girlish curiosity. Oh how sorry we were to part! I saw nobody in the whole north like Fanny.

In a few months, however, I returned into the south, and in a very few more the kind cousins, with whom I had visited G. Castle, were removed from me by death. My other relatives in that county fell gradually off: some died; some went to reside abroad; and some were lost to me by the unintended estrangement which grows out of along suspension of intercourse; so that my pleasant northern tour, unconnected with any previous or subsequent habits or associations, seemed an insulated point in my history, a brilliant dream called up to recollection at pleasure like some vivid poem, or some rare and gorgeous tapestry, rather than a series of real events burnt into the mind and the memory by the strange and intense power of personal feelings. Sixteen years had elapsed since I had seen or heard of Fanny. I knew indeed that the good earl and countess had died shortly after my visit, and that their aged mother must in the course of nature have passed away long ago. But of her own destiny I had heard nothing; and, being absorbed in new occupations and nearer friends, I had, I fear, ceased even to guess. The curiosity and wonder excited by her situation had long ceased (for wonder and curiosity are very young feelings), and the interest produced by her character was dormant, though not extinct. In short, the black-eyed beauty of G. Castle was fairly forgotten till my good stars led me in the last summer to B. to witness, for the first and last time of my life, the ascent of a balloon\*.

Is there any one of my readers who has not seen this spectacle? If such there be, it may perhaps be necessary to say how much duller than most sights (and almost all sights unconnected with art are dull) that dangerous toy is; how much the letting off a boy's kite excels it in glee, and vies with it in utility; the science of balloons being, as far as I know, nearly the only discovery of this chemical and mechanical age (when, between steam engines and diving bells, man contrives to have pretty much his own way with the elements) which has continued to stand altogether still, as cumbersome, as unmanageable, and almost as ugly, as the original machine of Montgolfier. Nevertheless, the age is also a staring age, and we poor country people who know no better are easily taken in, so that the announcement of this aeronautic expedition (for so it was called in the programme) drew at least ten thousand gazers into the good town of B., and amongst the rest my simple self.

The day was showery by fits, and we thought ourselves very fortunate in being able to secure a commodious window in a large room just overlooking the space where the balloon was filling. At first we looked at that flagging flapping bag of tri-colored silk, made dingy by varnish and dingier still by the pack-thread net-work which enclosed it, giving it, when nearly filled, something of the air of a Canteloupe melon. A thousand yards of silk, they said, were wasted in that unsightly thing, enough (as a calculating milliner of my acquaintance, indignant at such misapplication of finery, angrily observed) to have made a hundred dresses with trimmings and tippets. We looked at the slow-filling ball till in our weariness we thought it became emptier, and then we looked at a prettier sight,—the spectators. They

is hoped, will at least have the effect of putting a stop to these useless and fool-hardy exhibitions, only calculated to feed the morbid love of excitement, which is becoming more and more the vice of the age and the nation.—M.

We cordially concur in the wish expressed by our fair correspondent; but, as many ascensions have since been hazarded both in town and country, we apprehend that neither the personal fears of adventurers, nor the feelings of humanity on the part of the public, will put a stop to these exhibitions. The subsidence or the gradual decline of curiosity will be the only check.—ED.

\* This article was written before the recent deplorable catastrophe of Mr. Harris, which, it

consisted for the most part of country people, spread all the way down the large space to the meadows, perched on the church-tower, on the side of the F. hill, on trees, on waggons, on the churchyard wall. Nothing was visible but heads and upturned faces, and here and there a little opening made by habitual deference for horsemen and carriages, in that grand and beautiful living mass, a pleased and quiet crowd. Then we looked at the peaceful landscape beyond, the Thames winding in its green meadows under the fine range of the O\*\*\* shire hills, shut in on one side by the church with its magnificent Gothic tower, on the other by the before-mentioned eminence crowned with trees as with a plume. Then a sudden shower put motion in the crowd; flight and scrambling and falling ensued; numerous umbrellas were expanded: and the whole scene resembled those processions which one has sometimes seen on Indian paper, and became quite oriental.

At last, however, we were tired of gazing without, and turned our attention within doors. The room was full of fluctuating company, all strange to us except the lady of the house; and the party nearest to us, our next-window neighbours, naturally engaged us most. The party in question consisted of a gentleman and lady in the very morning of life, who, placed in an old-fashioned window-seat, were sedulously employed in guarding and caressing a beautiful little girl about the age of three years, who stood between them infinitely amused at the scene. They were, as our hostess informed us, a young couple of large fortune newly settled in the neighbourhood, and seemed of that happy order of beings, handsome, smiling, and elegant, to whom every occupation is graceful. Certainly nothing could be prettier or more becoming than the way in which they talked to their lovely little girl. Another lady, evidently belonging to the party, stood near them, occasionally bending to the frequent questions of the child, or making a polite reply to the animated observations of her father, but constantly declining his offered seat, and apparently taking as little interest in the scene as well might be.

This indifference to an object which was exciting the rapturous attention of some thousands of spectators kept me uncomfortably in countenance, that it excited a strong desire to discover as much

as I could without rudeness of a person, whose opinions on one point, seeming to accord so remarkably with my own, gave assurance, as I modestly thought, of a sensible woman.

The lady was tall and slender, and dressed with that remarkable closeness and quietness, that entire absence of fashion or of pretension, which belong almost exclusively to governesses or the serious. A snow-white dress entirely untrimmed, a plain but nicely fitting dove-colored spencer, a straw cottage-bonnet, and a white veil a good deal over the face, might have suited either caste; but there was something in that face which inclined for the governess, or rather against the demure. It was a pale thin countenance, which had evidently seen thirty summers, with features which had lost their bloom and roundness, but still retained their delicate symmetry, lighted up by a pair of black eyes inexpressibly intelligent—saucy, merry, dancing, talking! Oh those eyes! Whenever a gentleman said something learnedly wrong about hydrogen or oxygen, or air-valves or gasometers, or such branches of learning, or a lady vented something sentimentally silly about sailing amongst the stars, those black eyes flashed into laughter. Of a certainty they did not belong to one of the serious, or they would have been kept in better order; I had therefore quite decided in favor of the governess, and had begun to puzzle myself to remember in whose head beside that of the younger Mina (that most interesting of all the Spanish patriots, who was in London during the hundred days, and was afterwards most barbarously shot in Mexico), I had seen such a pair of dancing lights, when the whole truth flashed upon me at a word. ‘Fanny’—began the pretty mama of the pretty child, and in a moment I too had exclaimed ‘Fanny!’ had darted forward, had seized both her hands, and in less than a minute we were seated in the remotest corner of the room, away from the bustle and the sight, the gazers and the balloon. It was turned off, I believe,—at least I have a faint recollection of certain shouts which implied its ascent, and remember being bored by a sentimental young lady to come and look at it ‘sailing like an eagle along the sky.’ But neither Fanny nor I saw or thought of the spectacle. We were in the midst of old recollections, and old pleasures, now raising questions on each other, now

recurring delightedly to our brief companionship, and smiling half ashamed and half regretfully on the sweet illusion of that happy time.

Alas for my beautiful princess of G. Castle! Here she was, no longer young, fair, or blooming, a poor nursery governess! Alas for my princess! Sixteen years of governessing, sixteen years passed in looking at the world through the back windows, might well have dimmed that brilliant beauty, and tamed that romantic imagination. But I had not conversed with her five minutes before I found that her spirit had lost none of its buoyancy, that under all her professional demureness she was still, as her black eyes promised, one of the airiest and sprightliest creatures in the world. She glanced rapidly, but with great feeling, over the kindness she had experienced from the whole family on the death of lord and lady G., and then, in a style of light and playful gaiety, indescribably graceful and attractive, proceeded to give me the history of her successive governess-ships, touching with a pencil inimitably sportive the several humors and affectations which she had encountered in her progress through the female world. 'I was never,' said she in conclusion, 'so happily situated as I am at present. The father and mother are charming people, and my little Emma' (by this time the child had joined us, and was nestling in Fanny's lap) 'is the most promising pupil I ever had in my life. In little more than four months she has learned three letters and three-quarters. I should like to see her through the alphabet—but yet'—and here she broke off with a smile and a blush, and a momentary depression of her sparkling eyes, that again brought before me the youthful beauty of G. Castle, and irresistibly suggested the idea of a more suitable termination to the romance than it had originally promised. Such blushes have only one meaning. Finding that she still paused, I ventured to finish the sentence. 'But yet you will leave this promising pupil?'—'Yes.'—'Not, however, for a similar situation?'—'No.'—'And who is the happy man?'—'A very old friend. Do you remember Mr. M., the chaplain at the castle?'—'What! the great mathematician with the scratch wig, who saw without seeing, and heard without hearing, who wore his waistcoat the wrong way, and went to chapel with one white stocking and one

black? Is he *le futur*?'—Fanny laughed outright. 'His son! his son! He must have been at Cambridge when you were with us, for he also is a great mathematician, although I promise you he wears his waistcoat with the right side outward, and his legs are both of one color. We have been waiting for a college living; and now'—and again she broke off and blushed and smiled; and again that smiling blush of modesty and pleasure and love brought back for a moment the fleeting beauty of seventeen; and even in that moment the show was over, the crowd dispersed, and we parted—not however for another period of sixteen years. Before the summer was gone, I had the pleasure of visiting her at her pretty rectory, of seeing with my own eyes that a great mathematician may wear stockings to match, and of witnessing the quiet gaiety, the heartfelt happiness, of the dear and charming Fanny.

M.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS  
 LATELY DECEASED.

*Mr. Richard Payne Knight.*—THIS gentleman was eminent both as a scholar and a poet, and was also a good judge of the fine arts. He was eminently skilled and generally consulted in every material point of *virtu* and taste in the metropolis; he rebuilt the mansion of his family at Downton, and disposed the adjacent grounds in the best style of classic decoration and fine effect; and he erected a museum in Soho-square for his splendid collection of ancient bronzes, medals, pictures, and drawings. He was a well-qualified and gratuitous contributor to the Edinburgh Review, his ample fortune placing him above all considerations of pecuniary recompense. He was ready to afford information on all subjects of learning which were submitted to his judgement, and his observations were generally marked by intelligence and acuteness. From his deep researches into the most abstruse and difficult subjects of the pagan mythology, some persons who were not sufficiently learned to understand the nature, application, and objects of those researches, have supposed that his moral and religious principles were feeble and unfixed; but whoever has read the preface to his last production, the *Romance of Alfred*, must have discovered how

very erroneous was that opinion. He represented the borough of Ludlow in several successive parliaments. In politics he was a genuine Whig, and was therefore unfriendly to the administration of Mr. Pitt and his successors. In his manners he was reserved, yet not repulsive; warm in his friendships, and social in his disposition. He died in the 76th year of his age, unmarried, leaving to the British Museum (or, in other words, to the public) his valuable collection of works of art.

*Mr. Henry Smart.*—This skilful musician was an *élève* of Mr. Cramer, and so far profited by the instructions which he received, that he was readily admitted into various orchestras. At the opening of the English Opera-House he was engaged as leader, and continued in that capacity for several years. When the present Drury-lane Theatre was opened, he was also engaged as leader; and we believe it was his peculiar pride to form that orchestra entirely of English artists; and in such estimation did they hold his character, that, on his retirement from the theatre in 1821, they presented him with a silver cup, as a mark of their gratitude and his merit. In 1820, he entered into a piano-forte manufactory, and lately obtained a patent for an important improvement in the touch of that instrument. In his nature he was kind, generous, and humane, and private respect was added to the public sense of his merit.

*Mr. William Oxberry.*—He was at first intended for an artist, and was with that view placed under the tuition of Mr. Stubbs. After he had quitted that branch of study, he was for some years in the service of a printer; and, while he was thus employed, he also tried his skill as an actor in a private theatre. Both comic and tragic characters seemed to suit him equally;—that is, he did not then shine in either. At length he settled into his forte, which was low comedy. In November 1807, he introduced himself to the public notice at Covent-Garden theatre, but did not make a very favorable impression. He was more fortunate at Glasgow, and therefore soon returned with greater confidence to London, where the Lyceum (under Mr. Raymond) gave him the opportunities of new characters, in which he became a decided favorite with the

town. Drury-lane, the Haymarket, the Olympic and Surrey theatres, afterward enjoyed his exertions. In rustics, particularly, he displayed much talent, though his humor was frequently rather coarse. His Robin Roughhead and Maw-worm were his best characters; but he filled many others with considerable ability. In private life, we fear, he more resembled what the stage was, than what its leading members now are. We do not mean to say that he was of vicious habits; but he was the proprietor of a wine-vault, and much addicted to that companionship which delights in the tavern by night, the roaring song and the loud joke. This is neither the road to eminence in any pursuit, nor to length of days; and thus we have now to record the early death of a very shrewd, pleasant, and good-humored man.

*Mr. James Gandon.*—Being a pupil of sir William Chambers, he acquired architectural knowledge at an early age; but many years elapsed before he had an opportunity of displaying his practical skill. His design for a county-hall at Nottingham at length raised him into fame: yet, when he brought forward his plan for a Royal Exchange at Dublin, it was pronounced inferior to that of Mr. Cooley, who was then an obscure artist. He was encouraged, however, to visit that city, and was employed in the erection of the Custom-house, the beautiful portico to the house of lords (now the public bank), the Four Courts, and the King's Inn. These and other structures are fine specimens of science and taste; and the Vitruvius Britannicus, in which he had the chief concern, is a work that does honor to his name. He was a man of an independent spirit; his integrity was unimpeached; and his good humor and social qualities would have been more conspicuous, if he had not been afflicted by an hereditary gout. He lived (for the gout frequently suffers its patients to be long-lived) to the age of eighty-two years.

*Sir William Paxton.*—Distinguished by shrewdness, industry, and perseverance, this gentleman, who was a native of Scotland, and formerly served in the navy, acquired a large fortune in the East Indies. After his return to Great Britain, he purchased an estate in Carmarthenshire, and erected, in a picturesque spot, a mansion fit for the resi-

sidence of a prince. He represented the town of Carmarthen in parliament; but, having imprudently offered himself for the county, he lost (it is said) 30,000 pounds in a fruitless contest. In politics he was independent; and, for his zealous promotion of beneficial public establishments, his memory is entitled to high respect.

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW  
PUBLICATIONS.

*Letters to Young Ladies, on their Entrance into the World, by Mrs. Lanfear.*—It is frequently supposed that, when the ordinary course of education is completed, young ladies are fully qualified to enter the world without risque or hazard, and with the fairest prospect of success and happiness; but we agree with Mrs. Lanfear, that education, to be effective, must be prolonged beyond the time usually allotted to youthful studies. Not only that particular art, science, or accomplishment, which natural taste, talent, or accidental circumstances, may induce them to prefer, ought to be diligently cultivated; but, 'to prepare themselves for the yet unknown paths which they may be called to tread, they should studiously endeavour to acquire some store of useful knowledge, and daily and hourly to regulate their hearts, understandings, tempers, and duties, by fixed and steady principles of religion and morality.' Her advice with that view is pertinent and judicious; and the added 'sketches from real life' may be perused with pleasure and advantage.

*Joseph and his Brethren, a Scriptural Drama, by H. L. Howard.*—Few stories are more interesting than this is, and it is well developed by the ingenious writer, who displays a considerable mastery of language, freedom of versification, and felicity of description. Some of the speeches are prolix and declamatory; but others exhibit much force and beauty. Female influence is thus aptly characterised:

'All matters that are greater than ourselves  
Do trace their secret graces to our hands.  
For glory captains struggle in the fight,  
And play against the bulwark of the foe  
Th' o'erbrow'ing engines in the stubborn siege;  
But love doth brace the garland on his head,  
Making proud victory sweeter than it is.

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What warlike prince did doff his laurel yet  
But he did cast it in some fair maid's lap,  
Saying, 'My greatness I commit to thee,  
Mistress of it, and me, and my proud heart?'  
He who has won whate'er he still desired,  
Strewing his path with flowers of sweet success,  
Is yet a poor and melancholic man,  
Sad as a beggar craving in a porch,  
Being denied the woman he does love.  
Love doth attach on independency:  
Bravery of suits, enriching the bright eye;  
Sweetness of person, pleasure in discourse,  
And all those causes why men love themselves;  
Nay, even high offices, renown and praise,  
Greatness of name, honor of men's regard,  
Power and state, and sumptuous array,  
Do pay a tribute at the lips of love;  
Fetch'ing their freshness and their darling grace  
From woman's approbation; waiting still  
Close to her elbow till she please to smile  
Upon the cause whereof the man is proud,  
And say that it is well.'

*The Count Arcezzi, a Tragedy.*—A critic says, 'It is very surprising that no one can or will write a decent tragedy.' If he had said a good or excellent tragedy, the remark would have been more just. Indeed, there are few excellent tragedies, and no perfect ones in existence. Even those of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, though they possess great and varied merit, have many blemishes, and betray a want of dramatic skill.

As far as poetry is concerned, Arcezzi is a good piece, though it is deficient in nature, action, and passion. The author has found or invented materials for an interesting tragedy; yet he has not wrought them up with skill or efficiency. His performance displays literary taste and elegance; but it will not excite strong emotion.

*Australia, with other Poems, by T. K. Hervey.*—Among the poets who are almost daily starting up, Mr. Hervey is far from being the most insignificant. He writes with animation, sometimes with vigor, and frequently with elegance. In the principal poem, he mingles philosophical speculations with his geography, pretending to prognosticate, that the increase of coral rocks or reefs will at length unite New-Holland and other insular countries of the Pacific to Asia, and that this ocean, in seeking a new bed, will swallow up the continent of Africa. He makes this opinion subservient to the universal establishment of Christianity; but why should Africa be excluded from that benefit? and cannot our religion make an equal progress

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without the intervention of this oceanic change?

*The Village Grammar-School, and other Poems, by Thomas Maude, A. B.*—These effusions so far tend to prove the writer's talents, that, as he is a young man, we may expect better things from his matured judgement. His school recollections are interesting, and some of his smaller pieces display strong marks of feeling. As a specimen of his muse, we extract a well-turned compliment to female beauty:

'Thine eyes of blue, so dewy and so bright,  
Are as th' unrufted crystal lake of light,  
Where, when no clouds obscure or dim its  
hue,  
The face of heaven reflects its native blue.'

*The Loves of the Devils, and other Poems, by S. Baruch.*—In the first piece, which is written in a very irregular measure and incorrect style, ribaldry is substituted for wit and humor. In the Rape of the Lips, there is also a great want of delicacy; and the volume abounds with such fulsome descriptions and recommendations of kissing, that every sensitive and modest woman will recoil from the perusal. The Hero's Tomb, however, is conceived in a better spirit, and some other pieces are not unpleasing. It is proper to add, that these are the productions of 'one unschooled and self-taught.'

*Odes, original and translated, &c.*—The ode in which the author seems most strenuously to have exerted himself is that which emblazons the coronation of his present majesty—a subject which demanded the exercise of the laureate's talents, rather than those of an ordinary observer of that splendid solemnity. He exclaims in a note, 'How astonished would our ancestors have been, could they have seen last coronation! They would without doubt have greatly admired the scene; but we think that it would have been more impressive if it had been less gorgeous. The enraptured bard boasts, in tolerable verse, of the exploits and the fame of his countrymen; and, when he has shocked us by saying, that England's glories must fade, because Carthage and Sparta lie in dust, he consoles us by adding, that such a decline will never occur 'beneath a Brunswick's sway.'—O England, he says,

'While yet a Brunswick thou thy king mayst call,  
Bright—bright shall beam thy sun's meridian  
ray,  
Though all around thee fall, and fade like mist  
away.'

*The Pilgrim's Tale, by Charles Lockhart.*—It will be useless for critics to condemn this poem, because Mr. Lockhart, in his preliminary address to a 'most beautiful lady,' says that he hopes to 'prove them unjust by her all-superior authority.' We shall therefore remark, that the tale, though desultory, is interesting, and many passages, if not sublime, are spirited and poetical.

*Trials, a Tale.*—Soaring above the frivolity and incoherence of many modern novels, the authoress of the Favorite of Nature made a new appeal to the public taste and judgement; and, if a skilful construction of the story, probability of incident, discrimination of character, and purity of moral, be considered as fair claims to approbation, her appeal, we trust, has not been made in vain. There are two females in the tale to whom the title more particularly refers. One has fine talents and strong feeling; but, from her propensity to satire, she is rather feared than admired as a companion, and she exposes herself to severe trials by the indulgence of her uncontrolled feelings. She makes herself miserable by causeless jealousy, by which she alienates her husband from her: he parts from her in anger, falls in battle, and leaves her a prey to unavailing remorse. The other person is a young wife, whose prudence and rectitude of principle are vainly opposed to the instability, indiscretion, and extravagance of her husband. She, as may be expected, has serious trials and sufferings, but she eludes their force by patience and virtue.—Another personage also has his trials. When he fancies that he has gained the affection of the last-mentioned lady, she disappoints him by an unexpected marriage: but he is at length consoled for years of anxiety by an union with her, after the death of her dissipated husband. There is a sort of episode, in which the fortunes of a different family are introduced, and the efficacy of religion, in blunting the edge of sorrow, is triumphantly enforced.

*The Camera, or Art of Drawing in*

*Water-Colors*, by J. H. ... This is an improvement upon the *speculum* of the same draughtsman, which in a great measure qualified young artists to become their own tutors. They are now led to the full extent of this branch of art, and are more particularly instructed in the modes of drawing, shadowing, and tinting a complete landscape. The directions are given with perspicuity; but we think that a master's superintendence and verbal hints are still necessary to perfect the practice.

*The Italian Interpreter*, by S. A. Bernar-  
nardo. —The continued demand for Blagdon's French Interpreter led to the publication of this equally useful volume, which consists of an ample vocabulary, and of copious and familiar conversations on subjects of general interest.—The author seems to have taken particular pains with the pronunciation; and, if he has not in every instance fully explained it to an English reader, he has at least been more successful in that respect than former grammarians.

#### ORIGIN OF AERIAL NAVIGATION, WITH INCIDENTAL REMARKS;

*from Dr. Coote's History of England.*

WHILE philosophical investigators were endeavouring to augment the stock of general knowledge, and adventurers were traversing the seas for the purposes of discovery, other enterprising men devised the means of aerial navigation. Our countrymen do not claim the honor of the first attempt of this kind. Our Gallic neighbours gave the example of ærostatic experiment; and an Italian named Lunardi was the first individual who ascended into the air from any part of this island.

The principle on which these attempts were founded, had long been known to philosophers; and even the unlearned knew that a bubble, or any thing lighter than common air, would ascend in it. Two brothers of the name of Montgolfier, manufacturers of paper, at length conceived the idea of sending up a bag or *balloon*, full of heated air; and, in repeated trials, it ascended to a considerable height, till the evaporation of the rarefied air, its refrigeration and condensation, or the decrease of the density of the atmosphere, occasioned a gradual descent. To a balloon which arose from

Versailles, a wicker cage was annexed, containing a duck, a cock, and a sheep; and these animals safely descended in a neighbouring wood. M. de Rosier now risked an ascension, but not without the precaution of having the balloon secured by ropes. He afterwards disdained this security, and undertook a free navigation through the air\*, in company with the marquis d'Arlandes, elevating or lowering the machine at pleasure, by increasing or diminishing the fire in a brasier appendent to the balloon. The next experiment, less dangerous from the nature of the enclosed air, was made with an elastic fluid much less heavy than heated air, consequently better adapted for the inflation of any balloon to which a great weight was suspended. Messieurs Charles and Robert produced inflammable air by pouring diluted acid of vitriol upon filings of iron, and floated in the atmosphere for two hours under a balloon thus filled. Other ascensions, from different parts of France, excited the astonishment of the people. At length Vincenzo Lunardi resolved, in 1784, to gratify the English with a similar spectacle. Having filled a bag made of oiled silk (of which the diameter was thirty-three feet) with inflammable air from vitriolic acid and zinc, he stationed himself in a kind of gallery, rose majestically from the Artillery-ground in the suburbs of London, and descended near Ware. One of our countrymen soon followed the adventurous example. Mr. Sheldon, the anatomist, accompanied M. Blanchard, a distinguished French aeronaut, in an atmospheric voyage from Chelsea. The latter afterwards ascended from Dover with Dr. Jeffries, soared over the channel, and arrived in France without personal injury.

As a medium of conveyance from one place or country to another, a balloon will never, perhaps, be applicable to general use, from the impossibility of giving to its progress that direction which the traveler would choose, and from the extraordinary danger which attends this species of loco-motion; and, though it may be occasionally employed for the illustration of pneumatics, and some other

\* On the 21st of November, 1783.—This ingenious and intrepid philosopher lost his life in 1785, being drawn to the earth from a great height, in consequence of the sudden eruption of flames from his balloon.

branches of natural philosophy, it is not probable that any high degree of scientific improvement will ever result from aerial voyages. The superstitious may consider these attempts as arrogant and impious transgressions of the bounds assigned to us by our Creator: but it cannot be more improper, or more wicked, to explore the air with a balloon, than to view through a telescope the planetary system; and we have no prospect of discovering any secrets with which the Almighty would wish us to be unacquainted.

Whatever may be the fruit of such enterprises, there is something wonderfully sublime in the experiment. The adventurer seems to approach that celestial world to which his religion has taught him to look forward, as the last retreat of piety and virtue: his ideas, we may suppose, are purified from the grossness of vulgar thought; and, if the dread of peril be excluded, his soul must be elevated with rapture, while his heart expands with joy and admiration.

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SIX MONTHS' RESIDENCE AND TRAVELS  
IN MEXICO,

*by William Bullock, F. L. S.*

AN account of an extensive and very important territory, which now asserts its claim to the dignity of independence, and with which our commercial intercourse is rapidly increasing, cannot fail to interest a British reader; and this volume may therefore be considered as an acceptable present to the public. It is not indeed the work of a philosopher, or of a masterly or learned writer; but it is the production of an enterprising and intelligent man, and bears the marks of veracity, uninfluenced by his attachment to the popular cause.

A work of this kind, being of a desultory complexion, does not demand a regular analysis; and it will be best exemplified by miscellaneous extracts. The first appearance of the Mexican coast is noticed in animated terms. In the expectation of seeing it, when it was yet at a very great distance,—all (he says) 'crowded to the deck, and every telescope was in requisition; distant mountains had been in sight some hours. It was not, however, till a sudden clearing of the mist, that a general cry of 'Orizaba' burst from the quarter-deck. I called to my son, who was looking out

from the mast-head, to observe it; he replied he had been viewing it with the same wonder as ourselves; but, on directing his eye more to the west, he observed a part of the sun that was considerably above the clouds, obscured by something that gave it the appearance of being eclipsed, when, with a tone of astonishment, he exclaimed, 'Orizaba is between us and the sun.' On a sudden, its towering peak, black with its own shadow, and appearing in the mid heavens, became distinctly perceptible to our naked sight, whilst its base, and three-fourths of its height, were invisible from the distance. Enveloped in clouds, one of the most solemn effects I ever beheld was produced by this giant Atlas.'

Our author landed at Vera-Cruz, where his first step was upon what was once English property, the pier being paved with pigs of iron, which had been part of the ballast of an English frigate. —'May this (he exclaims) be an auspicious omen of the future good understanding between the two countries!'

The approach to the capital did not give him a high idea of its magnificence. The suburbs are mean and dirty, and the inhabitants are poor and ill-clothed; and, in the city, Spanish oppressions have diminished the splendor of the palaces and great mansions. At present, only the churches seem to display any striking marks of opulence.

'The cathedral of Mexico is far famed for its splendor and riches, and deserves its high reputation. It is about 500 feet long, including a building behind the altar, and stands in the great square, occupying the site of the grand temple of the ancient Mexicans; and most of their idols or gods, which were of stone, and of considerable size and weight, are said to be buried under its foundations, below the pavement of the square.

Like most of the churches in this country, it is loaded with a profusion of massive carved and gilt ornaments, pictures and painted statues. Many of the smaller paintings appeared to be of value, and works of the old Spanish and Italian masters; but they are so placed, and in such an obscure light, that it is not possible to judge decisively of their merit. There are in the adjoining apartments allegorical and sacred subjects, pictures of a prodigious size, and of considerable skill in their composition and design, though few of them are executed by masters held in estimation in Europe.

The high altar and its appendages are enclosed by a massive railing, of great extent, of cast metal, said to have been founded in China, from models sent from Mexico. The figures which ornament it are very numerous, but of poor execution and design. The metal, resembling brass, is considered to be of such value, on account of the gold it contains, that a silversmith is said to have made an offer to the bishop to construct a new rail of solid silver, of the same weight, in exchange for it. Divine service is celebrated here with great magnificence. Mass is regularly said every half-hour from day-light till one o'clock, exclusive of the high mass, and other occasional masses. In no place are religious ceremonies observed with greater pomp or splendor. The procession which I saw from this cathedral far exceeded, in order and regularity, in the grandeur of the vestments, in the costliness and value of the sacred ornaments, and in gold and silver, any thing I ever witnessed. The processions of Rome, or any other city of Europe, suffer much in the comparison'.

The fine arts do not flourish in Mexico, and some of the mechanic arts are not very skillfully cultivated: yet the people excel in various branches of industry.

'The appearance of the shops in Mexico affords no indication of the wealth of the city. Nothing is exposed in the windows; all are open, in the same manner as in London till the sixteenth century: few have signs or even names in front; and most trades are carried on in the shops in which the articles are sold. Silversmiths' work is done here in the same tedious manner it used to be in England. All the ornaments are finished by hand; there are some good chasers, but in general the production is clumsy and very heavy. I inquired about precious stones and pearls, but there were few good, and those much dearer than in Europe. Rubies appeared to me the only jewel worth importing from Mexico. The manufactory of gold and silver lace, trimmings, epaulettes, &c. is carried on in the greatest perfection, and the articles are sold at a much lower rate than with us. It is usual with our naval officers, on their arrival at Vera Cruz, to lay in a stock of such requisites. The tailors here make great profit, as clothes are 300 per cent. dearer than in England, and are seldom well made. Cloth coats

are only beginning to be generally used, but will very soon supersede the printed calico jacket, till lately universally worn. The workmen follow their employment seated on stools, and not with their feet under them as in Europe. The first sight of a milliner's shop must always raise a smile on the face of a newly arrived foreigner. Twenty or thirty brawny fellows, of all complexions, with mustachios, are exposed to the street, employed in decorating the dresses, sewing muslin gowns, making flowers, and trimming caps and other articles of female attire; whilst perhaps at the next door a number of poor girls are on their knees on the floor, engaged in the laborious occupation of grinding chocolate, which is here always performed by hand. The druggist's and apothecary's trades must also be excellent ones; their prices are exorbitant. I paid a dollar per lb. for the article used in making the composition for preparing my birds, which in Europe is sold for four-pence, and yet the ingredients are the produce of the country. Hops sell here for two shillings and sixpence per ounce, and other drugs in proportion. Cabinet work is very inferior and expensive in Mexico: they have few of the tools employed in Europe, and mahogany, or a good substitute, is scarcely known. Most of the chairs in the best houses are made in the United States. It will be learned with surprise, that in this country the saw (except a small hand-frame,) is still unknown: every plank, used in the erection of all the Spanish American cities, is hewn by Indians with light axes from the solid trees, which make each but one board. Coachmakers excel all the other mechanical arts practised in Mexico; their vehicles are firmly put together, of handsome forms, and well finished: the best painters of the country are employed in their decorations, and the gilding and varnish equal what is done in Europe, whence the handles and ornamental parts in metal are procured.

'Of carvers in wood there are many, as every house has a statue of a saint or madonna painted and generally superbly dressed. The art of engraving on stone is unknown in Mexico; but the Indians greatly excel in modeling and working in wax. The specimens of different tribes with their costumes, with the habiliments of the gentry of the country, which I have brought over, will amply testify their merits in this department. They

also model fruit and vegetables in a beautiful manner. A lady at Puebla de los Angeles executes, in a singular style, from pieces of old linen cloth, groups of comic figures, some of which I have also brought to England. Such was her skill, that, from having only seen me for a short time, on my first passing through the city, I was surprised to find, on my return, that she had executed a portrait of me in this style, which was immediately recognised by my friends.'

It might be expected that so large and populous a city would have several theatres; but Mr. Bullock only found one.—'The orchestra is indifferent; the scenery, dresses, and machinery, are inferior to the theatrical exhibitions seen at Bartholomew fair, and the performers in general below mediocrity. The house is lighted from above by sconces, each holding a number of glass lamps; and is more pleasing than might be expected. It is open every night, and twice on Sunday, on which day, and on holidays, the price is double; but this establishment paid so ill, at the time of our visit, that its final close was announced from the stage while we were present.

'With very few exceptions, all present, of either sex, pursued their favorite habit of smoking; the ladies, even in the boxes, with a fan in one hand and a cigar in the other, enveloped in a smoke that rendered it difficult to see from one side of the house to the other.

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'In the fine evenings, during the dry seasons, the environs of the city present a scene of bustle, gaiety, and pleasure, scarcely to be paralleled; hundreds of canoes, of various sizes, mostly with awnings, crowded with native Indians, neatly dressed, and their heads crowned with the most gaudy flowers, are seen passing in every direction: each boat, with its musician seated on the stern, playing on the guitar, and some of the party singing or dancing, and often both united, presents such a picture of harmless mirth as I fear is rarely to be met with at the fairs and wakes of our country.'

The markets are amply supplied, and have many articles to which Europe is unaccustomed.

'Domestic water-fowl are almost unknown in this part of New Spain. I never saw a tame duck, and geese but twice, in the whole country. Turkeys, fowls, pigeons, hares, and rabbits, are in great

plenty, and venison is occasionally met with at table. Fish are scarce and dear, the lakes producing but few species: the white fish, resembling in appearance and taste our smelt, is the best. Tortoises, frogs, and the axolote, a species of salamander (an aquatic animal much resembling a water-newt or lizard), are abundant in the market, and all good eating. The last were so plentiful in the time of Cortez that his army principally subsisted on them, and I have seen them by thousands in the markets of Toluca; yet they have never been discovered in a young state, nor has any sexual difference yet been noticed.

'The Indians also bring to market a considerable quantity of a small delicate fish, not more than two or three inches long, which they take in nets in the canals and ditches near the lakes. They are enclosed in the leaves or capsules which surround the head of the Indian corn, and then roasted. In this state they are exposed for sale at a very reasonable rate: we thought them excellent, but they are seldom seen at the repasts of the rich. They have also a small crustaceous animal resembling our shrimp, but not so well tasted. The meat market is well supplied with beef, mutton, and pork, and in the spring kid is plentiful and cheap; veal is prohibited by law. The beef and mutton are by no means equal to what we have in the markets of Europe; but, though these meats are not of the best quality, they are by no means bad. Perhaps the fault is in a great measure owing to the butcher, and we are always partial to our own method of preparing animal food. Of vegetables and fruits there are few places that can boast such variety as Mexico, and none where the consumption is greater in proportion to the inhabitants. The great market is larger than Covent-Garden, but yet unequal to contain the quantity daily exposed for sale: the ground is entirely covered with every European kind, and with many the very names of which we have scarcely heard. I was never tired of examining these fruits and vegetables. I have taken casts and drawings of all I could procure of the former during my residence: they are very numerous and extraordinary.'

He considers the Mexican pyramids as having existed for many ages before the discovery of America. He eagerly made an excursion in quest of those remarkable structures. After traversing

some barren mountains, he reached Otumba, which is now a poor village, though it is said to have once contained 50,000 inhabitants.

As we approached the stupendous remains, the square and perfect form of the largest became at every step more and more visibly distinct, and the terraces could now be counted. We rode first to the lesser [smaller], which is the most [more] dilapidated of the two, and ascended to the top, over masses of falling stone and ruins of masonry, with less difficulty than we expected. On the summit are the remains of an ancient building, forty-seven feet long and fourteen wide; the walls are principally of unhewn stone, three feet thick and eight feet high; the entrance is at the south end, with three windows on each side, and on the north end it appears to have been divided at about a third of its length. At the front of the building, with the great pyramid before us, and many smaller ones at our feet, we sat down to contemplate the scene of ancient wonders, where the eye takes in the greater part of the vale of Mexico, its lake and city, and commands an extensive view of the plains beneath and the mountains that bound the west of the valley. On descending we partook of some refreshment we had brought with us, and our Indian guide procured us some pulque, which was very acceptable. I went to a cottage close by, in which were several children almost in a state of nature. I tried to entice them by presents, but could not prevail on them to come near me: they seemed much terrified at our white faces and odd dresses. We mounted, and rode to the several small barrows that are scattered in various directions round the base of the second, and on the road to the largest pyramid;—in some places they form regular streets running east and west. Not far from the great pyramid, near a gate, lay an enormous stone, with a few sculptured ornaments. It is apparently of great antiquity. A boy who had followed us, observing that we viewed it with attention, took my son a little distance through a plantation, and showed him another of great dimensions, covered with sculpture, with a hole in the top—he supposed it a stone of sacrifice.

We soon arrived at the foot of the largest pyramid, and began to ascend. It was less difficult than we expected, though, the whole way up, lime and ce-

ment are mixed with fallen stones. The terraces are perfectly visible, particularly the second, which is about thirty-eight feet wide, covered with a coat of red cement eight or ten inches thick, composed of small pebble-stones and lime. In many places, as you ascend, the nopal trees have destroyed the regularity of the steps, but nowhere injured the general figure of the square, which is as perfect in this respect as the great pyramid of Egypt. We every where observed broken pieces of instruments like knives, arrow and spear-heads, &c. of obsidian, the same as those found on the small hills of Chollula; and, on reaching the summit, we found a flat surface of considerable size, but which has been much broken and disturbed. On it was probably a temple or other building—report says, a statue covered with gold. We rested some time on the summit, enjoying one of the finest prospects imaginable.

Dr. Oteyza, who has given us the measure of these pyramids, makes the base of the largest six hundred and forty-five feet in length, and one hundred and seventy-one in perpendicular height. I should certainly consider that the latter measurement is considerably too little, and that the altitude is about half of the breadth. As to the age of the pyramids, and the people by whom they were erected, all must be a matter of mere conjecture; no one whom I could meet with in Mexico knew or cared any thing about them.

His account of his accommodation (or rather want of accommodation), when he rested for the night after a day's journey, is very amusing.

The *posada* is a large shed thatched with leaves or reeds, partly enclosed like a bird-cage, and freely admitting the air; so little barricaded as to allow whatever passes within to be seen from without; and the roof projecting very considerably over the sides. Under this projection, and in the open air, several travelers had laid themselves down for the night. Our baggage was placed in the interior: and, when we inquired where we were to lodge, we were conducted to the same place, and told that unless we had beds of our own we must repose on the floor; indeed nothing was furnished but shelter from the rain, and Indian corn for the cattle. For ourselves, we with difficulty procured some planks on which to place our mattresses; and, after making a scanty meal of what we

had brought (for bad water and a little bread were all the house afforded), we prepared to go to rest, hoping that the fatigue we had gone through would act as a soporific. Several persons of both sexes, with some children, were in the same room with us, in a sort of gallery that projected over the enclosure. Our mules and those of other travellers were fastened on the outside, while numerous dogs belonging to the house, as well as those attached to the different conveyances, were mingled with their masters, and kept up such a barking as to render sleep impossible. We had horses close to our heads, eating Indian corn; the mules kicking and fighting; the muleteers cursing; intolerable and suffocating heat; braying of asses; singing and stinging of mosquitos; and the biting of myriads of fleas completed the comforts of what has been called an inn. How did I pray for a glass of water to moisten my parched and feverish lips! how did I long for an English barn or hay-loft! either had been a Paradisc to such an *infernal* spot. To leave it, however, would have been to have run the risk of being devoured by the surrounding dogs. Day-light at length brought us relief, and, clearing our persons from the deposits of the poultry that had roosted over our heads, we reloaded our carriage, and proceeded.

#### VISITS AND ENTERTAINMENTS IN CHILI AND PERU.

‘I PAID a visit (says captain Basil Hall) to a Chilian family of my acquaintance, and immediately on my entering the drawing-room, the lady of the house, and one of her daughters, each presented me with a rose, apologizing, at the same time, for having omitted to do so before. This custom of presenting strangers with a flower prevails in all Spanish countries, and is one of an extensive class of minute attentions, which the Spaniards and their descendants understand better than any other nation. The favor itself is nothing; indeed, it seems essential to the civility that it should be a mere trifle; the merit lies in the unaffected and simple expression of good-will, which, while it really obliges, is of a nature to impose no obligation.’

‘I went in the evening to visit a family in the Almendral, or great suburb

of Valparaiso. The ladies were ranged, as usual, along the wall, in a compact line, with their shawls drawn over the head and across the chin, so as nearly to conceal the face. One young lady played on the harp, another on the guitar, while some occasionally joined with their shrill voices in singing the patriotic songs of the day. Others were chatting or working, and the evening was passing away pleasantly enough, when, without any apparent cause, the whole party jumped up, cast away their music and work, and flew in the most frantic style out of the house, screaming aloud, *Misericordia!* beating their breasts at the same time, and looking terrified beyond description. I was astonished at all this, but followed the company into the street, calling out *Misericordia* as loud as any of them. It was a bright moonlight evening, and the street, from end to end, was filled with people; some, only half dressed, having just leaped from their beds—children, snatched from their sleep, were crying in all directions—many carried lights in their hands—in short, such a scene of wild confusion and alarm was never seen, and all apparently occasioned by a spontaneous movement, without any visible motive. After standing in the street for about a minute, the whole crowd turned round again and ran into their houses, so that, in the course of a few seconds, the hubbub was stilled, and not a mortal was to be seen. I now begged to know the cause of this amazing commotion, having a vague idea of its forming some part of a religious ceremony, when, to my surprise, I learned that it had been produced by an earthquake, so severe, that the people had been afraid of the houses tumbling about their ears, and had run into the open street to avoid the danger; for my part, I was totally unconscious of any motion, nor did I hear the sound, which they described as unusually loud. On mentioning this fact afterwards in company, I was assured, that for a considerable period after the arrival of foreigners, they are in like manner insensible to shocks, which a native can at once distinguish. It may be mentioned also, as an unusual effect of experience, that the sensation of alarm, caused by feeling an earthquake, goes on augmenting instead of diminishing, and that one who at first ridicules the terrors of the inhabitants, comes eventually to be even more frightened than they are.

'The theatre [*at Lima*], which was opened during the festivities upon the accession of the new viceroy, was of rather a singular form, being a long oval, the stage occupying the greater part of one side, by which means the front boxes were brought close to the actors. The audience in the pit was composed exclusively of men, and that in the galleries of women (a fashion borrowed, I believe, from Madrid), the intermediate space being divided into several rows of private boxes. Between the acts, the viceroy retires to the back seat of his box, which being taken as a signal that he may be considered as absent, every man in the pit draws forth his steel and flint, lights his segar, and puffs away furiously, in order to make the most of his time; for, when the curtain rises, and the viceroy again comes forward, there can no longer be any smoking, consistently with Spanish etiquette. The sparkling of so many flints at once, which makes the pit look as if a thousand fire-flies had been let loose, and the cloud of smoke rising immediately afterwards and filling the house, are little circumstances which strike the eye of a stranger as being more decidedly characteristic than incidents really important. I may add, that the gentlemen in the boxes also smoke on these occasions; and I once fairly detected a lady taking a sly whiff behind her fan. The viceroy's presence or absence, however, produces no change in the gallery aloft, where the goddesses keep up an unceasing fire during the whole evening.

'We sat down to dinner, a very merry party, the master of the house insisting upon my taking the head of the table; a custom, he said, that could by no means be dispensed with. The first dish which was placed on the table was bread soup, exceedingly good, and cooked either with fish or meat, a distinction so immaterial, we thought, that our surprise was considerable when we observed a gentleman of the party start up, and, with a look as if he had swallowed poison, exclaim, 'O Lord, there is fish in the soup!' and while we were wondering at this exclamation, our friend ran off to the kitchen to interrogate the cook. He returned with a most woe-begone look, and finished his plate of soup as if it had been the last he was ever to taste. A feeling of delicacy prevented our asking questions, although our curiosity

was raised to the highest pitch, by observing the gentleman touch nothing else, but literally go without his dinner. It was Friday, and it was in Lent, which might have accounted for his horror at meat; but it was fish which had shocked him; besides, we saw the rest of the company eating both without scruple, which puzzled us exceedingly, and the more so as the self-denying individual was a very sensible man, and showed no other symptoms of eccentricity. We at last discovered that he had, for some reason or other, come under a religious engagement not to eat either fish or flesh, though the South-Americans are permitted to do so, by an express bull in their favor, and it so happened, that he had set his fancy this day most particularly on a meat dish close to him, never dreaming of what had been put into the soup; fish once tasted, however, his feast was at an end, and he kept his vow in a manner worthy of an anchorite.

'I was surprised, and somewhat disappointed, to see a young lady, one of the gayest and best dancers in Chili, place herself at the instrument. The gentlemen loudly appealed against this proceeding; but she maintained her place resolutely, declaring she would not dance a single step. I saw there was some mystery in this, and took an opportunity of begging to know what could have induced a person, of so much good sense and cheerfulness, and so fond of dancing, to make so very preposterous a resolution. She laughed on hearing the subject treated with such earnestness, and confessed that nothing was farther from her own wishes than her present forbearance, but that she was bound by a promise not to dance for a whole year. I begged an explanation of this singular engagement, when she told me, that, during the recent confinement of her sister, our host's wife, at a moment when her life was despaired of, her mother had made a vow, that, if she recovered, not one of the unmarried girls should dance for twelve months. — Her youngest sister, however, was dancing; and I found she had managed to evade the obligation by an ingenious piece of casuistry, arguing that, as the promise had been made in town, it could never be intended to apply to the country. The good-natured mother, who probably repented of her absurd vow, allowed that a good case of conscience had



been made out ; and the pretty Rosalita danced away with a spirit which was taken up by the whole room, and a more animated ball was never seen.'

VENICE UNDER THE YOKE OF FRANCE AND OF AUSTRIA ; WITH MEMOIRS OF THE COURTS, GOVERNMENTS, AND PEOPLE OF ITALY ;

by a Lady of Rank.—2 vols. 8vo.

THE politics of this lady, we are glad to observe, are hostile to tyranny under every form ; and she feelingly laments the prevalence of despotism in one of the finest portions of Europe : but, when nations are either obliged or willing to submit to it, the regret of a foreign witness of their degradation is useless and unavailing. The most important part of her work relates to Venice. Whatever might have been the faults and defects of the old government, it was preferable to that which the French introduced, and much less arbitrary than the Austrian sway.

It is a strange anomaly in politics, that the rulers of a country should act as if they wished to accelerate not merely its decline but even its ruin, and should apparently endeavour to deprive the people, in a great measure, of the comforts of life : yet *such things are*. Many instances of this absurd and cruel impolicy are given by the fair writer. Among other proofs of mis-government, she informs us that

'Commerce, navigation, agriculture, as well as all the useful arts and sciences, are now mere non-entities at Venice. The exorbitant excise and custom duties, together with other vexations, have deterred all merchant vessels from trading to that port, since it has been under the government of Austria. I must, however, except a few boats bringing salt fish, red herrings, and dried sprats. If, therefore, the poor forlorn Venetians stand in need of a barrel of coffee, or a hogshead of sugar, they must patiently wait until they can procure it from Trieste, at second or third hand.

'Though it is not uncommon for a vessel to reach Venice, from the last-mentioned port, in the short space of eight hours, yet, from the numerous obstacles thrown in the way by the custom-house officers, it is at least as many days before it can be unloaded. The Austrian regulations have occasioned a decrease in the import and export trade of

Venice, to the extent of thirty thousand florins per month.

'The commercial buildings and warehouses are actually become mere watch-boxes and barracks for the men, who were once busily employed as porters, to load and unload the merchandise, but who are now chiefly occupied in guarding the bales for transit, or in preventing the hungry rats from gnawing the cordage and packing.'

The following anecdote also affords a striking specimen of Austrian tyranny :

When Francesco Pesaro first came to Venice, as the Austrian commissary-general, furnished with full powers to inflict on his countrymen that persecution, imprisonment, and banishment, which he himself so richly merited at their hands, for having first betrayed and then deserted the government, a grand *fete* was given at the Filarmonica to this modern Sylla, at which Madame Grassini was engaged to sing. When I entered the saloon, the concert had already commenced ; and a gentleman, one of the *chers amis* of the above singer, whose name was Giuseppe Ferro, a corn-factor, obligingly gave up his own seat for my accommodation. Of course, I entered into that kind of conversation with him which his civility demanded. On the other side of the saloon was seated the great Pesaro. As soon as the first act of the concert was over, my husband, being an old acquaintance of the mighty man, went across the room to congratulate him on his return to his country ; and, pointing to the spot where I was sitting, he said, 'Yonder is my better half ; but she is so near-sighted, that I am sure she cannot distinguish your excellency at this distance.'—'What,' replied Pesaro, 'the lady who is conversing with the gentleman by the side of her ? I must go and have a little chat with her.' Accordingly, Pesaro very politely seated himself by me, and asked who the person was who had so much engaged my attention, as to prevent me from recognizing him. Unluckily for the poor man, I replied, 'It is M. Ferro, to whose politeness I am indebted for my seat.'—'What !' exclaimed Pesaro, 'that *hirbone*, who was a member of the municipality ?'—'The same,' said I ; 'and who, at the time of the downfall of the government, deserved so much from his country, by preventing the city from falling a prey to the plunder of the *Schiavoni*.'

‘On that very night, poor Ferro was arrested by the agents of Pesaro; dragged from his relatives, who entirely depended on him for their subsistence, without any accusation being adduced against him, without being heard in his defence, or allowed to communicate with any one of his family, or receive the smallest assistance; and sent off as a galley slave, to work on the Danube at Olmutz, where he remained until the French retook the Venetian territories, when, with many others, he was released from captivity, and restored to his numerous friends and distressed relations.’

Our authoress exhibits a favorable picture of the social character of the Venetians. ‘They are gentle (she says), affable, polite, courteous, hospitable, and more civilized and better informed than the inhabitants of any other part of Italy. The men are above the middle stature, rather inclined to be tall, and remarkably well made. They have good clear complexions, fine expressive countenances, with an elegant and easy deportment. So remarkably constant are they in their attachments, that it is no uncommon thing to hear of friendships, between the sexes, of fifty and sixty years’ standing. A Venetian rarely abandons the object of his primitive affection, except for ill-treatment or infidelity; and, even in those instances, he never fails to lend her his assistance, should she happen to stand in need of it. The females, who, generally speaking, are handsome, have very fine figures, with beautifully clear skins, expressive features, and eyes that penetrate the inmost recesses of the soul. They are interestingly delicate in their external manners and in their language; the Venetian being, of all the dialects of Italy, the most agreeable. In the mouth of a genteel *Donna Veneziana*, it adds to the native grace of her carriage, and never fails to charm and delight the ear of a stranger, especially when it happens to be placed in contrast with the vulgar Lombardian jargon. They are remarkably attentive to foreigners, though they rarely form a tender attachment for them. When, however, such an attachment does take place, it is usually most passionate and sincere.

‘The societies at Venice, whether at private houses or at the public casinos, are generally enlivened with the smiling eyes and gentle and fascinating looks of

the fair sex, and are conducted with an elegance and an ease superior to most other female societies, and without any of that discordant rivalry of prerogatives, too often to be met with elsewhere. The casinos are conducted much in the same manner as the subscription-houses in London, where the members are at liberty to do as they please; with this especial difference, that the ladies only are subscribers, the gentlemen being honorary members. Strangers of respectability, of both sexes, are readily admitted, and meet with a polite and affable reception. The company are entertained with a concert, and treated with refreshments. Cards are introduced at the wish of any of the party, and other amusements, except those of hazard. These casinos are furnished in the most costly and elegant style, and are brilliantly lighted up with the beautiful wax candles for which Venice is so justly celebrated. The regularity, order, and magnificence, which prevail at these princely casinos, at once discover the ladies of Venice to be a superior race of beings to their neighbours of the Terra Firma. In their conversation they are lively and unaffected without levity, and communicative and affable without coquetry.

‘The uncommon share of freedom which these ladies enjoy, induces foreigners, who have but a superficial knowledge of them, to form an opinion of them very different from that which they really deserve. My observations, of course, apply solely to good society. The mixed classes of every country have their *chiaro-scuri*. The Venetian ladies are extremely engaging in their manners; and, as to their dress, it may be called becoming rather than fashionable, and sets off their fine figures to the greatest advantage. It is not unusual for them to be married to men whom they have never before seen, except through the grate of the convent in which they have been educated, and which they only quit to enter into the gay world, through the temple of Hymen—where Cupid rarely presides beyond the honey-moon! And to this very liberty, which they enjoy the moment they are married, it is to be ascribed, that they are not so capricious as the Italians of the south, who are more rigorously subjected to antiquated external formalities.’

## VIGNETTES OF DERBYSHIRE,

by Mary Sterndale.

These are not, as the reader might from the title suppose, designs of picturesque or pleasing spots by an artist, but vivid descriptions of *scenery* and of *character* by an admirer of nature. They are light and airy, yet pleasing and animated. A glow of feeling pervades the volume, and the style, though frequently loose and ungrammatical, is gay and sparkling. We extract a specimen of each portion of the work.

*Ashford in the Water.*—During a short autumnal visit, in 1822, amidst the sweetest and most sylvan part of the Peak of Derbyshire, the little village of Ashford was not the least attractive. Possessing those requisites that adorn and accommodate a village residence—requisites that, whilst they contribute to the conveniences of its inhabitants, are pleasing to the eye of the traveller and gratifying to the heart of humanity—a corn-mill, with its appendages of water-wheels and water-falls; an ancient church, with its grass-grown burial-ground; a long extended bridge, neat cottages, and a village green, with wood and water interspersed. Though placed at the extremity of one of the wildest of the dales, Demon's Dale, and in the vicinity of those mountain fractures, through which the Wye forces its rocky channel, it is cheerful, open, and airy, presenting, amidst and aloof from its village houses, two or three of a superior order, the association of whose inhabitants must be of a higher nature.

‘But the gem of Ashford is yet untold. Passing the village on the Manchester road, we enter a gently-marked hollow way, bounded on the right by a steep orchard-slope, and on the left by a high wall overhung with lofty trees, that screen the roof and chimneys of a house apparently the residence of one of the gentry of the country, to which the close folding-gates that open from the road present an access. If, by favor or presumption, you pass their barrier, and proceed a hundred paces down a confined carriage-way, you will arrive in line with the front of the house, and peep within the casket where lies the emerald treasure.

‘The house, ‘above a cot, below a seat, is not alone the property of the duke of Devonshire, but the occasional

residence. It stands under the shadow of those lofty trees that exclude all objects but those they surround. The capacious bow-window of an oblong dining-room expands upon the gravel-walk adjoining the soft green turf that almost imperceptibly slopes to the water's edge; not an artificial lake or forced fish-pool, but the sounding sparkling Wye, that, with all the freshness of a mountain stream, with all the windings of its characteristic course, with all the beauty of its living waters, rushes through the sylvan domain. Fronting the windows, a light bridge unites the two savannas; the opposite turf rising gradually to its extremity, is also bounded by its fine grove, that skirts the extended bank. The lawn on each side of the river is broken only by little patches of the choicest flowers, and the mould from whence they spring is covered with mignonette, whose rich perfume fills the sweet air with its fragrance, rising as incense to hallow this temple of the floral, of the sylvan, of the lucid deities. The house is covered, from the base to the chimney's topmost ledge, with trellis; and when the climbers begin to ascend, and the creepers to run, the passion-flower to sanctify, and the clematis to empurple, it will indeed become a perfect bover of beauty: and it is a sweet reflection that he who, a prince in the palace of his forefathers, upon the banks of the Derwent, is in possession of all that rank and station can bestow, that wealth can give, and ambition desire, selects and adopts this rustic *hijou*, this *verd-unique*, this little fishing-house, on the banks of the winding Wye; which, after having run its race with mountain swiftness, through the sylvan hamlet of King's Sterndale, by the wild solitudes of Chee Torr, the rocky passes of Miller's Dale, the deep clefts of Cresbrook, and the fairy scenes of Monsal, wantons and sports beneath the eye of the lord of Hartington, from whence its native waters spring, before it takes its final way to the shining east, and mixes with the classic waves of Derwent.

‘There, perhaps, may the duke look around, and say, with complacent feelings subdued from the world, ‘Here is enough for the heart of man; the rest is my country's and my forefathers!’ Perhaps, like the great statesman of Elizabeth, he may, after he has passed the humble gates, take off his courtly robes, and say, ‘There lie, my lord

chancellor!' and in sport, even as I did in thought, amplify comparison upon the sweet enchantment.

'To Chatsworth, gorgeous Chatsworth, it is but a light trinket hung to a costly watch, or a single blossom of the jasmine by the side of the imperial rose, or a solitary star sailing in the wake of the resplendent moon, or the scent of the violet, that rises upon the air, which the perfumes of Arabia have exhausted; or the song of the robin, after the full choirs of the groves had died away; or the emerald light of the glow-worm shining upon the darkness that succeeded the blazing torches; or the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains, when the echoes of the brazen trumpets had ceased; or the still small voice of grateful praise, when the pealing anthem and the loud response no longer filled the cathedral's lofty arches:—it was all this, and more; it was nature's lullaby from the tumult of the world; the eye reveling in its beauty, and the mind reposing in its quietness, whilst its balmy sweetness pervaded the purest joy of sense, and all its green attractions, and its lucid animations, took captive the heart of woman, who saw in its combined delights the reflection of her primeval home.'

The character of the late countess of Besborough, though it may seem to be flattering, is, we believe, just and correct.

'Amidst the various excellences that distinguished the character of lady Besborough, her susceptibility of all the sweet charities and relative endearments of domestic life were most pre-eminent. Highly gifted by native talent, and rich in intellectual acquirements, the tender affection of her nature was her most peculiar charm, endearing her to all upon whom connexion or circumstance conferred the happiness of her association. Heroic in spirit, she disregarded peril and personal hazard, when the tender apprehensions of a mother led her to the contemplation of death in its most frightful form—to the seat of war, and the field of battle: there her fond affection was richly repaid by receiving him living, who, amongst so many of his gallant compatriots, had been numbered with the glorious dead on the plains of Waterloo.

'According to her wish, her mortal remains were laid with those of the late duchess of Devonshire. The spirit of sisterly, of sympathetic affection, that had fondly united these distinguished women in life, ceased only in death. 'Rival sisters,' though often applied to them, was not just in its general acceptation. Beautiful in person, captivating in manners, and amiable in disposition, they were too tenderly endeared, too faithfully attached, to be rivals, but as became the daughters of the same noble house, and emulous of its hereditary distinctions; and most delightful it was to witness the sweet association of their sister-graces, which was like the lustre of a beautiful silk, whose interwoven fabric is formed of the richest colours, and as the varying hues are presented to the eye, each receiving tints more brilliant from their combination. Whichever most predominated was the most attractive, as their union was the most complete. When this beautifully blended web of life was rent, by the death of the duchess, all that was associated with her name and nature became more sacred to the fond survivor; to appreciate her virtues, to recall her excellences, to refer to her local attachments, was a tender passport to the heart of lady Besborough, who never wrote or spoke of that gracious being but all that was lovely and animated and energetic glowed in every word and motion; and when the silver chord of life was breaking, its retrospective vibrations thrilled to that tender strain that had ever been in unison with her more protracted existence. Derbyshire, the county that had received the duchess on her entrance into life, where the rosy mornings of their youth had flown on downy wings, where the more matured hours of their lives had reposed in sweet association, was chosen as the place of her final rest. The wild sublimity of its grey rocks and mountain streams, of its purple heights and sylvan valleys, was congenial with their united feelings and their mutual tastes; and their remembrance had been fondly cherished in the heart of lady Besborough:—there she chose that her last home should be, and there those who in life were so lovely, in death are not divided.'

VERSES PRESENTED TO A LADY AFTER THE BIRTH OF HER DAUGHTER.

I LINGER by thy silent bed,  
 Yet sorrow not ; for in thine eye  
 And gentle brow no trace remains  
 Of pain gone by :  
 She, who lies sleeping on thy heart,  
 Hath turn'd thy grief to ecstasy.  
 Oh ! not in vain thy tender looks  
 Fall on thy husband's watchful heart :  
 They bid me share thy joy, and fain,  
 Fain would impart  
 Those myst'ries of maternal love,  
 That ne'er shall from thy soul depart.  
 And not in vain thy husband's prayer  
 Shall duly rise for her, for thee :  
 This rose, now budding by thy side—  
 Oh, may she be  
 For ever sweet to earth and Heaven,  
 As thou hast been to God and me.  
 And thou, through life's long pilgrimage,  
 Shalt on thy daughter's love recline,  
 And teach her like a star of peace—  
 Like thee—to shine,  
 Studious of ev'ry earthly grace,  
 But only trusting to divine :  
 And when in age thy God shall stoop  
 To take his gift, thy pure-drawn breath,  
 Her bosom shall thy pillow be—  
 Her love, her faith,  
 Shall cheer thee to the last, and share  
 Thy triumph o'er the sting of death.

IGNOTUS.

THE HINDOO BRIDE,

*by L. E. L.*

SHE has lighted her lamp, and crown'd it with flowers,  
 The sweetest that breath'd of the summer hours :  
 Red and white roses link'd in a band,  
 Like a maiden's blush or a maiden's hand ;  
 Jasmines,—some like silver spray,  
 Some like gold in the morning ray ;  
 Fragrant stars,—and favorites they,  
 When Indian girls, on a festival day,  
 Braid their dark tresses ;—and o'er all weaves  
 The rosy hower of lotus leaves—  
 Canopy suiting the lamp-lighted bark,  
 Love's own flowers and Love's own ark.  
 She watched the sky, the sunset grew dim ;  
 She raised to Camdeo her evening hymn.  
 The scent of the night-flowers came on the air ;  
 And then, like a bird escaped from the snare,  
 She flew to the river—(no moon was bright,  
 But the stars and the fire-flies gave her their light ;)  
 She stood beneath the mangoes' shade,  
 Half delighted and half afraid ;  
 She trimm'd the lamp, and breathed on each bloom,  
 (Oh, that breath was sweeter than all their perfume !)

Threw spices and oil on the spire of flame,  
 Call'd thrice on her absent lover's name ;  
 And every pulse throbb'd as she gave  
 Her little boat to the Ganges' wave.

There are a thousand fanciful things  
 Link'd round the young heart's imaginings.  
 In its first love-dream, a leaf or a flower  
 Is gifted then with a spell and a power ;  
 A shade is an omen, a dream is a sign,  
 From which the maiden can well divine  
 Passion's whole history. Those only can tell  
 Who have loved as young hearts can love so well,  
 How the pulses will beat, and the cheek will be dyed  
 When they have some love augury tried.  
 Oh, it is not for those whose feelings are cold,  
 Wither'd by care, or blunted by gold ;  
 Whose brows have darken'd with many years,  
 To feel again youth's hopes and fears—  
 What they now might blush to confess,  
 Yet what made their spring-day's happiness !

Zaide watch'd her flower-built vessel glide.  
 Mirror'd beneath on the deep-blue tide ;  
 Lovely and lonely, scented and bright,  
 Like Hope's own bark, all bloom and light.  
 There 's not one breath of wind on the air,  
 The heavens are cloudless, the waters are fair,  
 No dew is falling ; yet woe to that shade !  
 The maiden is weeping—her lamp has decay'd.

Hark to the ring of the cimetar !  
 It tells that the soldier returns from afar.  
 Down from the mountains the warriors come :  
 Hark to the thunder roll of the drum !—  
 To the startling voice of the trumpet's call !—  
 To the cymbal's clash !—to the atabal !  
 The banners of crimson float in the sun,  
 The warfare is ended, the battle is won.  
 The mother hath taken the child from her breast,  
 And rais'd it to look on its father's crest.  
 The pathway is lined, as the bands pass along,  
 With maidens, who meet them with flowers and song ;  
 And Zaide hath forgotten in Azim's arms  
 All her so false lamp's falser alarms.

This looks not a bridal,—the singers are mute,  
 Still is the mandore, and breathless the lute ;  
 Yet there the bride sits. Her dark hair is bound,  
 And the robe of her marriage floats white on the ground.  
 Oh ! where is the lover, the bridegroom ?—oh ! where ?  
 Look under yon black pall—the bridegroom is there !  
 Yet the guests are all bidden, the feast is the same,  
 And the bride plights her troth amid smoke and 'mid flame !  
 They have rais'd the death-pyre of sweet-scented wood,  
 And sprinkled it o'er with the sacred flood  
 Of the Ganges. The priests are assembled :—their song  
 Sinks deep on the ear as they bear her along,  
 That bride of the dead. Ay, is not this love ?—  
 That one pure wild feeling all others above,  
 Vow'd to the living, and kept to the tomb !—  
 The same in its blight as it was in its bloom.  
 With no tear in her eye, and no change in her smile,  
 Young Zaide had come nigh to the funeral pile.

The bells of the dancing-girls ceased from their sound ;  
 Silent they stood by that holiest mound.  
 From a crowd like the sea-waves there came not a breath,  
 When the maiden stood by the place of death !  
 One moment was given—the last she might spare !  
 To the mother, who stood in her weeping there.  
 She took the jewels that shone on her hand ;  
 She took from her dark hair its flowery band,  
 And scatter'd them round. At once they raise  
 The hymn of rejoicing and love in her praise.  
 A prayer is mutter'd, a blessing said,—  
 Her torch is raised !—she is by the dead.  
 She has fired the pile ! At once there came  
 A mingled rush of smoke and of flame :  
 The wind swept it off. They saw the bride,—  
 Laid by her Azin, side by side.  
 The breeze had spread the long curls of her hair ;  
 Like a banner of fire they play'd on the air.  
 The smoke and the flame gather'd round as before,  
 Then clear'd ;—but the bride was seen no more.

## AN INSCRIPTION, IN IMITATION OF THE ANTIQUE,

*from the Latin of Thomas Warton ;*

supposed to be the composition of a husband whose wife had died at a premature age.

WOULD that the Fates who cut thy early days,  
 The cruel Fates would set my spirit free,  
 That I might quit the earth, the solar rays,  
 To be, loved Helen, once again with thee.

O, touch not with thy lips dull Lethe's tide,  
 But think that he will come, who loves thee well ;  
 Through shades I come, with faithful Love my guide,  
 Whose torch resplendent will the shades dispel.

## THE GAMBLER ; AN EPIGRAM.

*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur.—HOR.*

No one without a vice or fault is born.

' My love,' a chiding dame would say,  
 ' You always lose, yet always play :  
 When will you leave your gambling o'er,  
 And be the sport of chance no more ?'

' Madam,' said he, ' I'll do it when  
 You cease coquetting with the men.'  
 ' Alas ! I see,' replied the wife,  
 ' You'll be a gambler all your life.'

## THE DEAF WOMAN ; AN EPIGRAM,

*from the Latin of Warton.*

DORCAS, whose hearing was extremely bad,  
 Her apples vending to each Eton lad,  
 By one was met ; when, ' What's o'clock ?' he cried ;  
 ' Four, four a penny, sir,' the dame replied :—

In haste again he ask'd:—' No, not another ;  
 I'd not sell more,' she said, ' e'en to my brother.'  
 Enraged, he stamp'd—' Speak, lest I use you ill.'—  
 ' Well, if you won't,' she cried, ' another will !'

## THE METAMORPHOSE ; AN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

TEN thousand changes, aye, and more,  
 Of men and maids, in days of yore,  
 Hath Cupid made ; and now should he  
 But kindly ask me what I'd be,  
 ' Make me, sweet God of earth and sky !  
 ' The air my Julia breathes,' I'd cry ;  
 ' For then (thrice blest, thrice happy day !)  
 She could not live were I away !'

## HOW TO CURE THE GOUT ;

*from the French.*

Bisre jusqu' à la lie est le secret, sans doute,  
 De tarir la source du mal.—MENAGE.

ON pain of the gout, my physicians advise  
 That from my old Port I abstain ;  
 But I, from my heart, such prescriptions despise,  
 Resolved the last hogshead to drain.

Then, boy, bring it here—let me have a fair bout ;  
 If 'tis wine that engenders this devil,  
 To drink to the dregs is the secret, no doubt,  
 To dry up the source of the evil !

## THE UMBRELLA ;

*by W. H. Hands.*

AT the door of my study appeared a miserable half-starved-looking fellow, clad in a bundle of rags, with a wisp of straw tied round his slouched coal-heaver's hat, while two sinilar bands, circling his ankles, served in the place of garters—who, with his whip in one hand, while he fumbled at the handle of the door with the other, asked if I was the *gemman* as had advertised the small silk umbrella, left in a *hack* the preceding morning. When I had answered in the affirmative, though without recognising in my interrogator the man who had driven me, he pulled from beneath the folds of what he called his coat, not the umbrella I had so carelessly left behind me in the coach, but an old tattered affair, which, to any other than its owner, was not worth three-pence. As I had promised a reward of five shillings, and felt no desire to claim another man's property as my own, I soon convinced

Master Jarvis, that what he produced was no umbrella of mine. Not, however, to chafe the poor fellow too much, I gave him a trifle, for the trouble he had been at, and, wishing him to be more successful in meeting with a claimant, dismissed him to his stand.

In the course of the day I was fortunate enough to regain the one which I really had lost. As I seldom carry a stick, and yet do not care to go out without something in my hand, wherewith to resent insolence or chastise brutality, I felt no small satisfaction in having recovered my lost property—it was a favorite, and I would not have exchanged it for one three times its value.

A gifted writer in a celebrated periodical may say what he will about *sticks*—their varieties, and qualities ; but, for my own part, I always preferred an *umbrella* to the best-looking stick in existence. Neither too large nor too small, but just of sufficient size to be able, in an unlucky, or rather, as I should say, lucky shower, to accommo-



date a pretty girl—it may be coyly accepting the proffered protection, and blushing at the praises, real or pretended, elicited by her beauty—an umbrella (always excepting the formidable hanger of the soldier and the quarter-staff of the special constable) is the only thing carried in the hand, which gives grace to the gentleman, respectability to the tradesman, or dignity to the scholar.

Setting aside for an instant its usefulness, what looks so well, or becomes a man, distinguished from the brutes by his reason, and by that reason capable of foreseeing and determining—what, I say, becomes a man so much as an umbrella? Modestly placed under his arm, with its shining ferule projecting half a yard in advance, ready to give temerity its punishment, it confers on a man an air of more real respectableness, and capability of resenting an affront—a look of more true gentility, as contrasted with the vulgar, overbearing, John-Bullism of the uncouth, sapless, walking-stick, like an Egyptian mummy, retaining its dry sophisticated shape long after the spirit which gave it worth is fled—than it is possible for any other thing carried in the hand to give to a man, the hanger and quarter-staff excepted. For my part, I am never without one. In fine or in wet weather, in storm or in sun-shine, it is my inseparable companion: as a walking-stick, a succedaneum for a great coat, a protection from insult, it has all the virtues of wealth, without any of its vices.

Talk of green sticks indeed! What is so verdant as a green umbrella? The very sight of it inspires the mind with as agreeable an association of ideas as ever served as antidotes to the mud, squabble, traffic, and intrigue of a city; associations scarcely inferior to those produced by the sight of green fields, leafy woods, and all the pleasantries of the country. And then its buck-horn handle! An ingenious essayist would, in a quarter of an hour, draw a greater fund of amusement and instruction from the handle, than any half-dozen of your 'book-learned blockheads, ignorantly read,' clad in 'foolscap uniforms, turned up with ink,' would produce in a quarter of a century. Think of that handle when, in conjunction with many others, it adorned the head of some noble animal, the pride and ornament of the forest; and, if your ideas do not immediately revert to Windsor Great-Park, with its hill and dale, its pleasant associations with

the memory of 'Old Sir John' and his ingenious tormentors, independent of the thoughts engendered by a view of that noble castle, around which the continual or occasional residence of some of England's wisest and greatest monarchs has shed a halo of splendor, you have (that is, if you are an Englishman, and conversant with the literature of your country) more of the hard-hearted obduracy of the world, and less of the philosophy of nature in you, than is creditable to either your heart or your head.

A word or two on the utility of my favorite, and I have done: a safeguard from the shower, a protection from the heat—and no contemptible one either in the dog-days—what so convenient to shield one from the prying eyes of some unremitting tailor, with his two-years' unpaid bill in his pocket, ready to pop it into your hand at a moment's notice; or so sure a disguise from some needy money-borrowing acquaintance, as an extended umbrella? You see them at a distance, and are shrouded in a moment. And then, as a weapon of defence, it is without its equal. Are you assailed? Its triple guard of silk, wood, and whalebone, would parry even the stroke of a sabre. Are you in turn the assailant? Who is so bold as to withstand its thrust?—one poke of its point would darken a man's *day-light* for ever.

It is with no small portion of chagrin, that I have witnessed the introduction—an importation from the continent I presume—of those extravagances in appearance, red and blue umbrellas. There are brown ones too, yet they are not so obnoxious but that they may be carried by respectable people—though green is the legitimate color. Indeed I have lately been induced to carry a brown one myself, there being a soberness and a propriety in that color, which agree well with the thoughts of a melancholy man like myself. In my younger days, indeed, I carried a green one, which I would not have exchanged for one of another color on any terms; but that, like many a contemporary piece of furniture, has had its day.

Peace to its memory! Like a worn-out horse, which, after having been the pride of its master and the admiration of his friends, is consigned to the dogs at last; after years of service, I saw my old friend consigned to the lumber-room, with a sensation of regret, and of a cutting of old friendships, which they only can estimate who have been simi-

larly circumstanced. Peace to its memory! A new one has long since supplied its place—another has repaired its loss—but the remembrance of its services shall never be obliterated from memory, till the hand of him who was once its master has lost its cunning.

#### THE VILLAGE CLUB.

THE admirable author of 'Our Village\*' has given us many pictures of real life, which, whilst they are delineated with the feelings of a painter and the language of a poet, never for a moment diverge from that pure simplicity of truth which constitutes their highest value in the eyes of all true lovers of nature; but this very ingenious writer has nowhere delineated the Village Club, which, as a striking feature in the annals of country life, we will with equal honesty, though far inferior powers, endeavour to portray.

The scene where we witnessed the annual festival of an union club was in one of the most beautiful villages in Sussex—beautiful, not from the hand or the art of man unquestionably; for, with an exception of the church, which is a large and goodly edifice, we have never seen a place more devoid of pretension. The picturesque, however, is here found in perfection, with all its requisites of color, situation, and effect. Cottages patched with various materials, gable-ends covered with vines, huge but not unsightly stacks of wood for fuel, spruce new houses surrounded by neat gardens, large barns, and sheds, mingled with the stately oak, and the magnificent elm, and the graceful laburnum, appear in succession on a long steep road, which is continued to a high ridge, where stands the church as an ancient mother, looking down upon her children in peace and love, at once asking protection for her age, and dispensing comfort by her venerable smile. The church-yard is spacious, and commands from every side a most extensive and smiling prospect. Hill and dale are here diversified by that intermixture of wood, peculiar to the lands redeemed from those immense forests which it was the pleasure of our Norman conqueror to extend. Formal lines never offend the eye; for the patches of wood

are so frequent, the enclosures so varied, and their divisions of hedge-rows so mixed with forest-trees, that the most fastidious eye can detect no fault, and the distant boundary of the wide horizon undulates so finely as to produce all the bold outlines of a mountainous district.

In this place, on the first of June, when the sun shone forth most gloriously, and the nightingales, blackbirds, and many songsters of sweet but feebler notes, poured forth the full tide of joy, all the members of the Union Club assembled with flags and music, accompanied by children, wives in their Sunday gowns, old men and maidens, rich neighbours and poor ones: all met for the positive enjoyment of a day's pleasure, or at least to share in it by the triumphs of an hour.

At the time of our arrival in the church-yard, the music suddenly ceased, and the clergyman made his appearance. He was greeted with abundance of rustic bows, and with evident good-will. The noisy laugh and the loud salutation, which had lately contended for mastery with the chiming bells, gave way instantly to a sober correctness of demeanor, which, although untinctured by a shade of enthusiasm, bespoke a pure and genuine spirit of devotion. No man looked less cheerful, but every one assumed an air of calmness and attention. The service was not long; the sermon was excellent, and so plain and practical, that every body understood it; and the singers for a short time held forth in all their glory, as village singers usually do on these occasions. The church had been crowded to its utmost capability; and, as the congregation poured out, a most exhilarating spectacle was presented, so fully harmonising with the beauty of the day and the season, with the bells, the birds, the rustic music, and the cheerful voices, that cold indeed must have been the heart which did not vibrate with joy, and feel that brotherhood of spirit which, in times of peculiar pleasure or pain, inspires us with the sweetest sympathies of our common nature.

With few exceptions, the members of the club, to the amount of nearly two hundred, were arrayed in the round frock so generally worn by the farmers of Sussex; most of these wore white, others of a light grey, and nearly all new. All the men had good hats on, every one of which was ornamented with a large bunch of blue ribands, and we question whether any district in Europe

\* The sketches of rural scenery and manners, bearing this title, first appeared in our miscellany.—See our numbers for December 1822, and for April and December 1823.

could have produced, within the same space of a thinly-populated neighbourhood, so many handsome well-grown men—so many faces free from those markings of dejection which severe poverty always leaves behind, or that distinct, but not less obvious interlineation, which wealth and its many cares are apt to produce. Taken altogether, there was a most happy equality among them; yet every face wore its own character: no drill serjeant had ever cast over their free-born spirits those spells which turn peasants into automatons.

Notwithstanding the appearance of equality, there were (as there must be in all communities, whether aristocratic or democratic) some men of power and importance. We noticed in the church-yard four personages, who, in addition to a cockade of blue, wore a mighty bunch of orange also; and these, we understood, were the stewards of the day—worshipful men who had the honor of dining at a separate table: of these officers, we noticed one after another approaching the curate, and entreating him to accompany them to dinner, or lamenting that he had previously declined their invitation; and we for a short time lamented that this refusal was persisted in, although we now perceived that a bunch of blue riband adorned his breast. As soon as the church-yard was cleared, the club began to form in order of procession, and the people stood on the adjoining pavement to watch them all the way down the hill, forming a long gay line, in which tongues and eyes were alike busy—all was life, motion, beauty, and animation.

Beauty, not always or exclusively rustic, was certainly displayed on this occasion; for there were the handsome daughters of the late squire Castleton, and the youngest blossom of squire Colston—to say nothing of pretty miss Green, her visitant. and the doctor's daughters from Guildford. They look quite as smilingly on the honorary members who are passing, as the bony damsels behind them of inferior degree do upon the young members who follow: the kindest smiles, however, are certainly given both by maids and matrons to the musicians, and well they merit such applause—so to blow, and so to beat the drum, beneath such a glowing sky, at the very hour of noon, may be said to demand no common powers of patriotism. Well may the clerk's wife

look proudly on the show, whose husband and son are the leaders and the life of such a glorious band!

But lo! the good old vicar starts from the causeway, and puts himself once more at their head. It was an unexpected circumstance; for he is a man of many years, and of late many infirmities also; and, when with feeble steps he crept slowly into the church this morning, many pitying eyes were turned toward him, which seemed to say—'Ah, father! your day is past, and we lament it.' Their kind greetings, the bright sky, the reviving air, and the music, have altogether inspired him, and he has set out stoutly in despite of many remonstrances from his wife and daughters—remonstrances fondly, but perhaps feebly made; for they are at once delighted and affected with the sight. Besides, they may trust him with his people: he has christened and catechised the young ones, and the old have not forgotten that in the hard times, poor as the living is, they were never pressed for the tithes—the shepherd and his flock suffered together.

Now the gay band move slowly forward: we catch the view of them through green trees and rural vistas, and we lose the spirit-stirring sound of their gay and simple strains in shady dingles, where we may contemplate the value of institutions, so friendly to man in the day of distress, and so well calculated to open the best affections of his nature in the day of mirth or the season of exertion.

Three hours afterwards we walked to ——— Green, the place where they had all dined in booths erected for the purpose, and where the wives and children of the married were also now assembled, in many cases accompanied by young female neighbours, each of whom had a relative or a sweetheart in the club. A spot was now quickly cleared for a dance, in which all the younger part were soon engaged. The stewards saw that all were accommodated in the way most conducive to their comfort: and, whilst the elder men took their pipes, and talked of crops and misfortunes, the late spring and the terrible floods, interspersed with droll stories and better hopes, the rest footed it feastly, though not with a 'light fantastic toe'; and the whole furnished a scene on which the benevolent heart might gaze with delight, and where good humor might join in harmless revels.

We accompanied the old vicar home to tea, and, on our return from his pretty

white-washed cottage, met many parties of the club returning to their distant dwellings: all were evidently exhilarated by good cheer; but not in a single instance did I witness any thing like ebriety; for every man who was the father of a young child was carrying it steadily in his arms, whilst the mother walked by his side, or dragged other weary urchins by the hand. We heard one old man (whose countenance reminded us of the description of dounce Davie Deans) making a long eulogium in praise of the morning sermon, and reflecting pointedly upon the silence of his neighbours on so essential a point, in a speech which, toward its conclusion, brought Silenus also to our mind, in Haydon's picture; but we were far from blaming the poor old orator. Club-days of this description do not occur above once in a year; and to him probably the power of speechifying and reproving is also only annual; for we have learned that he is an old bachelor, with neither 'kith nor kin' to enliven his solitude, or exercise his powers of observation.

THE VILLAGE OF BARTON AND ITS  
INHABITANTS.—NO. VII.

A TALE OF THE DEAD.

THE fields are pranked with flowers, the forest glades are decked in their richest verdure, and the young leaves of the newly expanded foliage bear a perfume in their freshness. It is delightful to live "under the blossom that hangs on the bough," to feel the warm breath of the gales of June as they play idly amid banks and beds of flowers; to recline at length in the shade of some old oak, or beneath the embowering canopy of fragrant shrubs, curtained crimson with one flush of roses, where the humming bee comes wooing with its glad music, and the bubbling rannel and tinkling sheep-bell make sweet melody to the listening ear. This is true luxury to the contemplative mind. There is not a leaf that falls, or a bud that waves, or a mote that dances rejoicing in the sunshine, but brings pleasure to the soul. One might babble of green fields for ever, finding in the rich and lavish prodigality of sweets, which the bounteous hand of nature yields, a perpetual source of enjoyment and of praise: yet, when the sun is at the meridian, in despite of the inviting nooks shaded by clustering honeysuckles, which offer rest and

repose to the languid frame, I am very apt to steal up the retired lane which leads to Barton church, and, as I wander through its dim aisles, forget all the delicious attractions of the summer scene, to meditate upon those who now are dust and ashes.

There is nothing very new in falling in love with a picture, a similar misfortune having befallen a multitude of cavaliers, from the gentleman in the Persian tales to the hero of the farce of *My Grandmother*; but I question whether the taste which has induced a disregard of the living, from a doting and hopeless passion for the dead, has ever been so singular as mine. A spirit of enterprise has led me to rummage every corner of the dilapidated edifice which rears its venerable towers in the vicinity of Barton; and hitherto I had accomplished little except the discomfiture of a few bats, and the molestation of the ancient solitary reign of a huge white owl: but, on one eventful day, I discovered a winding stair, steep, and crumbling to pieces from neglect and age. Ranger did not ascend the rope-ladder, which he trusted would conduct him to the smiles of beauty, with greater glee or higher expectation. It led to a winding gallery which formerly encircled the church; but my progress was soon stayed by wide gaps in the floor, which forbade all hope of proceeding. However, I was in some degree reconciled to my disappointment, and repaid for my trouble, by perceiving that a richly ornamented window in a small niche, which some storm had beaten in, was lying almost entire against the opposite wall. It proved to be a fine specimen of painted glass, and presented the image of a female kneeling on a cushion, attired in a flowing robe, surmounted by a stiff herald's coat, which bore the arms of the Fitz-allans. This then was the heirress of Reginald and the fair dame of France. The skill of the artist had been confined to the coloring of his picture; the reds, and blues, and greens, outlived the 'stones o' th' Indian mine;' but I could with truth exclaim, 'Oh 'twas neither form nor feature;' for nothing could well be more grotesque or shapeless than the face and person of Isolda Fitz-allan, in the only delineation of her which has survived the wreck of time. It was a most valuable treasure; and the most exquisite production of Raphael could scarcely have afforded more delight: in fact we musty antiquaries

have strange fancies; but, as our pursuits and inclinations are, perhaps fortunately, confined to a small portion of the community, I will spare the reader the raptures of my friend Mr. Blagden and my own admiration, and relate all the particulars which I have been able to collect concerning this divine perfection of a woman.

The only surviving child of Reginald was scarcely eighteen at the accession of Mary to the throne of England. Her parents, being warmly attached to the Romish faith, had withdrawn from court upon the quarrel between Henry VIII. and the pope, in the hope of escaping the notice of a monarch who arbitrarily controlled the religious opinions of his subjects. Reginald died in the early part of young Edward's reign, and his widow was chosen by the lady Mary as a principal member of her small household. The pious fervor of her zeal recommended her strongly to the gloomy bigot whom she served, and she became her most confidential friend. Dying a few months before Edward expired, she left the guardianship and protection of the young Isolda entirely to her royal mistress. Bred in the most perfect solitude, and accustomed only to the society of the melancholy and the discontented, to the lamentations of her mother and to the disquietude of the princess, the young heiress, when Mary was called to the throne and welcomed with shouts into London, was dazzled by the splendor which surrounded her, and her inexperienced heart expanded with delight at the novelty and the charms of her situation. To her even religion assumed a gayer appearance, as the mass was now re-performed with all its accustomed gorgeousness and pomp: the embroidered and glittering robes of the officiating priests, the grand bursts of the choral strains swelling into harmony or ending in dying falls, the loud peal of the organ, the clouds of incense, and the illumination of innumerable tapers, formed a striking contrast to the little lonely chapel, where a few haggard friars, with mortified aspects, had lately attended under a constant apprehension of the vengeance of a reforming government.

Isolda knew little of the terrors which marked the reign of her mistress. Removed from sights and scenes of woe, though the tenderness of her disposition taught her to regret that any of her fellow-creatures should suffer even for the

heinous crime of heresy, yet, in the strong conviction of the infallibility of the catholic church, she thought that the desperate and cruel remedy, which devoted the irreclaimable to the flames, was a less evil than the permission of those pernicious doctrines which must inevitably lead millions to destruction and eternal punishment. Fires were lighted and scaffolds prepared, and multitudes were swept from the face of the earth to gratify the bigotry and secure the power of an intolerant and cruel woman: but the murmurs of a groaning nation, and the sighs and tears of wretched individuals, did not yet penetrate the interior of the palace; all within was sunshine. If the fair Isolda gazed from her lattice upon the broad and sparkling river, covered with an assemblage of boats, and watched the gaily ornamented barges of the nobility as they shot along the dancing waters, or traced the slower progress of the mitred prelate floating over the surface with stately attendance, and surrounded by all the ensigns of baronial pride—it was a delightful pageant, a high gratification to her unpractised eyes; or, when she cowered in maiden modesty behind the throne of her mistress, to avoid the sly glances of the youthful courtiers, still in the splendid robes and jeweled helms of the throng she saw much to please and to interest her fancy. Thus passed the first years of Mary's reign with Isolda; and, if they were not years of perfect felicity, the deficiency in that respect was occasioned by the natural timidity of her temper, which prevented her from giving full loose to the elation of a spirit untried in adversity, and by an undefined sensation, closely approaching to fear, which she always felt in the presence of Philip, the husband of her mistress.

Mary enjoyed her triumph, not only over the rebellion which threatened to shake her throne, but also over the hostile religion which she had laid in dust and ashes, with a grim delight, in which her consort participated, although he disdained to exhibit any symptom of internal satisfaction. The dark soul of the Spaniard manifested itself in his countenance: he at least was not a smiling murderer; and Isolda trembled and shrank within herself whenever his lurid downcast eyes, which, usually buried beneath their heavy lids, seemed to seek the ground, were cast on her; for their expression was dreadful. Immersed in

other cares, and wholly absorbed by his ambitious views, it was some time before he noticed the fair damsel who was constantly about the queen's person; but, when he discovered the fallacy of those projects which had induced him to form an alliance with England, and no longer expected to profit by the affection of a disagreeable female, he became disgusted with his wife's tenderness, which began to be insupportably oppressive. Isolda unfortunately attracted his regards; his dark glance followed her in every movement; but, not long confining his attentions to looks, he artfully contrived the means of securing himself from observation, and whispered words of gallantry in her ear. The fair creature, so modest and unconscious of her beauty as to be even astonished at the fulfilment of suspicions which had long possessed her mind, stood aghast at the first declaration of his unhallowed passion. She instantly perceived the difficulties and dangers of her situation. She appeared indeed to be high in favor at court, but had not a single friend to whom she could unburthen her mind. She dared not disclose the secret to the queen, and it was of too dangerous a nature to be confided to any one who had not given her stronger proofs of friendship than she had received from those by whom she was surrounded. Her only hope of extrication was produced by a determination to shun the man whom she had so much reason to hate and to fear; yet it was difficult to execute her design. She could only be safe from attack in the queen's chamber, to which he had constant access. He assailed her with letters and with costly gifts, trusting that he should be able to bribe her into compliance with his wishes.

Mary, jealous of the beauties of her court, yet, from being accustomed to consider Isolda as a child, not entertaining the slightest apprehension that such youthful charms would chain the roving fancy of the king, loved to indulge in retirement, where she could enjoy the conversation of her idolised husband without any other witness than her favorite maiden. He submitted to these irksome visits in the seclusion of her apartment, for the sake of the fair object of his love. One day, when the queen, unusually indisposed, lay stretched upon a couch, Isolda found her utmost address insufficient to secure her from the king's

licentious freedoms. She had seated herself on a low stool in the front of the sofa, trusting that, being full in Mary's eye, he would not dare to molest her; but her simple contrivance was soon rendered abortive by his superior art. Insinuating himself between them, under the pretence of solicitude toward his suffering wife, he seized the white hand of her attendant, and kept it fast in bondage, until Isolda, resolving not to submit passively even under circumstances which seemed to admit no choice, released herself by a violent effort, and withdrew behind the couch. The persevering monarch, whilst he soothed the trusting Mary with tender speeches, apparently without design also altered his position, finding a ready excuse in the necessity of re-arranging the cushions which supported her feeble frame. He then, entangling Isolda in the drapery of the canopy of state, pressed his audacious lips to hers, while he thrust a ring of great value into her bosom. Terrified almost to death, she lost all presence of mind: pale as marble, paralysed with fear, she was nearly sinking to the ground. Nothing but the king's consummate address could have prevented a discovery. In an instant he was leaning over the queen's pillow, and the frightened girl found a relief to her full heart in tears, which flowed unperceived by one who would not have failed to inquire the cause. Dreading a second attack, and determined to shriek aloud if he should offer any farther insult, she stood trembling and dismayed; but the sudden arrival of a courier from Germany put an end to her misery. Philip was called away to the perusal of important dispatches, and that very night departed from England at the call of the emperor his father. Several days elapsed before Isolda, who rejoiced in his absence, discovered, amid the cumbrous folds of her robe, the ring which he had forced upon her. She saw with astonishment and dread that it was a present which he had received from the queen; and, only intent upon concealment, she hastily locked it up with the gems, the gold, and the billets, which the royal gallant had showered upon her. Restored however to tranquillity, she thought little of her past terrors, though a deeper gloom had overspread the court, and she spent the greater part of every day in the sick chamber of a querulous and most unhappy woman. She had a solace

which irradiated the cheerless scene. Her affectionate attention and untiring watchfulness had endeared her to her mistress, who had already selected a husband for her. Lionel Grandison, a younger son of an honorable family, was the man destined by the queen to receive the hand of the heiress of the Fitz-allans. He was of a suitable age, handsome and accomplished, delighted to fulfil the command of his sovereign, and anxious to secure the favor of one whom he hoped soon to call his wife. The etiquette and strictness of Mary's court did not permit many meetings, and still more rarely allowed a private interview; but, though kept thus at a distance from him, Isolda's young heart inclined toward the gallant cavalier, and she looked forward to an union with so rich a flower of knighthood with secret satisfaction.

Recovering a little from the accumulated maladies which wasted her frame, the queen was enabled to make a progress through the city. On this occasion Isolda formed one of the train which issued from the palace on horseback. The cavalcade had passed along the Strand, then an open road skirted by the houses of the nobility, and stopped for a few minutes at Temple-bar. Her attention was attracted by a young woman, who, clad in mean garments, pale and barefooted, with the most intense anxiety stood watching an opportunity to deliver a paper into the queen's hands. It was difficult for one so wretched in her appearance, and so slight and fragile, to make her way among the prancing chargers of the surrounding nobles; but, reckless of personal inconvenience, she darted forward at the risque and peril of her life, and had nearly reached the royal person, when the gate was suddenly thrown open, the queen gave the reins to her bounding steed, and a crowd was interposed between her and the suppliant. She stood the silent image of despair, and Isolda's sympathizing heart was deeply touched. Stretching forth her hand, she said, 'Good maiden, if thou wilt entrust thy missive to my care, doubt nothing; but be assured that it shall be faithfully delivered to our gracious mistress.'—'Bless you! oh bless you for that kind word!' exclaimed the grateful girl. 'Take it, and may he whom we both serve reward you for your charity.' Isolda eagerly seized the first favorable moment for the execution of her commission. She presented the paper

to the queen; it proved to be a petition from an unfortunate old man, doomed to expiate at the stake his attachment to the reformed religion. He prayed his sovereign to spare his gray hairs to the protection of his daughter, and not to require the destruction of his soul as the purchase of the few years which the course of nature would probably allow him on earth. Mary threw the scroll upon the ground.—'How little didst thou wot of the contents of this baleful paper,' she exclaimed, 'when thou becamest the bearer of the subtle device of a pestilent heretic! My throne is endangered, my peace destroyed, and the holy church outraged by the seditious obstinacy of these malcontents. May the saints grant me life till they sink abashed beneath my vengeance! And now, Isolda, I fear that all this heaviness hath fallen upon me in consequence of my constrained study of the abominable work of one Erasmus, which my father compelled me to render into the English tongue, until I was cast into sickness by the loathing I had to it. The book has been condemned by the synod; but how can I hope for quiet whilst I retain the copy, which, to preserve myself from jeopardy, I allowed my chaplain to finish? It is a paraphrase of the gospel of St. John by Erasmus. Take it, Isolda, and destroy it. I would not that our pious and worshipful friends should know that I had so long delayed to commit this mischievous and deadly snare to the devouring flames.' Isolda received the manuscript with a heavy heart. The cruel punishment inflicted upon the reformers seemed more frightful than ever, now that she felt interested in the fate of one of the sufferers. The pale form of that unhappy girl, her streaming eyes and disheveled hair, haunted her; and, as she prepared to obey the queen's commands, she paused for an instant to look upon the obnoxious book. She was insensibly allured to its perusal, and every page augmented her reverence for the doctrines which it contained. The fire was already kindled; but Isolda could not offer such an indignity to the sacred work, and she laid it by as a treasure sent from Heaven: she read it again and again, and became a convert to its precepts. Shunning the confessional, and no longer taking any delight in the mass, she looked abroad anxiously for the unhappy petitioner who had met so little favor from her in-

terference. It was the custom to dispense alms in the court-yard, and, when it came to her turn to relieve the poor, she perceived the girl waiting at a respectful distance, not daring to ask for a portion destined for the orthodox. Isolda made a sign for her to approach, and bade her come to her chamber at a certain hour. They wept together: the young heiress gave gold to her wretched companion, reduced to the last stage of misery by grief and want, and in return received a copy of the Bible. As Isolda was not an artful deceiver, her change of sentiment was soon suspected. She was watched by those who are ever ready to precipitate the ruin of a favorite, dragged into the presence of the queen, and accused of heresy. The moment was most unpropitious. Mary had just received an insult from her husband, which she could not and would not brook. He had sent his acknowledged mistress, the duchess of Lorraine, with a threatening letter, in which he commanded her to give the hand of her sister Elizabeth to the duke of Savoy. The indignant queen had refused to give audience to the minion of her lord. Philip's picture, cut into a thousand pieces, lay strewn upon the floor; and, being ashamed of the agitation which she had betrayed, she was not sorry that another object had presented itself on which she could vent her fury, without subjecting herself to the scorn of others.

Isolda's apartment was searched, and the discovery of the Bible, the queen's ring, and the other presents and letters of the king of Spain, added fresh fuel to her resentment. Having shocked her by bitter invectives, her persecutors hurried her away to a prison, and the glittering tapestry of a palace was exchanged for the dismal walls of a dungeon. She was now to experience the horrors which distinguished the reign of her mistress. The prisons were filled with the victims of an intolerant priesthood. The death of the bishop of Winchester had delayed the execution of those who were condemned; but they did not expect to avoid a cruel death.

Isolda, bewildered by the suddenness of her downfall, was scarcely conscious of her own concern in the calamity, and was more shocked by the sufferings of others than alarmed at the prospect of her impending fate. The sight of such extreme wretchedness was sufficient to wound her deeply; but the pious con-

versation of her fellow-prisoners had taught her to endure the utmost weight of evil, rather than shrink from the faith which she had embraced. The queen's anger grieved her; for, although she had served her more from duty than love, she could not obliterate from her memory the numerous acts of kindness which she had received at her hands. But a harder trial awaited her. Lionel Grandison, when he heard of her misfortune, instantly and nobly attempted to stay the torrent which threatened to overwhelm her. Mary, in some degree relenting after the first ebullition of jealousy had subsided, promised pardon upon immediate recantation, and the faithful lover exhorted her not to refuse the offered mercy. Never had he pleaded so warmly, and never had Isolda's heart inclined so strongly toward him; but she preferred the welfare of her soul to this world's joy, and remained firm.

The fatal day arrived. Clothed in sackcloth, she and many others, including the old man whose life she had so eagerly endeavoured to save, were led toward Smithfield, followed by a weeping multitude. As they approached the spot stained by the blood of martyrs, a confused noise was heard at a distance; the next moment a thousand tongues proclaimed the death of the queen, and immediate orders were issued for the return of the supposed heretics to their prison. Isolda's confinement was now of short duration. Lionel flew to her with an order for her release, and she rewarded his faithful love with her hand and with all her possessions.

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REDGAUNTLET, A TALE OF THE  
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY,

*by the Author of Waverley.*—3 vols.

THE northern novelist has been compared with Shakspeare by his fond admirers. We have at various times spoken so fully in his praise, that no one will suspect us of being inclined to derogate from his merit; and we may therefore affirm, without subjecting ourselves to the imputation of prejudice or illiberality, that he is far from being equal to the bard of Avon. In one respect, even Shakspeare did not manifest an inventive power, for he borrowed almost every one of his *subjects* (if not all) from histories or from novels: but many of his *characters* are truly original, and are kept



up with remarkable consistency, and he dived more deeply into human nature, and into the recesses of the mind, than the author of *Waverley*. Indeed, he left little for his successors to perform in the art of characteristic portraiture. Yet, notwithstanding the inferiority of the modern novelist to the great master of our drama in tact and in genius, there was an air of considerable novelty in *Waverley*, which, we are sorry to observe, has been gradually declining, until there is scarcely any appearance of it in the work which now calls for our notice.

The first volume consists of letters between Darsie Latimer and Alan Fairford, the latter being the son of a Scottish lawyer, who is the guardian of the former. This correspondence is not well discriminated in style and in manner. It is not, we allow, so inappropriate as that of the far-famed Rambler, who makes young women address him in his own pompous and pedantic phrasology; but it might easily have been rendered so distinct, that a letter from Darsie or from Alan might have been known at once, without looking at the superscription. Richardson, we may observe, was more attentive to the obvious propriety of epistolary distinction: he seems to have invested himself, in a remarkable degree, with the varied character of each personage introduced in his novels.

Darsie thus speaks of himself, and of the mystery in which his origin is enveloped; for a novel would not be deemed genuine if it had not some mystery hanging about its leading characters.

‘I am alone in the world; my only guardian writes to me of a large fortune, which will be mine when I reach the age of twenty-five complete; my present income is, thou knowest, more than sufficient for all my wants; and yet thou—traitor as thou art to the cause of friendship—dost deprive me of the pleasure of thy society, and submittest, besides, to self-denial on thine own part, rather than my wanderings should cost me a few guineas more! Is this regard for my purse, or for thine own pride? Is it not equally absurd and unreasonable, whichever source it springs from? For myself, I tell thee, I have, and shall have, more than enough for both.

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‘Were it pot that I recollect my poor mother in her deep widow’s weeds, with

a countenance that never smiled but when she looked on me—and then in such a wan and woeful sort, as the sun when he glances through an April cloud,—were it not, I say, that her mild and matron-like form and countenance forbid such a suspicion, I might think myself the son of some Indian director, or rich citizen, who had more wealth than grace, and a handful of hypocrisy to boot, and who was breeding up privately, and obscurely enriching, one of whose existence he had some reason to be ashamed. But, as I said before, I think on my mother, and am convinced as much as of the existence of my own soul, that no touch of shame could arise from aught in which she was implicated. Meantime I am wealthy, and I am alone, and why does my only friend scruple to share my wealth?’

While Alan is thoughtful and prudent, Darsie is volatile and unsteady; and, though dissuaded by his young friend from an indulgence of his propensity to rambling, wanders from one place to another without any definite object. In one of his rambles, he meets with an adventure which influences his future fortunes. On the shore of the Solway frith, he finds ‘a number of horsemen employed in *hunting* salmon.’

‘They chased (he says) the fish at full gallop, and struck them with their barbed spears, as you see hunters spearing boars in the old tapestry. The salmon, to be sure, take the thing more quietly than the boars; but they are so swift in their own element, that to pursue and strike them is the task of a good horseman, with a quick eye, a determined hand, and full command both of his horse and weapon. The shouts of the fellows as they galloped up and down in the animating exercise—their loud bursts of laughter when any of their number caught a fall—and still louder acclamations when any of the party made a capital stroke with his lance—gave so much animation to the whole scene, that I caught the enthusiasm of the sport, and ventured forward a considerable space on the sands. The feats of one horseman, in particular, called forth so repeatedly the clamorous applause of his companions, that the very banks rang again with their shouts. He was a tall man, well mounted on a strong black horse, which he caused to turn and wind like a bird in the air; carried a longer spear than the others, and wore

a sort of fur cap or bonnet, with a short feather in it, which gave him on the whole rather a superior appearance to the other fishermen. He seemed to hold some sort of authority among them, and occasionally directed their motions both by voice and hand; at which times I thought his gestures were striking, and his voice uncommonly sonorous and commanding.

‘The riders began to make for the shore, and the interest of the scene was almost over, while I lingered on the sands, with my looks turned to the shores of England, still gilded by the sun’s last rays, and, as it seemed, scarce distant a mile from me. The anxious thoughts which haunt me began to muster in my bosom, and my feet slowly and insensibly approached the river which divided me from the forbidden precincts, though without any formed intention, when my steps were arrested by the sound of a horse galloping; and as I turned, the rider (the same fisherman whom I had formerly distinguished) called out to me, in an abrupt manner, ‘Soho, brother! you are too late for Bowness to-night—the tide will make presently.’

‘I turned my head and looked at him without answering; for, to my thinking, his unexpected approach had, amidst the gathering shadows and lingering light, something which was wild and ominous.—‘Are you deaf?’ he added—‘or are you mad?—or have you a mind for the next world?’—‘I am a stranger,’ I answered, ‘and had no other purpose than looking on at the fishing—I am about to return to the side I came from.’—‘Best make haste then,’ said he. ‘He that dreams on the bed of the Solway, may wake in the next world. The sky threatens a blast that will bring in the waves three feet a-breast.’—So saying, he turned his horse and rode off, while I began to walk back towards the Scottish shore, a little alarmed at what I had heard; for the tide advances with such rapidity upon these fatal sands, that well-mounted horsemen lay aside hopes of safety, if they see its white surge advancing while they are yet at a distance from the bank.

‘These recollections grew more agitating, and instead of walking deliberately, I began a race as fast as I could, feeling, or thinking I felt, each pool of salt water through which I splashed, grow deeper and deeper. At length the surface of the sand did seem considerably more intersected with pools and

channels—either that the tide was really beginning to influence the bed of the estuary, or, as I must own is equally probable, that I had, in the hurry and confusion of my retreat, involved myself in difficulties which I had avoided in my deliberate advance. Either way, it was rather an unpromising state of affairs, for the sands at the same time turned softer, and my footsteps, as soon as I had passed, were instantly filled with water. I began to have odd thoughts concerning the snugness of your father’s parlour, and the secure footing afforded by the pavement of Brown’s Square and Scot’s Close, when my better genius, the tall fisherman, appeared once more close to my side, he and his sable horse looming gigantic in the now darkening twilight.—‘Are you mad?’ he said, in the same deep tone which had before thrilled on my ear, ‘or are you weary of your life?—You will be presently amongst the quicksands.’—I professed my ignorance of the way, to which he only replied, ‘There is no time for prating—get up behind me.’—He probably expected me to spring from the ground with the activity which these borderers have, by constant practice, acquired in all relating to horsemanship; but, as I stood irresolute, he extended his hand, and grasping mine, bid me place my foot on the toe of his boot, and thus raised me in a trice to the croupe of his horse. I was scarce securely seated, ere he shook the reins of his horse, who instantly sprang forward; but annoyed, doubtless, by the unusual burthen, treated us to two or three bounds, accompanied by as many flourishes of his hind heels. The rider sat like a tower, notwithstanding that the unexpected plunging of the animal threw me forward upon him. The horse was soon compelled to submit to the discipline of the spur and bridle, and went off at a steady hand-gallop; thus shortening the devious (for it was by no means a direct) path, by which the rider, avoiding the loose quicksands, made for the northern bank.

The appearance and dress of the stranger are thus described:

‘He had now thrown off his rough riding-cap, and his coarse jockey-coat, and stood before me in a grey jerkin trimmed with black (which sat close to, and set off his large and sinewy frame), and a pair of trowsers of a lighter color, cut as close to the body as they are used by Highlandmen. His shirt was without ruffles, and tied at the collar with a

black riband, which showed his strong and muscular neck rising from it, like that of an ancient Hercules. His head was small, with a large forehead and well-formed ears. He wore neither peruke nor hair-powder; and his chestnut locks, curling close to his head, like those of an antique statue, showed not the least touch of time, though the owner must have been at least fifty. His features were high and prominent in such a degree, that one knew not whether to term them harsh or handsome. In either case the sparkling grey eye, aquiline nose, and well formed mouth, combined to render his physiognomy noble and expressive. An air of sadness or severity, or of both, seemed to indicate a melancholy, and, at the same time, a haughty temper. I could not help running mentally over the ancient heroes, to whom I might assimilate the noble form and countenance before me. He was too young, and evinced too little resignation to his fate, to resemble Belisarius. Coriolanus, standing by the hearth of Tullus Aufidius, came nearer the mark; yet the gloomy and haughty look of the stranger had, perhaps, still more of Marius, seated among the ruins of Carthage.

Another portrait of the same personage is given by young Fairford.

‘I observed a rather elderly man, who stood with his eyes firmly bent on my father, as if he only waited an end of the business in which he was engaged, to address him. There was something, I thought, in the gentleman’s appearance which commanded attention: yet his dress was not in the present taste, and, though it had once been magnificent, was now antiquated and unfashionable. His coat was of branched velvet, with a satin lining; a waistcoat of violet-colored silk, much embroidered; his breeches the same stuff as the coat. He wore square-toed shoes, with fore-tops, as they are called; and his silk stockings were rolled up over his knee, as you may have seen in pictures, and here and there on some of those originals who seem to pique themselves on dressing after the mode of Methuselah. A *chapeau de bras* and sword necessarily completed his equipment, which, though out of date, showed that it belonged to a man of distinction.

‘My father, whose politeness, you know, is exact and formal, bowed, and hemmed, and was confused, and at

length professed that the distance since they had met was so great, that though he remembered the face perfectly, the name, he was sorry to say, had—really—somehow—escaped his memory.

‘Have you forgot Herries of Birrens-work?’ said the gentleman; and my father bowed even more profoundly than before, though I think his reception of his old friend seemed to lose some of the respectful civility which he bestowed on him while his name was yet unknown. It now seemed to be something like the lip courtesy which the heart would have denied had ceremony permitted.’

While Darsie is wandering about the borders of England, a young lady, calling herself Green-mantle, visits Alan, and endeavours to interest him in behalf of his friend, who had been warned of the danger of trusting himself in that country. Darsie sees this lady at the residence of the stranger, whom he finds to be a devoted partisan of the exiled family. He is strongly urged to embark in the same cause, but his attachment to the house of Hanover remains unshaken. In the progress of acquaintance, the stranger (Redgauntlet) shocks the delicacy of his young friend by ordering him to salute Green-mantle. ‘The command was sudden, and surprised Latimer, whose confusion was increased by the perfect ease and frankness with which Lilius offered at once her cheek and her hand, and pressing his, as she rather took it than gave her own, said very frankly, ‘Dearest Darsie, how rejoiced I am that our uncle has at last permitted us to become acquainted!’—Darsie’s head turned round! and it was perhaps well that Redgauntlet called on him to sit down, as even that movement served to hide his confusion. There is an old song which says,

————— ‘when ladies are willing,  
A man can but look like a fool;’

a good representation; and Latimer’s looks at this unexpected frankness of reception would have formed an admirable vignette for illustrating the passage. ‘Dearest Darsie,’ and such a ready and eager salute of lip and hand!—It was all very gracious, no doubt—and ought to have been received with much gratitude; but nothing could be more inconsistent with his tone of feeling. If a hermit had proposed to him to club for a pot of beer, the illusion of his reverend sanctity could not have been dispelled more effec-

tually than the divine qualities of Greenmantle faded upon the ill-imagined frank-heartedness of poor Lilius. Vexed with her forwardness, Darsie could hardly help muttering to himself two lines of the song we have already quoted :

‘The fruit that must fall without shaking  
Is rather too mellow for me.’

And yet it was pity of her too—she was a very pretty young woman—his fancy had scarce over-rated her in that respect—and the slight derangement of the beautiful brown locks which escaped in natural ringlets from under her riding-hat, with the bloom which exercise had brought into her cheek, made her even more than usually fascinating.

In a subsequent interview, Lilius, astonished at the cold formality with which Latimer addresses her, asks if it would not be as easy for him to call her sister. This discovery is followed by another, by which he learns that he is the heir of the Redgauntlets. She now relates to him the history of the family, from which it appears that their father had suffered death for rebellion, being hurried to his fate by the enthusiasm of his brother, to whom, however, the care of the children had been intrusted. The mother dreaded this, and endeavoured to keep them from him. Lilius thus proceeds :

‘While you and I, at that time two or three years old, were playing together in a walled orchard, adjacent to our mother’s residence, my uncle suddenly scaled the wall with several men, and I was snatched up and carried off to a boat which waited for them. My mother, however, flew to your rescue, and, as she seized and held you fast, my uncle could not possess himself of your person without using unmanly violence to his brother’s widow. Of this he was incapable ; and, as people began to assemble upon my mother’s screaming, he withdrew, after darting upon you and her one of those fearful looks, which, it is said, remain with our family, as a fatal bequest of Sir Alberic our ancestor.’

‘I have some recollection of the scuffle which you mention,’ said Darsie ; ‘and I think it was my uncle himself (since my uncle he is) who recalled the circumstance to my mind on a late occasion. I can now account for the guarded seclusion under which my poor mother lived, for her frequent tears, her starts of hysterical alarm, and her constant and

deep melancholy. Poor lady ! what a lot was hers, and what must have been her feelings when it approached to a close !’

‘It was then that she adopted,’ said Lilius, ‘every precaution her ingenuity could suggest, to keep your very existence concealed from the person whom she feared ; for she dreaded that the wild-fire blood of Redgauntlet would urge you to unite your fortunes to those of your uncle, who was well known still to carry on political intrigues which most other persons had considered as desperate. It was also possible that he, as well as others, might get his pardon, as government showed every year more lenity toward the remnant of the Jacobites, and then he might claim the custody of your person, as your legal guardian. Either of these events she considered as the direct road to your destruction.’

Having at length discovered his nephew, Redgauntlet zealously endeavours to seduce him into disloyalty. The friends of the pretender meet at the house of a catholic priest, and devise a scheme of insurrection ; and, when some of the party object to that bold measure, unless Charles Edward should act in person as their commander, Redgauntlet answers, that the prince is not only in England, but in the very place of deliberation.

‘There was a deep pause. Those among the conspirators, whom mere habit, or desire of preserving consistency, had engaged in the affair, now saw with terror their retreat cut off ; and others, who at a distance had regarded the proposed enterprise as hopeful, trembled when the moment of actually embarking in it was thus unexpectedly and almost inevitably precipitated. ‘How now, my lords and gentlemen !’ said Redgauntlet ; ‘is it delight and rapture that keeps you thus silent ? where are the eager welcomes that should be paid your rightful king, who a second time confides his person to the care of his subjects, unfettered by the hair-breadth escapes and severe privations of his former expedition ? I hope there is no gentleman here that is not ready to redeem, in his prince’s presence, the pledge of fidelity which he offered in his absence ?’ — ‘I, at least,’ said the young nobleman, resolutely, and laying his hand on his sword, ‘will not be that coward. If Charles is come to these shores, I will be the first to give him welcome, and to devote my life and fortune to his ser-

vice.—‘Before Cot,’ said Mr. Meredith, ‘I do not see that Mr. Redgauntlet has left us any thing else to do.’—‘Stay,’ said Summertrees, ‘there is yet one other question:—has he brought any of those Irish rapparees with him, who broke the neck of our last glorious affair?’—‘Not a man of them,’ said Redgauntlet.—‘I trust,’ said Dr. Grumball, ‘that there are no catholic priests in his company. I would not intrude on the private conscience of my sovereign; but, as an unworthy son of the church of England, it is my duty to consider her security.’—‘Not a popish dog or cat is there, to bark or mew about his majesty,’ said Redgauntlet. ‘Old Shaftesbury himself could not wish a prince’s person more secure from popery—which may not be the worst religion in the world, notwithstanding.—Any more doubts, gentlemen? can no more plausible reasons be discovered for postponing the payment of our duty, and discharge of our oaths and engagements? Meantime, your king waits your declaration—by my faith he hath but a frozen reception!’

The mal-contents soon find that they are betrayed, and that general Campbell is approaching with a whole battalion from Carlisle. They now think of the best means of escape for the unfortunate prince.—‘You may spare all considerations concerning me, gentlemen,’ said Charles; ‘yon mountain of Criffel shall fly as soon as I will.’ Most threw themselves at his feet with weeping and entreaty; some one or two slunk in confusion from the apartment, and were heard riding off. Unnoticed in such a scene, Darsie, his sister, and Redgauntlet, drew together, and held each other by the hands, as those who, when a vessel is about to founder in the storm, determine to take their chance of life and death together.

‘Amid this scene of confusion, a gentleman plainly dressed in a riding habit, with a black cockade in his hat, but without any arms except a *couteau de chasse*, walked into their apartment without ceremony. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly man, with a look and bearing decidedly military. He had passed through their guards, if in the confusion they now maintained any, without stop or question, and now stood, almost unarmed, among armed men, who nevertheless gazed on him as the angel of destruction.’ ‘You look coldly on me, gentlemen,’ he

said; ‘Sir Richard Glendale—my lord—we were not always such strangers. Ha, Pate-in-Peril, how is it with you? and you, too, Ingoldsby—why do you receive an old friend so coldly? But you guess my errand.’—‘And are prepared for it, general,’ said Redgauntlet; ‘we are not men to be penned up like sheep for the slaughter.’—‘Pshaw! you take it too seriously—let me speak but one word with you.’—‘No words can shake our purpose,’ said Redgauntlet, ‘were your whole command, as I suppose is the case, drawn round the house.’—‘I am certainly not unsupported,’ said the general; ‘but if you would hear me—’—‘Hear me, sir,’ said the Wanderer, stepping forward; ‘I suppose I am the mark you aim at—I surrender myself willingly, to save those gentlemen’s danger—let this at least avail in their favour.’ An exclamation of ‘Never, never!’ broke from the little body of partisans, who threw themselves round the unfortunate prince, and would have seized or struck down Campbell, had it not been that he remained with his arms folded, and a look, rather indicating impatience because they would not hear him, than the least apprehension of violence at their hands.

‘At length he obtained a moment’s silence. ‘I do not,’ said he, ‘know this gentleman—(making a profound bow to the prince)—I do not wish to know him; it is a knowledge which would suit neither of us.’—‘Our ancestors, nevertheless, have been well acquainted,’ said Charles, unable to suppress, even in that hour of dread and danger, the painful recollections of fallen royalty.—‘In one word, general Campbell,’ said Redgauntlet, ‘is it to be peace or war?—You are a man of honour, and we can trust you.’—‘I thank you, sir,’ said the general; ‘and I reply, that the answer to your question rests with yourself. Come, do not be fools, gentlemen; there was, perhaps, no great harm meant or intended by your gathering together in this obscure corner, for a bear-baiting, or a cock-fighting, or whatever other amusement you may have intended; but it was a little imprudent, considering how you stand with government, and it has occasioned some anxiety. Exaggerated accounts of your purpose have been laid before government by the information of a traitor in your own counsels; and I was sent down post to take the command of a sufficient number of troops, in case

these calamities should be found to have any real foundation. I have come here, of course, sufficiently supported both with cavalry and infantry, to do whatever might be necessary; but my commands are—and I am sure they agree with my inclination—to make no arrests, and to make no farther inquiries of any kind, if this good assembly will consider their own interests so far as to give up their immediate purpose, and return quietly home to their own houses.—‘What!—all?’ exclaimed Sir Richard Glendale—‘all, without exception?’—‘All, without one single exception,’ said the general: ‘such are my orders. If you accept my terms, say so, and make haste; for things may happen to interfere with his majesty’s kind purposes toward you all.’—‘His majesty’s kind purposes!’ said the Wanderer. ‘Do I hear you aright, sir?’—‘I speak the king’s very words, from his very lips,’ replied the general. ‘I will,’ said his majesty, ‘deserve the confidence of my subjects, by reposing my security in the fidelity of the millions who acknowledge my title—in the good sense and prudence of the few who continue, from the errors of education, to disown it.’—His majesty will not even believe that the most zealous Jacobites who yet remain can nourish a thought of exciting a civil war, which must be fatal to their families and themselves, besides spreading bloodshed and ruin through a peaceful land. He cannot even believe of his kinsman, that he would engage brave and generous, though mistaken men, in an attempt which must ruin all who have escaped former calamities; and he is convinced that, did curiosity or any other motive lead that person to visit this country, he would soon see it was his wisest course to return to the continent; and his majesty compassionates his situation too much to offer any obstacles to his doing so.’ ‘Is this real?’ said Redgauntlet. ‘Can you mean this?—Am I—are all, or any, of these gentlemen at liberty, without interruption, to embark in yonder brig, which I see is now again approaching the shore.’—‘You, sir—all—any of the gentlemen present,’ said the general,—‘all whom the vessel can contain are at liberty to embark uninterrupted by me; but I advise none to go off who have not powerful reasons, unconnected with the present meeting, for this will be remembered against no one.’—‘Then, gentlemen,’ said Redgauntlet, clasping his hands together

as the words burst from him, ‘the cause is lost for ever.’

The pretender and Redgauntlet take this opportunity of quitting the kingdom. Darsie recovers the estates of his father, and his sister gives her hand to Alan. The author will probably be blamed by the ladies for not having provided the former youth with a sweetheart, and also for making his heroine so insignificant, and working up the love-plot in a tame and spiritless manner: but these defects are compensated by the force and skill which he displays in various parts of the narrative, and by the general interest of the work.

Among the characters, Peter Peebles is one of the most striking, though it is neither absolutely new, nor well connected with the leading subject. It is the portrait of a man who has been reduced to poverty, and to a state of insanity, by a denial or delay of justice.—‘Such insane paupers (says Alan to his friend) have sometimes seemed to me to resemble wrecks lying upon the shoals on the Godwin Sands, or in Yarmouth Roads, warning other vessels to keep aloof from the banks on which they have been lost; or rather scare-crows and potatoe-bogles, distributed through the courts to scare away fools from the scene of litigation. The identical Peter wears a huge great-coat, thread-bare and patched itself, yet carefully so disposed and secured by what buttons remain, and many supplementary pins, as to conceal the still more infirm state of his under garments. The shoes and stockings of a ploughman were, however, seen to meet at his knees, with a pair of brownish, blackish breeches; a rusty-coloured handkerchief, that had been black in its day, surrounded his throat, and was an apology for linen. His hair, half grey, half black, escaped in elf-locks around a huge wig, made of tow, as it seemed to me, and so much shrunk, that it stood up on the very top of his head; above which he plants, when covered, an immense cocked hat, which, like the chieftain’s banner, may be seen any scaterunt day betwixt nine and ten, high towering above all the fluctuating and changeful scene in the Outer-House, where his eccentricities often make him the centre of a group of petulant and teasing boys, who exercise upon him every art of ingenious torment. His countenance, originally that of a portly, comely burgher, is now enaciated with poverty and anxiety, and rendered wild

by an insane lightness about the eyes; a withered and blighted skin and complexion; features charged with the self-importance peculiar to insanity; and a habit of perpetually speaking to himself.'

Peter's mode of interweaving law with every topic is ludicrously natural for a person in his circumstances; he has more of the jargon of forensic practice in his mouth than a veteran barrister. His habit of drinking to drive away care, is not very surprising; and his consequent moral degradation is forcibly depicted.

Wandering Willie, a blind musician, is another spirited sketch, and his tale of the Redgauntlet family is lively and characteristic. There is nothing particularly striking in the portraits of the Quaker Geddes and his sister, though they are not ill drawn. Nanty Ewart, the smuggler, is delineated in the Flemish style; the picture is coarse and vulgar, but well finished. His narrative of his own life is very amusing.

The hero, Redgauntlet, makes a less prominent figure than might have been expected. He is factious and intriguing, but does not act like a master-spirit. His associate Maxwell, or Pate-in-Peril, seems to have more animation about him. The account given, by this conspirator, of his concern in the rebellion, and of his well-managed escape, is pleasant and entertaining:

'Ye have heard of a year they call the *Forty-five*, when the Southrons' heads made their last acquaintance with Scottish claymores. There was a set of ram-rauling chields in the country then that they called rebels,—I never could find out what for. Some men should have been wi' them that never came;—Skyc and the Bush aboon Traquair for that, ye ken. Weel, the job was settled at last. Cloured crowns there were plenty, and raxed necks came into fashion. I dinna mind very weel what I was doing, swaggering about the country with dirk and pistol at my belt, for five or six months, or thereaway; but I had a weary waking out of a wild dream. Then did I find myself on foot on a misty morning, with my hand, just for fear of going astray, linked into a handcuff, with poor Harry Redgauntlet's fastened into the other; and there we were, trudging along, with about a score more that had thrust their horns ower deep in the bog, just like ourselves, and a serjeant's guard of red-coats, with twa file of dragoons, to keep all quiet, and give us heart to the

road. Now, if this mode of travelling was not very pleasant, the object did not particularly recommend it; for you understand, young man, that they did not trust these poor rebel bodies to be tried by juries of their ain kindly countrymen, though ane would have thought they would have found Whigs enough in Scotland to hang us all; but they behoved to trounce us away to be tried at Carlisle, where the folks had been so frightened, that, had you brought a whole Highland clan at once into the court, they would have put their hands upon their een, and cried, 'Hang them a,' just to be quit of them.'

'Weel, as I went by the side of Harry, and felt him raise my hand up in the mist of the morning, as if he wished to wipe his eye—(for he had not that freedom without my leave), my very heart was like to break for him, poor fellow. In the mean while, I had been trying and trying to make my hand as fine as a lady's, to see if I could slip it out of my iron wristband. You may think,' he said, laying his broad bony hand on the table, 'I had work enough with such a shoulder-of-mutton fist; but, if you observe, the shackle-bones are of the largest, and so they were obliged to keep the hand-cuff wide; at length I got my hand slipped out, and slipped in again; and poor Harry was sac deep in his ain thoughts, I could not make him sensible what I was doing, because there was an unchancy beast of a dragoon riding close beside us on the other side; and, if I had let him into my confidence as well as Harry, it would not have been long before a pistol-ball slapped through my bonnet.—Well, I had little for it but to do the best I could for myself; and by my conscience it was time, when the gallows was staring me in the face. We were to halt for breakfast at Moffat. Well did I know the moors we were marching over, having hunted and hawked on every acre of the ground in very different times. So I waited, you see, till I was on the edge of Errickstane brae. Ye ken the place they call the Marquis's Beef-stand, because the Annandale loons used to put their stotie cattle in there. It looks as if four hills were laying their heads together, to shut out day-light from the dark hollow space between them. A deep, black, black-guard-looking abyss of a hole it is, and goes straight down from the road-side, as perpendicular as it can do, to be a

heathery brae. At the bottom, there is a small bit of a brook, that you would think could hardly find its way out from the hills that are so closely jammed round it. Just when we came on the edge of this Beef-stand of the Johnstons, I slipped out my hand from the handcuff, cried to Harry Gauntlet, 'Follow me!'—whisked under the belly of the dragoon horse,—flung my plaid round me with the speed of lightning,—threw myself on my side, for there was no keeping my feet, and down the brae hurled I, over heather, and fern, and blackberries, like a barrel down Chalmer's close in Auld Reekie. God, sir, I never can help laughing when I think how the scoundrel red-coats must have been bumbazed; for the mist being, as I said, thick, they had little notion, I take it, that they were on the verge of such a dilemma. I was half way down—(for rowing is faster wark than running) ere they could get at their arms; and then it was flash, flash, flash,—rap, rap, rap,—from the edge of the road; but my head was too jumbled to think any thing either of that or the hard knocks I got among the stones. I kept my senses together, whilk has been thought wonderful by all that ever saw the place; and I helped myself with my hands as gallantly as I could, and to the bottom I came. There I lay for half a moment; but the thought of a gallows is worth all the salts and scent-bottles in the world, for bringing a man to himself. Up I sprung, like a four-year-auld colt. All the hills were spinning round with me, like so many great big humming-tops. But there was nae time to think of that neither; more especially as the mist had risen a little with the fring. I could see the villains, like sae many craws on the edge of the brae; and I reckon that they saw me; for some of the loons were beginning to crawl down the hill, but liker auld wives in their red cloaks, coming frae a field-preaching, than such a souple lad as I was. Accordingly, they soon began to stop and load their pieces. Good e'en to you, gentlemen, thought I, if that is to be the gate of it. If you have any farther word with me, you maun come as far as Carriefraw-gauns. And so off I set, and never buck went faster ower the braes than I did; and I never stopped till I had put three waters, reasonably deep, as the season was rainy, half-a-dozen mountains, and a few thousand

acres of the worst moss and ling in Scotland, betwixt me and my friends the red-coats.'

Upon the whole, this novel cannot justly be considered as the worst of the series. It has evidently been composed with precipitation and carelessness; yet it undoubtedly possesses considerable merit. The author's genius may be occasionally clouded; but it breaks out and flashes in various parts, with rays which emulate its former splendor. As he seems, however, to have nearly exhausted his vein with regard to Scotland, we would advise him to direct his attention once more to England; and we beg leave to recommend, as the subject of a future work, the leading features of the eventful history of the king-making earl of Warwick. The manners and characters of the English of that period have never been minutely or faithfully described, and the critical state in which they then existed, between barbarism and civilisation, would afford ample opportunities for a display of his talents.

#### ELEVATION AND SUBLIMITY OF THE POETICAL CHARACTER;

*from Goethe's Novel of Wilhelm Meister.*

'How immensely, my dear friend, do you err in believing that a work, the first presentation of which is to fill the whole soul, can be produced in broken hours scraped together from other extraneous employment. No, the poet must live wholly for himself, wholly in the objects that delight him. Heaven has furnished him internally with precious gifts; he carries in his bosom a treasure that is ever of itself increasing; he must also live with this treasure, undisturbed from without, in that still blessedness which the rich seek in vain to purchase with their accumulated stores. Look at men, how they struggle after happiness and satisfaction! Their wishes, their toil, are ever hunting restlessly; and after what? After that which the poet has received from nature, the right enjoyment of the world, the feeling of himself in others, the harmonious conjunction of many things that will seldom exist together.

'What is it that keeps men in continual discontent and agitation? It is, that they cannot make realities correspond with their conceptions, that enjoyment steals away from among their



hands, that the wished-for comes too late, and nothing reached and acquired produces on the heart the effect, which their longing for it at a distance led them to anticipate. Now, fate has exalted the poet above all this, as if he were a god. He views the conflicting tumult of the passions; sees families and kingdoms raging in aimless commotion; sees those inexplicable enigmas of misunderstanding, which frequently a single monosyllable would suffice to explain, occasioning convulsions unutterably baleful. He has a fellow-feeling of the mournful and the joyful in the fate of all human beings. When the man of the world is devoting his days to wasting melancholy for some deep disappointment, or in the ebullience of joy is going out to meet his happy destiny, the lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit of the poet steps forth, like the sun from night to day, and with soft transitions tunes his harp to joy or woe. From his heart, its native soil, springs up the lovely flower of wisdom; and if others, while waking, dream, and are pained with fantastic delusions from their every sense, he passes the dream of life like one awake, and that which is the strangest of incidents is to him a part both of the past and of the future. And thus the poet is at once a teacher, a prophet, a friend of gods and men. How! thou would'st have him to descend from his height to some paltry occupation? He who is fashioned like the bird to hover round the world, to nestle on the lofty summits, to feed on buds and fruits, exchanging gaily one bough for another, ought forsooth to work at the plough like an ox; like a dog to train himself to the harness and draught; or, perhaps, tied up in a chain, to guard a farm-yard by his barking.

'Poets have lived so,' exclaimed Wilhelm, 'in times when true nobleness was better revered; and so should they ever live. Sufficiently provided for within, they have need of little from without; the gift of communicating lofty emotions and glorious images to men, in melodies and words that charmed the ear, and fixed themselves inseparably on whatever objects they referred to, of old enraptured the world, and served the gifted as a rich inheritance. At the courts of kings, at the tables of the great; beneath the windows of the fair, the sounds of them were heard, while the ear and the soul were shut for all

beside; and men felt, as we do when delight comes over us, and we stop with rapture if among the dingles which we are crossing the voice of the nightingale starts out touching and strong. They found a home in every habitation of the world, and the lowliness of their condition but exalted them the more. The hero listened to their songs; and the conqueror of the earth did reverence to a poet; for he felt that, without poets, his own wild and vast existence would pass away like a whirlwind, and be forgotten for ever. The lover wished that he could feel his longings and his joys so variedly and so harmoniously as the poet's inspired lips had skill to show them forth; and even the rich man could not of himself discern such costliness in his idol grandeurs, as when they were presented to him shining in the splendor of the poet's spirit, sensible to all worth, and exalting all.'

#### A TALE OF THE DAYS OF SHAKSPEARE.

DR. NATHAN DRAKE has favored us, in his '*Noontide Leisure*,' with the story of Montchensey, a gentleman who is supposed to have visited the great dramatist. After describing the poet's habitation in a letter to a friend, he says,

'Conceive the door of a little study opening, and Shakspeare coming forward with a smile of the most fascinating good-humor, to congratulate your friend on his recovery. There was, indeed, an expression of so much sweetness and benignity in his features, that I thought I had never beheld a more interesting countenance. You will tell me this was partly owing to irresistible prepossession in his favor; it may have been so; but I will endeavour to be more particular. He appeared to me in height about the middle size, not corpulent, but rather full in his person, which, notwithstanding he is in his fifty-second year, may be still justly termed handsome, as well as correctly and finely formed. His forehead, high and unusually ample in its dimensions, is nobly expanded, and his hair, which is thinly scattered on the top of his head, clusters thickly about his temples and neck, and is of a beautiful auburn color. His eyes, in a most remarkable degree, pleasing in their expression, yet, at the same time, profoundly indicative of the mighty mind within, are of a light and lively hazel, with brows that form nearly a





complete arch. To this description, if I add the undulating outline of the nose, the dimpled expression of the cheeks, the perfect symmetry of the mouth, and the open sweetness of the lips, you may form to yourself a pretty accurate picture of the bard, more especially when I farther remark, that the contour of his face is oval, the upper lip surmounted by a mustachio, with the extremities slightly elevated, and the chin covered by a pointed beard. It may be necessary, also, in order to render my portrait more striking, to say something of his dress, which, at this morning's interview, consisted of a loose black gown or tabard without sleeves, a rich doublet of scarlet cloth, hose of dark grey, and boots or buskins of russet-colored leather.

Montchensy's daughter Helen is then introduced, and she thus describes the female part of the family:

'Here were Mrs. Shakspeare and her two daughters; the former, who is, I understand, nearly eight years older than her husband, and was married to him when he was but eighteen, appears to be approaching towards sixty; and, though thus far advanced in life, still retains some strong traces of having once been eminently beautiful. She was simply but becomingly dressed in a French hood and moderately sized ruff, a gown of light grey silk, with a black velvet cape, slightly embroidered with bugelles, had bracelets on her arms, and an ivory-handled fan of ostrich feathers in her hand. My attention, however, was almost instantly attracted to the elder daughter, Mrs. Hall, whose features strongly resemble those of her father, and, though not regularly handsome, possess a degree of combined sweetness and intelligence which cannot but prepossess every individual in her favor. A smile of the most bewitching expression played upon her lips as I entered the room, and gave the utmost effect to a style of dress singularly tasteful and elegant. A caul or net of silver thread was thrown over her glossy tresses, and on this were obliquely placed several artificial seed-pods, which were represented open, with rows of pearls for seeds. An open ruff of web-like lawn, a necklace of pearls, and a gown of fawn-colored muslin, over which was worn a kirtle or mantle of dark brown satin, bordered with lace, will complete the portrait of my favorite Susanna; especially when I

add, that she inherits a portion of her father's wit and humor, that, in her person, she is somewhat tall and full, but highly lovely and graceful, and, as to age, not much, I should imagine, beyond the period of thirty.

'Judith, the younger daughter, who is about to be married to a gentleman of this place of the name of Quiney, wore her hair, according to the custom of our sisterhood, uncovered, knotted, and raised high at the forehead. She had on a gown of Lincoln-green, fitted close to the body, with cut sleeves, and with a very long and pointed bodice. Her ruff, which was large, and stiffened with straw-colored starch, was curiously plaited; she exhibited a slender chain of gold, pendent from her neck; had on a petticoat of white taffety, wrought with vine-leaves round the bottom, and wore perfumed gloves. In her stature she is rather short, more reserved in her disposition than Mrs. Hall, and less pleasing and intellectual in her countenance.'

In the progress of the narrative, the manners and customs of the time are pleasingly described, and amusing anecdotes are related. Helen meets with an admirer; the poet acts a leading part in the love-story; and the tale terminates with his death and the union of the lovers.

#### A LATE VISIT TO STRATFORD ON THE AVON.

THE author of the Sketch-Book, having undertaken a 'poetical pilgrimage' to the house in which Shakspeare was born, says that it was shown by a 'garulous old lady in a frosty red face, who was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this (like all other celebrated shrines) abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakspeare shot the deer, on his poaching exploit. There, too, was his tobacco-box, which proves that he was a rival smoker of sir Walter Raleigh;—the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of the bard's mulberry-tree, of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

'The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakspeare's chair. It stands in the chimney nook of a small

gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin; or in an evening, listening to the crones and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom for every one that visits the house to sit: whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bards I am at a loss to say; I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me, that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new-bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for, though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.

This scene, we may add, is well represented in the annexed engraving; and we rejoice in the opportunity of illustrating these interesting points of reference.

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OBSERVATIONS AND STATEMENTS CONNECTED WITH NATURAL HISTORY;

*from White's Travels in Cochín-China.*

'It is difficult to conceive the abundance of game in Don-nai: deer and antelopes are daily in the bazars, and hares occasionally; and this country of rivers is the paradise of aquatic fowls, of various descriptions, while the copses and rice-plantations are filled with birds of granivorous habits. The sportsman may in half an hour fill his game-bag to overflowing. The woods and mountains abound with wild beasts, such as the elephant, tiger, rhinoceros, &c.

'These animals are all hunted by the natives; the elephant for his teeth, the tiger for his skin, and the rhinoceros for his horn. The last article is formed much like a limpet shell, but more pointed; at its base it is generally about six inches long, by four inches wide, and protrudes about six or eight inches. There is a shallow concavity occupying the whole base, resembling the limpet also in that respect. To judge of the goodness of the horn, this concave part is held

to the ear, and the greater the noise, resembling that of the waves on the sea-beach, the better the horn. This criterion appears to be fallacious, if not ridiculous; but the Chinese, who are accustomed to purchase these articles, are always determined by this test. The Onamese speak with great energy of the irresistible strength and amazing velocity of the rhinoceros. They say he moves so rapidly, that it is difficult for the eye to keep pace with him; that no object in his way is any impediment to his rapid career; that he beats down rocks, walls, and large trees, with great ease; and that his track can be easily traced by the ruins in his rear. When I spoke of this animal one day to the viceroy, he observed, 'You now see him here, before you, in Saigon;' and, snapping his fingers, 'now he is in Canjeo.' However hyperbolical these accounts appear to be, we may yet infer from them, that the rhinoceros is an animal of astonishing strength and speed.

'The common tiger of Cochín-China is not greatly dreaded, but the royal tiger is a most terrific animal. The governor presented one of the latter to the commander of each ship: they were confined in very strong cages of iron-wood. That which I had was a beautiful female, about two years old, nearly three feet high, and five feet long.

'A remarkable anecdote, relative to this animal, I cannot forbear relating. In Saigon, where dogs are 'dog-cheap,' we used to give the tigress one every day. They were thrown alive into her cage, when, after playing with her victim for a while, as a cat does with a mouse, her eyes would begin to glisten, and her tail to vibrate, which were the immediate precursors of death to the devoted little prisoner, which was invariably seized by the back of the neck, the incisors of the sanguinary beast perforating the jugular arteries, while she would traverse the cage, which she lashed with her tail, and suck the blood of her prey, which hung suspended from her mouth.

'One day a puppy, not at all remarkable, or distinguishable in appearance from the common herd, was thrown in, who immediately, on perceiving his situation, set up a dismal yell, and attacked the tigress with great fury, snapping at her nose, from which he drew some blood. The tigress appeared to be amused with the puny rage of the puppy.

and with as good-humored an expression of countenance as so ferocious an animal could be supposed to assume, she affected to treat it all as play; and sometimes spreading herself at full length on her side, at others crouching in the manner of the fabled sphinx, she would ward off with her paw the incensed little animal, till he was finally exhausted. She then proceeded to caress him, endeavouring by many little arts to inspire him with confidence, in which she finally succeeded, and in a short time they lay down together and slept. From this time they were inseparable; the tigress appearing to feel for the puppy all the solicitude of a mother, and the dog, in return, treating her with the greatest affection; and a small aperture was left in the cage, by which he had free ingress and egress. Experiments were subsequently made, by presenting a strange dog at the bars of the cage, when the tigress would manifest great eagerness to get at it; her adopted child was then thrown in, on which she would eagerly pounce; but immediately discovering the cheat, she would caress it with great tenderness. The natives made several unsuccessful attempts to steal this dog from us.

'The king, it was stated, had at Huè some white elephants, but I never saw one in the country. Elephants are occasionally eaten; but the use of them, as well in this respect as all others, is confined to the king and nobility.

'While upon an excursion one day, in pursuit of some planks to repair one of our boats, we observed, before an old woman's stall, what we supposed to be turtle boiled, and exposed for sale in square pieces; but our linguist told us it was *cayman*, or alligator, and bade us follow him, which we did, to an enclosure at the back of the building, where there were about twenty of these hideous animals, from two to twelve feet in length, walking about, with their jaws bound together. The method of taking them, we were told, was by placing a number of small lines in their haunts, with which they become entangled, and fall an easy prey to the hunters.

'Snakes of several species are frequently seen swimming in the river, among which are the *cobra de capello*, or hooded serpent, and the small green viper, whose bite is almost instantaneously mortal: it is said to be purblind in the daytime, but very quick-sighted in the dark. One of these latter sub-

jects, now in the museum of the East India Marine Society, was killed by me. It had ascended from the river, and perched on the *roulook* of the boat, very near my head, while I was going on shore, and reclining under the canopy. A large cobra was pursued by the second mate of the Franklin, in the boat, for about a mile: he fought with great fury, and was frequently wounded by the boat-hook, with which the officer was armed, till he finally eluded farther pursuit, by diving under the bottoms of the country vessels.'

#### MISCELLANEOUS VARIETIES.

*Deaths of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands.*—How frail is life, and how fallacious are human hopes! Young and apparently healthful, Tamahacha and his queen, when they landed in our island, could have no presentiment of the fate which awaited them. They looked forward, not only to an enjoyment of social life and an acquaintance with the civilised manners of Europe, but also to a happy renewal of their residence on the spot which gave them birth. But the nature of our climate, operating on frames which were not habituated to its variability, threw the queen into an inflammation of the lungs; and the best medical advice could not save her. She died on the 8th of July, at the age of twenty-two years. The three physicians who attended her by the command of our sovereign, published the following statement:—'The queen of the Sandwich Islands departed this life about half-past six this evening, without much apparent suffering, and in possession of her senses to the last moment. The king, in the midst of this deep sorrow, manifests a firmness of mind which has penetrated every body about him with a feeling of respect. Though very anxious to express his grief in the manner of his country, and to show the marks of deference which are usually paid to the dead there, he submits with good sense and patience to every suggestion which our habits dictate. We have every reason to believe, that his majesty's anxiety and depression have aggravated all the symptoms of his disease, which, but for this cause, might ere now have terminated prosperously; but we hope in a day or two that he will be better.'—'This hope, we are sorry to say, was frustrated. The royal stranger

remained for several days in a doubtful state, and died (on the sixth day after he had lost his wife), of an abscess on the lungs. He expressed his gratitude for the attentive kindness of the British monarch, and for the respect with which the people had treated him; declared his conviction of the truth of Christianity, and trusted that he should go to heaven with his beloved and lamented queen.

*Paternal Grief, exemplified in the case of Mr. Burke.*—Mr. James Prior says, 'He felt with excessive poignancy the loss of such a companion and confident [as his son], the unexpected and irremediable destruction of the hopes entertained of his advancement and fame, and (as the only remaining child) the consequent extinction of the hopes of descendants to continue his name. It shook his frame indeed to its centre, and though without the slightest effect on his intellectual energies, his bodily powers rapidly declined. He never afterwards could bear to look towards Beaconsfield church, the place of his son's interment; nor was he perhaps for any length of time ever absent from his mind, except when engaged in literary composition, which therefore became rather a relief than a labour. The late bishop of Meath used to say that, the first time he had an opportunity of seeing him after the melancholy event, he was shocked to observe the change which it had produced in his appearance; his countenance displayed traces of decay and of mental anguish, his chest was obviously much sunk, and altogether exhibited the appearance of one bowed down both in frame and in spirit by affliction. Nearly all his private letters and publications written after this time contain many and pathetic allusions to his loss, and in his conversation they were still more frequent. He called him 'the hope of his house, the prop of his age, his other and better self.' Writing to a relation on the birth of a son, he said, 'May he live to be the staff of your age, and close your eyes in peace, instead of (like me) reversing the order of nature, and having the melancholy office to close his.' To Mr. (now baron) Smith he writes, 'So heavy a calamity has fallen upon me as to disable me for business and to disqualify me for repose. The existence I have I do not know that I can call life.\* \* \* Good nights to you—I never can have any.' To Sir Hercules Langrishe he talks of the remainder

of his 'short and cheerless existence in this world.' In a letter to lord Auckland he says, 'For myself or for my family (alas! I have none) I have nothing to hope or to fear in this world.' The Letter to a noble Lord speaks of 'the sorrows of a desolate old man.' He says, 'the storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. I greatly deceive myself if, in this hard season of life, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world.'

*A Simile.*—Mr. Hervey received the following communication from a lady; but it arrived too late for insertion in his *Meditations*:—

'The caterpillar may not improperly be considered as an emblem of the natural, the regenerate, the glorified man—of the natural in her reptile, of the regenerate in her nymphal, of the glorified in her winged state. In her reptile condition she crawls on the ground, delights in gross aliment, and appears with a disagreeable aspect; so, the carnal man grovels amidst low and earthly views, knowing no higher satisfaction than the sordid gratifications of sense. Soon as the worm becomes a nymph, she discontinues her mean pursuits, withdraws into the retirement of her cell, and seems as one sick of the world; so the person renewed by grace and instructed by experience, renounces his foolish attachments and guilty pleasures, and is often in secrecy communing with his own heart. When the nymph is transformed into a butterfly, she spurns the earth, and mounts the air; she roves along the flowery gardens, sips their dews, and sucks their honey. The glorified believer likewise is no longer confined to this vale of tears, but springs to his native heaven: immortal beauty adorns his body, and his soul is stamped with the illustrious image of the Deity; he lives on the beatific vision, and his joys are exquisite,—they are eternal!'

*Nature of Expression in Man and in the inferior Animals.*—'In brutes (says Mr. Bell, the surgeon) the strongest and most marked expression is that of rage, the objects of which are opposition, re-

sistance, and defence. The graminivorous animals, however, which seek their subsistence not by preying upon others, nor by the ferocity, contest, and victory, which supply the carnivorous with food, have in their features no strong expression of rage. It is in the carnivorous quadrupeds, with whose habits and manner of life ferocity is instinctively connected, as the great means of their subsistence, that rage is distinguished by the most remarkable strength of expression. The eyeball is terrible, and the retraction of the flesh of the lips indicates the most savage fury. The excitement of the respiratory organs, the heaving and agony of breathing, the deep and harsh motion of the air drawn through the throat in the savage growl, indicate the universal excitement of the animal.

‘There is combined in the face of man a capacity for all the variety of expressions which distinguish the several kinds of whose nature he partakes. He stands, as it were, between the carnivorous and graminivorous animals, or rather, it is more correct to say, he partakes of the nature of both.

‘Whether we look to the form of the features, or to their capacities of expression, the consideration of the two classes of muscles, as pointed out in the carnivorous and graminivorous brutes, will illustrate some peculiarities. The excitement of passion will in one man be indicated chiefly by the prevalence of one class of muscles, and in another individual the other class will predominate and give expression. In the Kemble cast of features there is a capacity of high excitement; but in that family there never appeared the blood-thirsty expression which Cooke could throw into his face. In the latter the *ringentes* [or *grinning muscles*] prevailed; and what determined hate he could express, when, combined with the oblique cast of his eyes, he drew up the outer part of the upper lip, and disclosed a sharp angular tooth! And is it not this lateral drawing of the lips, and stretching them upon the closed teeth, that makes the blood start from them in remorseless hate and rancour? But in the cast of Mrs. Siddons’ countenance there is a capacity of noble sentiment—it blazed in expression on the discovery of fraud and villany. There, as in her brother John, the animation is in the mobility of the nostril and the swelling of the upper lip, and a mouth capable of expressing whatever is most exalted in human sentiment.’

*Letter to Mrs. Howard from Lord Stanhope, afterward Earl of Chesterfield, not published among his Works.*—After assuring you of my respects, which no place can alter, I am more at a loss what to say from hence, than I should have been from any other part, either of this world or the next; for, were I to give you a true description of this place, I should lie under the imputation that travellers generally do. I will only tell you, by way of specimen, that the inhabitants here are as utter strangers to the sun as they are to shoes and stockings; and were it, by some strange revolution in nature, once to shine upon them, the unusual light would certainly blind them, in case the heat did not suddenly kill them. It is called The Peak; and you have heard the devil is reported to have some possessions in it, which I certainly believe. For, had I been a Papist, (as, thank God, I am not,) I should have thought myself in purgatory; but, being a good Protestant, I was obliged most orthodoxly to conclude myself to be in hell. But reflecting, since, how little good company I meet with *here*, and how much I might expect to find *there*, together with the consideration of my excessive poverty, I begin to believe I am in Scotland, where, like the rest of that nation, I only stay till I am master of half-a-crown to get out of it. But, after all this, I ought in justice, and, indeed, to give the *devil his due*, to inform you of the satisfactions I meet with here. In the first place, the waters, that my father came here to drink, have done him a great deal of good, and, I hope, have confirmed his health for a considerable time. In the next place, I have my two brothers, who make it their whole business to entertain me. They never suffer me to be alone, thinking me inclined to melancholy. Then having heard, that I love music, they spare no pains to please me that way, the eldest performing tolerably ill upon a broken hautboy, and the youngest something worse upon a cracked flute. As I would be civil in my turn, too, I beg of them not to give themselves so much trouble upon my account, being apprehensive that great expense of breath may impair their lungs; but all to no purpose, for they assure me they will venture anything to divert me, and so play the more. Besides these domestic amusements, I have likewise my recreations abroad, both pleasant and



profitable; for I have won three half-crowns of the curate at a horse-race, and six shillings of Gaffer Foxeley at a cock-match. But whether this success may not one day or other prove to my cost, by drawing me into gaming, I cannot answer. I am afraid I have, like most memoir-writers, troubled you too long with the account of my own life; but you will easily excuse me, for the sake of that agreeable variety you will find in it. So wishing you all imaginable success at Trey-ace, Commerce, or whatever else may be the prevailing diversion of the lodge, I am, with the greatest truth and respect, yours, &c. STANHOPE.

*The Peak, June 30, 1725.*

*Luxuries at the Balls in Paris.*—

When a supper is now given after a ball, every thing rare and expensive is generally procured. The refreshments handed round, between the different sets of dances, are, like the wax-lights, in profusion, and consist of ices, served on saucers of white china with gold edges or cut crystal. Rum punch and lemonade are likewise handed about; and a variety of syrups and confectionary are also presented to the guests. Between twelve and one the supper takes place: there are generally two kinds of soup, with preserves and fruits of every kind; and the table is furnished with small napkins of the finest fabric, beside a prodigious display of cut glass, plate and china. A number of servants attend in splendid liveries; and, if a huntsman be kept, he in proper costume precedes the rest, as he brings in a dish of choice game. Among the pastry served up last is a simple *galette*, a kind of crumpet: it is cut in pieces, and every piece encloses a bean. If this falls to the lot of a gentleman, he immediately chooses a queen for the night, who calls for every dance she thinks proper, or a piece of music to be played, &c. When the bean falls to a lady, she also chooses a king; but he does not command; he only complies with the wishes of his lady, and is her much obliged partner,—a circumstance which tends to demonstrate the influence of the fair sex in France.

*State of Female Society at Weimar.*—

Like all their sisters of Saxony, the ladies are models of industry; whether at home or abroad, knitting and needlework know no interruption. A lady, going to a

rou, would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without her implements of female industry. A man would be quite pardonable for fancying, on entering such a drawing-room, that he had strayed into a school of industry, and was expected to cheapen stockings, instead of dealing in small talk. At Dresden it is carried so far, that even the theatre is not protected against stocking wires. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the sorrows of *Thekla* in *Wallenstein's Death* had brought into her eyes, and immediately resume her knitting. The Weimarese have not yet found it necessary to put softness of heart so absolutely under the protection of the workbag. They are much more attached to music than dancing, and sometimes a desperate struggle is made to get up a masquerade; but they want the vivacity without which a thing of that sort is the most insipid of all amusements. The higher class leave the masquerades to the citizens, who demurely pace round a room, in black dominoes, and stare at each other in black faces.

As might be expected from the literary tone which so long ruled, and still lingers round the court and society of Weimar, even the ladies have not altogether escaped a sprinkling of pedantry; some have been thickly powdered over with it, and, in so small a circle, shake off their learned dust on all whom they meet. One coterie forms a regular critical club. The gifted members, varying in age from sixteen to sixty, hold their weekly meetings over tea-cups, wrapped up in as cautious secrecy as if celebrating the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*. A daring Clodius once intruded, and witnessed the dissection of a tragedy; but he had reason to repent the folly of being wise so long as he remained within the reach of the conclave. But, altogether, the ladies of Weimar are, in every thing that is good, a favorable specimen of their countrywomen.—*Tour in Germany.*

*Anecdote of Canova.*—This great artist, when at Vienna, courted by all who were distinguished by birth, rank, or talent, being one day at prince Rezzonico's, was asked why he appeared so low-spirited. 'I do not know,' said he, 'what is the reason; but, when I am in my studio at Rome, working all day long

with my paper cap on my head and my apron round my waist, I feel my lungs expanded, my heart at ease, my spirits light as air, and my vigor increased by contemplating the surrounding objects. These delicious sensations keep the body and mind in harmony with each other. Since I have been here, though I have certainly met with nothing but what has been calculated to flatter my self-love in the highest degree, I am, nevertheless, like the unfruitful soil of the north, sterile in genius, in health, and in spirits, and feel as if I had the seven mortal sins on my shoulders.'

*Instances of Burke's Pleasantry.*—When his friend, the Rev. Mr. Marlay, was appointed to the deanery of Ferns, 'I do not like the name,' said he, 'it sounds so like a barren title; it might be a subject for contest between Mr. Heath and Mr. Moss.'—When some one inquired whether the Isle of Man was worth visiting, 'By all means,' said Mr. Burke; 'the proper study of mankind is man.'—Boswell, wishing to give a definition of man, called him a *cooking* animal. 'Your definition is good,' replied Mr. Burke; 'I now see the full force of the common proverb, 'there is reason in the roasting of eggs.' When the same industrious chronicler observed that some learned ladies were assembled around, and vying in attention to a worthy and tall friend of theirs (Johnson), 'Aye,' said Mr. Burke, 'they flock like maids round a May-pole.'

*A Military Anecdote.*—On what little accidents do the great events of this world often depend! During the American revolutionary war, when the two armies were near each other, an English officer, who was stationed at one of the outposts, observed a general officer of the enemy approaching to reconnoitre with a telescope the English position. He approached within shot, so near as to offer a sure mark. The finger was on the trigger, when the Englishman's heart failed him: he could not bear to take away the life of one who apprehended no danger; and, lowering the gun, he suffered the unconscious American to pass on. This American was—general Washington.

*Slaves.*—When persons of this description were exposed to sale among the

Romans, a writing containing the trade or profession which they exercised (for their masters carried on manufactures by means of them); was hung from the neck. The feet of those who came from Asia were distinguished in the market by being chalked, and when the slave-merchant would not warrant them, he exposed them in a cap, not the bare head. Capricious mistresses beat their female slaves with ferules, whips of ox-leather, and, according to Juvenal, even hired executioners to whip their servants at an annual salary. The bad ones were branded, and compelled to work in prisons and fettered. After freedom they often worked as journeymen in their wonted offices.

Slaves were divided into two ranks, the *ordinarii* and *vicarii*, of whom the former commanded the latter. Those of medical persons practised physic, and were often liberally educated, for the instruction of children, &c.—Among the Anglo-Saxons, slaves were a great article of commerce, and Andrews and Henry have shown that it prevailed for several succeeding centuries. The German slaves were, like our subsequent bondmen, copyholders with service.—Among the old Gauls they were very different, and it is plain, from the instance next mentioned, that the Gallic customs in this respect prevailed among the Britons. Blue, says Pliny, was the color, in which the Gauls clothed their slaves; and hence, for many ages, *blue coats* were the liveries of servants and apprentices, even of younger brothers; as now of the *blue-coat* boys, *blue schools* in the country, &c. Hence the proverb in Ray, *He's in his better blue clothes*. Slaves exposed to sale among the old Gauls carried a branch on their heads; and at the present day, at the periodical hirings in the country towns, servants carry boughs, &c. in their hats. Stature was very much regarded, and they were valued like horses, *by the number of hands high*. Goldastus says, *Let him give another slave, undecim manuum longum*, eleven hands tall. They were given and received in pawn. Liberation was the consequence (in the capitularies) of knocking out an eye or a tooth; nor could they marry without licence, &c. The British slaves came to work before sunrise. The Anglo-Saxons made all whom they conquered slaves. Even queens and princesses were exposed in

public markets. A king was sold for a garment, and a collection of boys exchanged for a fine girl. It is said, however, that if they were of genius, and understood letters, they were liberated.

The tunic open on the sides appears to have been, among the early Anglo-Saxons at least, the distinguishing badge

of slavery; but the decisive mark was a collar of iron, constantly worn round the neck of all bondsmen. Slavery, among these our ancestors, was conducted in the most detestable manner; parents used to sell their children, and relatives their kindred.

## Music.

THE musical performances of this month have neither been numerous nor important. Those which took place at Oxford and Cambridge were not very striking; but, as they are subservient to charitable purposes, and always exhibit some first-rate singers, they are sure to be well attended.

At the late public dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians, the efforts of two new performers excited extraordinary attention. These were Liszt and Labarre, one in his fourteenth year, the other in his twentieth. The former, who is a German, extemporised on the piano-forte for about twenty minutes with astonishing ease, feeling, and correctness. His expressive features showed, in a remarkable manner, the entrance of new thoughts into his mind, and the power of his hand and the force of his execution received high praise. The practice of the latter, who is a French harper, must have excited the jealousy of Bochsá. He seemed to make his instrument more productive of sweet sounds than it had ever before been, and precision and delicacy marked his performance.

A gentleman named Cutler, who has taken the degree of bachelor of music, was willing to convince the public of his qualifications for that dignity, and therefore announced a selection of pieces, among which some of his own compositions were included. Madame Pasta and Mr. Brahán assisted him with their

talents; but the whole entertainment passed off with little *éclat*, and certainly it did not establish or augment his reputation.

The late publications are not of high note; but there are some which ought not to pass without notice.

Bochsá has favoured us with *Les Souvenirs, a Fantasia for the Harp*. The piece unites delicacy with force, and playfulness with pathos. His pupil Marsh has published an elegant *Thema*, with an introduction and variations.

Leidesdorf has given a favourite air from the opera of *Semiramide*, with variations for the piano-forte, in a bold and spirited style, but not with sufficient repose or relief.

Cramer's *Pauvre Madelon*, with an introduction and ten variations, may be praised for ease and gracefulness of style.

A more important work, by Duruset, bears this title; *Cræscellini, Paer, and Pellegrini's Solfegios, or Exercises for the Voice, forming a complete System of Practice for the Student in Singing, arranged with an accompaniment for the Piano-forte*. These exercises are not intended for the inexperienced learner, but for the improvement of students already instructed in the principles of the art. The accompaniments are beautiful, and the materials are arranged in that mode which is calculated to elicit the full powers of the voice, and give it pliability and precision.

## Drama.

### THE KING'S THEATRE.

JEALOUSY and rivalry may be found in all societies and in all companies. Some feelings of this nature existed between the fair vocalists, Pasta and de Begnis, who were for some time unwilling to perform in concert: but they were at length so far reconciled as to act together in the opera of *Romeo e Giulietta*. Romeo appears to be the best performance of the former lady. Zingarelli's music is better adapted to her voice than that of Rossini, and the character of the young lover accords well with the gentleness of her manner.

This theatre has not lately been distinguished by novelty. It was expected that the fertility of Rossini's talents would have produced one or more new operas during the season: but, as the house has been well filled without the necessity of such exertions, he is content to repose under the shade of his former laurels.

### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The entertainments at this house have been varied by the temporary addition of Catalani to the list of performers. That lady has given Italian and English songs at intervals, and has delighted John Bull (*at play-house prices*) by her melody and harmony.

Mrs. Bland, reduced to a state of poverty and mental derangement, has been favored with an ample benefit. Mr. Matthews, on this occasion, added his humorous powers, in the character of Morbleu, to the comic strength of the company; and Mr. Elliston likewise strenuously exerted himself, performing a part in which no one excels him,—that of Young Wilding in the *Liar*.

Miss Isabella Paton, sister to the popular singer, has personated Letitia Hardy in the *Belle's Stratagem*, and Lady Bell in *Know your own Mind*, with considerable success; and she promises to be an useful, if not a first-rate actress. With her benefit the season ended, and the manager thanked the public in due

form for past favors, and solicited future encouragement.

### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Near the close of the season, two candidates for theatrical fame appeared at this house in characters which require talent and judgment. Mr. Kent attempted the part of the crook-backed tyrant, and gave particular points with originality and force; but his general performance was not admired. Miss Nesbitt's representation of Juliet was creditable to her abilities. She appeared to have a good conception of the character, and delivered the speeches with correctness; and, where she failed, it was chiefly from a deficiency of physical power.

Miss M. Tree, at her own benefit, brought forward her younger sister in the part of Celia, in *As you Like it*; and the two young ladies formed interesting objects of attraction. The duets, 'Tell me where is Fancy bred,' and 'As it fell upon a day,' were so effectively performed, that the audience scarcely knew which sister deserved the greater share of applause.

### THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

This house has been re-opened with a strong company and with an enterprising spirit. Mr. Philips, after a long absence from the metropolis, re-appeared as Count Almaviva; and, although age has diminished his powers, his style of singing is as agreeable as ever. The Rosina of the evening was his pupil, Miss Hervey, who has an expressive countenance, a fine person, and a graceful demeanor. Her voice possesses a clear and fine tone, as well in the higher as in the lower notes; and she sings with delicacy, taste, and skill.

After the opera, a new pantomime was produced, under the title of *Monkey Island*. It exhibited good scenery and some excellent tricks, and boasted the aid of those great artists, young Grimaldi, Ellar, and Barnes. It also introduced to the public Miss Rqmer, a very sprightly and pleasing columbina.

A new operetta in one act, called *Military Tactics*, soon followed. Bartley, Pearman, Power, Wrench, and Miss Povey, were the *dramatis personæ*, and ably sustained their respective parts.

The revival of Tom Thumb was graced with the *debut* of Master Burke, said to be only in the sixth year of his age, who astonished the audience by the manner in which he executed some songs. Miss Povey was an admirable Dollalolla, and a better Lord Grizzle, except Liston, could not be selected than Tayleure. Between the acts, Master Burke played Robin Adair with variations, and another tune on the violin, in a much more skilful style than could have been expected from him.

Some operas have been lately performed with striking effect. When Braham resumed the part of Henry Bertram, Miss Noel, from Bath, sustained for the first time the character of Lucy. Her best effort was in the song of Rest thee, Babe, which was encored. Miss Povey both played and sang the part of Julia Mannering charmingly; but, to many, perhaps, the greatest attraction of the evening was the appearance of the original Meg Merrilies, Mrs. Egerton, who has certainly never been equaled in the character. Rayner's Dandie Dinmont is the best on the stage, and Tayleure makes a good Dominie Sampson. In the Devil's Bridge, Miss Noel, with her sweet voice and tasteful manner, pleased more as the Countess, than at her first appearance; and Miss Kelly, in Lauretta, gave great interest to a character which is not in itself very important.—In Love in a Village, Miss Hervey distinguished herself by her able personation of Rosetta, and this pleasing opera was in other respects very strongly cast.

Although the rage for *horror* has been for some time on the decline, the manager was willing to persuade himself that an opera of a terrific description would please the frequenters of this theatre. He therefore procured the adaptation of a popular German piece to the English stage, under the title of *Der Freischutz*, or the *Seventh Ballet*. The following sketch will show the nature of the story:

Caspar, a huntsman (Bennet,) having sold himself to perdition by a compact with the demon Zamiel, endeavours to obtain a three-years' respite of his doom

by seducing Rodolph, another huntsman (Braham), his favored rival in the affections of Agnes (Miss Noel), into a similar compact with the relentless demon; and for this purpose, having by supernatural power deprived Rodolph of his skill in archery, upon which, by the command of the Bohemian prince Otto-car, the hand of Agnes is to depend, he prevails on him to visit the wolf's den, and assist in the process of making seven enchanted bullets, six of which are to obey with infallible aim the will of the marksman, while the seventh is to be guided by the demon himself. With this seventh, Rodolph, unconscious of the condition, loads his rifle to shoot for the bridal prize: Caspar having so contrived, in expectation that the demon will misguide it from the mark. He does so; but it is to the heart of Caspar himself that he diverts it, who thus falls the victim of his own necromantic snare, while Rodolph obtains the hand of his mistress.

The music of this piece is by Carl Maria von Weber, and it reflects credit on his taste. The overture, in particular, is very fine. A critic observes, that 'it is evidently a composition of deep and characteristic excellence, bearing the strong stamp of the German school, which, even in the arrangement of the inarticulate notes, seems to indicate the breathings of that abstract and metaphysical feeling which distinguishes the mind, poetical as well as philosophical, of that country. The spirit-hushing solemnity of the first movements seemed completely in unison with the expected theme, and was well calculated to 'take the imprisoned soul and lap it'—not in Elysium, indeed, but in that sombre region of a spectral awe, in which the muse of Germany so much more delights.'

As a dramatic performance, this piece has no great merit. The interest is not well kept up, and the plot is not conducted with skill. It has not the impressive effect of *Frankenstein*; yet its horrors are what some would term grand and fine. The warring of the elements, the gliding of ghosts, the movements of night-birds and reptiles, and the process of incantation, tend to excite temporary anxiety and emotion. Some of the scenes are beautiful, and the spirit of the acting suits the terrific subject. Some improvements have been made in the opera

since the first representation; and it promises to be attractive, at least for one season.

#### THE HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

A prelude, styled *Come if you can*, opened the season at this house; but, as it was too light even for *summer wear*, it was soon laid aside. On a subsequent evening, a new farce was produced, called *a Year in an Hour, or the Cock of the Walk*. The hero of the piece is Bobby Buckhorse (Liston), who describes himself as being the best-tempered fellow in the world, and, though not handsome, uncommonly agreeable. Yet notwithstanding this, and the possession of 40*l.* a year, all the girls in the village, and even the widows, turn up their noses at him in a manner which is, to his conception, most unaccountable and bewildering. Fortunately, however, for Bobby, all the other men of the village become—like Irish gentlemen—absentees; and then he is ‘Cock of the Walk.’ The women caress him, instead of sneering at him, and, as he says,—‘it never rains but it pours, and he is now *delliged* in a shower of love.’ He makes choice of Miss Priscilla Fudfast (Mrs. Jones), one of those ladies who think it necessary to have a long list of refusals at their fingers’ ends, as a set-off against their state of ‘single blessedness.’ This ends the first act; and, at the beginning of the second, the spectator must imagine that there has been ‘a year in an hour;’ for Mr. and Mrs. Buckhorse are blessed with a child. Through a mistake, arising out of his wife’s determination to keep her marriage a secret, he suspects her fidelity: she tells him he has crotchets in his head, and falls into hysterics. The misunderstanding is at length cleared up, the parties are reconciled, and the piece ends. These materials are evidently slight; but the farce is ludicrously amusing.

A more legitimate specimen of comedy was brought forward on the 16th of this month. It was anglicised by Mr. Poole from *l’Homme à Soixante Ans*, the late production of a French writer, who was himself a borrower of the subject from the *Clandestine Marriage*. It is called *Married and Single*. The plot may thus be stated. An old gentleman, who wishes to be thought young and to act like a youth, separates from his wife, that he

may follow, undisturbed, his rakish and ridiculous propensities in London. As he is sufficiently wealthy, his conduct is sanctioned by the countenance of those who frequent his table, and laugh at his levity. The beau has a nephew, an artist, whose embarrassments occasion strange mistakes throughout the piece. Calling on his nephew one morning, he hears that two young ladies are expected, and, prompted by his affectation of gallantry and intrigue, he avails himself of the young man’s momentary absence to assume his character, and is seduced by an artful limb of the law to step down to two ladies who are waiting for him in a carriage at the door. These, it will easily be suspected, turn out to be bailiffs; and he is taken into custody for a debt with which he has no concern. The impatience of a man in confinement—the apprehension of being pointed at as a dupe by his associates—the dread, the wholesome dread of ridicule—the silly affectation of liberality which so frequently characterises the conduct of a debtor enlarged (merely because a key is no longer turned in the apartment he occupies)—were depicted with great truth and humor by Farren. On that very night he happens to have a party of persons of *ton*, who resent his absence as an affront. Having, however, settled the debt by the favor of Mrs. Waddy, he enters his own house by stealth in the crowd of attendants, accompanied by the attorney, whose bill still remains an obstacle to his complete liberation. Whilst waiting here for the money, the attorney is recognised by the nephew, who is engaged in doing the honors in his uncle’s absence. In the greatest terror he makes his escape, and being informed that two ladies await him, he fancies it a fresh trap laid for him, and writes to his intended spouse and her sister a singular epistle, informing them that he is ‘aware of their tricks and schemes.’ This, and a letter stating the kind interference of Mrs. Waddy, which is intercepted, occasion a variety of actions and re-actions in the mind of the artist’s sweetheart, which are the more difficult to combat, as the sly old fox conceals altogether his arrest, and the manner in which he obtained his liberation, lest his motive should be discovered, and he be consigned to that derision, which he candidly confesses he dreads more than the chance of death in a duel. The voice of ridicule, however, explodes on the appearance of the attor-

ney: he disowns all claims on the young painter, who thus is enabled to appreciate the sincerity of his uncle's professions as to the kind motives which prompted the payment of his debts. The lovers are united, and the old beau is constrained to take back his wife, in order to avoid exposure.

This comedy is lively and pleasant: the characters are well drawn; some prevailing follies are properly satirised; and the dialogue is easy and natural, and occasionally smart and pointed. It is not therefore surprising that the reception of the piece should be decidedly favorable.

## Fashions.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

#### MORNING DESHABILLE.

Dress of fine jaconot muslin, with four narrow tucks round the border, in distinct rows: between the rows of these quadruple tucks are embroidered vine leaves. The dress made partially high à l'antique; sleeves very full. Elastic bouffant scarf, confined at the throat, and finished at the ends with pink riband. Cornette of fine lace, lined with pink satin, and ornamented with small bows of pink riband. Slippers of pink kid.

#### EVENING DRESS.

Dress of tulle over white satin, ornamented with embossed stripes of satin downwards, and the border formed of a rich bouillon of tulle, or clear gauze, slightly ornamented with narrow rouleaux of satin. The corsage, white satin trimmed downwards, with stripes *en rouleaux* in front of the bust, to correspond with the trimming on the skirt, with a very full quilling of blond net round the bosom, to answer the purpose of a tucker. Short full sleeves of tulle, with white satin rouleaux placed across in bias, and a full long sleeve of tulle, confined at the wrist by two bracelets, formed of twisted rows of pearls. Ottoman turban of white and celestial blue gauze, with bird of paradise plume.

#### MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

The early prorogation of parliament has caused many of the higher orders to commence their departure from London, still, notwithstanding, crowded with persons of rank and fashion. By the middle of August, we shall expect to see the metropolis completely thinned of this distinguished class of its inhabitants: the fine warm weather about the middle and towards the latter end of July tempted several to exchange the heated atmosphere of the capital for the salubrious air of the country.

There the snow-white dress and muslin pelisse mark the out-door costume of the fashionable belle in the rural walk, and cambric and muslin pelisses are expected to be a prevalent promenade dress at our fashionable watering places. At present,

and in town, silk spencers and pelisses of the most prevalent colors are most in favor: these are generally made without collars, and a falling collar of lace or embroidered muslin supplies their place; there are, however, some pelisses for the carriage, which have fanciful standing-up collars, but they do not come very high, and are surmounted by the new French ruff, which, though somewhat *outré*, is very becoming; it consists of narrow tulle in serpentine quillings, very full, and every wave is filled up with small bows of colored riband. The pelisses for walking are very plain, and are chiefly of the wrapping kind.

Leghorn hats are still worn very large; they may be useful against the sun in the country, but in town some of them appear preposterous: the very simple mode of trimming them makes them ap-







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pear yet larger. This want of trimming and ornament cannot, however, be alleged against the carriage hats: they are almost loaded with various colored flowers above and beneath, and often with the addition of towering plumes. The shape and size of these hats are truly becoming, and the manner of putting them on tasteful; for their ornaments, it is impossible to speak decidedly; flowers, feathers, ribands, gauze, all at once, or separate, are equally in favor, whether on chip, Leghorn, satin, or *gros de Naples*. The white silk bonnets have generally a border of blond, which agrees better with the complexion, of whatever kind, than white silk. The lappets that are used as strings to tie down the bonnets are generally left flying, but some ladies fasten them on one side under the chin.

Striped silks are much in favor for half-dress, and often a Spencer of this material is worn with a petticoat, richly embroidered, for home costume: it makes a good dress in town, but it is expected that all white will be very universal in the country, and at the different watering places. Three or four narrow flounces, or half a dozen bias folds, seem the most prevailing manner of trimming the borders of silk dresses; the latter way is very much in favor. Some few ladies have introduced rows of *clochettes* at the borders of their dresses; they have a very pretty and rich effect, particularly in black or dark silks: the flounces are generally set on in festoons. Balls may be said at present to have had a cessation, but the evening dresses are superb, and would do well for dress balls; a beautiful specimen of which is given in one of our engravings, made by Miss Pierrepont for a lady of fashion and distinction. Chinese crapes are much worn also in evening full dress; they are trimmed with satin *appliqué*, the same color as the dress, and there is no trimming that looks so well on this article by the delicate contrast it offers.

Wreaths of flowers, beautifully grouped together, form the favorite ornament on the tresses of the young. Matronly ladies wear that head-dress so truly becoming to their time of life, and appropriate to the summer, the small dress hat, *à la Marguerite*. Crowned with a fine plume, it appears dignified even on ladies of a certain age; on the head of a wife and parent yet in her prime, it is a

beautiful head-dress when ornamented with flowers: most of these hats are of white chip, stiffened net, or crape; some are of white satin; this latter article does not look so well, as it by no means adds to the youthful appearance of the countenance. The morning caps are neat and pretty: they are of fine lace, ornamented with an abundance of colored satin riband, very tastefully disposed. The small dress caps for home, or half-dress, are truly elegant; we do not wonder that in summer they beat the heavier turban from the field; they are ornamented with bouquets of flowers, that want but small for them to be mistaken for the produce of the florist's care: the caps are small, and when put on with taste the appearance of the close cornette is done away.

The favorite colors for pelisses are Parma-violet, lavender, and Canary-yellow. For dresses, cornflower-blue, celestial-blue, pink and pistachio. For bonnets, trimmings, and ribands, amber, pink, peach-blossom, and straw-color.

#### MODES PARISIENNES.

The newest article for out-door costume is the fichu-mantle; it is short over the back and shoulders, with very long ends: the part that slightly covers the shoulders is made nearly in the pelerine form. The whole of this truly elegant summer article is trimmed round with a full quilling of narrow muslin, and each end is terminated by a bow of richly figured riband. The fichu-mantle also ties in front with a bow of riband, which is sometimes of Scotch plaid. Dark-colored silk pelisses are worn when the weather is not too warm; they are made with pelerine capes, and Cachemire shawls are worn *en negligée*. Colored pelerines are sometimes seen in the promenades, with white muslin blouses.

Leghorn hats, ornamented with branches of oak and acorns, often accompany the last mentioned dress. Sparterie hats and those of split straw are only worn in *deshabille* in the early morning walk. Transparent hats with long broad lappets of blond and gauze are only seen in carriages. Chip hats are ornamented with moss roses, and white silk hats with marabout feathers placed in a spiral manner. Bonnets are trimmed at the edges with very full trimming, either in honeycomb or *chevaux de frise*.

Silk dresses are trimmed at the bor-

der with bias folds, of which there are generally five. Cambric dresses are now numerous; the sleeves have lettings-in of lace, in chevrons, across the arm from the shoulder to the wrist; when the dress is made high, it has a pelcrine cape. For evening full dress, gauze, richly-figured, or crape, is the most prevailing material; these are often ornamented with a beautiful border of embroidery in narrow riband, interspersed with small beads. Colored lawns and printed muslins are much worn as home costume.

Head-dresses consist of toques, many

of them ingeniously formed of ribands; and turban toques of dark colors are frequently seen; but white dress hats are most worn at public spectacles, dress dinner parties, &c. &c. Handsome plumes elegantly float over these hats, or a simple branch of heath, or of the acacia, according to the style of dress, or the ceremony of the visit.

The favorite colors for dresses, pelisses, and pelcrines, are grey, celestial blue, lemon-color, and violet. For toques, ribands, hats, and trimmings, walnut-tree-brown, lilac, flame of Mount Vesuvius, and emerald-green.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LETTER from Oscar to Malvina, the sixth of the series, is under consideration.

The Letters from a Boarding-School Girl to a young Friend in London are so loose and rambling, that we cannot extract sense or coherence from them.

• The Inconstant, by F., is trifling, if not ridiculous.

A correspondent has sent a review of a new publication, entitled the 'Private Memoirs and Confessions of a justified Sinner.' We answer, in the first place, that we only insert our own reviews of books, or those which are communicated by friends whom we know to be impartial; and, secondly, we are not sure that we have discovered the precise object of the Ettrick Shepherd in this strange rhapsody, though, if the morbid excess of Calvinism be the butt of his satire, we are willing to agree with him. That doctrine, in the extent to which it is frequently carried, is injurious to the true interests and salutary influence of Christianity.

The Essay on Susceptibility is so nearly allied, in substance, to the Observations on Sensibility, given in one of our late numbers, that we decline its insertion; and it will be returned to B. B. on demand.

Mrs. Le-Noir is qualified to write better pieces than those which we have lately received from her. It is a prevailing error among writers, to think that whatever they produce, even in the moments of careless leisure, is worthy of being communicated to the public. It is fresh and *racy*, they think, if it be unreviced and uncorrected; but, in general, these hasty effusions are as frivolous and unmeaning as they are loose and inaccurate.

The second part of the Remarks on Courtship will soon appear. The Dreams of the same correspondent have not yet passed in due form through the ordeal of our *waking thoughts*.

In answer to a private hint, we observe, that we never studied short-hand to diminish our own trouble; and we do not see the necessity of taking a key from others, to unlock the stores of literary indolence.

If the author of the verses addressed to Jeannetta will apply to our publisher, he will be instantly gratified.

The Fragment on a *May Morning* is at present unseasonable; and we are sorry to add, that it is not sufficiently spirited or poetical.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

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AUGUST 31, 1824.

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LUCY RE-VISITED.

No one of any imagination can have read the productions of the great Scottish novelist without a tendency to identify some at least of the characters therein depicted with certain individuals of his own acquaintance, to fancy how they (the real persons) would act under the given circumstances, and to approve or dissent from the conduct of their fictitious representatives, as they approach to or fall short of the imaginary standard. This mode of criticism, certainly none of the fairest, is evidently applicable only to the few gifted spirits, who 'hold a mirror up to nature.' I know only the author of *Waverley* and Miss Austen who tempt me to apply such a test, or who could bear to be tried by it. Perhaps, if I were an American and a sailor, the author of the *Pilot* might be added to the list; but, as it is, only Miss Austen, whose characters seem all portraits, and Sir Walter Scott, who, infinitely more diversified, is yet equally true, can ever set my fancy on this wild-goose chase of resemblance and verisimilitude.

The character that strikes me as the completest likeness of a friend of mine is Wamba the fool (that is to say, the wit) in *Ivanhoe*; and there the secret of the resemblance lies in one small stroke, a mere touch of the pencil. Nobody but Wamba or Harry L. (for this glory of our town, heretofore described as the Talking Gentleman, is the in-

conscious original in question)—when Rowena, pressed to see and pardon one of the Norman worthies, says, 'I will not see him, but I forgive him as a Christian,'—would have remarked, in a sort of theatrical side-speech, 'That means that she does not forgive him at all.' The observation belonged exactly to those two individuals, and to no other, wise man, fool, or wit, that ever vented good things in speech or on paper.

On the other hand, whilst thoroughly identifying our old servant Lucy with that renowned model of all soubrettes, Jenny Denison, both as to lovers and fidelity and coquetry and cleverness, I could not help feeling myself quite annoyed and affronted at the change from disinterestedness to selfishness, which takes place in her character after ten years of wedlock. I exclaimed against it as out of keeping, out of nature, unjust to Jenny, injurious to the sex. But I was in the wrong, and the author in the right. Such things are. The dear Lucy herself now begins, without losing her many valuable qualities, to look pretty closely after her own interest; and I, rarely meeting her now, seeing her with a fresh eye, and listening with an unaccustomed ear, have begun to find it out. We are all blind and deaf to the gradual changes of character in those with whom we live; nothing but absence enables us to detect them. In her case, however, as in that of Jenny Denison, the alteration is rather seeming than real; it is rather the development of a latent qua-

lity than any change of disposition. The seed was in the ground, and the tares, the clinging tares of selfishness, had sprung up, although hidden by fairer flowers.

Female servants, exempt in a great degree from those pecuniary cares and anxieties, which in some way or other trouble nearly all the rest of the world, are favorably placed for the concealment of that particular defect. Now, on seeing the spirit of calculation and accumulation so busily at work, we are put on recollecting words and circumstances which made no impression at the moment, and have been much amused by calling to mind a variety of little schemes for the more speedy possession of cast-off trumpery, the crying-down of a coveted riband, the recommendation of a new bonnet when she supposed herself to have a reversionary interest in the old one, and other pieces of simple cunning conducing to the same end. I prophesy that Lucy will die a rich woman, and possibly of that order of rich women usually called misers. At present the accumulative propensity has two powerful checks, real hospitality and the love of display. But the desire of gain is evidently predominating over the latter quality, with which indeed it is closely connected; and I repeat,—in no bad sense of the word, for just and honest to all and kind to those whom she loves Lucy will always be—that, although she may live like a poor woman, she will die a rich one.

At present, however, she is nothing more than the contriving, bustling, managing wife of the schoolmaster and shoe-maker at S.—our own poor dear Lucy. Not having seen her for a long time, tempted by the fineness of the day, the first day of summer, and by the pleasure of carrying to her a little housewifely present from her sometime mistress, whose joy it is to gratify those whom she likes in their own way, we resolved to take a substantial luncheon at two o'clock, and drive over to drink tea with her at five, such being, as we well knew, the fashionable visiting hour at S.

The day was one glow of sunshine, and the road wound through a beautiful mixture of hill and dale and rich woodland, clothed in the brightest foliage, and thickly studded with gentlemen's seats and prettier cottages, their gardens gay with the blossoms of the plum and the cherry, tossing their snowy garlands across the deep-blue sky. So we jour-

neyed on through pleasant villages and shady lanes till we emerged into the open and totally different scenery of M. Common: a wild district, always picturesque and romantic, but now peculiarly brilliant, and glowing with the luxuriant orange-flowers of the furze in its height of bloom, stretching around us like a sea of gold, and loading the very air with its rich almond odor. Who would have believed that this brown, barren, shaggy heath could have assumed such splendor, such majesty? The farther we proceeded, the more beautiful it appeared, the more gorgeous, the more brilliant. Whether climbing up the steep bank, and mixing with the thick plantation of dark firs; or chequered with brown heath and green turf on the open plain, where the sheep and lambs were straying; or circling round the pool covered with its bright white flowers; or edging the dark morass inlaid with the silky tufts of the cotton grass; or creeping down the deep dell where the alders grow; or mixing by the roadside with the shining and varied bark, now white, now purplish, and the light tremulous leaves of the feathery birch-tree;—in every form or variety this furze was beauty itself. We almost lamented to leave it, as we wound down the steep hill of M. West-end, that most picturesque village, which gratified us with its long open sheds for broom and faggot-making; its little country inn, the Red Lion; its pretty school just in the bottom, where the clear stream comes bubbling over the road, and the romantic foot-bridge is flung across; and with cottages straggling up the hill on the opposite ascent, orchards backed by meadows, and the light wreaths of smoke sailing along the green hill-side, the road winding amidst all, beside another streamlet whose deep rust-colored scum gives token of a chalybeate spring.

Even this sweet and favorite scene, which, when I would think of the perfection of village landscape, of a spot to live and die in, rises unbidden before my eyes,—this dear and cherished picture which I generally leave so reluctantly—was hurried over now, so glad were we to emerge once more from its colder coloring into the full glory of the waving furze on S. common, brighter even than that of M. which we left behind us. Even Lucy's house was unheeded till we drove up to the door. We found, to our great satisfaction, that she was at

home, and that her husband, who, decked in his Sunday suit, met us coming out, had an appointment on business three miles off, which he with a proper parade of politeness offered to break, and we with a civility equally earnest and more sincere insisted on his keeping. We had just enough of his long, dull, ceremonious speeches to form a comfortable estimate of our great good-luck in escaping with so few. He might have vexed us in this way for an hour; but, to our unspeakable content, he left us to Lucy's care and Lucy's prattle.

The three years that have elapsed since her marriage have changed the style of her beauty. She is grown very fat, and rather coarse; and having moreover taken to loud speaking (as I apprehend a village schoolmistress must do in pure self-defence, that her voice may be heard in the *melée*), our airy sparkling soubrette, although still handsome, has been transmuted somewhat suddenly into a bustling merry country-dame, looking her full age, if not a little older. It is such a transition as a rosebud experiences when turned into a rose, such as might befall the pretty coquette mistress Anne Page when she wedded master Fenton and became one of the merry wives of Windsor. Lucy, however, in her dark gown and plain cap (for her dress hath undergone as much alteration as her person), her smiles and her rosiness, is still as fair a specimen of country comeliness as heart can desire.

We found her very busy, superintending the operations of a certain she-tailor, a lame woman famous for button-holes, who travels from house to house in that primitive district, making and repairing men's gear, and who was at that moment endeavouring to extract a smart waistcoat for our friend the school-master out of a remnant of calico and a blemished waistcoat-piece, which had been purchased at half-price for his behoof by his frugal help-mate. The more material parts of the cutting out had been effected before my arrival, considerably at the expense of the worthy pedagogue's comfort, although to the probable improvement of his shape; for certainly the new fabric promised to be at least an inch smaller than the pattern;—that point, however, had been by dint of great ingenuity satisfactorily adjusted, and I found the lady of the shears and the lady of the rod in the midst of a dispute on the question of buttons, which

the tailoress insisted must be composed of metal or mother of pearl, or any thing but covered molds, inasmuch as there would be no stuff left to cover them; whilst Lucy on her side insisted that there was plenty, that any thing (as all the world knew) would suffice to cover buttons if people were clever and careful, and that certain most diminutive and irregular scraps, which she gathered from the table and under it, and displayed with great ostentation, were amply sufficient for the purpose. 'If the pieces are not big enough,' continued she, 'you have nothing to do but to join them.' And as Lucy had greatly the advantage both in loudness of voice and fluency of thought and word, over the itinerant seamstress, who was a woman of slow quiet speech, she carried her point in the argument most triumphantly, although whether the unlucky waistcoat-maker will succeed in stretching her materials so as to do the impossible remains to be proved, the button question being still undecided when I left S.

Her adversary being fairly silenced, Lucy laid aside her careful thoughts and busy looks; and leaving the poor woman to her sewing and stitching, and a little tidy lass (a sort of half-boarder, who acts half as servant, half as pupil), to get all things ready for tea, she prepared to accompany me to a pleasant *capécé* in the neighbourhood, famous for wild lilies of the valley, to the love of which delicate flower, she, not perhaps quite unjustly, partly attributed my visit.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the wood where they are found, which we reached by crossing first the open common, with its golden waves of furze, and then a clover field intensely green, deliciously fresh and cool to the eye and the tread. The copse was just in its pleasantest state, having luckily been cut last year, and being too thinly clothed with timber to obstruct the view. It goes sloping down a hill, till it is lost in the green depths of P. Forest, with an abruptness of descent which resembles a series of terraces or rather ledges, so narrow that it is sometimes difficult to find a space on which to walk. The footing is the more precarious, as even the broader paths are intersected and broken by hollows and caves, where the ground has given way and been undermined by fox carth. On the steepest and highest of these banks, in a very dry unsheltered situation, the lily of the valley grows so



profusely, that the plants almost cover the ground with their beautiful broad leaves, and the snowy white bells which envelope the most delicate of odors. All around grow the fragile wind-flowers, pink as well as white; the coral blossoms of the whortle-berry; the graceful wood-sorrel; the pendent drops of the stately Solomon's seal, which hang like waxen tassels under the full and regular leaves; the bright wood-vetch; the unobtrusive woodroof, whose scent is like new hay, and which retains and communicates it when dried; and, lastly, those strange freaks of nature the orchises, where the portrait of an insect is so quaintly depicted in a flower. The bee orchis abounds also in the Maple-Durham woods—those woods where whilome flourished the two stately but unlovely flowers Mariba and Teresa Blount of *popish* fame, and which are still in the possession of their family. But, although it is found at Maple-Durham as well as in these copses of North-Hampshire, yet, in the little slip of Berks which divides Hants from Oxfordshire, I have never been able to discover it. The locality of flowers is a curious puzzle. The field tulip, for instance, through whose superb pendent blossoms chequered with puce and lilac the sun shines as gloriously as through stained glass, and which, blended with a still more elegant white variety, covers whole acres of the Kennet meadows, can by no process be coaxed into another habitation, however apparently similar in situation and soil. Treat them as you may, they pine and die and disappear. The duke of Marlborough only succeeded in naturalising them at White-Knights by the magnificent operation of transplanting half an acre of meadow, grass and earth and all, to the depth of two feet; and even there they seem dwindling. The wood-sorrel, which I was ambitious of fixing in the shrubberies of our old place, served me the provoking trick of living a year or two, and bearing leaves, but never flowers; and that far rarer but less beautiful plant, the field-star of Bethlehem, —a sort of large hyacinth of the hue of the mistletoe, which, in its pale and shadowy stalk and blossom, has something to me awful, unearthly, ghastly, mystical, druidical,—used me still worse, not only refusing to grow in a corner of our orchard where I planted it, but vanishing from the spot where I procured the

roots, although I left at least twenty times as many as I took.

Nothing is so difficult to tame as a wild flower; and wisely so, for they generally lose much of their characteristic beauty by any change of soil or situation. That very wood-sorrel now, which I coveted so much, I saw the other day in a green-house! By what chance my fellow amateur persuaded that swamp-loving, cold-braving, shade-seeking plant to blossom in the very region of light, and heat, and dryness, I cannot imagine; but there it was in full bloom, as ugly a little abortion as ever showed its poor face, smaller far than in its native woods, the flowers unvened and colorless and bolt upright, the leaves full-spread and stiff,—no umbrella fold! no pendent grace! no changing hue! none but a lover's eye would have recognised the poor beauty of the woods in the faded prisoner of the green-house. No caged bird ever underwent such a change. I will never try to domesticate that pretty blossom again—content to visit it in its own lovely haunts, the bed of moss or the beech-root sofa.

The lily of the valley we may perhaps try to transplant. The garden is its proper home; it seems thrown here by accident; we cannot help thinking it an abasement, a condescension. The lily must be transportable. For the present, however, we were content to carry away a basket of blossoms, reserving till the autumn our design of peopling a shady border in our own small territories, the identical border where in summer our geraniums flourish, with that simplest and sweetest of flowers.

We then trudged back to Lucy's to tea, talking by the way of old stories, old neighbours, and old friends—mixed on her part with a few notices of her new acquaintance, lively, shrewd, and good-humored as usual. She is indeed a most agreeable and delightful person; I think the lately developed quality at which I hinted in my opening remarks, the slight tinge of Jenny-Denison-ism, only renders her conversation more piquant and individualised, and throws her merits into sharper relief. After all, what is it but a little over-prudence, a virtue in excess? We talked of old stories and new, and soon found she had lost none of her good gift in gossipry; of her thousand and one lovers, about whom, although she has quite left off coquetry,

she inquired with a kindly interest; of our domestic affairs, and above all of her own. She has no children—a circumstance which I sometimes think she regrets; I do not know why, except that my dear mother having given her on her marriage, amongst a variety of parting gifts, a considerable quantity of baby things, she probably thinks it a pity that they should not be used. And yet the expensiveness of children might console her on the one hand, and the superabundance of them with which she is blest in school-time on the other. Indeed she has now the care of a charity Sunday school, in addition to her work-day labors—a circumstance which has by no means altered her opinion of the inefficacy and inexpediency of general education.

I suspect that the irregularity of payment is one cause of her dislike to the business; and yet she is so ingenious a contriver in the matter of extracting money's worth from those who have no money, that we can hardly think her unreasonable in requiring the *hen-tailor* to cover buttons out of nothing. Where she can get no cash, she takes the debt in kind; and, as most of her employers are in that predicament, she lives in this respect like the Loochooans, who never heard of a currency. She accommodates herself to this state of things with admirable facility. She has sold her cow, because she found she could be served with milk and butter by the wife of a small farmer who has four children at her school; and has parted with her poultry and pigs, and left off making bread, because the people of both shops are customers to her husband in his capacity of shoe-maker, and she gets bread, and eggs, and bacon, for nothing. On the same principle she has commenced brewing, because the maltster's son and daughter attend her seminary, and she procured three new barrels, coolers, tubs, &c. from a cooper who was in debt to her husband for shoes. 'Shoes,' or 'children,' is indeed the constant answer to the civil notice which one is accustomed to take of any novelty in the house. 'Shoes' produced the commodious dressing-table and washing-stand, colored like rose-wood, which adorn her bed-chamber; 'children' were the source of the good-as-new roller and wheelbarrow which stand in the court; and to 'shoes and children' united are they indebted for the excellent double hedge-row of

grubbed wood which she took me to see in returning from the copse—'a brand (as she observed) snatched out of the fire; for the poor man who owed them the money must break, and had nothing useful to give them, except this wood, which was useless to him, as he had not money to get it grubbed up.—If he holds on till the autumn,' continued Lucy, 'we shall have a good crop of potatoes from the hedge-row. We have planted them on the chance.' The ornamental part of her territory comes from the same fertile source. Even the thrift which adorns the garden (fit emblem of its mistress!) was a present from the drunken gardener of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. 'He does not pay his little girl's schooling very regularly,' quoth she; 'but then he is so civil, poor man! any thing in the garden is at our service.'

'Shoes and children' are the burthen of the song. The united professions re-act on each other in a remarkable manner;—shoes bring scholars, and scholars consume shoes. The very charity school before-mentioned, a profitable concern, of which the payment depends on rich people and not on poor, springs indirectly from a certain pair of purple kid boots, a capital fit (I must do our friend, the pedagogue, the justice to say that he understands the use of his awl, no man better!) which so pleased the vicar's lady, who is remarkable for a neat ankle, that she not only gave a magnificent order for herself, and caused him to measure her seven children, but actually prevailed on her husband to give the appointment of Sunday school-master to this matchless cordwainer, although his rival candidate was the clerk of the parish. I should not wonder if, through her powerful patronage, he should one day rise to be parish-clerk himself.

Well, the tea and the bread and butter were discussed with the appetite produced by a two-hours' ride and a three-hours' walk—to say nothing of the relief communicated to her viands by the hearty hospitality of our hostess, who 'gaily pressed and smiled.' And then the present, our ostensible errand, a patch-work quilt, long the object of Lucy's admiration, was given with due courtesy, and received with abundance of pleased and blushing thanks, followed by a slight glancing hint, very tenderly and delicately touched, about bedding and blan—. No! no! Dear, dear

Lucy! I do her injustice—I mistook—I misunderstood—no hint at all!

At last observing that she began to expect her husband, and that the hour approached at which he had threatened—I mean promised to return, we found ourselves compelled to set out for home, and rode back with our basket of lilies, through a beautiful twilight world, inhaling the fragrance of the blossomed furze, listening to the nightingales, and talking of Lucy's good *management*—that is the word, after all. M.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE SINGLE LIFE,  
AS IT REGARDS FEMALES;

*from Mrs. Lunsford's Letters to young Ladies on their Entrance into the World.*

DURING the long and glorious reign of queen Elizabeth, women in England occupied a lofty station in society, and both demanded and obtained from their lovers a respectful homage and a chivalrous fidelity. Ladies of rank received an education similar, if not equal, to that of their male relatives, and, like them, were instructed in the learned languages, and in all the different branches of knowledge and science which were at that time the fashion of the day. In the subsequent period of monarchical tyranny and civil commotion, they lost much of that respect and many of those advantages which they had enjoyed during the brilliant and fortunate reign of the virgin queen. At the restoration of Charles the Second, of licentious memory, a laxity of principle, and a corresponding dissoluteness of manners, succeeded to the rigid morality and formal exterior of the old Puritans; and the ladies no longer retained that sanctity of manners and elevation of character which had distinguished not only many individuals among them, such as lady Jane Grey, lady Rachel Russell, &c. but females in general. In the court of a gay, luxurious, and dissipated monarch, women sank from the high pinnacle on which they had been placed, and soon came to be considered merely as beings, or rather as slaves, who by their charms, their graces, and their allurements, were to adorn society, and give zest to pleasure. Too many, flattered by the mock homage of gallantry, submitted without murmuring to the tyranny and sexual gratification of their depraved and voluptuous masters.

The female character being thus degraded, women soon lost that elevated station in society which they had previously occupied, but which they have never since entirely regained. The evil consequences of this humiliation have been, and perhaps still are, in a degree, felt more severely, after a certain age, by unmarried than by married females. The matron has sufficient occupation and amusement in her own family to prevent her, as she advances in life, from regretting the flight of time and the decay of beauty, or from vainly attempting to prolong, beyond the time prescribed by nature, the pursuits, the follies, or the charms of youth. If she has performed the important duties of domestic life with any tolerable degree of propriety, she is sure of being rewarded by the affection of her family and the respect of the world: satisfied with the protection and the esteem of her husband, interested and gratified by the love and the attention of her children and grand-children, her cares, her pleasures, her hopes, and her wishes, all centre in the home circle. The elderly unmarried female is differently (and, generally speaking, less fortunately) situated. The season of youth and of beauty, of flattery and of juvenile amusements, being gone for ever, she gradually awakes as from a morning dream, and reluctantly exchanges the gay, the delusive visions of her earlier years, for the sober and dull realities of mature age. Her parents are, perhaps, no more, or, if still in existence, are declining in health and years, and fast sinking into the gaping tomb: the home circle is broken; brothers and sisters, companions of childhood, are dispersed and scattered abroad; partial and admiring friends no longer surround her: by some she has been deserted, by others forgotten; till, at length, no longer sheltered by the paternal roof, she feels [*herself almost*] alone in the world, destined to travel the remainder of life's dull journey solitary and unregarded. A limited income adds to the difficulties with which she has to struggle. Depressed in spirits, and sometimes, from a feeling of mortification and disappointment, peevish in temper, she vainly seeks for sympathy or friendship. Instead of that attention and consolation which her forlorn situation demands, the finger of scorn is, by the frivolous and the gay, ever ready to be pointed at the

antiquated virgin, while the silly youth and giddy girl find amusement in ridiculing those little foibles and harmless singularities which not unfrequently mark the character of the single woman.

The dread of encountering these evils, which the generality of females, from education and other circumstances, are little calculated to sustain, has induced many an amiable, though in this respect feeble-minded girl, to accept the first offer of marriage which may be made to her, rather than risk the remaining single while her young associates are marrying around her, or till a new generation of youthful damsels spring up to occupy her place, and to demand that homage which a maiden turned of forty must no longer flatter herself with the expectation of receiving from the other sex. Some of these inconveniences attached to celibacy in general, but peculiarly felt and feared by the delicate and sensitive female, are, though not entirely removed, we will hope, in this enlightened age, gradually wearing away: the greater part has arisen out of the circumscribed sphere which custom has allowed to women, and from the prejudices which many have entertained, and some persons of both sexes still continue to entertain, against the rational cultivation of the female understanding, lest such cultivation should take from the feminine graces of women, interfere with the pride, or encroach on the privileges and boasted superiority of man.

Learned ladies and female authors have long ceased to be regarded either as objects of curiosity or aversion; and the epithet of *blue-stocking*, as a term of reproach or ridicule, is no longer applied to any but the affected, superficial, and half-witted female, whose pretensions to learning or science are not justified by her attainments.

The progress of civilization, which is daily advancing both in the old world and in the new; the more general diffusion of literature both in town and country, by the means of libraries, book-clubs, reading-societies, &c.; the greater attention paid to female education than formerly; and, above all, the splendid talents which, of late years, have been displayed, and the lofty energies which in various ways have been exerted by women, have redeemed their character as a sex from the charges of imbecility and frivolity—charges by which they have been too often and too long both

cruelly and unjustly insulted by those who are incompetent to judge properly of female ability, and who, from mistaken notions of its real value, still wish to debar woman from free access to the tree of knowledge. The single woman of the present day is chiefly distinguished from her married sisters by possessing more literary acquirements, more elegant accomplishments, or higher attainments in some particular art or science, than the numerous avocations of domestic life have allowed the matron either time or opportunity of attending to.

Various causes, which it would be unnecessary in this place either to inquire into or enumerate, have operated, and continue to operate, as a check on early marriages; consequently, spinsters of a certain age being more abundant, the unmarried female is no longer considered as an anomaly in society; and the ancient virgin, such as we find her depicted by the dramatist and the novelist of the last century, is at present a character seldom seen, and which will soon become nearly, if not entirely, extinct.

The greatest evil at present attending celibacy is that it tends both to engender and to promote a spirit of selfishness among its votaries: but this is an evil by no means confined to the weaker sex; single men are generally found to be equally, if not more, selfish than single women. Self-love is a passion inherent in human nature; it has by some philosophers been said to be the master-spring by which every other passion is impelled and called into action: be that as it may, self-love will, on inquiry, be found to take its various modifications of character in individuals from the situations in which they are placed, and from the many adventitious circumstances by which they are surrounded.

The infant, stimulated by the desire of food, clings to the nurse from whom it receives its first and natural supply of nourishment; the pleasure afforded to the child by the gratification of its only desire, mingling and associating itself, as its faculties expand, with the idea of its nurse, produces in its breast the sentiment of affection to her person, and thus, by degrees, transforms the at-first mere selfish into a social passion. As the child advances in months and in years, other objects and more persons contributing to its happiness and amusement, the sphere of its attachments becomes

enlarged. In process of time, if engaged in domestic life, the circle grows wider and wider, till, at length, the selfish passions being all associated with or transferred to other objects, self-love is forgotten, or totally absorbed in the social affections.

The unmarried female, cut off from all the tenderest charities of human life, looks around her in vain for an object on which she may fix her affections; none appearing, her sensibility, deprived of the proper channels in which it ought to flow, recoils on her own heart, till at length self becomes the central point to which her cares, her anxieties, all tend, and in which her pains and her pleasures alike terminate.

To counteract, and, as much as possible, keep within due bounds, this fond encroacher, inordinate self-love, the staid maiden should mix, as much as her circumstances will justify or her situation allow, with liberal and general society; she should also, wherever she is situated, endeavour to take an interest in all that is passing around her: by so doing she will learn to abstract her ideas, and prevent her thoughts from recurring too frequently to her own particular circumstances or sensations. She may likewise cultivate individual friendships with females, either married or unmarried, whose pursuits and dispositions accord with her own. Has she sisters or early friends settled in her vicinity? let her not, because they have no longer undivided affections or unappropriated time to bestow, fancy herself slighted or neglected, and, in consequence of that suspicion, give up their society: on the contrary, she should endeavour to secure their friendship, and evince the sincerity of her own, by taking a kind and affectionate interest in their concerns, being ready at all times to offer them assistance when needful, to visit them in sickness or affliction, to soothe them in the hour of nature's sorrow, to share with them, in a degree, the care and attention due to their offspring. By persevering in this conduct, she will gradually lose the sense of her own loneliness, secure the respect and esteem of all rational persons, and gain the affections of the rising generation.

Young people are always gratified and flattered by the notice of persons older than themselves; more especially so when such persons are held in high estimation by their parents. When elderly

persons complain of the want of deference and attention in the young, the faults alleged most frequently originate with themselves. When women somewhat advanced in life affect the gaiety and folly of youth, or, having themselves passed the joyous season of juvenile amusements, commence censors, and sternly rebuke or indiscriminately blame the levity of childhood, and the innocent but unavoidable mistakes of inexperienced youth, what claims have they to the respect or gratitude of those whom they offend rather than favor?

To those single women who have no very near relatives or connexions, charity, both public and private, offers a never-failing source of praise-worthy and interesting occupation. There are in the present day (to the honor of the ladies of Great-Britain be it recorded) so many benevolent institutions of various kinds, both patronised and managed entirely by the female sex, that not one who wishes to exert her talents or undraw her purse-strings for the benefit of her fellow-creatures can justly excuse herself on the plea of having no opportunity of rendering herself useful, or complain of want of coadjutors in the great work of charity. To those who are fond of children, and find pleasure in attending to them, schools of various descriptions present a substitute for children of their own. Attending in all weathers, and in public, and perhaps mean apartments, teaching over and over again the simple elements of learning to little awkward mean-clad urchins, may be a less elegant, though not a less useful, employment than sitting in the drawing-room with the genteel and accomplished young ladies, while they practise their musical lessons, or con over their French or Italian exercises. None, whatever be their fortunes in life, are born merely for themselves: surrounded by our fellow-creatures—united to them, as mortals, by similar wants and mutual sympathies—who shall dare avow their right to be idle, or show their charter for being born merely to consume the fruits of the earth? Nature and religion alike forbid the empty boast. Those, of either sex, who make their own personal comfort and individual gratification their primary object and sole study, seldom, if ever, obtain the end proposed. The less we think of ourselves, the more we enjoy existence, which can never be barren of felicity to those whose time and talents

are engaged in any laudable pursuit; and, after all we can either hope for or imagine of good in this sublunary world, the greatest portion of real happiness will ever be found in a steady course of virtuous actions, and in the habitual exercise of the benevolent affections.

#### MY FIRST BALLS AND MY LAST.

IT is common for persons, when they arrive at a certain age, to contrast the past with the present, giving as a matter of course the preference to that period when to them the world was young. When no longer able to enjoy the pleasures of life, we are too apt to fancy that they are deteriorated, whilst perhaps the cause of our disappointment lies in our own blunted feelings and perceptions. It may be difficult to avoid this imputation in the following remarks; yet I have made great allowance for the strength of first impressions. I have not, for my own part, entertained any very high expectation of enjoyment: 'come what will, I have been blessed;' and that is enough for any reasonable person; but I cannot avoid expressing my great astonishment at the slight degree of pleasure which is manifested by others in the gayest assemblies of the present day. The proverb which says that 'you cannot put old heads upon young shoulders' will soon become obsolete; for in what is styled good society the juvenile part of the community are as grave and as solemn as so many judges. I remember the time when the exuberance of spirits displayed itself in jocund glee, in 'nods and becks and wreathed smiles,' when people were happy and looked happy, and when a ball was a festive meeting; and, if by any chance a moody person joined the throng, he was mocked by the gaiety around him. Now, however, the melancholy Jaques himself would find universal sympathy: if he should exchange the greenwood shade for the crowded assembly, he might not meet with *fools* to discourse so philosophically with him as our friend Touchstone; but the conversation would be equally grave. I can have no reason to quarrel with the present state of affairs on my own account, since they seem better adapted to the age of eight and twenty years than to eighteen; and, though the cares and even the misfortunes which I have encountered in my pilgrimage on earth

have not completely subdued my spirits, I am not equal to the violent exercise both of body and mind, the excess of fatigue occasioned by laughing, talking, and dancing, which those who formerly entered into the full enjoyment of life evening encountered in a ball-room. It is more agreeable to me to move through a few quadrilles, than to expend strength and breath in flying down thirty or forty couples in *double quick time*. Indeed, I believe, but for the importation of these quadrilles, I should have been content with the post of looker-on during the last five years out of the fifteen in which I have been what is termed *out*.

Introduced into company at a very early period of life, I have seen more of the world than many women of my own age. My birth and connexions led me into the best circles; and this may be a necessary piece of information, since, in describing my first balls, the mirth and glee which prevailed might in this refined age appear such as could only have emanated from the vulgar. My *debut* was in a watering-place, which, in addition to the visitors of the season, was garrisoned by several regiments, and was also the resort of king's ships cruising off that station. We had not so many 'appliances and means to boot,' as we should probably find now in a place of equal consideration. There were not any public assembly-rooms; but, at the principal inn, two or three dozen of partitions were taken down every month, beds and chests of drawers emigrated into different parts of the house, and eight or ten sleeping apartments were converted into one long ball-room. I do not think we had any chandeliers: the lights were disposed in tin sconces against the walls; a quantity of chalk was thrown down in one corner of the room, on which the dancers might rub their shoes; and amongst our musical instruments we reckoned a dulcimer, which was often heard alone, when the performers upon the other instruments 'were a'noddin.' The tea, we more than suspected, had gone through the ordeal of the frying-pan, after having done duty at the breakfast tables of the travelers sojourning at the inn; but that only afforded matter for sport; for our spirits were too buoyant to be burdened by any desalcation in the elegant or luxurious part of our amusements; and, as we emptied the canisters without perceiving any alteration in the strength of the beverage, the

ejaculations and exclamations of the ladies drew on droll colloquies between the gentlemen and the waiters; and, though I by no means intend to inflict our antediluvian witticisms upon ears polite, I beg leave to assure them that many very good things were said, and much hilarity produced by circumstances which would put the *claves* of the modern school completely out of their element, and make them feel ashamed to find themselves in such a place, and liable to such accidents. If the ball-room was not very splendid, the company made ample amends: it was crowded with glittering uniforms, and even the gentlemen in plain clothes, dressed in light kerseymeré and white silk stockings, did not make so sombre an appearance as the *beaux*, sable-clad from head to heel, do now. Black was only worn by people in mourning, physicians, &c. I remember a personage thus attired, who, under the sanction of his medical profession, used to visit the assembly: anxious to edge himself into our set, and perhaps fancying that my extreme youth would render me pervious to his solicitations, he regularly, *sans introduction*, asked me to dance with him, — a relique, the only one I have ever met with of elder times, when the magical ceremony of two names repeated by a third party was not necessary to make people acquainted. A cold and frigid ‘No sir’ was always received in reply, and yet he persevered. This apothecary, for such we suspected him to be by his forwardness, was a source of endless amusement to me at the time: his manner was novel then, but now it is worthy of being chronicled; for in these days even his shopman would be better versed in etiquette than to be guilty of such a solecism.

What delightful men my partners were! I was too young to think of them as any thing but delightful men. The highest in rank gratified my vanity; the merriest amused me the most; but he who had the largest quantity of gold lace upon his coat had perhaps the best chance of being accepted. Then they were all so eager to dance that we were often engaged five or six deep, and obliged to tie knots in our handkerchiefs to assist our memories; and, whilst a lady was dancing with one, another would stand behind holding the scent-bottle, and a third be waiting at the bottom of the set with a fan. I do not expect to receive the

same attention now; but I am surprised that I never see it paid to others. The men of that period seem not to have belonged to the same species who lounge about our drawing-rooms in these days. One of our favorites, a captain of dragoons and an aide-de-camp, yet notwithstanding these high privileges guiltless of airs and affectation, was a most untiring dancer, the promoter of every thing delightful. His mirth was infectious; with him ‘we laughed the heart’s laugh,’ and, animated by his example, repelled all symptoms of weariness, and kept up the spirit of the ball till morning dawned. Colonel — was a kindred soul. One night in the intervals of our sets, when the *revellie* of his regiment was resounding through the streets, he made a bet that he would not mount his horse during the day’s march (sixteen miles): he was the last upon the floor in the dance with which we concluded the evening; his servant was in waiting with a pair of boots, which he drew on over his silk stockings; he then ran after his regiment, and overtook it on the road. The naval officers were equally alert, but they were not quite so popular as the military men. An unfortunate assumption of authority on the part of a post-captain, who refused to dance below his lieutenant, had created a laugh, and a prejudice against them. This demand for precedence was the more ridiculous, as there were many ladies of well-founded pretensions in the room; for instance, the earl of —’s fair kinswoman, since dead, lord \*\*\*\*’s daughters, who now shine at Almack’s, the cousins of a noble marquis, and the near relatives of a duke,—an assemblage of rank not often to be met with now in a public room. The lieutenant, I remember, modestly yet firmly insisted on his partner’s right to her place, and the captain soon discovered that he had lost all command the moment he quitted his own quarter-deck. It was an excellent jest at the time. The discomfited officer always deemed himself an injured man, and we used to hear him growling about subordination, to our very great entertainment. The noblemen and baronets had modestly waived their right, and stood according to the station of their partners: even the steward himself took care, when he opened the ball, to select a lady eligible for the post of honor; yet the captain, convinced against his will, maintained the same opinion. The females, it must be owned, though not the

ladies of rank, squabbled a little about precedence; and, even after the introduction of numbered tickets, there was so much favor shown in their distribution, that all parties were far from being satisfied; but these discussions only gave a zest to the amusement, and nothing of a disastrous nature ensued. An officer of a volunteer corps danced one night with his sword on, which gave him a very martial and terrific appearance; and once a gentleman of the county, standing sturdily with his back to the fire, in defiance of the ladies who appeared anxious to approach it, had both the flaps of his coat burned off before he discovered his danger, or was warned, by the laughter of the spectators, of the peril to which he was exposed. The punishment was considered as exceedingly appropriate, and not more than adequate to the offence. We might not all possess the grace of Thalia and Terpsichore, but neither of these Muses have ever been portrayed with gayer countenances than those which our ball-room presented: our mirth was loud, though not obstreperous; the walls rang with pleasant sounds of cheerful gaiety; the eyes danced as well as the feet; in every quarter groups of happy faces were to be seen rejoicing in the festal scene; and our joys did not end with the ball; for, when the dancing was over, it was the fashion to invite a select party of particular friends to a supper at our own houses, and these meetings were the most delightful that can well be imagined. The song and jest went gaily round. One of the party used to carry ballads in his pocket as long as Chevy Chase, which he rehearsed for our amusement; he had a fine voice, and was moreover a fellow of infinite humor, one who could set the table in a roar; and to the quickest perception of the ridiculous he added so much good-natured feeling, that he never mortified those who were the objects of his satire. Parties by land and by water, where the same choice spirits met, diversified our amusements; and we had morning concerts at the lodgings of a colonel, where all the musical amateurs were mustered, and the orchestra completed from the regimental bands. By the recurrence of the same compositions, these scenes are brought to my mind with the freshness of yesterday; yet, though I have since associated with musical people, I have never met with any thing like the jocund spirit which distinguished those meetings.

Such was my *entrée* into life; the first act of the drama has never been surpassed or even equaled; and it seems useless to hope for the return of these exquisite early sensations which tinged every object with *coulour de rose*. I once expected to see the young people springing up around me as full of gaiety and as vivacious as I was at their age; but I was grievously disappointed. I could look at the happiness of others without envy; but I am not called upon for the exercise of any virtue of this nature; for only sensations of pity are excited by the listless indifference which is now the characteristic of both young and old. The increased intercourse which now prevails between this country and our continental neighbours, far from having introduced the levity of manner which it was generally supposed would result from the contagion of example, seems to have produced a contrary effect. We have become infinitely more prim, starched, and stately, since the peace than we were before. Mirth is entirely banished from the ball-room; a dead silence prevails; no voice is raised above a whisper, not a sound is heard except the music; and, though the strains from the orchestra far exceed in melody our old jig measures, they are far from being so exhilarating. Dancing appears to be a duty, not a recreation. Every face is clouded with gravity, and the whole soul seems to be absorbed in the difficulty of the undertaking. The slow movements of the quadrille are accompanied by corresponding sedateness of deportment; and, even in waltzing, the necessity of attending to the step is so urgent, that the attention is devoted to that alone. All strictures upon the impropriety of this exotic appear absurd when we observe the effect which it produces upon the English performers, the majority of whom are entirely engaged in counting their time. During the performance of the quadrilles not a word is spoken: such 'solemn dancing' was never seen since the days of queen Elizabeth; and yet nothing beyond Paine's first act is ever attempted. The mysteries of Pantaloon, l'Ét, la Poule, and Trenise, have subdued to their quality all energy of mind and body. To get through them with strict propriety is the only aim, the only object; but the most melancholy thing of all is the poor neglected country dance, which sometimes, as a relique of 'auld lang syne,' is introduced in a modern assembly.



room. Very few persons are found to patronise it; and, while they stand up in two formal rows, the gentlemen do not, as heretofore, pass the boundary for the sake of talking to their partners, or defy all efforts from the steward or the master of the ceremonies to keep them in their proper places; but, the dance is begun, continued, and ended, in a dead silence to some reformed air, which is nothing like 'Off she goes,' 'Mother Goose,' or 'Cupid's Arrows,' but is called the Cypress Wreath, Caractacus, or the Vampire, and is evidently a plagiarism from the dirge in Hamlet or Romeo and Juliet. Gentlemen look over their shirt-collars at the ladies, and lip out a few words in an under tone, or they walk up and down the room together, arm in arm, without speaking at all; for, to give loose to any feeling whatever, to laugh, or to enter into animated conversation, would seem to astonish the whole company. The supper, if there be any, is equally chilling and insocial; and the superiority of the embellishments, the grandeur of the apartment, and the elegance of the dresses, are a poor compensation for the sprightliness which, only a few years ago, emanated from those who had just quitted the merry dance for the festive board. A few private parties are a degree better, though in general the restraint is still more apparent than in public. The system is altogether paralysing; and I have often amused myself with observing its effect upon my acquaintance, persons of lively manners and dispositions, who, when exposed to its influence, have gradually become almost petrified.

Bath is the only place which still keeps up something like the old charter, where people are privileged to transgress the most rigid of lord Chesterfield's rules, which the worthies of modern times have revived for the benefit of the rising generation; but, even in that free city, it is considered unfashionable to dance in public, and the splendid assembly-rooms, unequalled in England, and not surpassed upon the continent, have degenerated into a mere promenade, or are engaged for private subscription balls, very exclusive and very dull. Dullness, indeed, is the usual accompaniment of these select meetings, from which even Almack's, though graced by distinguished rank and talent, is not exempt. But the company at Bath are

making some glorious efforts to escape from the lethargic influence of the fiend *ennui*: they have had a masquerade this season, which, conducted under proper restrictions, has yet allowed full latitude to innocent mirth. Surely gaiety can exist, and has existed in England devoid of licentiousness; and, in this refined, learned, and enlightened age, there is no need of that intolerable ceremonial and etiquette, fetters imported from heavy German courts, to manacle the mind, and check the lively sallies of uncorrupted hearts. To behold all amusement with disdain, to look with ineffable scorn and contempt upon the toys and trifles which after all make up the sum of human happiness, are the marks of elegance in this era of improvement; and yet our pursuits are not more noble or our pleasures more intellectual than of old. Nonsense and absurdity are still prevalent, even in polished society. Folly, divested of her cap and bells, stalks abroad in the robe of a senator. The enthusiasm so necessary to carry us through the world, regardless of disappointments, of hopes defeated and deferred, has vanished; the general expression has become vulgar; coldness, inanity, and reserve, are the order of the day, and we must conform to the prevailing fashion, or be stigmatized as devoid of breeding and unaccustomed to goid society. Our youths are full of unmannerly sadness, and our best *beaux* are very melancholy and gentlemanlike.

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A TOUR IN GERMANY, AND SOME OF THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE, IN THE YEARS 1820, 1821, AND 1822.—2 vols.

THE English are still fond of rambling over the continent with a view of dispelling that *ennui* which depresses them at home; and, in conformity with the hint of Persius, that it is of no use to be acquainted with any thing whatever, unless you impart your knowledge to others, they are glad to lavish their stores upon the world, for the benefit of stationers and printers, and eventually for the convenience of trunkmakers. The author of the present tour, however, will probably treat the last-mentioned worthies with defiance; for the public, we think, will not suffer his volumes to be so degraded as to line even *imperia*.

Passing toward the Rhine from France,

he thus speaks of Strasburg, formerly a German, but now a French city.—It is ‘an irregular, old-fashioned, heavy-looking town, most inconveniently intersected by muddy streams and canals, and full of soldiers and customhouse-officers; for it has the double misfortune of being at once a frontier trading town, and an important frontier fortification. The appearance of the inhabitants, and the mixture of tongues, announce at once that the Rhine was not always the boundary of France. Nearly two centuries have been insufficient to eradicate the difference of descent, and manners, and language. The situation of the town, more than any thing else, has tended to keep these peculiarities alive, and to prevent French manners from establishing, even in a French city, that intolerant despotism which they have often introduced into foreign capitals. As it is the centre of mercantile intercourse which France maintains with Swabia, Wirtemberg, great part of Baden, and the north of Switzerland, the German inhabitants have always among them too many of their kindred to forget that they themselves were once subjects of the holy Roman empire, or give up their own modes of speaking, and dressing, and eating. The solid Swabian and serious Swiss drover are deaf to the charms of the universal language and kitchen. At Strasburg you may dine on dishes as impenetrably disguised, or lavish over *entremets* as nearly refined away to nothing, as at the tables of the great Parisian rivals, Very and Vefours; or, on the other side of the street, for half the money, you may have more German fat, plain boiled beef, and sour cabbage. The German kitchen is essentially a plain, solid, greasy kitchen; it has often far too much of the last quality. People of rank, indeed, in the great capitals, are just as mad on French cookery as the most delicate of their equals in London; but the national cookery, in its general character, is the very reverse of that of France, and it is by no means certain that the cookery of a people may not have some connexion with the national character. The German justly prides himself on the total absence of parade, on the openness, plainness, and sincerity, which mark his character; accordingly, he boils his beef, and roasts his mutton and fowls just as they come from the hands of the butcher and the poulterer. If a *gourmand* of Vienna stuff his Styrian capon with

truffles, this is an unwonted tribute to delicacy of palate. French cookery, again, really seems to be merely a product of the vanity and parade which are inseparable from the French character. The culinary accomplishments are to his dinner just what sentiment is to his conversation. They are both substitutes for the solid beef and solid feeling which either are not there at all, or, if they be there, are intended for no other purpose than to give a name. No one portion of God's creatures is reckoned fit for a Frenchman's dinner till he himself has improved it beyond all possibility of recognition. His cookery seems to proceed on the very same principle on which his countrymen laboured to improve Raphael's pictures, viz. that there is nothing in nature or art so good, but he can make it better.’

The ordinary mode of traveling in Germany is pleasantly described:—‘What the Germans call a diligence, or *post-wagen*, dragging its slow length through this delicious scene, is a bad feature in the picture. Much as we laugh at the meagre cattle, the knotted rope harness, and lumbering pace of the machines which bear the same name in France, the French have outstripped their less alert neighbours in every thing that regards neatness, and comfort, and expedition. The German carriage resembles the French one, but is still more clumsy and unwieldy. The luggage, which generally constitutes the far greater part of the burthen (for your diligence is a servant of all work, and takes a trunk as cheerfully as a passenger), is placed, not above, but in the rear. Behind the carriage a flooring projects from above the axle of the hind wheels, equal, in length and breadth, to all the rest of the vehicle. On this is built up a castle of boxes and packages, that generally shoots out beyond the wheels, and towers far above the roof of the carriage. The whole weight is increased as much as possible by the strong chains intended to secure the fortification from all attacks in the rear; for the guard, like his French brother, will expose himself neither to wind nor weather, but forthwith retires to dose in his cabriolet, leaving to its fate the edifice which has been reared with much labor and marvellous skill. Six passengers, if so many bold men can be found, are packed up inside; two, more happy or less daring, take their places in the ca-

briolet with the guard. The breath of life is insipid to a German without the breath of his pipe; the insides puff most genially right in each other's faces. With such an addition to the ordinary mail-coach miseries of a low roof, a perpendicular back, legs suffering like a martyr's in the boots, and scandalously scanty air-holes, the diligence becomes a very 'black-hole.' True, the police has directed its denunciations against smoking, and Meinherr, the *conducteur* (he has no native appellation) is specially charged with their execution; but, from the cravings of his own appetite, he has a direct interest in allowing them to sleep, and is often the very first man to propose putting them to rest. To this huge mass, this combination of stage-coach and carrier's cart, are yoked four meagre ragged cattle, and the whole dashes along, on the finest roads, at the rate of rather more than three English miles an hour, stoppages included. The matter of refreshment is conducted with a very philanthropic degree of leisure, and, at every considerable town, a breach must be made in the luggage castle, and he built up again. Half a day's traveling, in one of these vehicles, is enough to make a man loathe them all his lifetime.

The sketches of the German towns are drawn with a spirited pencil,—not borrowed from former representations, but produced by recent and accurate observation. The physical appearances of the country are well depicted, and the moral features of the people are happily touched.

Our author notices the rising spirit of liberty in various parts of Germany, which, he says, is encouraged even by the fair sex. This spirit more strongly prevails at the universities, some of which, therefore, have become so obnoxious to the ruling powers, that many students have been stigmatised with expulsion. He gives an amusing account of the academic youth at Jena. They seem to listen with respectful attention to the lectures of the professors; but,—'Once outside of the class-room, they show themselves a much less orderly race; if they submit to be ruled one hour daily by a professor, they rule him, and every other person, during all the rest of the four and twenty. The duels of the day are generally fought out early in the morning; the spare hours of the forenoon and afternoon are spent in fencing, in *renouwing*—that is, in doing things which make people stare

at them, and in providing duels for the morrow. In the evening, the various clans assemble in their *commerce*-houses, to besot themselves with beer, and tobacco; and it is long after midnight before the last strains of the last songs die away upon the streets. Wine is not the staple beverage, for Jena is not in a wine country, and the students have learned to place a sort of pride in drinking beer. Yet, with a very natural contradiction, over their pots of beer they vociferate songs in praise of the grape, and swing their jugs with as much glee as a *bursche* of Heidelberg brandishes his *römer* of Rhenish.

'A band of these young men, thus assembled in an ale-house in the evening, presents as strange a contrast as can well be imagined to all correct ideas, not only of studious academical tranquillity, but even of respectable conduct; yet, in refraining from the nightly observances, they would think themselves guilty of a less pardonable dereliction of their academic character, and a more direct treason against the independence of Germany, than if they subscribed to the Austrian Observer, or never attended for a single hour the lectures for which they paid. Step into the public room of that inn, on the opposite side of the market-place, for it is the most respectable in the town. On opening the door, you must use your ears, not your eyes, for nothing is yet visible except a dense mass of smoke, occupying space, concealing every thing in it and beyond it, illuminated with a dusky light, you know not how, and sending forth from its bowels all the varied sounds of mirth and revelry. As the eye gradually accustoms itself to the atmosphere, human visages are seen dimly dawning through the lurid cloud; then pewter jugs begin to glimmer faintly in their neighbourhood; and, as the smoke from the phial gradually shaped itself into the friendly Asmodeus, the man and his jug slowly assume a defined and corporeal form. You can now totter along between the two long tables which have sprung up, as if by enchantment; by the time you have reached the huge stove at the farther end, you have before you the paradise of German *burschen*, destitute only of its houris; every man with his bonnet on his head, a pot of beer in his hand, a pipe or segar in his mouth, and a song upon his lips, never doubting that he and his companions are training themselves

to be the regenerators of Europe, that they are the true representatives of the manliness and independence of the German character, and the only models of a free, generous, and high-minded youth. They lay their hands upon their jugs, and vow the liberation of Germany; they stop a second pipe, or light a second cigar, and swear that the Holy Alliance is an unclean thing.

'The songs of these studious revellers often bear a particular character. They are, indeed, mostly convivial; but many of them contain a peculiar train of feeling, springing from their own peculiar modes of thinking, hazy aspirations after patriotism and liberty (of neither of which they have any just idea), and mystical allusions to some unknown chivalry that dwells in a fencing bout, or in the cabalistic ceremony, with which a tournament concludes, of running the weapon through a hat.'

A proof of the free spirit which animates some of the German communities may be deduced from the public feeling that prevailed in the case of Sand, whose assassination of Kotzebue, if not expressly vindicated, was at least not severely condemned. 'People found many things in his conduct and situation which conspired to make them regard him as an object of pity, sometimes of admiration, rather than of blame. Nobody regrets Kotzebue. To deny him, as many have done, all claims to talent and literary merit, argues sheer ignorance or stupidity; but his talent could not redeem the imprudence of his conduct, and no man ever possessed in greater perfection the art of making enemies wherever he was placed. Every body believed, too, that Sand acted from what he took to be a principle of public duty, and not to gratify any private interest. This feeling, joined to the patience and resolution with which he bore up under fourteen months of grievous bodily suffering, the kindness of temper which he manifested toward every one else, and the intrepidity with which he submitted to the punishment of his crime, naturally procured him in Germany much sympathy and indulgence.' But the author properly adds, that such palliative feelings toward the perpetrator of such a deed are abundantly dangerous and pregnant with mischief.

The ladies (it is said) 'were implacable in their resentment at his execution: but it is hinted, with a sarcastic

sneer at the frivolity of those of Mannheim, that 'they could easily forgive the necessity of cutting off his head, yet could not pardon the barbarity of cutting off, to prepare him for the block, the long dark locks which curled down over his shoulders after the academical fashion.'

To a more severe censure are the ladies of Vienna subjected; for they are accused of gross immorality, to which, however, they are apparently more influenced by a love of gain than by depravity of inclination. Their conduct, in either case, is shameful and inexcusable.'

'There cannot be a more dissolute city,—one where female virtue is less prized, and therefore less frequent. A total want of principle, the love of pleasure, and the love of finery, are so universally diffused, that wives and daughters, in not only what we would call comfortable, but even affluent circumstances, do not shrink from increasing the means of their extravagance by forgetting their duty. They sacrifice themselves, not so much from inclination, as from interest. You will probably find in Naples or Rome as many faithless wives, who are so from a temporary and variable liking, as in Vienna; but you will not find so many who throw away their honor from the love of gain. The advantage seems to be on the side of the Italian. Worthless as both are, even a passing liking is something less degrading than the mere infamous calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence, without even the excuse of poverty.

'The quantity of licentiousness is commonly smallest in the middle class of people. It is not so in Vienna, at least among the men. To hear the *nonchalance* with which a party of respectable merchants or shopkeepers speak of their amours, you would think them dissolute bachelors; yet they are husbands and fathers, and, provided all circumstances of public scandal be avoided, it never enters their heads that their conduct has any thing improper in it. Every one, male and female, bears most christianly with every other. All this leads to a strange mixture of society, particularly on public occasions.

'This, with the general want of manly and independent feeling, is the worst point in the character of the Viennese; setting aside this unbounded love of pleasure, and the disinclination to rigorous industry, either bodily or intellec-

tual, that necessarily accompanies it, they are honest, affectionate, and obliging people. There is some weakness, however, in their fondness for being honored with high sounding forms of address. This disposition may be expected, in some degree or other, in every country where the received forms of society and modes of thinking give every thing to rank, and nothing to character; but nowhere is it carried to such an extravagant length as in Vienna, producing even solecisms in language. Every man who holds any public office, should it be merely that of an under-clerk, on a paltry salary of forty pounds a year, must be gratified by hearing his title, not his name; and, if you have occasion to write to such a person, you must address him, not merely as a clerk, but as 'Imperial and Royal Clerk,' in such and such an 'Imperial and Royal Office.' Even in speaking of absent persons, they are generally designated by their official titles, however humble and unmeaning these may be. The ladies are not behind in asserting their claims to honorary appellations. All over Germany, a wife insists on taking the official title of her husband, with a feminine termination. We meet with *Madam Generalsess*, *Madam Privy-counsellorless*, and a hundred others. In Vienna, a shopkeeper's wife will not be well pleased with any thing under *Gnadige Frau*, Gracious Madam. It is equally common, and still more absurd, for both sexes to prefix *von* (of), the symbol of nobility, to the surname, as if the latter were the name of an estate. A dealer in pickles or pipe-heads, for instance, whose name may happen to be Mr. Charles, must be called, if you wish to be polite, Mr. *of* Charles, and his helpmate Mrs. *of* Charles\*. Kotzebue has ridiculed all this delightfully in his *Deutsche Kleinstadt*, the most laughable of all farces.

The looseness of morals, so disgraceful to the Austrian capital, if not aided, is, at least, very little restrained by religion: that happy self-satisfaction under certain iniquities, which only quickens our pace in the career of guilt, though it may not form any part of the doctrines of the catholic church, is an almost infallible consequence of the deceptive nature of many parts of her ritual, and exists as a fact in every country where

her hierarchy is dominant, and no extraneous circumstances modify its corrupting influence.

The Germans, like most other nations, are fond of amusement; notwithstanding their natural gravity. We cannot follow our author through every detail of this kind; but shall merely quote two passages on the subject of their diversions.

'Though there are carriages in Weimar, its little fashionable world makes no show in the ring; but, so soon as winter has furnished a sufficient quantity of snow, they indemnify themselves by bringing forth their sledges. They are fond of this amusement, but are not sufficiently far north to enjoy it in any perfection, or for any length of time. The sledges would be handsome, were not their pretensions to beauty frequently injured by the gaudy colors with which they are bedaubed. By the laws of sledge-driving, every gentleman is entitled, at the termination of the excursion, to salute his partner, as a reward for having been an expert Jehu; and, if once in the line, it is not easy to drive badly. The wholly unpractised, or very apprehensive, plant a more skilful servant on the projecting spars behind; he manages the horses, while his principal, freed of the trouble, tenaciously retains its recompense. The long line of glittering carriages, the gay trappings of the horses, the sound of the bells with which they are covered, and (except this not unpleasant tinkling) the noiseless rapidity with which the train glides through a clear frosty morning, like a fairy cavalcade skimming along the earth, form a cheering and picturesque prospect.

'Few things would raise the wrath of an English sportsman more than a German hare-hunt (except perhaps a Hungarian stag-hunt), for the game is cut off from every chance of escape before the attack is made. The grand duke of Weimar is an enthusiastic sportsman himself, and, when he takes his part, every respectable person may do the same, and join his train. Peasants are used instead of grey-hounds; they surround a large tract of country, and drive the hares before them, into the hands of fifty or sixty sportsmen with double-barreled guns. It is a massacre, not a hunt. As the circle grows more confined, and only a few of the devoted animals survive, the amusements become nearly as dangerous to the sportsmen as to the

\* Like a subaltern performer at the Opera-house, who calls himself *di Giovanni*.

game; they shoot across each other in all directions; and the *Jagdmeister* and his assistants find sufficient occupation both for their voices and their arms, here striking down, there striking up a barrel, to prevent the sportsmen, in the confusion, from pouring the shot into each other's bodies. A large waggon, loaded with every thing essential to good cheer, attends. After the first circle has been exhausted, the sportsmen make merry, while the peasants are forming a new one, in a different direction, and preparing a similar murderous exhibition. The peasants say, that, without this summary mode of execution, they might be overrun with hares; and they very naturally prefer having it in their power to purchase dead hares for a price which is next to nothing, to being eaten up by thousands of them alive.

#### A JOURNEY THROUGH A DESERT;

*from Scenes and Impressions in Egypt.*

THE road through the desert is most wonderful in its features: a finer cannot be imagined. It is wide, hard, firm, winding, for at least two-thirds of the way, from Kossir to Thebes, between ranges of rocky hills, rising often perpendicularly on either side, as if they had been scraped by art; here, again, rather broken, and overhanging, as if they were the lofty banks of a mighty river, and you traversing its dry and naked bed. Now you are quite landlocked; now again you open on small valleys, and see, upon heights beyond, small square towers. It was late in the evening when we came to our ground, a sort of dry bay; sand, burning sand, with rock and cliff, rising in jagged points all around—a spot where the waters of ocean might sleep in stillness, or, with the soft voice of their gentlest ripple, lull the storm-worn mariner. We started at a very early hour in the morning: it was dark when we moved off, and even cold. Your camel is impatient to rise ere you are well seated on him; gives a shake, too, to warm his blood, and half dislodges you; marches rather faster than by day, and gives occasionally a hard quick stamp with his broad callous foot. Our moon was far in her wane. She rose, however, about an hour after we started, all red, above the dark hills on our left; yet higher rose, and paler grew, till at last she hung a silvery crescent in

the deep-blue sky. I claim for the traveler a love of that bright planet far beyond what the fixed and settled resident can ever know;—the meditation of the lover, the open lattice, the guitar, the villagers' castanets, are all in sweet character with the moon, or on her increase, or full-orbed; but the traveler (*especially in the East*) loves her in her wane; so does the soldier at his still piquet of the night, and also the sailor, on his silent watch, when she comes and breaks in upon the darkness of the night to soothe and bless him.

Who passes the desert and says all is barren, all lifeless? In the grey morning you may see the common pigeon, and the partridge, and the pigeon of the rock, alight before your very feet, and come upon the beaten camel-path for food. They are tame, for they have not learned to fear, or to distrust the men who pass these solitudes. The camel-driver would not lift a stone, to them; and the sportsman could hardly find it in his heart to kill these gentle tenants of the desert: the deer might tempt him; I saw but one; far, very far, he caught the distant camel tramp, and paused, and raised and threw back his head to listen, then ran to the road instead of from it; but far a-head he crossed it, and then away up a long slope he fleetly stole, and off to some solitary spring which wells, perhaps, where no human being has ever trodden. Here and there you meet with something of green,—a tree alone, or two: in one vale, indeed, you may see eight or ten; these are the acacias; small-leaved and thorny, yet kind, in that “they forsake not these forsaken places.” You have affections in the desert too; your patient and docile camel is sometimes vainly urged if his fellow or his driver be behind; he will stop, and turn, and give that deep hoarse gurgling sound, by which he expresses uneasiness and displeasure. It is something to have ridden, though but for a few days, the camel of the desert. We always associate the horse with the Arab warrior, and the horse alone; also the crooked cimitar. Now these belong to the Syrian, and the Persian, the Mameluke, and the Turk as well. The camel is peculiar to the Arab alone. It was on the camel that Mohammed performed his flight to Medina. It was on a white she-camel that he made his entry into that city. Seventy camels were arrayed by his side

in the Vale of Beder. And it was on his own red camel that his successor Omar, with his wooden dish and leathern water-bottle, and bag of dates, came to receive the keys of the holy city of Jerusalem. Moreover, it is on a winged white camel, with a golden saddle, that the Moslem, who is faithful to the end, believes that he shall ride hereafter.

A LATE VISIT TO COCHIN-CHINA,  
*by an American Naval Officer.*

On our approach to the shore at Canjeo (says lieutenant White), the natives of the place, consisting principally of men, women, children, swine, and mangy dogs, equally filthy and miserable in appearance, lined the muddy banks of a Stygian stream to welcome our landing. With this escort we proceeded immediately to the house of the chief, through several defiles, strewn with rotten fish, old bones, and various other nauseous objects, among the fortuitous assemblage of huts, fish-pots, old boats, pig-styes, &c., and, in order that no circumstance of ceremony should be omitted, to honor their new guests, a most harmonious concert was immediately struck up by the swarm of little filthy children, in a state of perfect nudity (who formed part of our procession), in which they were joined by their parents and the swine and dogs before-mentioned.

On our first interview with the natives of the country, we were much surprised to find their manners so different from what we had been led to expect, and could only reconcile the discordance by a supposition that the inhabitants of the coast, being remote from the example of the more polished residents of the cities, must of course be less civilised; but as we became more acquainted, and their characters were proportionally developed, we were convinced that the Cochín-Chinese were in many respects little removed from a state of deplorable barbarism.

The military chief was a withered, grey-headed old man, possessing however a great deal of vivacity, tinctured with a leaven of savage childishness, which, in spite of his affectation of great state and ceremony, would constantly break out, and afford us infinite amusement. He had several attendants, who were perfectly subservient and promptly obedient to all his orders; yet we observed that on all other occasions the greatest familiarity subsisted between

them. One of the attendants carried a huge umbrella, with which he followed the old man to all parts of the ship, where his curiosity or caprice led him; and, when invited into the cabin, he would not descend without the umbrella, so tenacious was he of every circumstance of state and appearance. Another attendant was a handsome boy of about fifteen years of age, who carried, in two silk bags connected with a piece of cotton cloth, and thrown over his shoulder, the areka nut, betel leaf, chunam and tobacco, of which they chew immense quantities; and so universal is this custom among them, that I never saw a man of any rank or respectability without one of these attendants. They also smoke segars made of cut tobacco, rolled in paper wrappers, like the Portuguese, from whom probably they adopted this custom. Another servant carried his fan; and our risibility was not a little excited on seeing the old fellow strutting about the deck, peeping into the cook's coppers, embracing the sailors on the fore-castle, dancing, grinning, and playing many other antic tricks, followed by the whole train of fanners, umbrella-bearers, and chunam boys, (for the attendants of the other chiefs had joined in the procession), with the most grave deportment and solemn visage, performing their several functions.

The dress of the chiefs consisted of a very short and coarse cotton shirt which had been originally white; trowsers of black crape, very wide, without waistbands, and secured round the waist by a sash of crimson silk; a tunic of black or blue silk, the lapel folding over the breast and buttoning on the opposite shoulder, which, as well as the shirt, had a very low collar, buttoned close round the neck, and reaching nearly to the knees; coarse wooden sandals; a turban of black crape surmounted by a hat made of palm leaves, in the form of a very obtuse cone; a ring for the insertion of the head underneath, and secured under the chin with a string.

In person the Cochín-Chinese are perhaps smaller than their neighbours the Malays, and of the same color, though generally not so well formed; their constant habit of chewing areka imparts to their mouths a most disgusting appearance; and, what is very remarkable, they never wash their faces and hands, or bodies; for, in all other parts of the East, frequent ablutions

have been thought so indispensable to health and purity, that it is enjoined by their priests as a religious rite, and most scrupulously adhered to, both from duty and inclination.

The habit of the higher classes, in permitting their nails to grow to an enormous length, cannot be supposed to conduce to cleanliness or comfort; and it is remarkable with what unwearied pains they cultivate them, as a person bearing this badge is supposed not to be obliged to perform any manual labor, and the longer the nails, the more respectability do they confer on the wearer. Their garments are seldom taken off by night or by day, after having been first assumed, except in cases of ceremony, when they are temporarily superseded by other dresses, till rotten by time and filth, when they are permitted to fall off.

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DELIGHTS OF A HIGHLAND CLIMATE AND  
A SCOTISH INN.

It was not (says Dr. Macculloch, the facetious friend of Sir Walter Scott), for want of making the attempt, that I did not see whatever is to be seen from the summit of Ben Ledi. I reached it, but in vain; and I need not conjecture and describe, like Brydone on *Ætna*, what I did not see. Did I choose thus to deceive you, I should at any rate do it with comparative truth, or rather falsehood, since I sat down on its topmost stone, whereas that personage, like *Eustace* in other cases, only ascended with the pen, and in his closet. Heaven knows, it is difficult enough to describe what we have seen, without troubling ourselves by attempting to look through clouds as dense as a millstone, and by stringing together epithets with a map before us. Yet the views ought to be fine, since Ben Ledi commands a very interesting variety of country. That they are so in the direction of *Stirling*, I can vouch, as they also are over *Loch Lubnaig* to the north; but, to me, it was like the vanishing of images in a magic lantern, or like the glance of the lightning in a dark night; gone before I could say, it is here. I thought that I had known Highland rain in all its forms and mixtures and varieties; in *Sky*, in *Mull*, in *Shetland*, at *Fort William*, at *Killin*, on the summit of *Ben Lawers*, and in the depths of *Glenco*; but nothing like the rain on Ben Ledi

did I ever behold, before or since. In an instant, and without warning or preparation, the showers descended in one broad stream, like a cascade from the clouds, and in an instant they ceased again. We have heard, in an ode to *Molly*, of counting the drops of rain; but there were no drops here to be counted; it was one solid sheet of water.

There is a peculiarity in these summer showers of the Highlands, which a Lowlander knows not, but will not easily forget when he has experienced it. If he carries an umbrella, it will be useful for him to be told that, like his fowling-piece when the dogs have scent, he must keep it ready cocked. If there is but a button to undo, or a ring to slip off, he will often be wet through before he can get either effected. There is an interval of fair weather: even the cloud which is to produce the rain is not very obvious; when, in an instant, and without a sprinkling, or even a harbinger drop, the whole is let go on your head as if a bucket had been emptied on it.

Perhaps the clouds and rain of this cloudy and rainy region are the reason that sun-dials are so common in this country; not only at *Kilmahog*, where there are a dozen, but wherever you go. So it is in almost all the villages; and even the solitary house, that has not a stone step to its door, or any pretence to geometry in its walls, carries the evidence of its mathematical knowledge on its front, in the shape of a rusty gnomon. These incessant dials in this land of clouds, offer some apology for the celebrated question respecting the use of the sun to the dial. The policy is, however, profound, because, if he should miss it at *Inverness*, he may hit it at *Callander*, or elsewhere, some time between the vernal and the autumnal equinoxes. But nothing equals the ingenuity of the artist at *Glamis*, who seems to have been determined that, if time escaped him on one quarter, he would catch it on some other. It would be hard indeed, if, in the revolution of a year, the sun did not light upon one of the hundred faces of this most ingenious polyedron; for he can scarcely peep through a pin-hole, without being caught in the act by the tip of some one of the gnomons, that bristle their north poles like a hedgehog all round it.

I wish I could speak favorably of the inn at *Callander*; but it is a mixed world, inns and all, and we must take it



as it comes. All the varnish of this inn is insufficient to varnish its defects,—wants of all kinds, except of pride and negligence; and of bells, which, the more you ring, the more nobody will come. But what is this to John Macpherson's inn, to which you may go if you please, and whither, possibly, you may be compelled to go. It is a genuine specimen of the Maclarty species; and is indeed so generic, that it will serve, as well as Tyndrum or any other, for a model of what this kind of hostelry is and may be.

When you hear Pe—ggy called, as if the first vowel was just about to thaw, like Sir John Mandeville's story, and when you hear Pe—ggy answer co—ining, you must not prepare to be impatient, but recollect that motion cannot be performed without time. If you are wet, the fire will be lighted by the time you are dry; at least if the peat is not wet too. The smoke of wet peat is wholesome; and, if you are not used to it, they are, which is the same thing. There is neither poker nor tongs (you can stir it with your umbrella), nor bellows (you can blow it, unless you are asthmatic); or, what is better still, Peggy will fan it with her petticoat. 'Peggy, is the supper coming?' In time, comes mutton, called chops, then mustard, by and by a knife and fork; successively, a plate, a candle, and salt. When the mutton is cold, the pepper arrives, and then the bread, and lastly the whisky. The water is reserved for the second course. It is good policy to place these various matters in all directions, because they conceal the defects of Mrs. Maclarty's table-cloth. By this time, the fire is dying; Peggy waits till it is dead, and then the whole process of the peats and the petticoat is to be gone over again. It is all in vain. 'Is the bed ready?' By the time you have fallen asleep once or twice, it is ready. When you enter, it is damp: but how should it be dry in such a climate? The blankets feel so heavy that you expect to get warm in time. Not at all; they have the property of weight without warmth. You awaken at two o'clock very cold, and find that they have slipped over on the floor. You try to square them again, but such is their weight that they fall on the other side: and, at last, by dint of kicking and pulling, they become irremediably entangled, sheets and all; and sleep flies, whatever king Henry may think, to take refuge in other beds and other blankets.

It is vain to try again, and you get up at five. Water being so contemptibly common, it is probable that there is none present; or, if there is, it has a delicious flavour of stale whisky; so that you may almost imagine the Highland rills to run grog. There is no soap in Mrs. Maclarty's house. It is prudent also to learn to shave without a looking-glass, because, if there is one, it is so furrowed and striped and striated, either cross-wise, or perpendicularly, or diagonally, that, in consequence of what Sir Isaac Newton might call its fits of irregular reflection and transmission, you cut your nose if it distorts you one way, and your ear if it protracts you in the opposite direction. The towel being either wet or dirty, or both, you wipe yourself in the moreen curtains, unless you prefer the sheets. When you return to your sitting-room, the table is covered with glasses, and mugs, and circles of dried whisky and porter. The fire-place is full of white ashes: you labor to open a window, if it will open, that you may get a little of the morning air; and, there being no sash-line, it falls on your fingers, as it did on Susanna's. Should you break a pane, it is of no consequence, as it will never be mended again. The clothes which you sent to be washed, are brought up wet; and those which you sent to be dried, are smoked.

You now become impatient for the breakfast; and, as it will not arrive, you go into the kitchen to assist in making the kettle boil. You will not accelerate this; but you will see the economy of Mrs. Maclarty's kitchen. The kettle, an inch thick, is hanging on a black crook in the smoke, not on the fire, likely to boil to-morrow. If you should be near a forest, there is a train of chips lying from the fire-place to the wood-corner, and the landlady is busy, not in separating the two, but in picking out any stray piece that seems likely to be lighted before its turn comes. You need not ask why the houses do not take fire, because it is all that the fire itself can do, with all its exertions. Round this fire are a few oat-cakes, stuck on edge in the ashes to dry; perhaps a herring; and on the floor, at hand, are a heap or two of bed-clothes, a cat, a few melancholy fowls, a couple of black dogs, and perchance a pig, or more, with a pile of undscribables, consisting of horse-collars, old shoes, petticoats, a few dirty plates and horn-spoons, a kilt, possibly a bag-

pipe, a wooden beaker, an empty gill and a pint stoup, a water-bucket, a greasy candlestick, a rake, a spinning-wheel, two or three frowsy fleeces and a shepherd's plaid, an iron-pot full of potatoes, a never-washed milk-tub, some more potatoes, a griddle, a three-legged stool, and Heaven knows what more. All this

time, two or three naked children are peeping at you out of some unintelligible recess, perchance contesting with the chickens and the dogs for the fire, while Peggy is sitting over it unsnooded. But I have said enough of Mrs. Maclarty and her generation.

## LAVINIA,

*by Mrs. Le Noir.*

LIKE many of his sons on earth,  
The radiant god of day,  
To vapors of ignoble birth,  
Conspiring to obscure his worth,  
Redd'ning with wrath, indignantly gave way.

O'er sad November's morning sky,  
Dim fogs and darkness hover'd,  
And deep'ning more as noon drew nigh,  
The sudden night arose on high,  
And ev'ry object cover'd ;

And envy sour, and malice keen,  
And comfortless despair,  
And wrinkled care, and haggard spleen,  
And ev'ry fiend of birth obscene,  
Combin'd to taint the air.

Lavinia nurs'd her sullen thought,  
And cheerlessly she wander'd ;  
The lonely moor her footsteps sought,  
While on despondence fancy wrought,  
And doubled ev'ry ill she ponder'd.

The sickly leaves that yet had stay'd,  
A hollow blast was throwing ;  
And damp and chill around the maid,  
Her auburn tresses loosely spread,  
The wind was wildly blowing.

And now she tears that flowing hair,  
And now she beats that panting breast,  
Now folds her arms in mute despair,  
And now with wild delirious air  
Precipitates her haste.

The fence she climbs, she gains the steep,  
She gazes o'er the waters wide ;  
She heaves the sigh of anguish deep,  
She gives the dire adventurous leap,  
And plunges in the tide.

But, when she felt the icy wave  
And iron grasp of death,  
She call'd on ev'ry power to save ;  
Convulsive shrieks instinctive gave,  
With interrupted breath.

To earth she call'd—to Heav'n she pray'd ;  
Her agonising cries  
Pierc'd thro' the silence and the shade,  
To where young Edgar musing stray'd ;  
To give relief he flies.

Her steps alone imprint the dew  
 All to the circling wave;  
 And where the silver willows grew,  
 A struggling female meets his view;  
 He leaps, he dives to save.

And now, alarm'd, the vicinage  
 Are hast'ning all around,  
 And vig'rous youth and hoary age,  
 With eager speed, or counsel sage,  
 In readiness are found.

But ah! no art the soul could stay,  
 Vain all assistance shewn  
 To call to sense the beauteous clay;  
 The life she madly cast away,  
 That forfeit life was flown.

And pale and livid was that cheek,  
 Where late the living roses grew;  
 Those lips, whence music us'd to speak,  
 Are mute, and fill'd those dimples sleek;  
 But yet the features Edgar knew.

"And is it thus at length we're blest?  
 Is this my promis'd bride?"—  
 And then her clay-cold lips he press'd,  
 And strain'd her to the truest breast  
 That ever vainly sigh'd.

"But now, our sufferings to atone,  
 A parent's tardy leave  
 Had giv'n Lavinia for my own;  
 And dreams of bliss, so long unknown,  
 My eager hopes receive.

"And was it then for thee, my love,  
 My ev'ry hope to blast,  
 My joys for ever to remove?—  
 And is it thus our faith we prove?—  
 Thus do we meet at last?"—

Found youth, forbear to weep in vain;  
 That form so fondly cherish'd,  
 Had passions like the raging main;  
 His temper nothing could restrain:  
 For these—not thee—she perish'd.

Are we not in this vale below  
 Condemn'd to disappointment's tears,  
 To wear the livery of woe,  
 Calamity's full cup to know,  
 To mingle all our hopes with fears?

Then who shall dare presume to boast  
 His task to have resign'd,  
 And rush unbidden from his post,  
 A trembling, wretched, guilty ghost,  
 Because the warfare was not to his mind?—

To suffer still the brave will dare;  
 Meek patience is of heav'nly birth;  
 A mate thy joys alone to share,  
 To shrink from the approach of care,  
 Was far unsuited to thy worth.

Then let thy gen'rous bosom heave  
 O'er the sad victim late thy choice ;  
 For passions so disastrous grieve ;—  
 Tears to her fatal errors give,  
 But for thyself rejoice !

## TO A POOR OLD MOWER.

THEY tell me, friend, that o'er thy sunburnt brow  
 Have seventy-five long winters shed their frost :  
 But 'tis a smooth brow yet, and a bright eye  
 Beams under it—an eye that twinkles still  
 In a white socket, and looks cheerly round,  
 As if to say, the daisy-sprinkled meads,  
 The shady coppices, the song of birds,  
 The gurgling rill, the glorious arch of heaven,  
 The sound of human voice and greeting kind,  
 Were sweet unto thy senses and thy heart.

Yes ! poverty (though thou art very poor)  
 Hath not so bow'd thy spirit or dried up  
 The faculties for joy, but thou canst taste  
 The sweets of summer, the refreshing breeze  
 That lifts thy hoary locks, the genial glow  
 That warms thy torpid veins, and gives the power  
 To wield with falt'ring stroke the heavy scythe ;  
 And thou canst chat about thy neighbours too,  
 Tell how the 'squire has lost a thousand pounds  
 In a bad bargain,—of the pretty maid  
 That wedded, like a fool, a rich old man,  
 Almost as old as thou.—Ah ! well I ween,  
 Thou canst remember too when rosy girls,  
 And village rivals, in the day of sport,  
 Knew thee to be 'a marvellous proper man,'  
 Active and spirited ; and still thy face  
 Gives proof of features moulded in the form  
 Of manly beauty—happy, poor old man !  
 Life's winter rarely falls so tenderly,  
 And few among the sons of wealth can boast  
 Decay so gentle : yet thy ragged garb  
 Is scant enough, and only work-house walls  
 Have housed thee long—no matter—thy calm soul  
 Is all untouch'd by care, remorse, or grief ;  
 Gout never racks thee ; sickness never palls  
 Thy humble morsel ; and thy aged arm  
 Hath still the power to win a scanty boon  
 Beyond the parish grant—the grass-plat mown,  
 The village matron's basket duly brought,  
 Give thee the well-earn'd pipe for night and morn,  
 The poor man's dearest treat. Would that the lip  
 Of luxury might never taste champagne,  
 Or pour bright claret down the thirsty tongue,  
 Till thou, and such as thou, who trembling stand  
 Yet smilingly upon life's slipp'ry verge,  
 Had grasp'd the bounty that could well secure  
 This humble, envied boon—the nurse of peace,  
 Oblivious antidote to petty woes,  
 And soother of the thousand little strifes  
 That chequer human life ! Farewell, old man !  
 I thank thee for a lesson to my heart

On man's equality, and Heaven's pure love,  
 Exempl'd in thy state—thank thee still more  
 For teaching me, that one with heavy breast,  
 Impoverish'd fortunes, disappointed hopes,  
 Hath yet the power to call a pleasant smile  
 Upon a wither'd cheek, and gain once more  
 The old man's blessing for a welcome gift,  
 Poor as that gift may be.

B.

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THE SPIRIT OF DELIGHT, BY THE LATE MR. SHELLEY.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,  
 Spirit of Delight!  
 Wherefore hast thou left me now  
 Many a day and night?  
 Many a weary night and day  
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
 Win thee back again?  
 With the joyous and the free  
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot  
 All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade  
 Of a trembling leaf,  
 Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;  
 Even the sighs of grief  
 Reproach thee, thou art not near,  
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty  
 To a merry measure;  
 Thou wilt never come for pity,  
 Thou wilt come for pleasure:  
 Pity then will cut away  
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
 Spirit of Delight!  
 The fresh earth in new leaves drest,  
 And the starry night,  
 Autumn evening, and the morn  
 When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms  
 Of the radiant frost;  
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
 Every thing almost  
 Which is nature's, and may be  
 Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
 And such society  
 As is quiet, wise, and good;  
 Between thee and me  
 What difference? but thou dost possess  
 The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,  
And like light can flee;  
But, above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee—  
Thou art love and life. O come,  
Make once more my heart thy home.

A SONG, BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

TUNE—*Ligoran Cosh.*

THE man in the moon look'd down one night,  
Where a lad and his lass were walking;  
Thinks he, there must be very huge delight  
In this kissing and nonsense-talking;  
And so there must ('tis a well known case,  
For it lasts both late and early.  
So they talk'd him down, till he cover'd his face;  
They tired his patience fairly.

Then up rose the sun in his morning beams,  
And push'd back his night-cap to greet them;  
Says he,—‘As you boast of your darts and flames,  
My darts and my flames shall meet them.’  
He scorch'd them both through the live-long day;  
But they never once seem'd to mind him,  
But laugh'd outright, as he sculk'd away,  
And left a dark world behind him.

Then the man in the moon look'd down in a pet,  
And said, ‘I believe I can cure you;  
Though my brother has fail'd, I may conquer yet:  
If not, I must try to endure you.  
Go home,’ he cried, ‘and attend to my rules,  
And banish all thoughts of sorrow;  
Then jump into bed, you couple of fools,  
And you'll both be wiser to-morrow.’

STORY OF MIGNON,

*from the Novel of Wilhelm Meister.*

A GIRL of mysterious parentage is thus introduced to the hero of the tale. Having joined a party of strolling players, he meets with a dancing girl, by whose appearance and manners he is strongly interested.

‘What is thy name?’ he asked.—‘They call me Mignon.’—‘How many years old art thou?’—‘No one has counted them.’—‘Who was thy father?’—‘The great devil is dead.’—A few more questions being put to her, she gave her answers in a kind of broken German, and with a strangely solemn manner, every time laying her hands on her breast and brow, and bowing deeply.

‘Wilhelm could not satisfy himself with looking at her. His eyes and his

heart were irresistibly attracted by the mysterious condition of this being. He reckoned her about twelve or thirteen years of age; her body was well formed, only her limbs gave promise of a stronger growth, or else announced a stunted one. Her countenance was not regular, but striking; her brow full of mystery; her nose beautiful; her mouth, although it seemed too closely shut for one of her age, had an air of frankness, and was very lovely. Her brownish complexion could scarcely be discerned through the paint. This form stamped itself deeply in Wilhelm's soul; he kept looking at her earnestly, and forgot the present scene in the multitude of his reflections. His friend Philina waked him from his half-dream, by holding out the remainder of her sweetmeats to the child, and giving her a sign to go away. She made

her little bow as formerly, and darted like lightning through the door.

Her form and manner of existence became more attractive to him every day. In her whole system of proceedings, there was something very singular. She never walked up and down the stairs, but jumped. She would spring along by the railing, and, before you were aware, would be sitting quietly above upon the landing. Wilhelm had observed, also, that she had a different sort of salutation for each individual. For himself, it had of late been with her arms crossed upon her breast. Often for the whole day she was mute. At times she answered various questions more freely, yet always strangely; so that you could not determine whether it was caused by shrewd sense, or ignorance of the language. In Wilhelm's service she was indefatigable, and up before the sun. On the other hand, she vanished early in the evening, went to sleep in a little room upon the bare floor, and could not by any means be induced to take a bed or even a straw sack. He often found her washing herself. Her clothes, too, were kept scrupulously clean; though nearly all about her was quilted two or three piles thick. He was moreover told, that she went every morning early to hear mass. He followed her on one occasion, and saw her kneeling down, with a rosary, in a corner of the church, and praying devoutly. She did not observe him; and he returned home, forming many a conjecture about this appearance, yet unable to arrive at any probable conclusion.

On one evening Mignon had been waiting for him; she lighted him up stairs. On setting down the light, she begged that he would allow her to compliment him with a specimen of her art. He would rather have declined this, particularly as he knew not what it was; but he had not the heart to refuse any thing which this kind creature wished. After a little while she again came in. She carried a little carpet below her arm, which she then spread out upon the floor. She brought four candles, and placed one upon each corner of the carpet. A little basket of eggs, which she next carried in, made her purpose clearer. Carefully measuring her steps, she walked to and fro on the carpet, spreading out the eggs in certain figures and positions; which done, she called in a man that was waiting in the house,

and who could play on the violin. He retired with his instrument into a corner; she tied a band about her eyes, gave a signal, and began moving at the same instant as the music, accompanying her beats and the notes of the tune with the strokes of a pair of castanets. Lightly, nimbly, quickly, and with remarkable accuracy, she carried on the dance. She skipped so sharply and surely along between the eggs, and trod so closely down beside them, that you would have thought every instant she must trample one of them in pieces, or kick the rest away in her rapid turns. By no means! She touched no one of them, though winding herself through their mazes with all kinds of steps, wide and narrow, even with leaps, and at last half-kneeling. Constant as the movement of a clock, she ran her course, and the strange music, at each repetition of the tune, gave a new impulse to the dance, re-commencing and again rushing off as at first. Wilhelm was quite led away by this singular spectacle; he forgot his cares; he followed every movement of the dear little creature, and was surprised to see how finely her character unfolded itself as she proceeded in the dance. He now experienced at once all the emotions he had ever felt for her. He longed to incorporate this forsaken being with his own heart; to take her in his arms, and with a father's love to awaken in her the joy of existence. The dance being ended, she rolled the eggs together softly with her feet into a little heap, left none behind, injured none; then placed herself beside it, taking the bandage from her eyes, and concluding her performance with a little bow. Wilhelm thanked her for having executed, so prettily and unexpectedly, a dance he had long wished to see. He patted her, and promised her a new suit of clothes. She then lifted up the eggs, took the carpet below her arm, asked if he wanted any thing farther, and skipped out at the door.

Being taken under Wilhelm's honorable protection, Mignon conceives for him the strongest passion. As she grows up, this passion increases; and, when he takes particular notice of any other female, her jealousy is roused to the most painful degree of irritation. He treats her with affectionate tenderness, but not with amorous regard; and her disappointment at length proves injurious to her health. Hearing that he is on the point of marriage, she becomes

melancholy and despondent. Her supposed rival appears before her ; and the fatal effect is thus described :

‘ Theresa entered, flew to her friend Natalia, and clasped her and Mignon in her arms. Then turning round to Wilhelm, she looked at him with her clear eyes, and said, ‘ Well, my friend, how is it with you?’ He made a step toward her ; she sprang to him, and hung upon his neck. ‘ O my Theresa!’ cried he. ‘ My friend, my love, my husband ! Yes, for ever thine!’ cried she, amidst the warmest kisses.—Mignon now clapped her left hand on her heart, and, stretching out her right arm violently, fell with a shriek at Natalia’s feet, as dead. The fright was great : no motion of the heart or pulse was to be traced. Wilhelm took her on his arm, and hastily carried her away ; the body hung lax over his shoulders. ‘ The presence of the doctor was of small avail : he and the surgeon strove in vain. ‘ The dear little creature could not be recalled to life.’

#### REMARKS ON COURTSHIP ;

(continued from page 304.)

HAVING before censured the folly of excessive flattery and overwrought complacency, I proceed to animadvert on some other circumstances in courtship, which to me appear improper.

There is for the most part in the man a desire to render himself too amiable in the opinion of the lady to whom his attentions are directed. It is true, that he seeks the accomplishment of an object, and hopes by such means to attain it ; but he should remember that the mere attainment of the object is not the whole which he ought to have in view. It might be better for him to fail in that respect, than, having obtained his wish, afterward to suffer misery. Yet to this danger he exposes himself, if he should deceive her in whom he places his hopes.

Every person who maturely reflects on the vicissitudes of life must be aware that disappointment ought to be expected ; yet few can patiently endure it when it affects themselves. Philosophy can do much in theory ; but it frequently fails in practice. In proportion to the height to which expectation has been raised will be the misery inflicted by disappointment.—So here, if a woman has been led to picture in her future husband almost every perfection, each

trifling offence will be magnified into a grievous injury.

If it be asked what course a man ought to pursue, I would answer—let him lay before the woman whom he seeks to espouse every peculiarity of his character, so far as it is known to himself ; and this should be done not with such words as may only in sound convey the truth, but with such open honesty as may leave no ground for the charge of deception ; nor for the most part would such a course obstruct that event of which he is desirous, for, in general, there is such a determination formed on the part of the woman before so explicit an avowal would be proper, that she, by a natural obstinacy (I had almost said), would be as unwilling to retract as himself. Although some may doubt whether any advantage would arise from such a course, I am inclined to believe that great benefit would be the result ; for the woman would thus be enabled to make such preparation as might prevent much of that discord which too frequently is the disgrace of married life.

People may talk of the generous passion of love ; but if observations made in ‘ sober sadness’ may stand against the ‘ fairy visions’ of the poets, there is much more of selfishness in it than is generally allowed. If it were not so, would any person who is aware of the many points in his own character capable of destroying the peace of her whom he professes to love, endeavour to entrap her into an engagement which he previously knows must overthrow her happiness?

I have thus endeavoured to show the folly of too implicit submission to that person whom we would afterward desire to govern. I have also mentioned the inexpediency of practising deception, so far as temper and disposition are in question. I may now venture to say that these remarks apply with equal force to the earlier portion of married life. In what is called the honey-moon, men seem to think it necessary to gratify every caprice in which their fair ladies may choose to indulge ; and, in the compliance thus afforded, it is clear that they must in a great measure conceal their own inclination. This is perhaps greater folly than that which is practised in the very act of courtship ; for, when the object has been attained, the woman may be led to imagine that the man is only prompted to these concessions by his natural disposition : if then, after a short union, there



should arise any change, it may be imputed to the decline of affection; and the mere suspicion of this is sufficient to destroy all the happiness which may have been expected.

There is an old adage whose truth

is really disposed to promote the happiness both of himself and her whom he espouses, he should endeavour to show himself in his real character—endeavour, I say, because such a proceeding requires some effort; for, when we would please any one, it is natural to put forth all the *agréments* we possess, and, while we are doing this, it is probable we are unaware of acting in opposition to our real feelings and habits.

They may say as they please that the happiness or misery of married life depends on the female. Man is the superior being; he should therefore have the sway: woman is (or ought to be) like the ductile clay, capable of being moulded into any form. Surely then he who yields in those points which admit no reasonable doubt is obnoxious to the charge of egregious folly. I cannot be supposed to advocate the rights of man, so far as to justify him in becoming a domestic tyrant. He is entitled to obedience; but he must endeavour to ensure that obedience by mildness, not by force. A rational being is subjected to him, not a senseless brute: as such then she must be taught, not compelled to yield. The man before whom his wife trembles as before a despot is unworthy of enjoying the privileges of the honorable state to which he has been admitted. On the other hand, he who submits to be directed in every action by one who has sworn allegiance to him is unworthy of that power which he has pusillanimously abandoned. In this, as in every other case, a due medium ought to be observed: he who passes this falls into an error; and, as the extreme of virtue is vice, it requires the greatest care lest, in avoiding Scylla, the dangers of Charybdis be encountered.

A man must not expect, in all the affairs of life, to consult his own desires without reference to the wishes of her whose happiness and comfort he has vowed to cherish. They are both reasonable beings; and, though 'joined together in one,' there will frequently be points of greater or less moment in which mutual concessions will be not only ex-

pedient but necessary. Yet he is not obliged to forget his right to rule, nor may she fail to remember her obligation to yield. Where a decided contrariety of opinion may arise, if the man should feel that his own views are alone correct, he would lower himself not in his own eyes only, but in those also of the female to whom he yields, should he abandon that which firm reason has shown to be necessary.

If then any person should be convinced that such conduct as has been here spoken of will be necessary in his progress through life, he may justly be blamed, if, when newly married, he should by improper concessions appear to abandon that which he is aware must at some future time be exercised. It may be alleged, that too early an assumption of authority may create disgust; but this objection must be without weight, for it is not here suggested that authority should be exerted for the mere sake of opposition; nor need occasions be sought for its exercise: they will arise soon enough for that which alone is now recommended.

Thus has my promise been performed; and if any benefit should be the result, my labor will be amply repaid. At the least my hints may remind my fair readers (if I may hope to have any) of the old song:

'Men are deceivers ever:  
One foot on sea, and one on shore;  
To one thing constant never.'

And, if there be truth in this, let them apply it to the direction of their conduct, and thus, by checking the luxuriance of hope, they will escape the bitterness of disappointment.

T. O.

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#### ORIGINAL LETTERS.

##### NO. VI.

OSCAR TO MALVINA.

Dearest Girl, Selma, 1824.

THE portentous gloom arising from your unaccountable silence during so many tedious months being fortunately removed by that condescension which induced you to write so kindly to me, it is with the utmost satisfaction that I now endeavour to gratify your wishes, by addressing you once more, in the style of familiar and confidential correspondence. Your first essay from the banks of Cona was all sweetness, modesty, and artless innocence; your last

evinces some maturity of thought, and a greater knowledge of the world and of human nature. Both these productions reflect credit on your abilities. It is very pleasing to observe that your mental improvement keeps pace with the developement of your personal attractions; and, whilst I congratulate you as an *aspirant* of no ordinary pretensions, it affords the most flattering gratification to my vanity to recognise my 'charming favorite' in so clever a correspondent. But, although I have taken up the pen in order to assure my amiable friend that my admiration and esteem glow with unabated ardor, and that my wishes for her welfare are still deeply imbued with the romantic associations of juvenile attachment, it is yet with the utmost hesitation that I again presume to approach you in the ungracious capacity of a monitor; and if I should venture to aim the shafts of ridicule at the prevailing foibles of youthful inexperience, the effort will be feeble and irresolute, being made in the over-awing presence of so formidable a rival. The manner in which you were pleased to signify your request that I should assist you still farther in the formation of virtuous principles, and furnish you with hints for the regulation of your conduct, was without doubt extremely flattering; but although the very idea of being of the smallest service to Malvina, or of gratifying her wishes in any respect, would of itself be a sufficient reward, yet in the present instance I am proud to reflect, that these 'labours of love' can be so well dispensed with. You are indeed a sensible and well-educated girl; and if at any time you should deviate into indecorum, you will not have the melancholy consolation of being able to urge, in extenuation of your errors, the miserable plea of *ignorance*.

Adverting to your late communication, I ask, does Malvina indeed admit,—does she really *believe*—that nocturnal sweetheating is indecorous in itself, and demoralizing in its consequences? or is she not rather, by an overstrained complaisance, induced to say so much to please her *unaccommodating* friend at Selma?—After all that has been said on the subject, although this practice of meeting in the dark is of very equivocal propriety, yet I am willing to admit that these points ought to be touched

with a tender hand; and some allowance is certainly due to the inexperience and natural impetuosity of youth, who, whilst under the influence of a tender passion, are never happy except when they are musing upon, or in the company of, the darling object of the heart's devotion. At any rate, as you have well observed, it will never be possible to convince them of their error, unless their own good sense should suggest to them that they are in the wrong. Far be it from me to disturb the sweet conferences of love, or damp the soul-stirring raptures of an honorable attachment;—this would indeed be cruel, as the moments which we spend with a charming and virtuous favourite are the most delightful that life can afford. The sphere of innocent enjoyment is necessarily confined, and the sum total of human happiness is far from being too large: let us not then wantonly attempt to circumscribe its limits, or detract from its amount, by the exercise of undue severity, or inquisitorial rigor. The cup of pleasure is already saturated with the dregs of 'gall and wormwood,' and woe to the hand that would officiously add a single drop to its bitter ingredients!

One surpassing consolation in misery—one great antidote to the 'ills of life'—is reserved by the goodness of Heaven to soothe the aching heart of man, and destined to assuage his woe, while beset with the harassing disquietudes of adverse fortune, or ready to sink amidst the torpid vacuity of an otherwise cheerless existence. Need I name the precious boon?—it is the fascinating smile, the animating society, of peerless, angelic *woman*. The balm of consolation drops, the soothing accents of sympathetic feeling flow, with peculiar grace and effect, from the hallowed lips of all-powerful beauty, when virtuous principle is the source, and the happiness of man the ultimate object, of all her amiable solicitudes.

It would be well if young people would study so to regulate the *economy* of love as not to expose themselves to needless obloquy, or brave the danger of becoming indiscreet, by foolishly tampering with occasions peculiarly calculated to stimulate the baser ingredients of our nature. What a pity that some women, in other respects amiable, should, by their unguarded forwardness,—by encouraging an endless train of idle ad-

venturers,—and wishing themselves to be considered merely as a *marketable* commodity, ready to be disposed of to the most *specious* ‘bidder,’—what a pity, I say, that these women should, by such weakness and coquetry, not only lessen themselves in our esteem, but also effectually deter persons of greater respectability from paying their addresses to them. Those ladies—(and I blush to think there should be *any* such)—who seem to imagine that a little levity will recommend them to the honorable regards of our sex, and who may be tempted to venture upon a few dashing airs, from a belief that this *manœuvre* tends rather to promote than retard the successful issue of matrimonial speculations—fall into a most egregious error. A preposterous disposition to imitate the manners and the rude freedoms which custom tolerates in the men has consigned many an otherwise amiable female into the shades of peevish celibacy, or drawn upon her the more horrid doom of perpetual disgrace. It cannot be denied, that flirts sometimes carry the day before the amiable patterns of sober, retiring modesty; yet no man of sense will risk his honor and happiness with a fickle mad-cap, who thinks only of swelling the list of her admirers,—who belies the acknowledged delicacies of her sex—and who is not ashamed to own, that, ‘to look out for a husband’ is the sole aim and end of her existence! Such a woman deserves not to be ranked amongst the virtuous:—and should you, my young friend, be unhappily induced to adopt the sentiments of females of this description, your hitherto surpassing ‘perfections’ will infallibly degenerate into contemptible frailties, and your modest smile be transformed into the leer of the wanton.

What a pity it is, that the young are naturally averse to advice, unwilling to be convinced of error, and seem often incapable of a thorough reformation, until taught by the sober suggestions of time, or the severe lessons of personal suffering. The fascinations of love, for instance, are not easily resisted; the delirium it occasions does not soon subside; the intoxication of the senses will not admit a speedy cure; nor is the keen pursuit of the fancy after its gay delusions at once exhausted, or detected in its wild career. This shows the importance of attending to, and regulating,

the first movements of the heart; a privilege which nature has bestowed more amply upon your sex.

That the *retiring* graces are ever the most attractive, is a fact to which few pert romping girls properly attend. Young ladies should always remember, that the beauty which obtrudes itself upon our notice generally misses its aim, and, as it shocks our ideas of female delicacy, is apt to excite contempt or disgust. We naturally suspect the discretion of the woman who courts familiarity and throws herself in our way;—it may lead to her ruin, but will never gain our esteem: whereas the timid fair one, who retires from our eager pursuit, and on whose cheek the slightest mention of her praise kindles the mantling blush of modesty, seldom fails of conquest;—she commands our notice, and wins our admiration, by a secret and irresistible sympathy. A woman never looks better than when she blushes; but the stare of confidence that refuses to give any evidence of inward sensibility, is always extremely repulsive. A man will naturally look for repose and felicity, not in the meretricious effrontery of the giddy coquette, or in the questionable fidelity of one who avows that marriage is indispensably necessary to her happiness, but in the gentle feeling heart of bashful beauty. In short, we expect to find all that is amiable in woman, all that is requisite to our happiness, in that love which is the genuine offspring of delicacy, which is deeply imbued with the sublime *pathos* of virtue, and into whose composition the joys of sense have shed no ingredient.

Few ladies need to be reminded that ‘delays are dangerous,’ and that ‘it is best to make hay while the sun shines.’ If a woman should be courted by the man whom she prefers to all others, and if no particular obstacle should intervene to prevent their immediate union,—it would be the height of folly to trifle away those moments in frivolous excuses, idle objections, or obstinate delays, which would be spent to better purpose in complying with the reasonable wishes of that lover, whose highest aim is, to spend his whole life in her society, and exert his utmost endeavours for the promotion of her happiness. Even a fond admirer will not bear to be trifled with beyond a certain extent; and, if a lady should weary him

out with unreasonable scruples or pretended indifference, she deserves the fate that probably awaits her,—the mortification of being deserted for a less severe mistress, and left to ruminate at leisure on the bitter fruits of her own folly.

There is no great danger that *you* will commit any errors of this sort, Malvina;—nature has formed you of a generous mould, and I believe you very much resemble that girl who, on being told by a married lady that it would be better for her to precipitate herself from the rocks of the Passaic falls into the basin beneath than *marry*, smartly replied, ‘I would, if I thought I should find a husband at the bottom.’ Young women of a warm temperament have more need to be reminded that, in contests of this kind, ‘the race is not always to the swift,’ and that the well-known proverb, ‘the more haste the less speed,’ is never more provokingly verified than in the frequent failure of matrimonial speculations. Impatient of the cautious advances of our sex, and prepossessed with the most extravagant ideas of connubial felicity, they are ready to rush into the arms of the first spirited adventurer who offers his hand, reckless of the consequences, and fully persuaded that their happiness is not only secured, but that they have found a spell that will ward off the keenest shafts of adversity. They seem to flatter themselves with the confident hope of being not only contented, but happy, even in the midst of pain and poverty. Ah! Malvina, be not thus deceived; the intoxicating dreams of a romantic passion may do very well to embellish the pages of fiction, but their happy verification is seldom recorded in the annals of real life.

With regard to *mercenary* matches, I certainly do not applaud the taste of that girl who barter youth and beauty with the man whom she does not love, for the pitiful equivalent of a costly equipage and spacious domains, which are frequently only the melancholy *insignia* of splendid misery. On the other hand, it is a melancholy truth that ‘when poverty enters the door, love flies out at the window;’—and, in spite of the soothing consolations of mutual affection, and that wonderful constancy amidst the severest trials, which it inspires, the mind is still necessarily influenced by external circumstances. When the temper is soured by disappointments, and the spirits are depressed by numberless anxie-

ties—where, alas! shall *love* take refuge? The heart that is contracted by the chilling blasts of adversity is ill disposed to expand to the charities of a tender passion. Even when the fervency of devotion is imperishable, fondness itself tends only to aggravate distress, and operates as a perpetual source of regret, at being the innocent cause of mutual misfortunes. It has been well observed, that those who begin the world *bare-handed* seldom get above it; and it unfortunately happens that *love* is too often obliged to give place to the considerations of *expediency*, by which many an otherwise *willing* swain is compelled to remain much longer than he could wish in a state of ‘single blessedness.’ In short, although *riches* may be dispensed with, yet, in addition to reciprocal forbearance and kindness of deportment, a certain *competency*, suited to your rank and station, is requisite to secure the blessings of domestic comfort.

Malvina will not be surprised to learn that marriage is not a bed of roses, on which the laughing loves may repose at pleasure, with no other concern than to spend the ambrosial hours in perpetual endearments or in childish dalliance. Matters of greater import require their attention, and demand their nobler energies. There is no such thing upon earth as unmingled felicity; and if marriage has its conveniences, it also brings with it a necessary train of cares and encumbrances, so that the ‘balance of comfort’ is often seen to preponderate on the wrong side. Young people are apt to imagine that their first love will continue to burn with undiminished intensity through the whole course of their lives; but this is inconsistent with the nature of human affairs; for no violent passion can be of long duration, and the imaginary raptures of what is foolishly and indelicately termed the *honey-moon* must inevitably subside into the comparatively cool sensations of *friendship*.

‘We dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake.’

Be not alarmed at this seemingly *anti-matrimonial* lecture;—I am no advocate for celibacy, nor would I dissuade you from bestowing your hand upon a worthy suitor. No! my dear;—your attractive beauty must prompt the secret sigh, and excite universal admiration. I expect that a few years will see you led, a blooming bride, to the altar; and then your charms and virtues will form

the pledge of a happy union;—happy, I say, for, with all its cares, the wedded state is undoubtedly best calculated, upon the whole, for promoting individual comfort, as well as the good of society. Only be cautious, be moderate in your expectations, and you will secure that bliss which you so fondly anticipate from the completion of your dearest wishes. Marriage is not altogether 'a lottery': whenever we follow the dictates of blind passion indeed, the success of every undertaking is at best doubtful;—but, if we set about the matter with due deliberation and self-possession, even in the critical schemes of matrimony one may almost calculate on having secured a prize. Be not, however, too difficult in your choice:—you must not expect infallibly to secure the hand of the man who is dearest to your heart;—this singular felicity is the lot of few; but, although a woman may not obtain *him* whom of all others she would prefer as a husband, it by no means follows that she will be unhappy in the society of *another*. The mind accommodates itself wonderfully to circumstances; and comparative indifference seldom fails to ripen into genuine affection and esteem, when united to good-nature, agreeable manners, and discretion. But should cruel fortune forbid your obtaining the hand of a favorite lover, your good sense and honest pride, I hope, will effectually prevent you from marrying one whom you despise. Neither should you be very scrupulous about the outward appearance of an admirer; for, however attractive and even indispensable this may seem in the eyes of a fond and inexperienced girl, believe me, you will not think so much about this *after* marriage as you at present imagine; and your happiness will depend more upon the character and disposition of your partner than on his personal advantages or exterior attractions.

It has often been remarked that those attachments which are suddenly formed, and precipitately or clandestinely ratified by the forms of marriage, rarely turn out well. It is scarcely consistent with the nature of things that it should be so. These giddy matches are generally contracted in the delirium of a sudden passion, and concluded without thought, or due preparation for the consequences;—and the doting, frolicsome damsel, who paraded it so gaily with her whining spark, and who 'could not live' without him, needs not think it strange should

she be doomed to reap the rewards of her indiscretion amidst the tortures of remorse, indigence, and neglect. Heaven forbid that the sympathetic tide of generous feeling which glows in the bosom of Malvina should ever betray her into similar errors;—and I venture to persuade myself that she will never prove so undutiful as to enter upon such an important step as marriage, without the previous approbation of her parents; while her noble pride will disdain to prefer for a husband the man whom *they* would be ashamed to own as a son-in-law.—Above all things, do not be in a hurry:—what can generally be done only *once* in a life-time ought to be well done. Wait with patience for an offer from a man of sense and respectability: treat him in the mean time with attention and respect; let him see your real character; and you need not despair of a happy marriage.

To conclude:—be not too sanguine in your expectations; take good care of yourself; in every matter of importance consult your dignity, your interest, and your duty. Above all,—remember the ends of your creation, or the great purposes for which you were sent into the world;—not surely to waste your time in trifling amusements and dissipating pleasures, but to act as a rational, *accountable* being, and as the candidate of a glorious immortality.

I cannot help congratulating myself on the near prospect of meeting with the dear object of all my solitudes; and I anticipate many a happy interview, when our mutual explanations on the various topics of this correspondence will afford a new source of amusement. I am quite aware, however, that *advice*, especially in love-affairs, is seldom acceptable, and little attended to; and I am neither so vain nor so foolish as to expect that these *hints* will escape the general doom, though I hope you will at least give me credit for my *good intentions*. Without being considered as an officious intruder, I fancied you would like to see those sentiments embodied in a new form, which had been the frequent themes of private conversation. If an evil hour too, your guardian angel might have been 'slumbering on his post,' forgetful of his lovely charge, when your friend was not near to warn you of your danger. Equally remote from adulation or undue severity, you will perceive these remarks with more

attention and interest than if they were the mere common-place declamations of an unconcerned moralist; and I flatter myself that you will consider this correspondence as a lasting monument of genuine affection and esteem. The enthusiasm of youthful partialities, indeed, will soon be obliterated, on *your* part, by the cares, and forgotten amidst the attachments of maturer years;—new friendships and new attachments await you; and the time *may* come, when the admonitions of Oscar will be entirely disregarded, and his visits treated with cold neglect. Yet the pleasing associations of our early days can never be wholly eradicated; they are interwoven with every fibre of the heart. Pardon my weakness, therefore, when I venture to assure you that it affords a sort of melancholy consolation to reflect, that,—when your friend shall no longer sit sad and solitary by your side,—in some pensive hour when you delight to dwell on the recollections of the past,—you will sometimes deign to smile upon these OFFERINGS OF FRIENDSHIP, when the heart that dictated them shall have ceased to beat, and the hand that traced the fond impression is mouldering amongst the clods of the valley.

It is done:—I have fulfilled the pleasing obligations of friendship; and I lay down my pen with mingled emotions of satisfaction and regret. I quit for ever the classic halls of Selma, to welcome you home, as innocent as when you left us,—the pride and ornament of your native village. How gratifying the thought, how flattering the idea, of having addressed one of the fairest daughters of Caledonia from those halls whose echoes have so often been awakened by the tuneful harp, when it has vibrated to the immortal strains of the Gaelic bard. It is not probable that we shall hereafter see each other frequently;—but, wherever Providence shall direct our steps, the spirit of friendship will hover around your dwelling, anxious to sympathise in all your joys and sorrows, until we meet, far above the reach of temptation or pain, in a better world. Malvina! this is the last time I shall address you by the name of *Tosca's* daughter;—yet I shall never forget the endearing appellation, or the charming friend to whom it was applied, while memory delights to retrace the pleasing images of youth, and the tide of life continues to warm this wayward bosom. Malvina!—farewell!

—may Heaven bless you,—and may I flatter myself with the soothing thought that you will not disdain at times to remember *him* whose heart felt for you all the fervency of the purest attachment,—who has so often subscribed himself your devoted well-wisher, and is once more your ever faithful, but unhappy  
OSCAR.

#### THE BLESSINGS OF A CONTENTED MIND;

*a Character, drawn from Life*

I VERY often wondered (says the Hermit in Edinburgh) what made my old friend M'Millan always wear a smile on his countenance, and preserve the rosy tint of health in the decline of life, when I recollect that he was thin and much paler in youth, and consider that his family has been brought to nothing in three generations, and that his means are very circumscribed. What appeared to me still more surprising was, that he had not that happy even temper when a boy at the high school, and that the disappointments of after-life were not calculated to mend his disposition: nevertheless, at the present day, he has always something good-humored to say to you, and a jest at his tongue's end,—a thing not common with my sedate countrymen. 'Were you ever married, Mac?' said a certain lord to him one day.—'Faith, no,' replied the former.—'That accounts,' continued his lordship, 'for your unruffled and unalterable temper.'—'You may say that, my lord,' quoth honest M'Millan. This reply opened my eyes in a certain degree; yet, as happiness is the great (generally unattainable) pursuit of man, I deemed it worth my while to make farther inquiry; for, up to the present exception from the general rule, I ever found men with whom I was in the habit of mixing discontented with their situation, envious of that of a neighbour, or employed in seeking something which *was* to fill up the measure of their wishes, but which was found, on nearer approach, like a glow-worm light, a work as interminable as the web of Penelope; a desire as far from being satisfied as the thirst of Tantalus; for ambition engenders ambition; pleasure only leads to a farther craving of false appetite; wants increase with the possession of worldly goods; and although the poet is right in stating, that

'Man wants but little here below,'

and that the period of his want is but short, yet so blind is he, that he perceives not this obvious truth.

When I questioned my friend on the cause of this happy change in his temper and appearance, he gave me the following account:—‘When I entered life,’ said the contented man, ‘I was mortified enough to find a baronetcy dropped by our family, on account of not having fortune enough to support it; and it was not very pleasing to me to see the estates of my ancestors parceled out to a grocer, a lawyer, and a broker. I should have liked very well to have been a private gentleman doing nothing, or to have put on a red coat, for which I had vast ambition; but I was too poor for the former, and my family had no military interest to put me forward in the latter. It grieved me to see my cousin Adam in the gold-lace trappings of his regiment, to behold the grocer keeping a pack of hounds on our estate, and to find that my half-brother was making a rapid fortune in the law; and I was cut to the quick, after leaving school, to witness one school-fellow going into the navy, another into the army, a third fitted expensively out for India, a fourth obtaining an easy and lucrative place under government, and so on. Trade offered a road to independence, but my family’s pride forbade me to enter into it, and my capital was too small for any thing else. At last, I took to studying the classics deeply, and became a teacher, a tutor, a translator to any body. In this occupation, I met with many humiliations. I was pestered by the tempers of my pupils, oppressed by the arrogance of my employers, often out of place, and once made to sit down at a lord’s second table, whom I had often helped at school, and with whom I had been most familiar. These were bitter pills to swallow, but they were wholesome for the constitution of the mind. Walking one day, in Prince’s-street, I met an old school-fellow, who had been married twelve months to a rich heiress; he had not a shilling which he could call his own at his out-set in life, so that he was still poorer than myself, but his handsome person was his fortune, and through it he married a woman of title, and drove his coach and four. ‘Ah! Jemmy,’ said he to me, ‘come and dine with me to-day, lad. It will be a treat to me to have an old friend at my table, to raise my spirits.’—Why, thought I, who

ought to be in spirits, if it is not you? I very soon, however, found the reverse. His lady kept dinner waiting an hour.—‘Where’s my lady?’ said he to one of his footmen; ‘Sir, she has but come from her ride, and is now *changing* herself.’—‘Would to fate that she were!’ whispered he to me; ‘*any* change would be for the better.’—In a word, I found him the most miserable of beings, tied to a vixen of quality, who looked down upon his friends, stinted him in his wine, kept the purse herself, and contradicted him in every thing. This was the first lesson that led to my contented state. I would not have changed with him for all the riches of Potosi and Peru.

‘Taking up the newspaper, the next day, I saw my cousin Adam’s name amongst those killed at the battle of Talavera. His head was knocked off by a ball. I put up my hand, and found mine safe upon my shoulders. Lesson the second. I now determined upon employing my little capital in building a cottage at Porto Bello, and letting it. In this I succeeded most fortunately; and who should propose himself for my tenant, but my half-brother? I was delighted at this, and mentioned it to a friend, who exclaimed, ‘Take good care to have a regular agreement, for he is the greatest rogue existing; every body hates him, and fears him.’ Another good lesson. I had no cause to complain of my fate; for I was well considered by all who knew me, and had preserved my reputation through all my poverty. I was now private tutor to the grocer’s son, which was humiliating enough; but he broke his neck when hunting; and his son, who was now a rich minor, on the eve of setting out on his travels for the continent, gave me a handsome present; and I got rid of a stupid, troublesome scholar. I now resolved on visiting London, and on trying my fortune there. I did so accordingly, and made a decent living by my pen. On running over the Gazette, one morning, I saw Aleck Tinberhead, another play-mate of mine, in the list of promotions, as high up as a major-general. ‘Blind fortune!’ cried I, ‘so young, and so dull a man, to be at the head of his profession!’ I wandered in a plaintive mood to Hyde Park, where I met the general as thin as a lath, and as yellow as a guinea. ‘Ah! Mac,’ cried he, on approaching me on his pony, ‘what would I give to be as healthy as you! That d——d West-

Indies will be my death. My constitution is broken up entirely. I have neither appetite, rest, nor taste for any thing.' I now felt elated in spirits; and, being as hungry as a hawk, I quitted the Park, walked briskly down Oxford-street, and dined with my bookseller at Hampstead. On my return, I recognised another high-school boy, a captain in the navy. He was very glad to see me; but he had lost his right arm, whilst mine yet furnished me with bread. A trifling legacy was left me this year; and I returned to Edinburgh, where, with the produce of my cottage, and a few hundreds sunk for an annuity, I exist quietly and contentedly. The proud lord is now ruined, and living on the continent with a view of recovering, in some measure; and one of my acquaintances, in a public office, is proclaimed a defaulter to government, and has fled for it. Every body complimented me on my good looks, on my return home; and I found my waistcoat too tight for me, on my arrival in the land of cakes. So have I continued for years, which may account for my cheerfulness.'

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A CURIOUS MIMIC OF MAN,  
described by Mr. Donovan, the  
Naturalist.

HAVING gone with some friends to see an Ourang-Outang, we found him seated at a tea-table, holding in one hand a slice of buttered bread, and in the other a large tea-cup: he was in fact just then at his tea, and this repast he seemed to enjoy, eating the bread and butter, and at intervals sipping and drinking his tea with much gravity and composure, and with perfect indifference to the number of visitors pressing round him; nor would he relinquish his meal though urged by his keeper, the better to exhibit his person to the company, till he had entirely drained the cup of its contents. 'What a frightful monster is this!' exclaimed a lady. He cast a look upon the lady, who had so plainly disclosed her mind, as if for a moment he had been surprised: it was not the expression of his mortified pride or of his resentment; it was steadfast, intelligent, and mild, and seemed to imply that her exclamation of disgust was not misunderstood; and then, resuming the gravity of his demeanor, he continued his repast with composure and indifference. To us,

disposed perhaps to view this prodigy with greater kindness, and to regard it as a being ordained by nature to occupy a more important station in the scale of the brute creation than we had already seen, his aspect was more extraordinary than displeasing. In those particulars, in which the similitude to the human frame was most observable, the likeness, it must be allowed, was far from flattering: according to our analytical ideas of symmetry or beauty, the arms were much too long, the legs and thighs too short, and the face elongated beyond all due proportion; but his eye beamed intelligence, and spoke the workings of a sagacity endowed with strong mental powers and penetration. In the features of this interesting being the physiognomist would more easily discover a resemblance to some gradations of the human race than is found to exist in any other known animal. The greatest deficiency in this similitude arose from the extreme depression of the nasal organ, which lies nearly flat upon the concavity of the face. With this exception, the likeness was not remote. The features were those of the negro, amalgamated with certain peculiarities of the Chinese, and uniting with both a cast of character which reduced it nearer to the resemblance of the canine race. A nose of some considerable prominence would have rendered the likeness human; but, in the apparent absence of this organ, owing to its flat position in the depression of his face between the eyes and the mouth, the greater length of the forehead and projection of the muzzle became so conspicuous, as to produce this greater similitude to the brute creation. In considering the features of this animal with attention, there was an anomalous appearance between age and youth: his unwillingness to part with his cup of tea was testified in the expressive glances of an old negro, with the untutored obstinacy of a rustic boy: he clasped the cup so firmly, that it would have been broken before it could have been disengaged from his rude grasp; but no sooner was the repast finished than he resumed his former mildness and composure, and obeyed his keeper with affectionate obedience. He was accustomed to a seat occasionally at the tea-table, in the apartments of Mr. Cross, with himself and family, where he always behaved with due propriety. An ape or a monkey would have displayed



many mischievous tricks among the paraphernalia of the tea-table, but Jocko could be always trusted. Sometimes, though seated at the table, he would decline the offered favor of partaking of the meal; but this he always did with good behaviour, turning his head aside, and uttering a monotonous feeble sound as a sign of his refusal. When he experienced the kindness of any grateful present, such as an orange, or other palatable fruit, he would take the hand of the donor and press it to his lips, or those he knew, if required, he would salute upon the cheek with a kind of kiss; for he had some little muscular motion in his lips, though they were destitute of that pliability which ours possess. Sometimes, after declining to partake of whatever chanced to be upon the table, and sitting quietly observing the company with an air of melancholy and mildness, he would deliberately rise up in his place, survey every object around him, and if any thing happened to attract his fancy, he would, by pointing at it, testify his wish for it: on such occasions his only breach of decorum has been, when nothing else upon the table pleased him, to take, without permission or the assistance of the tea-tongs, a small lump of sugar from the sugar-dish between his thumb and finger. Fruit was the most grateful of his food. When ill he had broth, which he would eat out of a basin with a spoon. His partiality for raw meat while on ship-board was not observable while he remained at Exeter-Change; nor indeed was he singular in this respect, for none of the simia race subsist on animal food: if by accident they are presented with a piece of raw meat, they throw it away after chewing it a little to extract the juice, and it is indeed seldom that they are induced to put it into their mouths. Tea, milk, and water, he was in the usual habit of drinking. His predilection for strong liquor was plain from his once taking a bottle of the captain's brandy. After his arrival in England, he had no access to such ardent spirits, but beer and ale in particular delighted him: he would drink with his keeper, mug for mug, till his intellectual powers were pretty well overcome, and half tipsy Jocko; in such moments, was rather inclined to merriment; not testifying his mirth by any mischievous tricks, but, relaxing a little from his usual gravity, would romp with much good nature,

appearing at such times to forget that he was a captive, and seeming to consider himself only among his friends. Sometimes when the keepers of the *Menagerie* were regaling themselves in his room with a tankard of ale, he would attentively watch all their movements beneath him, seated in his hammock near the ceiling, in the expectation of being invited to partake of his favorite beverage. For a while he would sit very patiently, and then descending walk up to the table. If still not invited or made welcome, he would perhaps draw a chair to the table, and mounting into it gaze round him, as if to ascertain the cause of being unnoticed; and then, resting his hands upon the edge of the table, would venture to peep into the tankard, and was indeed delighted when he was allowed to drink the liquor that chanced to be remaining. Sometimes the keepers would intimate that he could not want any ale, because he had not brought his mug for it; this hint was never lost: for Jocko would immediately hasten up to a lofty shelf suspended near his hammock, where his mug was placed, and returning with it in his hand, receive with much expression of pleasure the portion of ale which they thought proper to pour into the mug. His fondness for milk has been mentioned: and as a proof of his sagacity it may be added that he could distinguish the footsteps of a girl, who at an early hour every morning supplied the milk. She no sooner began to ascend the lofty winding staircase leading to his apartment, than he would start from his bed and hasten to the door with a jug in his hand to receive the milk, and if the door happened to be locked inside, as was sometimes the case, he would turn the key in the lock, and open the door with one hand, while with the other he held forth the jug to receive the milk.

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MEMOIRS, ANECDOTES, FACTS, AND  
OPINIONS,

collected and preserved by *Letitia Matilda  
Hawkins.*—2 vols.

MISS HAWKINS is a *blue-stocking* lady of the old school; but she caters for the taste of the existing school by collecting the stores of literary *gossipry*. We introduced her to the favorable notice of our readers on a former occasion;

and she now demands a renewal of our attention.

Of her father's friend, Dr. Johnson, she certainly speaks with impartiality; for she censures him as much as she praises him.

'I might have remarked in a fitter place (says Miss Hawkins) on the disposition which Johnson has sometimes shown, even in print, to make neat compliments; and very neat they often are, exhibiting a mind free from all jealous seizure on importance, and most candidly turning the light from himself to another. His Scotch tour abounds with these gems of equity; and he prefaces the *Life of Young* with one of his best specimens. In his colloquial intercourse they were studied, and therefore lost their effect: his head dipped lower; the semicircle in which it revolved was of greater extent, and his roar was deeper in its tone when he meant to be civil. His movement in reading, which he did with great rapidity, was humorously described after his death, by a lady, who said that his head 'swung seconds.'

'The usual initial sentences of his conversation led some to imagine that to resemble him was as easy as to mimic him, and that if they began with 'Why, sir,' or 'I know no reason, or 'If any man chooses to think,' or 'If you mean to say,' they must of course 'talk Johnson.' That his style might be imitated is true, and that its strong features made it easier to take hold of it than of a milder style, no one will dispute.

'He was adverse to departing from the common opinions and customs of the world, as conceiving them to have been founded on experience. - - - - He doubted whether there ever was a man who was not gratified by being told that he was liked by the women. - - - -

'I cannot, even at the distance of more than twenty-five years, read my father's narrative of this man's (Humphry Heely, distantly allied to Dr. J. by marriage) deplorable situation, without the painful feeling of sorrow for his hardships, and something little less than indignation at the barbarous apathy of Johnson, whose former assistance, however capriciously afforded, must have excited hope that he should not be forgotten at his death. The terms in which he sometimes used to relieve him deserve comment. When Heely endeavoured to explain his wretched state of poverty,

Johnson would not always hear him: he replied harshly, 'You are poor, that's enough.' This avowal of indiscriminate feeling for all who could plead want was not very consoling to such a mind as that of his pensioner, who was, as well as himself, a man of a very meditative cast. It put him undeservedly below that worthless being whom he smothered with ostentatious munificence, and eventually ruined by it.

'All this indifference to the comfort of those whom he was to leave behind convinces me, who can be actuated by no prejudice, that Johnson's charities were bribes to his mental and corporal disease; and that, beyond the hulling of his own desponding irritations, by the consciousness of fulfilling a duty, they had no purpose.'

This is a harsh construction, but we believe it to be a just one. Johnson was not a man of delicate feelings or of an amiable disposition.

The two following anecdotes relate to a well-known and still popular author: 'One of my friends had known much of Henry Fielding, and heard him, even when his fortunes were very desperate, promote some thoughtless frolic of extravagance, by saying that he never in his life knew the difference between sixpence and a shilling. Peter Walter, who was then of great notoriety as one of the most successful money-getters in London, hearing him utter this sentiment, replied gravely, 'A time will come when you will know it.'—'When?' said Fielding.—'When you are worth only eighteen-pence,' replied Peter.

'Fielding, hearing from a friend that a third person was very much dejected, asked the cause.—'Because,' said his friend, 'he is deeply in debt.'—'Is that all?' replied the facetious Harry; 'you surprise me, that he should mind it. How happy should I be, could I find means to get 500*l.* deeper in debt than I am!'

Some particulars are stated respecting Goldsmith, which do not redound to his credit.

'When he expressed an inclination to visit Aleppo, for the purpose of importing some of the mechanical inventions in use there, Dr. Johnson said, 'Goldsmith will go, and he will bring back a frame for grinding knives, which he will think a convenience peculiar to Aleppo.' After he had published his '*Animated Nature*,' Johnson said, 'You are not to in-

fer, from this compilation, Goldsmith's knowledge of the subject; if he knows that a cow has horns, it is as much as he does know.'

'Goldsmith happened once to stop at an inn on the road, in the parlour of which was a very good portrait, which he coveted, believing it a Vandyke: he therefore called in the mistress of the house, asked her if she set any value on that old-fashioned picture, and finding that she was wholly a stranger to its worth, he told her it bore a very great resemblance to *his aunt* Salisbury, and that if she consented to sell it cheap, he would buy it. A bargain was struck, and a price infinitely below the value was paid. Goldsmith took the picture away with him, and had the satisfaction to find, that by this scandalous trick he had indeed procured a genuine and very saleable painting of Vandyke's.

'Soon after he had contracted with the booksellers for his *History of England*, for which he was to be paid five hundred guineas, he went to Cadell, and told him he was in the utmost distress for money, and in imminent danger of being arrested by his butcher or baker. Cadell immediately called a meeting of the proprietors, and prevailed on them to advance him the whole, or a considerable part of the sum, to which by the original agreement he was not entitled till a twelvemonth after the publication of his work. On a day which Mr. Cadell had named for giving this needy author an answer, Goldsmith came, and received the money, under pretence of instantly satisfying his creditors. Cadell, to discover the truth of this pretext, watched whither he went, and, after following him to Hyde-Park Corner, saw him get into a post-chaise, in which a woman of the town was waiting for him, and with whom, it afterwards appeared, he went to Bath to dissipate what he had thus fraudulently obtained.

George III. is introduced in a pleasant way.

'The late king himself told Mr. Langton this anecdote.—While North, afterwards bishop of Winchester, was at Eton, he was one day caught in his room, making quince-marmalade, for which, as against all rule, the master punished him, by obliging him to make Greek verses, including the recipe for the marmalade. 'No bad thought,' added his majesty; 'but I did not think — had

so much humor; for you know he is a stupid fellow.'

Among other ludicrous communications from Mr. Langton to our authoress, we meet with this:—'A man was observed every Saturday, nearly at the same hour, to pass along a street in London, carrying an old paper hat-box under his arm. An inhabitant of the street, determined to find out what the box contained, came upon him abruptly, and contrived to run against the box, so as to make it discover its contents. *Coals* dropped out, and he said to the carrier of them, 'Heyday! do you fetch coals in a hat-box?'—'Yes,' said the man, 'I like to have them fresh and fresh.'

'This I presume was not intended as wit or humor; it was the apology of genteel poverty: but it was impossible to deny the praise of humor to a reply I heard given, a short time since, in a country-town, to a little pert girl, who, for the sake of calling out the oddity of an eccentric man, took pains to make him hear her, while he was employed amongst bottles in a wine-vault. Her natural home was a baker's shop just by. The weather being very warm, she called out, 'Isn't it very hot, Mr. — down there?'—'Not half so hot as in your oven, Miss Roll-y Poll-y,' he replied.

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'I confess myself indebted to one of the family for this admirable axiom, which Mr. Langton impressed on the minds of his children: 'The next best thing to knowing, is to be sensible that you do not know.'

'To Dr. Johnson himself I owe two anecdotes respecting Mr. Langton's father, who, though I believe as little wanting in intellect as in morals, exhibited on some occasions curious instances of that inability to comprehend common things, which seems rare only because observation is not accurate. Of his goodness it is a proof, that he never left his chamber in a morning, without adding to his devotions the repetition of that excellent summary of the duties of a Christian, which is contained in our church-catechism. Of the defect I allude to, these facts are proofs. He had bestowed considerable pains on enlarging a piece of water on his estate, and was showing to some friends what he had achieved, when it was remarked to him, that the bank which confined the water

was in one place so low as not to be a security against its overflowing. He admitted that *to the eye* it might appear dangerous; but he said he had provided against such an accident, by having had the ground in that spot dug deeper to allow for it.

'The other anecdote respected a legacy of 1000*l.*, equally divided between himself and a person to whom he owed 100*l.* He consented that this debt should be deducted from his moiety; but when the deduction was made, and he saw the person to whom he was indebted with 200*l.* more than he had, he could not admit it just, that when the other legatee was to have only 100*l.* from him, he should yet be 200*l.* the richer. And when an attempt was made to demonstrate it by figures, he could acquiesce no farther than to say it might be true *on paper*, but it could not be so in practice.

'I ought to have found a better place for an anecdote, which I had from the late countess of Waldegrave. Mr. Langton told her, of Burke, that in conversation he uttered this sentiment: 'How extraordinary it is, that *I*, and lord Chatham, and lord Holland, should each have a son so superior to ourselves!'

Of the sister of a celebrated orientalist and a learned judge it is said,

'Miss Jones was of no very sightly appearance; and her negligence of dress could hardly be carried lower: she was said to have pursued a track of learning similar to that which distinguished her brother, but this I had no means of ascertaining; and she was one of a small number of persons, whose conversation seems to be made purposely trifling, as if to veil their own superiority. There are some still living, who, even now, when society is so much more on an intellectual equality than formerly, practise this. It is a very bad plan of being agreeable, and really often calls in question the veracity of those who have endeavoured to give a favorable impression of others. Miss Jones would walk through London, and four miles out of it, with a Greek folio under her arm; but I remember hearing her, on the mention of the Merchant of Venice in a house of little literature, ask if there was not a pretty song in it about Jessica; and in a morning visit I have known her affect the French style of light conversation, till she was more wearying than any prosing repeater of circum-

stantial. She had some paradoxes in her opinions, and was not withheld from argument even by the knowledge that she was arguing absurdly.'

The notice of this lady terminates with a sneer which borders on illiberality.

'We lost sight of Miss Jones, by her going for a time to Bristol or its neighbourhood, whence she returned under the style and title of matrimony; but of the circumstances of this change, and of him who occasioned it, I know nothing. I think I remember to have heard that she became a widow; but she appeared to hold to her friends by so slender a thread, that its giving way was hardly perceived.'

The strange marriage of Angelica Kauffman, the fair artist, is thus mentioned:

'I have heard it said, that she was addressed by a painter of the first eminence,—I do not like to name him,—it was not sir Joshua;—she refused him, and, in cruel revenge, he dressed up a smart fellow, of a low description, but some talent. This man he introduced to her as a foreigner of distinction, and teaching him to profess a passion for her, his specious recommendations deceived her, and she married him. They parted immediately.'

As Joe Miller, or the person who used his name, did not think it necessary to classify or methodise his jokes, we may be excused on this occasion if we neglect the formality of arrangement.

'A stranger (says Miss Hawkins,) visiting Greenwich Hospital, saw a pensioner in a yellow coat, which is the punishment for disorderly behaviour. Surprised at the singularity of the man's appearance, he asked him what it meant. —'O, sir,' replied the fellow, 'we who wear yellow coats are the music, and it is *I* who play the *first fiddle*.'

'I can only hint at what I have heard an Ayrshire friend describe as common to his country folk. In their hospitality, they invite a newly arrived guest to come *into*, and not, as we 'Southrons' coldly do, merely *to*, the fire to warm yourself; they advise you, not to sit *upon*, instead of *near*, the door; and to change your *feet*, not your *shoes*, in danger of damp; and inquire if you will have your *head*, not your *hair*, cut.'

'Old Mr. Grove, the table-decker at St. James's, used, as long as he was able, to walk round the Park every day. Dr.

Bernard, then a chaplain, met him accidentally in the Mall: 'So, Master Grove,' said he, 'why, you look vastly well: do you continue to take your usual walk?'—'No, sir,' replied the old man; 'I cannot do so much now; I cannot get round the Park; but I will tell you what I do instead,—I go half round and back.'

'When alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the court of aldermen of the event. He wrote to this effect:—'I am desired to inform the court, Mr. alderman Gill died last night, by order of Mrs. Gill.'

'A stranger traveling in Scotland was invited to the table of the family of Blair of Blair; and, not at all acquainted with the usages of Scotland, he asked a young lady of the name and family, 'Have you been long here?' The anger of Blair of Blair, in being thus, to his feelings, insulted on his own ground, was original. He wrote to the West Indies, 'The fellow had the impudence to ask if we had been long here!'

'A family in Edinburgh, not keeping a footman, engaged a Highlander to serve them during a visit from a man of fashion. Dinner having waited an unreasonable time one day for the guest, Duncan was sent to his room to inform him that it was on the table. But he not coming, Duncan was sent again: still they waited, and the lady at last said to the man, 'What can the gentleman be doing?'—'Please ye, madam,' said Duncan; 'the gentleman was only sharpening his teeth.'

'Not without humor is a circumstance of recent occurrence. A very sensible mother was endeavouring to impress on the minds and memories of two children, one six, the other four, a well-known story, in which the sage maxim, 'Pause before you act,' was inculcated. The elder quickly comprehended the relation between the tale and the moral; but the younger, who labored under the disadvantage of having been born abroad, though very attentive, gave no proof of comprehending what had been said. The next morning, however, removed all doubt, when her little auditor was heard repeating the precept; but, looking round to discover what had brought it into recollection, my friend saw the child playing with the cat, and whetting one of its feet against the other, as the action appropriate to the injunction, 'Paws before you act.'

'Of the politeness of a common servant-girl at a little inn, in a very obscure part of Ireland, this is a proof:—They asked how it happened that the house was so full, it not being assize time. She replied, 'I suppose I must not say it is the goodness of the house, therefore it must be the goodness of the gentlemen.'

'When serjeant P——, who had a remarkably long nose, was once thrown from his horse on the road, a countryman coming up, and seeing he had fallen on his face, looked earnestly at him as he helped him to rise, and inquired if he was not hurt. On the serjeant's replying in the negative, the fellow grinned, and said, 'Then your *ploughshare* saved you, sir.'

'When lord Thurlow was chancellor, he was, at the commencement of the long vacation, quitting the court without taking the usual leave of the bar. A young counsellor perceiving this, when they were all standing up in expectation, said, 'He might at least have said (what a female pen revolts from repeating) D— ye.' Thurlow certainly heard it, and returned to make his bow.'

'A very little man with no business at the bar, having taken the utmost pains to make the judge attend to a motion which he had to make, and failing in several attempts, Jekyll, looking up at the bench, said, '*De minimis non curat lex*\*.'

'When Mr. John Yorke was preparing for the settlement of his only child, an accomplished, elegant young woman, by her marriage with Mr. Pole Carew, he accounted for calling the family-name Carew, by referring to a time when there were in the house of commons two members of the names of Walter Carew. Much embarrassment having arisen from this, another member proposed calling one Carew and the other Carey; 'And then,' said he, 'we shall have no more confusion between *What care-I* and *What care-you?*'

'When that vacancy happened on the Exchequer Bench, which was afterwards filled by Mr. Adams, the ministry could not agree among themselves whom to appoint. It was debated in council, George II. being present; and the dispute grew very warm, when his majesty put an end to the contest by calling out

\* The law does not care for, or attend to, very small objects.

in broken English, 'I will have none of thee; give me a man wīd *de dyng speech*,' meaning Adams, who was then recorder of London, and whose business it therefore was to make the report of the convicts under sentence of death.

\* In the year 1743, when the rebellion threatened most formidably, Herring, then archbishop of York, resolved, in case of extremity, to take arms himself and oppose the progress of the rebels. His avowing this intention gave occasion to orator Henley to nickname him—a red herring.

'The Miss Jenny of the Journey to London was Miss Lowc, of Lock, in Derbyshire. The journey was real, as was the adventure with a person described as Count Bassot. In the latter part of her life, the lady used to speak very frankly on the subject of her imprudence, and her escape from the consequences of it; and doing so, long after her marriage, when Cibber was at her table, she soon after saw herself represented on the stage,—a breach of hospitality and good faith never forgiven by her family.

'When I had written this, I was very much at a loss to make it consistent with what I knew to be fact, that it was Vanbrugh who wrote the Journey to London; but a little trouble of search and inquiry set the matter right. Vanbrugh had not completed the play when he died. Cibber took it up, and united with it that perfectly irrelative part, the Provoked Husband. And whoever examines the *Dramatis Personæ* of both will find the difference so great, as to allow the credit of this perfidious deed to rest with Cibber. Foote was guilty of the same sort of offence against society, in his farce of the Author, in which he caricatures a gentleman who had received him as his guest.

'The Lady Grace of the Provoked Husband was Lady Betty Cecil. She was of the Exeter family, and had been a beauty; but the small-pox had rendered her plain,—a misfortune which she bore with such meritorious submission, as to procure her universal love and esteem.

'A strolling company, performing Cato at Camberwell were sadly at a loss for a gown for Cato to die in. Mr. Crespieny (afterwards Sir Claude), who was present, said, 'Send to my house for my plaid night-gown.' This was done, and Cato died thus equipped.'

# FLORA HISTORICA, OR THREE SEASONS OF THE BRITISH PARTERRE;

by Henry Phillips.

FLOWERS have always been admired, and they are now cultivated with particular zeal and assiduity. The present author appears to be as familiarly acquainted with them as with other branches of the vegetable kingdom; and he adds to his descriptions the history of each, as far as it is known, and a variety of anecdotes connected with the subject. His account of the *mignonette* is pleasing, and is rendered more attractive to fair readers by the addition of a love tale.

'It is not yet an age since this fragrant weed of Egypt first perfumed the European gardens: yet it has so far naturalized itself to our climate as to spring from seeds of its own scattering, and thus convey its delightful odor from the parterre of the prince to the most humble garden of the cottager. In less than another age we predict (without the aid of Egyptian art) that the children of our peasants will gather this luxurious little plant amongst the wild flowers of our hedge-rows.

'The *Reseda Odorata* first found its way to the south of France, where it was welcomed by the name of *Mignonette*, Little-Darling, which was found too appropriate for this sweet little flower to be exchanged for any other. Mr. Miller received the seed of it from Leyden, and cultivated it in the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, in 1752. From Chelsea it soon got into the gardens of the London florists, so as to enable them to supply the metropolis with plants to furnish out the balconies, which is noticed by Cowper, who attained the age of twenty-one in the year that this flower first perfumed the British atmosphere by its fragrance. The author of the Task soon afterwards celebrates it as a favorite plant in London.

— 'the sashes fringed with a range Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed.'

'The odor which this flower exhales is thought by some, whose olfactories are delicate, to be too powerful for the house; but even those persons, we presume, must be delighted by the fragrance which it throws from the balconies into the streets of London, giving something like a breath of garden air to the 'close-pent man,' whose avocations will not permit a ramble beyond the squares of

the fashionable part of the town. To such it must be a luxurious treat to catch a few ambrosial gales on a summer's evening from the heated pavement, where offensive odors are too frequently met with, notwithstanding the good regulations for cleansing the streets and the natural cleanliness of the inhabitants in general. We have frequently found the perfume of the mignonette so powerful in some of the better streets of London, that we have considered it sufficient to protect the inhabitants from noxious effluvia. It reminds us of the fragrance from the roasting of coffee in many parts of Paris, without which some of the streets of business would scarcely be endurable in the rainy season of the year.

Although it is so short a time since the Sweet Reseda has been known in Europe, we find that it has crept into the armorial bearings of an illustrious family of Saxony; and, as Cupid does not so frequently bestow the honors of heraldry as his father Mars, we cannot avoid relating the romantic tale which introduced this fragrant and modest flower to the Pursuivant-at-Arms.

The count of Waldheim was the declared lover and intended spouse of Amelia, a young lady possessing all the charms necessary for the heroine of a modern novel, except that she took delight in creating little jealousies in the breast of her destined husband. As the beautiful Amelia was an only child of a widowed mother, a female cousin, possessing few personal charms, and still less fortune, had been brought up with her from infancy as a companion, and as a *stimulus* to her education. The amiable and humble Charlotte was too insignificant to attract much attention in the circles in which her gay cousin shone with so much splendor, which gave her frequent opportunities of dispensing a part of that instruction she had received on the more humble class of her own sex. Returning from one of these charitable visits, and entering the gay saloon of her aunt, where her entry or exit was now scarcely noticed, she found the party amused in selecting flowers, whilst the count and the other beaux were to make verses on the choice of each of the ladies. Charlotte was desired to make her selection of a flower; the sprightly Amelia had taken a rose; others a carnation, a lily, or the flowers most likely to call forth compliment;

and the delicate idea of Charlotte in selecting the most humble flower, by placing a sprig of mignonette in her bosom, would probably have passed unnoticed, had not the flirtation of her gay cousin with a dashing colonel, who was more celebrated for his conquests in the drawing-room than in the field of battle, attracted the notice of the count so as to make his uncasiness visible. The amiable Charlotte, who, studious of Amelia's happiness, wished to amuse and to call back the mind of her cousin, now demanded the verse for the rose. The count saw this affectionate trait in Charlotte's conduct, took out his pencil, and wrote for the rose,

Elle ne vit qu'un jour, et ne plaît qu'un moment—

which he gave to the lovely daughter, at the same time presenting the humble cousin with this line on the mignonette:

Ses qualités surpassent ses charmes.

Amelia's pride was roused, and she retaliated by her attention to the colonel and neglect of the count, which she carried so far as to throw herself into the power of a profligate, who brought her to ruin. The count transferred his affections from beauty to amiability; and rejoicing in the exchange, and wishing to commemorate the event which had brought about his happiness, and delivered him from a coquette, he added a branch of the Sweet Reseda to the ancient arms of his family, with the motto,

Your qualities surpass your charms.'

#### THE CONCHOLOGIST'S COMPANION:

by the Author of *Select Female Biography*.

At a time when numerous families are flocking to the sea-side, and the young amuse themselves in searching for shells, a work on conchology will be acceptable to many. Testaceous animals afford curious instances of the wonder-working power of Providence.

'Each shell, each crawling insect, hold a rank important in the plan of Him who fram'd This scale of beings.'

By the examination of shells, the mechanic arts have been occasionally improved; and perhaps those useful contrivances, the hinge and the screw, might have been borrowed from them. Referring to one shell-fish in particular, Pope says—

‘Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.’

The present work does not appear to be the production of a scientific person; but it has been compiled with such care from the best authorities, that the information which it contains may be received with confident reliance; and we may add, that the interspersed reflections are pertinent and appropriate.

A curious account is given of the *ostrea*. ‘Eighty species are assigned by naturalists to this genus. They present considerable variety in form and beauty, and are divided into seven classes or grand divisions. The first and second comprise the numerous varieties of scallop shells, and are distinguished from each other by the proportions of their ears. The surfaces are usually adorned with divergent ribs, variously diversified with beautiful colors and delicate chequer-work, and are usually covered with undulated and transverse *striae*, not unfrequently assuming the appearance of elevated scales, as in the imbricated oyster. The animal inhabitants possess the faculty of leaping to a considerable distance, by suddenly opening and closing their valves; and, though enclosed in floating citadels of considerable weight and thickness, can swim upon the water or move on land. They are elegantly termed butterflies of the ocean, as, when darting through the sparkling waves, and flitting rapidly from place to place, they rival the glowing colours of the papilionaceous tribes. In fine weather they congregate and mount the billows, forming little fleets, with half their shells erected, to catch the breeze; the other, which contains the animal, remaining emerged [*immerged*] below. When any foe appears, or a sudden squall begins to ruffle the surface of the deep, the shells are instantaneously shut, and the pigmy vessels disappear.

A remarkable species of muscle is thus described. ‘The shell of the *donax* resembles a wedge. It is broad and thick at one end, and gradually tapers towards the other; a construction which considerably assists the animal in excavating its subterraneous dormitory. The hinge is furnished with two small teeth; consequently the anterior slope is generally gaping. Now, to remedy this apparent inconvenience, a ligament is placed near the fissure, which effectually prevents the valves from separating when the inhabitant of the *donax* has occasion

to expand them. ‘The meanest creature is in itself a collection of wonders.’ The peculiar construction of the wedge-shell; the slight adhesion of the hinges; the gaping of the valves; the ligament which prevents them from separating; and the power arising from all these of readily procuring its food, or changing its position, afford, when compared with the dissimilar construction of other shell-fish, convincing proofs of new and appropriate mechanism. The generic appellation of the *donax* is derived from its shape, which resembles the barbed head of a javelin or dart. It delights to burrow in the sand, or among loose pebbles on the sea-shore, and is found in almost every part of the known world.’

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#### AUTHENTIC PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE LAST ILLNESS OF LORD BYRON.

My master (says Mr. Fletcher, his lordship’s old and faithful attendant) continued his usual custom of riding daily, when the weather would permit, until the 9th of April. But on that ill-fated day he got very wet, and, on his return home, he changed the whole of his dress; but he had been too long in his wet clothes, and the cold, of which he had complained, more or less, ever since we left Cephalonia, made this attack be more severely felt. Though rather feverish during the night, he slept pretty well, but complained in the morning of a pain in his bones and a head-ach; this did not, however, prevent him from taking a ride in the afternoon, which I grieve to say was his last. On his return, my master said that the saddle was not perfectly dry, from being so wet the day before, and observed that he thought it had made him worse. He was again visited by the same slow fever, and I was sorry to perceive on the next morning that his illness appeared to be increasing. He was very low, and complained of not having had any sleep during the night. His appetite was also quite gone. It was not till the third day, the 12th, that I began to be alarmed about him. In all his former colds, he always slept well, and was never affected by this slow fever. I therefore went to Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen, the two medical attendants, and inquired minutely into every circumstance connected with his present illness: both replied that there was no danger, and I might



make myself perfectly easy on the subject, for all would be well in a few days. This was on the 13th. On the following day, I found him in such a state, that I could not feel happy without supplicating that he would send to Zante for Dr. Thomas. He desired me to consult the doctors, which I did, and was told there was no occasion for calling in any person. Here I should remark, that he repeatedly said in the course of the day, he was sure the doctors did not understand his disease; to which I answered, 'Then, my lord, have other advice by all means.' 'They tell me,' said he, 'that it is only a common cold, which you know I have had a thousand times.'—'I am sure, my lord,' said I, 'that you never had one of so serious a nature.'—'I think I never had,' was his answer. I repeated my supplications that Dr. Thomas should be sent for on the 15th, and was again assured that my master would be better in two or three days. After these confident assurances, I did not renew my entreaties until it was too late. With respect to the medicines that were given, I could not persuade myself that those of a strong purgative nature were the best adapted to his complaint, concluding that, as he had nothing on his stomach, the only effect would be to create pain; indeed this must have been the case with a person in perfect health. The whole nourishment taken by him for the last eight days consisted of a small quantity of broth at two or three different times, and some arrow-root on the 18th. The first time I heard of there being an intention of bleeding him was on the 15th, when it was proposed by Dr. Bruno, but objected to at first by my master, who asked Mr. Millingen if there was any great reason for taking blood: the latter replied that it might be of service, but added that it could be deferred until the next day; and accordingly he was bled in the right arm on the evening of the 16th, and a pound of blood was taken. I observed at the time that it had a most inflamed appearance. Dr. Bruno now began to say he had frequently urged my master to be bled, but that he always refused. A long dispute now arose about the time that had been lost, and the necessity of sending for medical assistance to Zante; upon which I was informed, for the first time, that it would be of no use, as my master would be better, or no more, before the arrival of Dr. Thomas. He

continued to get worse; but Dr. Bruno said he thought letting blood again would save his life. On the 17th he was bled twice in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon; the bleeding, at both times, was followed by fainting fits, and he would have fallen down more than once had I not caught him in my arms. On this day he said to me twice—'I cannot sleep, and you well know I have not been able to sleep for more than a week. I know that a man can only be a certain time without sleep, and then he must go mad, without any one being able to save him; and I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad, for I am not afraid of dying: I am more fit to die than people think.' I do not, however, believe that he had any apprehension of his fate before the 18th, when he said, 'I fear you and Tita will be ill by sitting up constantly night and day.' I answered, 'We shall never leave your lordship till you are better.' On that day he addressed me frequently, and seemed to me to be very much dissatisfied with his medical treatment. I then said, 'Do allow me to send for Dr. Thomas;' to which he answered, 'Do so, but be quick. I am only sorry I did not let you do so before, as I am sure they have mistaken my disease: write yourself, for I knew he would not like to see other doctors here.' I did not lose a moment in obeying my master's orders, and on informing Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen of it, they said it was very right, as they now began to be afraid themselves. On returning to my master's room, his first words were, 'Have you sent?' 'I have, my lord,' was my answer; upon which he said, 'You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me.' Although he did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour, and he even began to have occasional fits of delirium. He afterwards said, 'I now begin to think I am seriously ill, and, in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed.' I answered I would; but expressed a hope that he would live many years, to execute them much better himself than I could. To this he replied, 'No; it is now nearly over;' and then added, 'I must tell you all without losing a moment.' I then said, 'Shall I go, my





*A Cooper, sc.*

**TAMEHAMALU.**  
**QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.**

lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?' 'Oh, my God, no—you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short,' said his lordship; and immediately after, 'Now pay attention.' He commenced by saying, 'You will be provided for.' I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence: he then continued, 'Oh, my poor dear child! my dear Ada! my God, could I but have seen her! give her my blessing—and my dear sister Augusta and her children; and you will go to lady Byron, and say—tell her every thing—you are friends with her.' He appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. Here his voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals; but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice and say, 'Fletcher, now if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter, if possible.' Here I told him, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he said; to which he replied, 'Oh, my God! then all is lost! for it is now too late—is it possible you have not understood me?' 'No, my lord,' said I; 'but I pray you to try and inform me once more.' 'How can I?' rejoined my master; 'it is now too late, and all is over.' I said, 'Not our will, but God's be done;' and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done; but I will try'—He did indeed make several efforts to speak, but could only repeat two or three words at a time; such as, 'My wife! my child! my sister! you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes.' A consultation was now held (about noon), when it was determined to administer some Peruvian bark and wine. My master had now been nine days without any sustenance, except what I have already mentioned. He expressed a wish to sleep. I at one time asked whether I should call Mr. Parry: he replied, 'Yes, you may call him.' Mr. Parry desired him to compose himself. He shed tears, and apparently sank into a slumber. Mr. Parry went away, expecting to find him refreshed on his return; but it was the commencement of the lethargy preceding his death. The last words I heard my master utter were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said, 'I must sleep now;' upon which he lay down, never to rise again! for he did not move hand or foot during the fol-

lowing twenty-four hours. He appeared to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat: on these occasions I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choking in the throat took place every half-hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock in the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes and then shut them, but without showing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. 'Oh my God!' I exclaimed, 'I fear his lordship is gone!' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone.'

A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF  
TAMEHAMELU, QUEEN OF THE  
SANDWICH ISLANDS;

WITH A PORTRAIT.

HUMAN nature is essentially the same in all ages and among all nations, whatever disguise it may assume. It exhibits an incongruous compound of good sense and of folly, strength and weakness, judgement and passion; but it is modified by times and by circumstances, and altered by a variety of contingencies. Some philosophers have maintained, that it is not improved by civilisation, which, they say, corrupts the rude virtues of barbarians; but this is an absurd idea, worthy only of a savage, or a cynic. Abuses and corruptions will undoubtedly arise in the progress of refinement; but it does not thence follow that refinement is an evil.

The natives of the Sandwich islands ought not to be considered as mere savages; for they have so far profited by the advice and example of Europeans, that their manners are improved, and their capabilities augmented. The late queen concurred with her husband in promoting civilisation among them; and both of them witnessed with pleasure the gradual effect of their united endeavours. If she did not possess great talents, she was at least endowed with good sense. She knew the distinction between good and evil, virtue and vice. Many, who are well acquainted with the theory of rectitude, neglect the practice of it; like Medea, who was accustomed to say,

'I see the right, and I approve it too;  
'condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.'

But it does not appear that this lady deviated, in any material degree, from the right course. The breath of calumny, indeed, has assailed both her and the king, of whom Kotzebue, the circumnavigator, spoke in very unfavorable terms; but let us not be influenced by the voice of scandal, so as to condemn without satisfactory or decisive authority.

A trait of the queen's manners may serve to amuse the reader. When the dancers at the Opera-house were luxuriating in doubtful (if not absolutely indecorous) movements and attitudes, she is said to have expressed to one of her attendants an inclination of retiring; but the king's chief counsellor shrewdly suggested, that this would be an act of idle and superfluous delicacy, as the mode of dancing did not excite the disgust of the English ladies, whose modest virtues she might be proud of imitating. Satisfied with this hint, she viewed the evolutions of the light-heeled *corps* with eager alacrity, and even with bursts of laughter. On this occasion, her majesty was arrayed (for some ladies may wish to know how she was attired) in a white silk dress of European fashion; her sash was of scarlet silk, and her head-dress was of the same color, decorated with silver spangles and embroidery.

This dignified stranger was blessed with a contented mind and a friendly disposition. Her manners were not (nor can any one expect that they would be) without a tincture of barbarism; but she conducted herself in general with decorum and propriety. She was fond of domestic amusements, but did not indulge in them to excess. With regard to her religion, we do not precisely know her sentiments; but we should conceive, that, if she was converted by methodist missionaries, she was not so weak as to adopt their opinion, that we can be saved by faith alone.

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#### SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Best Intentions.*—WHEN an author means well, a critic ought not to be severe in censuring the composition, particularly when the writer declares that he waves all claim to praise in that respect. The volume comprehends three hundred and thirty reflexions or thoughts, committed to writing 'from a desire of infusing truth and stability into those

ideas of religion, morality, and virtue, which had at various intervals occurred to the mind.' An earnestness of manner gives interest to the work: but we can only find room at present for a short specimen.

'Man was made for society; he was never intended to be a solitary being; but man, to keep a watchful command over himself, must beware what society he keeps. That of the good invigorates the mind, strengthens sober-mindedness, and creates cheerfulness; he receives good ideas, and imparts his own, and thus is mutually a friend, and befriended. If he views his condition of life with a just and impartial conception, in the good of his neighbour and his friend he traces the path of his own: he knows that it was for the good of man and the glory of God that he was born a living soul, and a good man acts according to this belief.'

*The Modern Traveller;—Palestine,* Part I. and II.—This is the commencement of a new work, which is intended to comprise a 'popular description, geographical, historical, and topographical, of the various countries of the globe.' It will not (like Dr. Mavor's work) consist of successive abridgements of different travels, but will comprehend a concentrated and digested account of each country, compiled from the best narratives. The present specimen appears to be well executed, and it exhibits a good map, with some neat embellishments.

*Original Letters illustrative of English History.*—This publication, for which we are indebted to the persevering industry of Mr. Ellis, keeper of the manuscripts in the British Museum, tends to throw light upon our history, and will amuse the inquisitive reader. Some, we believe, had previously been published; but the majority appear now for the first time in print; and many, particularly those which relate to the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, are very curious.

*The Fall of Constantinople, a Poem,* by Jacob Jones, jun.—This piece was written for one of the prizes offered by the Royal Society of Literature; and, as it was not accepted by the committee, the author was highly incensed, and vented his indignation in a preface which he has since suppressed. He seemed to

think that it was a base breach of promise not to award the prize to him, as it was not denied that his poem was the best: but he ought to consider that prizes are offered as rewards of *merit*; and, if none of the poems appeared to possess sufficient excellence to justify remuneration, the non-payment of the money could not be deemed reprehensible, as it was not repugnant to the *spirit* but merely to the *letter* of the promise. The poem in question, however, is not despicable: it contains some animated and pleasing passages. Many other pieces are annexed with the view of making up a volume; and, among these, the stanzas on *Emineh's Death*, the *Ruins of Palmyra*, and the *Verses to Lieutenant Mackworth*, are apparently the best.

*Poems by Mr. Chandos Leigh.*—A Letter to a Friend in Town, by this gentleman, is a pleasing poem, containing such reflexions on human life as are impregnated with benevolent rather than sarcastic feelings. The following extract will serve as a favorable specimen:—

'Soon, very soon, life's little day is past;  
No works, but those of charity, will last.  
Nor Byron's verse nor Beckford's pomp, can  
    save  
Vathek, or Harold, from their destin'd grave.  
And what is wealth? with equal hand 'tis  
    given  
To bad, to good—no proof of fav'ring Heaven!  
And who is rich? Emilius, whose good sense  
Protects him from the glare of vain expense;  
Who buys not glitt'ring toys when very dear,  
But treats his friends with hospitable cheer;  
Who loves to breathe the incense of the morn,  
As the sun's golden rays his hills adorn;  
Deeming more beautiful the sky's young bloom  
Than all the splendors of a drawing-room—  
And meditates, as warmly glows his blood,  
How best he might promote his country's  
    good—  
He can be happy though his neighbours  
    thrive;  
Nor thinks himself the poorest man alive.'

*The Chimney-Sweeper's Friend, and Climbing-Boy's Album.*—Mr. Montgomery, the poet, has here presented to the reader a variety of authentic details upon the subject of employing children in sweeping chimneys, with a view of exposing the oppressions and cruelties to which that system gives rise. The remedies which he proposes are, a legislative prohibition of the practice, and

the general employment of machines, with which, he says, ninety-nine chimneys out of a hundred may be swept. The latter part of the work consists of pieces in prose and verse, written principally for the present collection, in the hope of benefiting the wretched boys.

*The Ionian, by Sarah Renou.*—The writer's chief object in this novel is the just delineation of the female character. She has a sufficiently high opinion of the general merits of her sex, without detracting from the superior dignity of man, or undervaluing his intellects. There is nothing particularly striking in the story; yet it is not wholly uninteresting, and the moral is correct and unexceptionable. The principal female characters exemplify, by their supposed conduct, the 'power of woman to strew, around the paths of social life, the flowers of virtue and the fruits of bliss.'

*The Pilot, a Tale of the Sea.*—This novel has been praised as 'a fine sea-piece, drawn with a bold and vigorous pencil.' Mr. Cooper, on this occasion, has chosen for the subject of his sketches the same element which furnished Dr. Smollett with so many happy delineations: yet the American writer is not a copyist or a servile imitator. The intended hero appears to be the notorious Paul Jones, although the reader is not explicitly informed of that circumstance, being left to discover it by indirect inferences. The Pilot himself is, perhaps, the least successful character in the novel: but some of the portraits are exceedingly well drawn, spirited, and natural, and Long Tom might have figured with great credit to himself and the author in the pages of the northern novelist. Many of the scenes are well conceived, more particularly the taking of St. Ruth's Abbey, the escape of Long Tom, and the loss of the Ariel.

*The Danciad, or the Dancer's Monitor.*—This title will remind our readers of the *Dunciad*, and some may say, that, as few except dunces will dance, the latter appellation will equally suit the work which Mr. Thomas Wilson has now submitted to general notice. It is a descriptive sketch, in verse, of the different modes of dancing quadrilles, waltzes, &c. at public balls and assemblies; but it seems chiefly to be intended as a satire on Mr. Wilson's rivals. He

complains that hawkers, tailors, carpenters, and sailors, erect themselves into *maitres de danse*, and obtain a number of pupils without being qualified for teaching. He admits that he himself was bred to a mechanical business; but, when his trade was ruined by the financial rapacity of Mr. Pitt, he studiously cultivated dancing as a profession, which he had before practised as an amusement. We believe him to be a good teacher of what he considers as a noble science; but we are not altogether pleased with that spirit of puffing in which he so freely indulges. With regard to his poem (if it can properly be so called), we allow that some passages are pleasant and amusing; but frivolity is its chief characteristic. He promises to favor the public with a second part, to which, however, few will look forward with anxious eagerness.

#### DREAMS.

Few things more forcibly show the power of mind over matter than dreams. In dreaming, the mind without volition asserts its superiority; for it does not require, even when the body is weary, such unbroken repose but that it can still operate.

I do not here intend to dwell on the abuses which have been made of this (I had almost said) *lusus nature*: it would be wearisome also to descant on the importance attached to dreams by the ancients; nor do I deem it fitting on such an occasion to speak of the revelations which, as we are informed by holy writ, were made in the 'visions of the night.' So large a portion of our time is occupied by sleep, that whether we then be happy or unhappy cannot be considered as a trivial matter; and it may be added, that as a much larger proportion of life is passed in the arms of Morpheus than nature requires, we are more under the power of these nightly visitors than if we were contented with satisfying the mere demands of nature: for, when the body has been sufficiently refreshed, the mind will exert itself, though reason may be for a time deprived of its influence. In the earlier parts of the night we sleep profoundly, nor is our repose interrupted by dreams, unless indeed some subject has powerfully engrossed our faculties immediately before we lose all voluntary recollection;

nor even then is it usual for our dreams to have a very close connexion with it; and, which is perhaps a more remarkable circumstance, when any very distressing subject has been in our thoughts, we rarely dream of it, while of any light or trifling pleasure either enjoyed or anticipated, our sleeping fancy often presents a picture. And this may be in mercy; for we are in general sufficiently industrious in discovering or inventing misery: if then, when the will acts not, these sources were again operating, we might fall beneath the continued pressure.

I have always made it a principle (more from a love of present ease than from prudence) never willingly to put a person on that fertile subject *self*; for, when once he has entered upon it, he fondly allows it to become

'Tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.'

Yet in this matter I have frequently felt an inclination to investigate the nature of the dreams by which any individuals have been visited; and this with a view of ascertaining the relation between the mental powers of the same person when sleeping and waking. It can scarcely be doubted that a man of strong and vivid imagination may have dreams which, if detailed, would be of far greater interest than those of an ordinary mortal. Heavens! what magnificent visions must Byron have enjoyed—they may have occasionally been gloomy, horrible, and appalling; yet many of them, had he clothed them in his brilliant language, would probably have astounded even more than the boldest flights of his waking fancy.

I was particularly pleased with the following lines in the 'Lady of the Lake':—

'By manly mind  
Not e'en in sleep is will resign'd;  
My midnight orisons said o'er,  
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more.'

This was perhaps the more pleasing to me, as I had happened to entertain a similar thought; for, long before that poem was published, when I was not twelve years old, I had endeavoured to prevent myself from dreaming, and do believe that in many cases I succeeded in awaking myself when about to do so.

Dreams very frequently serve as links to memory. Many must have observed, that persons and objects which they had

almost forgotten are represented to their fancy in sleep with a wonderful accuracy and fidelity; and they may have found, that, though unable at will to recall the appearance of an absent friend or acquaintance, yet in their dreams they have often seen them with such minuteness, that every trifling peculiarity has been faithfully depicted—

—*Somnia quæ veras sequuntur imitamine formas.*

I hold it unnecessary in these days to warn any fair reader against placing reliance on these nocturnal visitors; for, if they should be inclined to hope that propitious dreams would be realized, disappointment will generally be their portion; and if they be more gloomy and fear those of evil portent, they will not find the pleasure of escape a sufficient recompense for the anxiety which they may have endured.

Let it not be inferred, from any thing which has been said, that I regard the faculty of dreaming as an attribute of reason, since irrational animals are subject to it. Dogs, with whose nature we are intimately acquainted from their constant association with us, are very frequently visited by dreams, evincing this by every manifestation of pleasure or dislike.

For the oblectation of the ladies, I will transcribe a few lines from Virgil, as translated by Dryden.

‘Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn.  
Of polish’d ivory this, that of transparent horn:  
True visions thro’ transparent horn arise,  
Through polish’d ivory pass deluding lies.  
Then through the gate of ivory he dismiss’d  
His valiant offspring and divining guest.’

The poet, by showing the ivory egress sufficiently capacious for earthly visitors to pass through, would appear to teach, that, of the visions which fall on man, the majority are merely *falsa insomnia*.

In treating of this subject, I have not endeavoured to attach any great importance to it, but have been led into it as a matter of curious speculation, which some abler hand may be induced more deeply to discuss.

constitute a poet, than Metastasio. He made no pretensions, however, to the highest order of genius. He did not aim at those lofty and vigorous creations which excite our admiration by their sublimity. He wished to be the poet of the opera, and in this he succeeded; and, confining himself to the path which he had chalked out, he surpassed the most distinguished writers of Italy. He very correctly appreciated the peculiar character of the theatre, to which he devoted his talents; and, in a species of composition which has never conferred much reputation on any other poet, he has produced the most national poetry that Italy, perhaps, can boast of possessing, and which is most deeply impressed upon the memory and feelings of the people.

The object of tragedy, so differently explained by different critics, and as diversely understood by their readers, has, in reality, varied with the variations of time and place. With the ancients it was, in turn, religious, moral, or political; but it has consisted, among the moderns, either in the simple display of deep emotions, or in the living picture of nature; or, founded upon a still more noble system, it comprises the worship of all that is most beautiful in the productions of the mind, and the admiration of art carried to its perfection, united to natural truth.

The opera could not boast so proud an origin. Taking its rise in the voluptuous courts of princes, it had none of the elements favorable to the growth of heroes. It was expected to yield every enjoyment, and the most pleasing emotions, by captivating, at the same moment, both the ear and the eye, and gratifying the tenderest affections of the soul. To ennoble pleasure, and render it in some degree sacred, by the mixture of refined and elevated sentiment,—and, if we are to look for political motives, to screen the prince from the shame of his own indolence and effeminacy, and blind the people to every consideration but that of the passing moment,—would seem to have been the spirit of the Italian opera. And such it was, as it appeared in the courts of the Medici and the Farnese, and on the theatres of Venice, where voluptuousness was encouraged by the senate for interests of state. In this situation Metastasio found it: he eagerly followed the impulse of his feelings, which led him to adopt a refined

#### REMARKS ON THE LITERARY CHARACTERS OF METASTASIO AND ALFIERI;

by *Simonde de Simondini*.

No Italian writer ever more completely united all the qualities which



sort of Epicurean doctrine, identifying every thing that was heroic, elevated, and pure, with the passion of love. His language was of that rich and impassioned nature, formed to carry to its most luxurious pitch a relish for all those pleasures of existence, derived from dancing, painting, and a species of poetry still more seductive than these, of which an audience so vividly feels the power. His predecessors, on the other hand, hesitating between an imitation of the Greek, the French, and even the Spanish dramatists, as well as of the pastoral poets of Italy, failed to discover the true laws of this kind of composition. Metastasio seized upon them with a daring hand, regardless of the indignation of pedantic critics. Scorning to subject himself to unity of place, he delighted in varying the scene, commanding a wider field for all that brilliant display of theatrical variety and effect, on which the charm of the opera so much depends. He had much more regard to the unity of time, without confining himself altogether within the limits prescribed, in such a way as to embrace as many incidents, processions, and ceremonies, within the four-and-twenty hours, as the good nature of the spectators could well admit. He submitted to regulate the unity of action by the circumstances of being obliged to bring forward two sets of personages, three male and three female lovers, upon the boards, to serve as the means of contrast to the musician. The catastrophe of his pieces is almost invariably happy, as the languor of soul, consequent upon the music, would have been too much disturbed by very deep or painful emotions. He succeeded, with unequalled skill, in combining natural expression with all the dignity and richness required in lyric poetry; and he infused into the combination of his words and lines an irresistible harmony, which it is the boast of the sublime accompaniments of Pergolèse to have so faithfully and accurately preserved.

Metastasio was the favorite poet of the nation; and no author is more decidedly the poet of the heart, and of woman. He is accused by the critics of having represented the world neither as it exists, nor as it ought to exist; but the female sex approve and claim it as their own. Statesmen and moralists charge him with having had a pernicious influence on energy of character and on

morals; but, on the other side, women see with pleasure that his heroism has its origin in love; that he gives a pure and noble direction to the most tender of passions, and that he attempts to unite sentiment with the observance of duty. But what may be very appropriate to the sex, whose virtues and whose charms are founded on sensibility, cannot be applied to man, on whom nature has imposed principles of greater austerity.

Italy has, however, in our own days, given birth to a man who, beyond any other, was calculated by his virtues, and by his defects, to perceive the errors of Metastasio; to despise his effeminacy; to ridicule his stage effect, his suspended daggers, his love confidants, and all the factitious system which he had introduced on the stage. The count Vittorio Alfieri has acquainted us, in his confessions, with his own fierce and aspiring character, impatient of all restraint, violent, an enemy to repose, and to a mode of life which had enervated his countrymen. He regarded effeminacy as a public crime, and blamed Metastasio more for having corrupted the Italians, than for not adopting the true rules of tragedy. As soon as the predilections of his youth began to calm, and he had discontinued traversing Europe, more as a courier than as a tourist, his first verses were dictated by indignation. He had an exalted idea of the duties and the dignity of man, an ardent love of liberty and of all the noble actions to which it has given birth; a singular ignorance, which did not allow him to judge correctly of the government of any country, and which led him to confound the dissolution of all the bonds of society with that freedom for which he sighed; and an inveterate hatred of that system of tyranny in the governments around him, which had degraded mankind. This, indeed, might be called a personal hatred, since he shared and felt, more acutely than any other individual, that humiliation which for so long a time had debased the Italians.

Metastasio was the poet of love; Alfieri, of freedom. All the pieces of the latter have a political tendency, and owe their eloquence, their warmth, and their rapidity, to that powerful sentiment which possessed him, and compelled him to write from the impulse of his soul. He did not possess the requisite talent for tragedy. His vivid emotions were not de-

that surround the crown; this has a beautiful and novel effect. The only change in the manner of arranging Leghorn hats for the promenade, is the lining them with colored satin: in sea-side walks they are generally tied close down.

The bodies of the gowns are either made very plain, or *en gerbe*. The former is much more attractive when well made; but it requires all the art of a dress-maker to give grace to the contour by so plain a mode: the *gerbe* suits almost every shape. We have unfortunately gone from one extreme to the other; the sleeves about two months ago fitted so tight to the arm, that they destroyed all appearance of graceful ease; now, we copy the frightful sleeve *en gigot* of the French ladies. Dresses of Italian crape of different colors are much in request, over white satin; they are trimmed with narrow flounces set on in bias. Colored chintzes of the most beautiful patterns are still worn *en deshabille*, though white dresses have certainly at present the ascendancy. Lace dresses over white satin, and those of figured gauze, are the most admired for ball dresses and musical parties. Lilac dresses of *gros de Naples*, trimmed with blond, have been seen at an elegant dinner party given at Scarborough, and were much admired.

Morning caps are of Valenciennes lace, with small bows of riband dividing a light puckering of fine net across the head-piece. For half-dress the caps are of fine Mechlin lace, and are beautifully ornamented with flowers, among which small roses and lilies of the valley are most conspicuous: the caul is of beautifully-figured net, and is ornamented with horizontal stripes, formed of rouleaux of colored satin, or a sunflower ornament, composed of satin. A white dress hat of *gros de Naples* is a favorite head-dress for evening parties, or the public rooms at the watering places: it is turned up in front, and striped with ribands of satin, trimmed with gauze cut in points, which form a honey-comb trimming round the crown: a light and beautiful plume of small white marabout feathers is made to play carelessly over the crown and part of the front. The turbans are very simple; metallic gauze of rose-white, with small flowers of different colors, form the favorite materials. Wreaths, composed of roses, mignonette, and daisies, are the favorite head orna-

ments for young persons. In spite of the warm weather, the curls on each side of the face are arranged in remarkably full clusters.

The favorite colors for dresses, pelisses, and spencers, are puce, fawn-color, blue, violet, and gold-color. For turbans, ribands, and trimmings, lilac, maiden's-blush-rose, peach, pink, and cerulean-blue.

#### MODES PARISIENNES.

For the morning promenade cambric pelisses are most in favor; they are trimmed with muslin, in various ways, and have two broad pelerine capes falling over the shoulders: these capes do not meet at the front of the bust; over them falls a collar of fine lace. When the weather is warm, the French ladies wear over their blouses only a simple *canezou* (a spencer without sleeves). Pelerines are much worn over high dresses, and are composed of ribands. Scarfs of silk and Cachemire are also favorite outdoor envelopes; as are colored silk pelisses, made with straight backs, and with very little trimming.

Leghorn hats are often ornamented on the right side with a plume of green marabouts, spread out like a fan; two large bows of green riband complete the trimming. On hats of jonquil gauze are two bouquets of marabouts placed on each side of the crown. Leghorn hats are often trimmed with puffings and bows of sarcenet, of two different colors; and, as one color is generally of pale yellow like the hat, this trimming has a very pleasing effect. Bonnets of white *gros de Naples*, the crown covered with network in satin riband of a pink color, and tied with broad pink riband, or lappets of pink sarcenet edged with blond, are among the novelties of the day. Chip hats ornamented with cornflowers are very fashionable, and colored bonnets of *gros de Naples*, trimmed with white satin riband, which does not always form a good association: white blond is generally placed at the edge of all bonnets; some Leghorn hats, that have puffings of gauze or sarcenet, have sprigs of orange-flower blossoms placed between each puff: this kind of hat is tied down *à la Bohémienne*.

Dresses of cambric are ornamented with three rows of muslin, *bouillonnés*, between which are rows of embroidery, representing vine-leaves: the sleeves are of

muslin, full, and wound round the arm with straps of cambric confining the puck-erings: the dress is made partially low, and a *fichu* is worn beneath, which is left open in front, its collar turning back, and trimmed with flutings of clear muslin or fine net. Braces of very broad striped riband cross over the bust, *en sautoir*, and two long ends depend as low as to the *bouilloné* trimming at the border of the skirt: these are confined by a belt of the same riband. Ball dresses are of colored muslin, the favorite being Evelina blue; the flounces are narrow, and set on in bias, and the corsage finished by bouffant drapery; the sleeves *en gigot*, forming one plait at the bend of the arm. Dresses of Scotch cambric are much worn as a *dejeuné* cos-

tume; they are made high, and fasten at the throat with a brooch.

Turbans, simply ornamented with flowers, are worn by married ladies of a certain age, as are cornettes of colored gauze. When young ladies appear in their hair, it has seldom any other ornament than a few roses. The hair continues to be arranged in full curls, with large bows of hair from the hinder tresses, brought forward, but placed more on one side than last month.

The favorite colors for dresses and polisses are blue, puce, rose-color, and lilac; for turbans and ribands, emerald-green, barberry-red, Canary-yellow, and bright jonquil. Ribands of flock gauze, the sprigs of every color, on a white ground, are much in favor.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMANDA'S Tale of Love is too long for our miscellany; but, as it will make a small volume, we advise her to publish it for the benefit of love-sick girls and amorous swains.

Florella has sent some trifles in verse, which she calls a 'Box of Sweetmeats.' As ladies in general are very fond of *sweet* things, one who attempts to write might be expected to spell the word properly. This reminds us of a *bevue* of the empress Catharine of Russia, one of whose French letters fell into the hands of Mr. Fox. As, in treating of war, she repeatedly mis-spelled the word, he said, with a smile, 'It is strange that a lady who is so intimately acquainted with the practice of war, should not know how to write the word by which it is designated.'

In answer to the gentleman who wishes to be rewarded for his poetical effusions, we take this opportunity of observing, that, when a poem is sent, of which the merit is equal to the length, a proper remuneration is usually allowed, if the author should not be inclined to write gratuitously.

An Essay on Music is composed in such an uncouth style and manner, that few of our readers, we apprehend, will be able to understand it. It seems to be the production of a foreigner.

As we do not wish for prolix dissertations, we reject the offer of E. C., whose remarks might have been given with better effect in a much smaller compass.

Why will a certain lady continue to obtrude upon us a flimsy novel which we formerly rejected? She vainly trusts, in this case, to the efficacy of perseverance.

A young man asks, 'By what means or by what studies shall I make myself a poet?' This is our answer, suggested by the impulse of the moment. We do not say, that, if he did not, like Pope, '*lisp* in numbers,' he can never excel in poetry: but he ought to have manifested some talent for it before he attained adolescence. If our correspondent ever evinced an aptitude for the pursuit, let him study the human heart, examine the varieties of nature, and court the inspirations of fancy, without despising that control which the judgement ought to exercise: let him also attend to purity and energy of language, and not neglect the harmony of versification; and, at the same time, we advise him never to recommend licentiousness or vice by the charms of poetry.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

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SEPTEMBER 30, 1824.

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A FATHER'S ERROR.

It is a very common remark in the world, 'that persons advanced in life forget they were ever young;' and it is an observation which we ought not to slight as a vulgar reflexion, since it is closely connected with the happiness and virtue of that portion of our species who ought to be the most interesting part of it, because life and its promises are more immediately before them.

The hopes and fears of *love* are the great and natural cares of youth:—the love of show and of importance succeeds in the years of middle life; and this in its turn gives way to prudent management and a love of saving. These passions or dispositions, when not carried to excess, are proper principles of action; but the father who seeks to aggrandise his family, or the grandfather who wishes to improve his estate for his heir, should not, amidst kind solicitude, forget that when they were at the age of him for whom they are seeking honor or wealth, their hearts had objects more engrossing. It is not less ridiculous to present a blind man with pictures, or take a deaf man to a concert, and consider the action as a kind one, than to insist upon rendering your children happy by the splendor for which they have no desire, whilst you deprive them of that endearing blessing, which, although no longer felt by you in its original freshness, might be remembered as the rose that shed a perfume on early life, and even yet breathed

sweetness, in the very affection you are now displaying to your offspring.

These remarks are not made on the positively ambitious parent who would sacrifice his child to his own purposes, nor on the sordid miser whose God is gold; they arise from the contemplation of a well-meaning, tender, and virtuous father, who suffered his feelings to be blunted and his virtues to be warped by the ruling passion of the day.

Sir Mordaunt Sackville was married at the age of twenty-six years to a lovely and most beloved wife, who became the mother of a fine family; and the reign of love was prolonged beyond its usual period, and succeeded by an esteem so lively, a friendship so endearing, that they knew not it was past. Every child formed a new tie of union; and, as they grew up around them, the cares of their education, the observations upon their dispositions, and the hopes and expectations formed for objects of so much affection and solicitude, superseded, naturally and wisely, the fond admiration and blind passion which had formerly influenced them for each other. Hitherto all was well; but, alas! human happiness is rarely permanent: their six children were all handsome and healthy; the two eldest, who were boys, had entered their teens; but the two youngest were yet subject to the diseases of infancy, and the first affliction to which the parents were subjected arose from an alarming disorder, which seized these darlings at the same time. One lovely

girl became in a few days a victim to the measles; and the boy (who was still at the mother's breast) was saved from the first cruel attack only to die slowly by the disorders which it left behind. In his life was bound up one infinitely more valuable; for the anxieties and trouble experienced by lady Sackville in this time of affliction, aggravated by a severe cold, brought on a rapid decline; and she followed her second darling to the grave within 'a little month.'

It is not our intention to dwell on the deep and overwhelming affliction, which laid the very soul of sir Mordaunt prostrate in the dust. He who had once been the happiest of men was now the most miserable; and for a long time no one who approached him could dare to offer consolation: they felt that the loss of such a wife to such a husband was irreparable, and many prophesied 'that he would soon follow her to the grave.' Had the awful event happened ten years sooner, this circumstance might probably have occurred; for it is certain that, between twenty and thirty years of age, grief has a decided effect on the constitution, and many a pining maiden swells the sad lists of consumption in our yearly bills of mortality, whose beauty was withered by hidden but fondly-nourished sorrow, to which no 'medicine could minister.' But sir Mordaunt was at that period when the frame of man is like an oak in its strength, capable of much endurance. Besides, he was a man of a powerful mind and considerable talents; and being the descendent of illustrious ancestors, the possessor of a noble fortune, and a man whose disposition as well as his style of living had ensured many friends, it is no wonder that he was surrounded by those who watched every movement of his mind, and sought to relieve him by every mode of consolation. But from no one did the mourner derive so much benefit as from his old friend colonel Somerton, who, being at this important moment temporarily released from the duties of his profession, hastened to soothe the sorrows in which he could sincerely sympathise; for he, too, had a wife and children, and his frequent separations from objects so dear taught him how to estimate the severity of this fatal stroke.

In the praises which sir Mordaunt lavished on the memory of his lamented wife with an eloquence peculiar to grief, his friend first perceived, as he thought,

the germ of future good. 'If,' said he internally, 'we can so far rouse him as to get him into parliament at the approaching election, and lead him into an active participation in public affairs, his mind may be restored: his kind, generous heart, employed for his country, will yet be capable of private happiness, and his children may then supply to him the loss which he now laments.'

When this idea was mentioned in the confidential circle of the baronet's friends, it was so approved and supported, that, when the colonel was compelled to quit him, he had the satisfaction to leave him in the hands of those who were able to raise up that which he had planted; and when, between two and three years afterwards, the conclusion of our long-protracted war restored him to his country, he found his valued friend a busy man as the member for his county, not only in high favor with the ministry, but exceedingly popular in his own neighbourhood, for having resumed and increased all his public duties and extended avocations, without lessening in any degree his claims to private affection as a father and a master.

Colonel Somerton saw this with the purest pleasure; and, during the short visit which circumstances enabled him to make at the baronet's seat, he was welcomed by him not only with the joy of a friend, but with the gratitude of a man who had received a sensible obligation. The society of the friendly officer was so valuable, that the best and warmest emotions, the school-day fervors of the heart, were awakened by it in the breast of him who was yet only a pupil in the school of political ambition, and whose greatest object appeared to be the power of securing the company of one so dear and so estimable. From this wish arose the question, 'where will you pass the rest of your life?'

'I am the father (said the colonel) of three girls and one little boy, to whom his mother's jointure and my own small estate must descend: of course my path of duty is decided as a reduced officer. I shall fix my abode in a cheap country, and save money for my daughters.—' 'Yet to leave the world is not the way to establish them in life, my dear fellow,' said the baronet.—'I assure you, now I live *more* in the world, I see by a little management many things brought about that——' 'That neither *you* nor *I* (rejoined the colonel) could or would bring

about, my friend. No, no, my daughters shall neither be bought nor sold. I will struggle hard, as I have hitherto done, to educate them as gentlewomen, and to leave them such portions as may secure a single life from poverty, and prevent a married one from the reproach of bringing high blood and beggary into the family that may receive them. They bid fair to be pretty, and with such a mother they *must* be good; the rest we must leave to Heaven.'

Sir Mordaunt was deeply affected with this reference to a mother's virtues: he spoke highly of Mrs. Somerton, and promised to visit the family without delay; and, notwithstanding his various engagements, he fulfilled that promise, and was long remembered by the sweet children, as 'the good-natured gentleman who used to promise them husbands, and played with them, though he had so many letters to write.'

Time passed; the baronet's engagements increased, and with them his popularity. His eldest son, a very promising young man, became of age, took possession of his mother's fortune, and, without betraying any thing indicative of offence to a father whom he honored, yet demonstrated an intention of acting for himself; and, as he was in a situation which rendered contention vain, sir Mordaunt would not contend with him.

Imperceptibly the love of power and the hopes of ambition had crept upon the baronet; and, sensible that his children were rising to maturity, it became the great, and as he thought the laudable business of his life, to provide for them those connexions which should ensure them wealth and importance.—'Selina,' said he, 'has entered her seventeenth year, and really looks womanly: she is so handsome that lord Lipscombe will probably be struck with her on his return, and the earl his father, knowing my influence in a certain quarter, will hardly refuse consent, especially as he must know that his son will have his own way; for a more obstinate self-willed dog never existed.—Julia has not her sister's person, but she is pretty, and has a great deal of wit: she shall marry sir Harry Firtree. I have thought of it ever since his wife died; she will be mistress of a noble establishment, and may bring children for his immense estate. He is yet a young man—my junior, if I recollect rightly, by two years or more; so much for my daughters. Charlton

must *not* marry, nor think of any thing of the kind; younger sons never ought, unless some direct political overture be made; and it is possible such may occur: he is very handsome, and certainly clever, though he does not apply to the study, either of the law or of legislative business with that diligence which I should wish him to exert. How foolish it is for him to set his heart on the army in a time of peace, when nothing can be expected from it. If this *penchant* should not decline in one whose disposition is all sweetness, it must be *conquered*: such a father as I have been may demand implicit obedience; and I mean that Charlton shall be one day a statesman, and I will carry my point.'

Such were the father's meditations on his children, who all tenderly loved him, and were likely to comply with all reasonable requisitions; for they were already aware that their busy anxious father, surrounded by the *great*, and yet stooping to curry favor with the *low*, was not always at leisure to consider their wishes or enter into their feelings. He who was then so busy in great matters could not always attend to little ones, and, if the equipage and appointments of his daughters were consistent with the wealth and pretensions of the father, it could hardly perhaps be expected that he should examine the disposition or analyse the wishes of young and sensitive hearts: otherwise, it is not to be supposed that he would have doomed his gentle pliant daughter to an union with one whom he declared obstinate and disobedient, and even foolish; still less would he have decreed that her lively and less yielding sister should become the wife of a man who had neither the attractions which could awaken her affections, nor the abilities which could command her esteem. To control the wishes of Charlton, if they should point to marriage, might perhaps prove little less cruel. He was precisely of that character which is apt to feel love with enthusiasm, and pursue it with chivalrous constancy; for, although his wishes in early life had led him to seek the military profession, to which unquestionably he would have done honor by his courage and conduct, yet no part of his character was more striking than the sensibility, gentleness, and affectionate disposition he evinced from childhood, and which, blending with the sprightliness of youth and the lofty bearing of a some-

what romantic imagination, rendered him alike captivating and amiable. In resigning his wishes to his father's views, he lost so much of his former gaiety, that the baronet prided himself on the cogency of his own arguments in favor of that career of ambition which he had pointed out, and imputed that pensive air, which arose from the resignation of long-treasured ideas, to the premature considerations of a determined statesman. As, however, it was fashionable to wander over the continent, he did not object to the desire which the younger son manifested to follow the steps of the elder. 'When you are in Italy, Charlton,' said he, on parting, 'do not fail to visit my excellent friend Somerton, who has now for two years resided near Como with his family: he is the man whom I value above all others, and to whom I should have committed you wholly, had the army become your destination. I will write to him; but your name will be a sufficient introduction; Somerton will receive you as a son.'

Sir Mordaunt did not over-rate the chance of his son's kind reception; for both the colonel and his lady were still people who might be said 'to live upon their hearts,' and to make amends to themselves for the long partings to which their young days were subject by treasuring all the best feelings of early life; and their perfect confidence, their lively affection, their warm relish of domestic intercourse, united to highly-cultivated taste, and the cheerfulness diffused over their circle by the vivacity of their blooming daughters, rendered their family delightful to every visitant. To Charlton it soon became charming even to fascination. He had just traveled far enough to awaken his imagination, expand his ideas, and kindle the poetic enthusiasm natural to a young and polished mind, endued with strong sensibility; and it could not therefore fail to be pleasant to meet with those who could partake his emotions. He had also gone far enough to become (like most Englishmen) a little wearied with the want of home comforts, and disgusted with the dirt and disorder he had encountered. In the colonel's beautiful retreat, he found, as far as possible, the little elegances and the solid conveniences of an English gentleman's establishment, combined with a simplicity, freedom, and warmth of welcome, which he had never enjoyed before. It was imputed by the

young traveler to the air of Italy, its unclouded sky, the soft breeze of the Lago Maggiore on whose banks they dwelt, the exquisite beauty of the romantic scenery, the classic associations which were elicited by every object; and perhaps each of these might contribute to the effect produced, while the main spring of that joy and serenity which soothed and fascinated the heart of Charlton arose from the exercise of that heart. It was the constant sense that all around him loved him and each other—it was the partaking of their little charities, joining in their schemes and their cares for the surrounding peasantry, feeling as the daughters felt when their mother was indisposed or the father threatened with the gout, which, by involving him in their joys and sorrows, gave to life a new and inexpressible charm. He had a perception of faculties for pleasure given to him, which were yet not strange, much less violent: it was a gently increasing stream of general love and social affection, not different from that which he had felt at home, but deeper, purer, brighter.

These emotions were rendered more endearing and more vivid, from the piety which pervaded this little household, and which had naturally taken, in its external expression, somewhat of the character of the country. The whole party were musical; and, when on the Sabbath-day the colonel officiated as the priest of the domestic congregation, and the sweet voices of his daughters ascended in hymns of praise to heaven, mingling the fervor of the Italian *religieuse* with the simplicity of an upright Englishwoman, Charlton, humbled in spirit, yet exalted in hope and faith, experienced the most sublime and affecting devotion. All that he had hitherto imagined as valuable in existence, or satisfactory in pursuit, faded before the sacred and interesting ideas which now inspired him.

'Compared to the life they lead here, how busy yet dull, how magnificent but wearisome has been the past!' said he—'how I wish that my sisters were on the banks of this lake, and that my father could fish, read, work and play, with the colonel! Surely it would be a better mode of spending the evening of life than one which so harasses him as to leave him very little time for recreation in this world or preparation for the next.' But, whatever he thought on so delicate a matter as his father's conduct, he could

not render it a common subject of discussion with the family. With Emma alone, the second daughter, did he find himself empowered to discuss it, and therefore he rowed her on the lake, wandered with her over the mountain, listened with her to the vesper hymn sung by the nuns of the neighbouring convent, or read with her the sonnets of Petrarch and the poems of Metastasio, occasionally adverting to his own thoughts, and to the wishes and feelings which had taken possession of his heart.

Being suddenly recalled to England in consequence of the marriage of his eldest sister, he felt for the moment a surprise that was almost terrific; but, as he really loved his sister more than he had ever done, and was also at this time more imbued with obedience as a religious principle than he had ever been, it became incumbent on him to pay immediate attention to the mandate. On recollecting how long he had been a guest in this garden of Eden, he was astonished at the rapidity with which time had flown, and he felt himself only the more called upon for exertion. Tears were in the eyes of the young ladies when they parted from him, nor did one of them decline his fraternal kiss, though it is certain that Emma alone uttered no good wishes. Mrs. Somerton expressed her sincere regret at his departure, and prayed that her own boy, on his attainment of manhood, might resemble him. The colonel bustled about and looked bold, that he might not betray 'the woman' at his heart; but, in wringing his hand at parting, he gave way to his feelings, clasped him in a warm embrace, and declared that, in parting from his friend's son, his feelings were so strongly excited toward his own, that he would certainly ere long revisit his native country, where the boy was now finishing his education.

While Charlton was on his return, he found that he dragged at each remove a lengthening chain, and became sensible that his hopes of happiness rested on Emma Somerton. He found that the hand of his beloved sister was disposed of according to the wishes of her father, rather than in compliance with her own inclination; and the bustle of bridal visits and parade only bound him more closely to the memory of those scenes in which he had been so happy. It was pleasant to see sir Mordaunt gay, and exulting, and busy; but the eye of the

gentle Selina had an expression which almost alarmed a brother, become now only too capable of reading the looks of tenderness.

The next care of the busy father was to procure a borough for Charlton; and this brought in its train the chance of a high matrimonial connexion, to which he had no inclination. When urged to give his reason for declining it, he could not plead engagement, since he had never 'told his love;' but he could not refrain from speaking of the beauty and merit of Emma Somerton, who was at this time with the rest of her family on their route for England. Sir Mordaunt, the once fondly attached husband, the warm-hearted honourable friend, was now so immersed in politics, so alive to the allurements of ambition, and so anxious to secure wealth as the means of promoting it, that he heard the declaration with impatience, forbade all thoughts of Emma for the future, and positively prohibited his son from even visiting a family to whom he owed so much, and whom he had himself evidently thrown into a situation which rendered such a connexion the most probable of all incidents. As gratitude not less than love opposed the idea of submitting to this mandate, we cannot wonder that Charlton hastened to visit his friend, or that the very agitation under which he labored tended to hasten the declaration of a passion cherished by memory and approved by reason. The Somertons made only a short stay in town; yet they were surprised that a card was the only attention they received from sir Mordaunt, and that the visits of his son were generally short and sometimes passed in silence, abstraction, and ill-concealed sorrow, which soon alarmed the parents of the young lady.

Charlton, who was naturally the most open and ingenuous of human beings, could not, when questioned, deny the situation in which he stood with his father. The colonel's pride was consequently roused, and he hurried with his family to a distant watering-place, forbidding farther correspondence, yet expressing the sincerest personal esteem for the unhappy lover. From this period Charlton tried all the means in his power to induce his father to consent that he should prosecute his addresses, but in vain. A second splendid match was now on the tapis for the younger daughter, and the sentence for the youth was



either celibacy or a wealthy marriage. In vain did he declare that his wishes pointed only to competency, and petition for the bare means of subsistence: the desire of aggrandising him in despite of himself was so woven into the baronet's plans, that he compelled him to feel the evils of poverty, in order that he might learn the value of riches; and because in the modesty of his desires he was willing to be content with little, the father declared he should have nothing.

For some time this state of opposition continued between the parent and a son who sincerely sought to honor him, but could not subscribe to his opinions, or conform to his will. Selina was married; —Mordaunt, the elder brother, had a separate establishment; and the busy father saw not that discontent and disappointment were making rapid inroads on the health of Charlton, who became a prey to that sickness which arises from hope deferred.

When the recess allowed Sir Mordaunt to return to the seat of his ancestors, he could not avoid seeing that Charlton looked ill, and (as he termed it) 'humbled.' A few words of inquiry evinced that the son's affections were as fixed as ever.—'You do not keep up any correspondence, surely?'—'No, sir; I shall not seek to render an excellent daughter obnoxious to her father, who has forbidden it to both of us.' 'Very proper; he was always a sensible man.' 'There was something in the determined cold-heartedness of Sir Mordaunt's present conduct, which affected Charlton far more deeply than all the former contests he had ever held with his father, and he left the room with a firmer step and a heightened color. He rode out that day, and did not return: Sir Mordaunt was president at a county meeting, and the circumstance did not attract attention.

As the baronet looked over the papers on the following morning, he exclaimed, 'Upon my word, this is astonishing: it is here observed, that the young earl of — is about to lead to the altar miss Somerton, with whom he formed an acquaintance in Italy. So, so, the younger son of a simple commoner was therefore rejected.' He now made comments on the pride of the colonel; but his memory, and the natural probity of his heart, gave them all the lie: he became weary of his own company, and impatient for that of his son. But Charl-

ton was not to be found. He was traced to London, where he had called on his brother, who was not in town; he had then sold his horse, and was no farther to be followed.

Sir Mordaunt became alarmed even to misery, when he found in his progress that neither the colonel nor his pale yet blushing daughter knew what had become of the youth. He stood before his old friend with the feelings of a criminal; but his solicitude was evidently so great, and the object of it so justly dear to all, that he was not reproached by a look from any of the family beyond the first moment.

Sir Mordaunt went to Paris: his eldest son in great and sincere alarm joined in the search, but in vain, each trying to console the other with the assurance that want of money would compel the fugitive to return soon. Weeks and months, however, elapsed, and no news arrived of the wanderer. Laboring under intense anxiety, the baronet visited the colonel, and found him on the point of setting out for Italy with his second daughter, whose health was extremely delicate. He had learned to suspect every one, and he instantly conceived the idea that Charlton was already there, and that an union was intended; but, as soon as the thin slight form of Emma was presented to his eyes, he felt that she would never frustrate his plans. 'Tell me, I beseech you, my sweet girl,' said he, 'where you believe Charlton to be?'—'I do not know indeed, sir; but it is probable that he is on the banks of the Lago Maggiore.' 'Why do you think so? you must have some reason.' 'Because I *wish* to be there myself.'

Sir Mordaunt, in the distress occasioned by the loss of Charlton, had recovered so much of his former feelings as to understand this affecting sentiment. Accompanied by his son, he set out for Italy, and traversed the road with anxious impatience. Under the character of 'the sick Englishman, who lodged with an old servant of the good colonel, and who had walked himself almost to death,' the baronet found that son whose frame had been lately a model of manly beauty, and whose disposition and abilities were calculated to render him the delight of every circle in which he moved, and the blessing of all with whom he was connected.

What had been the slow-wearing sufferings, what the temporary consolations

of the imaginative exile, cannot now be known; for weakness had blunted the keenness of his perceptions, and subjected his mind at some times to slight delirium, and at others involved it in the stupor of indifference. When however he was informed that Emma was on her way thither, his color rose, and the brilliancy of his fevered glance was quickened; he spoke rapidly, but in a low voice, about a grove, a chapel, the chant of evening hymns, and the setting sun. It was evident to all that his sun was for ever set, and bitter were the tears of those who beheld the dreadful change, the hopeless situation, of one so lately the admired and the beloved of all.

On the day when the colonel returned to seek his former habitation, in that sweet valley where the rose of love first sprang in these young hearts, and toward which the eyes and the hopes of poor Emma had many a day been anxiously looking, he found the peasants hastening in various directions to the cottage of Jachimo, who had been a kind of *factotum* to him during his residence. Leaving the carriage on the road, he also was bending his steps thither, when one of them recollected him, and, hailing him as a benefactor, inquired after the good signora and her beautiful daughter. He replied by inquiring about his old habitation. The answer was, that the English gentleman had taken it, but that he would soon be gone, for they were assembling now to bury his son, who had died at Jachimo's cottage. 'Is Charlton dead?—Impossible!'—'Alas! he died of melancholy. They say it is the disease of his country; but he was merry enough when he first came. How he would sing and dash away in the boat with the young ladies, and how he loved to help us in the vintage!'

The colonel heard no more; his heart was smitten, nor was his conscience free from reproach; but he felt himself called upon to act, and, returning to his family, intimated the necessity of proceeding to Como, as Jachimo could not accommodate them even for one night. The difficulty with which he spoke was attributed to his disappointment, and Emma faintly endeavoured to encourage him, by observing 'that she could bear to proceed;' but she added, 'Yet let us wait a little, dear papa, and look down the valley, for there appear many of our old neighbours assembling.' The cause for proceeding

explained itself; for, as they wound along slowly through a precipitous part of the road, the funeral procession was observed in the valley below. Mrs. Somerton endeavoured to divert the attention of her daughter from an object of such melancholy interest, but found it impossible. 'It is evidently the funeral of one who was deemed a heretic,' said she, 'probably a countryman of our own.' Mrs. Somerton could not forbear to look out. 'And see where they go past the laurel hedge, and down to the jutting rock which we used to call our altar, and where Charlton Sackville wrote verses, dedicating it to his mother.'—'I trust,' said Julia, 'we shall see him soon, and then he will write verses on a gay subject.'—'They stop *there*,' said the invalid—'do they not stop?'

The agony depicted in her countenance alarmed her mother, and drew the colonel to her assistance. Emma eagerly clasped her father round the neck; she besought him by gestures to take her out of the carriage, and pointed to a spot of turf, on which she wished to be seated. Her desire was instantly complied with; restoratives were brought to her, which she accepted with thankfulness and avidity, while her strained eyes were still directed toward the group below. At length she placed an arm round the neck of either parent, and whispering blessings on them, said, 'Bury me beside him.'—'My love, what do you mean?' said the mother: but there was no reply—the long-lingering spirit had flown with the extinction of its hopes.

From this awful circumstance it occurred that those who had been so causelessly separated in life were in death united. On that very night the wasted frame of Emma was laid on the bed where Charlton had breathed his last, and *there* did the scalding tears of his repentant father bedew that pale form, which in the days of infancy he had courted, in those of womanhood rejected. His sorrow bespoke the severity of his punishment; and the colonel, on this melancholy occasion, was unwilling to increase the unhappiness of one toward whom he had for many years experienced the sincerest friendship: yet it is certain that he frequently added to the self-reproaches of the baronet, by uttering his own. 'Alas!' he would exclaim, 'how could I, who had witnessed and encouraged the tender passion of these artless and excellent young creatures, in

the offended pride of my heart forbid the continuance of a regard which their very virtues rendered unchangeable? I had not lost the memory of my feelings in the world of ambition, nor hardened my heart in the cold atmosphere of politics. The proof of connubial happiness and virtue was felt in my own household, as not depending on wealth or splendor. Oh! Emma, my child, why did I not endow thee as well as I was able, and give thee to one who was rich in every virtue and every grace? In this country even I could have given you competence.'

'In mercy forbar these exclamations, they are daggers to my heart,' would sir Mordaunt cry; 'but yet I know that, though my conduct has been unjustifiable, my love for Charlton was unbounded; that my regard for you was always of the warmest kind; and that naturally I have no sordid love of money. I look back upon the past as a dream of sin and sorrow, not less dreadful than unaccountable.'

'It has been your error, sir Mordaunt,' said the weeping mother, 'to forget that ever you were young, and to force conduct upon the young to which they were unequal: it is now your punishment to feel again the sensibility that never returns to the heart from which it has been driven, without making terrible reprisals.'—'You are right, Mrs. Somerton; and I feel that the effects of my past cruelty to Charlton, and through him to Emma, will be to bring my own grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; but suffer me not to go thither before you demonstrate your forgiveness by bestowing your youngest darling on my eldest son.

H.—.

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JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN ASHANTEE, BY JOSEPH DUPUIS.

THE contest in which we are involved with the Ashantee kingdom gives interest and importance to the curious journal which now appears before us. Ten years ago, we scarcely knew that such a nation existed; and it was supposed to be a branch of the negro race, not superior in any respect to the maritime tribes; but the investigations of Mr. Bowdich tended to place the Ashantees on a higher footing, and he claimed for them a distinguished rank among the African communities. Mr. Dupuis, being his ma-

jesty's envoy, was equally favored with opportunities of observation and inquiry, and his narrative and remarks are apparently correct and well-founded. He imputes the rupture to the misconduct of the colonial rulers, rather than to the ferocity of the barbarian king: but this is a point which we are not called upon to discuss. He speaks in high terms of the military strength and power of the kingdom, which, about a century ago, was raised by the talents and spirit of Sai-Tooto, styled the Great, from comparative insignificance to the dignity of extensive dominion.

Our author, in his way to the Ashantee capital, passed through the territories of the Fantees, who are less warlike than their hostile neighbours, and also less civilised. When he reached Kikiwhary with his associates, 'their quarters (he says) were continually surrounded by spectators, chiefly women and children, whose anxiety to gain a glimpse of our persons was occasionally checked by an impulse of terror when we approached them. The smiling countenances which graced these beauties convinced me that their destiny was a happier one than the generality of their sex enjoy in Fantee. Their lascivious glances, accompanied by signs, which could not be misconstrued, convinced me also that these ladies, however superior to the Fantees, participated with them in a certain failing. I was, besides, assured that many of the wives and daughters of men in power were employed, in the way of traffic, to practise the seductive charms of beauty, to inveigle the impassioned and unwary of the other sex, in order to create a palaver, which commonly terminated in fines or slavery. When the slave-trade was legalised on the coast, it was an usual mode of entrapping youth; and those who were incapable of redeeming their persons from bondage, suffered the severity of this pernicious law, and were in most cases sold in the public markets for exportation to the West Indies.'

Having, on a former occasion, given a sketch of the general character of the Ashantee people, and noticed the splendid parade and pompous ceremonies which attended a presentation of some of our countrymen to the king, we now advert to the various particulars which indicate the state of religion among them, and exemplify the bold and determined character and unfeeling disposition of

our royal antagonist, who, if the report of his death be true, may be supposed to have left a successor of the same stamp.

Their religion is rather a mass of superstition than a system of true piety, and it allows the practice of the most brutal cruelty. On this subject some information was obtained from the leader of a Moslem tribe, who said, that they were in general mere heathens, and that the chiefs were infidels, not excepting the king himself, who would however sometimes give ear to the law of Mohammed, and did not, like the king of Dahomy, persecute or oppress the 'prophet's children.'

They never undertake any national concerns without invocations to the deities, conjurations, or incantations; and these mysteries can be performed only on particular days of the week or month. They are also influenced by dreams, take divinations from the flight of a bird or the track of an insect, and attend to other points equally absurd and inconsequential.

'When the king was about to open the campaign against Gaman, he collected his priests, to invoke the royal *fetish*, and perform the necessary orgies to ensure success. These ministers of superstition sacrificed thirty-two male and eighteen female victims, as an expiatory offering to the gods; but the answers from the priests being deemed by the council still devoid of inspiration, the king was induced to *make a custom* at the sepulchres of his ancestors, where many hundreds bled. This, it is affirmed, propitiated the wrath of the adverse gods. The priests then prepared a certain *fetish* compound, which they delivered to the king, with an injunction to burn the composition daily in a consecrated fire-pot within the palace, and upon no account to neglect the fire, so as to suffer it to go out; for, as long as the sacred flame devoured the powder, he would triumph over his foes.

'When he joined his army, he commissioned his eldest sister (then governess of the kingdom) to attend strictly to the sacred mystery, telling her that his crown and life depended upon her vigilance and the fulfilment of his order. He selected also three wives, to whom he was more attached than to the rest, to watch by turns over the mysterious rites, in conjunction with his sister. During his absence, this arbitress of his

fate formed a connexion with a chief of Bouromy, whose ambition suggested a plan to seat himself upon the throne. In this conspiracy, seventeen of the king's wives and their families are said to have joined; the fire-pot was broken to pieces, and the chief commenced arming his party. But the king, who had sustained heavy losses in the early part of the war, and was unable to account for the audacity of the enemy, performed an incantation over a certain talisman, which gave an insight into what was transacting in the capital. He therefore despatched a body of men under Ouso Cudjo, who, after an impotent struggle on the part of the enemy, effectually crushed the rebellion. When the king returned home, he called a council to deliberate upon the punishment due to the offenders, and it was decreed that his wives should suffer death by decapitation. His sister, to prevent the profanation of spilling royal blood, was ordered to be strangled. The chief, her paramour, and all those of his party, were doomed to the most cruel deaths at the grave of the king's mother. These sentences were carried into prompt execution; and it is affirmed that above seven hundred people were sacrificed, or fell in resisting the royal forces.'

It appears that many of his wives were soon after put to death, some for only an imaginary offence against decorum, and others on suspicion of infidelity. The former were actually cut to pieces in his presence, and the execrable tyrant exulted in the horrible sight.

The fondness of this barbarian for war was manifested in an interview with the envoy.—'The wars of the king were introduced as a topic of general discussion. That of Gaman was the favorite subject, and he occasionally took up the thread of the narrative, or elucidated such events as were perhaps not generally known. As he caused the linguists to interpret to me the particular feats of himself and the king of Banna, his eyes sparkled with fiery animation, and at one period he threw himself into a sort of theatrical attitude, which appeared to be unpremeditated and unaffected. He then seemed to be wrapp'd up within himself in delightful cogitations, and at this crisis some of the auditors, like the bards of 'olden time,' rose to the hum of the war-song, and recited their parts in a pleasing mellifluous strain. The king enjoyed the scene in ecstasy, and

frequently motioned with his body and feet in cadence with the metre of the verse. This reverie and the recitation occupied many minutes, and were ultimately succeeded by irony and satire cast upon the memory of his fallen enemy. 'His scull was broken,' said the king; 'but I would not lose the trophy, and now I have made a similar scull of gold. This is for my great customs, that all the people may know I am the king.'

Even in festivals, which ought to breathe a benevolent and pacific spirit, bloodshed is the order of the day. The festival of the Little Adai was ushered in by the discharge of fire-arms and the sound of many barbarous instruments. 'Numbers of victims were offered up to the gods, although secretly, in the palace and the houses of the chieftains. The poorer classes sacrificed cattle or poultry. The city itself exhibited the most deplorable solitude, and the few human beings who were courageous enough to show themselves in the streets fled at the approach of a captain, and barricaded the doors of their huts, to escape the danger of being shot or sacrificed. The doleful cries of the women vibrated from several quarters of the city, and the death-horns and drums within the palace seemed to stupify the obnoxious prisoners and foreign slaves with horror, as they contemplated the risk they were exposed to. I wandered about during this awful day, until fatigue and disgust led me to seek my quarters.'

It is said that most of the victims at this solemnity were prisoners of war: but that consideration is no excuse for such a deliberate violation of the laws of humanity. When Napoleon gave orders for the massacre of his captives near Jaffa, he alleged that most of them had engaged not to serve against the French, and had broken their parole; but the act, in the case of every victim, was still a base and flagitious murder.

#### A CANADIAN HORSE-RACE, AND OTHER SPORTS.

I ONCE went (says Mr. Talbot) to a race, that I might witness the speed of the *chevaux*, as they cantered over a quarter of a mile course. Four horses started for a bet of 10,000 feet of boards. The riders were clumsy-looking fellows, bootless and coatless. Before they started,

every one seemed anxious to bet upon some one or other of the horses. Wagers were offered in every part of the field, and I was soon assailed by a host of fellows, requesting me to take their offers. The first who attracted my notice said, he would bet me a barrel of salt pork that Split-the-wind would win the day. When I refused to accept this, another offered to bet me 3000 cedar shingles that Washington would distance 'every d——d scrape of them.' A third person tempted me with a wager of sausages against cheese, that Prince Edward would be distanced. A fourth, who appeared to be a shoemaker, offered to stake a raw ox-hide against half of its weight in tanned leather, that Columbus would be either first or second. Five or six others, who seemed to be partners in a pair of blacksmith's bellows, expressed their willingness to wager them against a barrel of West-Indian molasses, or 20 dollars in cash. In the whole course of my life, I never witnessed so ludicrous a scene. I succeeded for a while in preserving my gravity; but the wind of the bellows blew every trace of seriousness away, and I laughed so heartily, that I believe the owners of this unwieldy article imagined I had detected some of them in making an American bull. I dare venture to say, that 10,000 dollars, at least, were lost and won in property, at this race, when not a single piece of coin was in the possession of any one present.

When the race was over, wrestling commenced, which was soon succeeded by boxing in the modern style of *rough and tumble*. This detestable practice is very general in Canada; and nothing can be more abhorrent to good sense and feeling. Instead of fighting like men whose passions have gained a momentary ascendancy over their reason (which would to all intents be bad enough), they attack each other with the ferociousness of bull-dogs, and seem in earnest only to disfigure each other's faces, and to glut their eyes with the sight of blood. The contest always opens with a turn at wrestling, for they never dream of applying their knuckles; and he who has the misfortune to be thrown generally suffers a defeat. The principal object of the combatants appears to be the *calculation of eclipses*; or, in other words, their whole aim is bent on tearing out each other's eyes; in doing which, they make the fore-finger of the right hand

fast in their antagonist's hair, and with the thumb—as they term it—*gouge out the day-lights*. If they fail in this attempt, they depend entirely on their teeth for conquest; and a fraction of the nose, half of an ear, or a piece of a lip, is generally the trophy of the victor. The battle never breaks up before one of the combatants exclaims *Enough!* which is seldom the case until he finds himself disabled by the loss of blood, or a severe invasion of his optic, his olfactory or auditory nerves. In these brutal contests no person ever attempts to interfere, even if it is necessary to do so for the preservation of human life: but the moment that this cry is heard, hostilities cease, and the parties, if able, rise up and exhibit their mangled forms. By these savage engagements many persons are disfigured in the most barbarous and shocking manner. Are you not amazed that a people, who claim the character of being *civilised*, can take any pleasure in beholding such appalling sights,—to say nothing of being personally concerned in them? And yet a custom, nearly similar to this, is said still to exist in Lancashire and part of Yorkshire\*.

- - - And what man, seeing this,  
And having human feelings, does not blush,  
And hang his head to think himself A MAN?

‘It does not much astonish me, that, in a country like Canada, the inhabitants of which live in a half-savage and a half-civilised state, men should be found to revel in the common use of the most vicious enormities: but I am greatly surprised to hear that a practice so vile and revolting to humanity, so derogatory from the dignity of man, so far beneath what should be the ideas of creatures endowed with understanding, however obscured by the clouds of ignorance, is allowed to exist in England, that luminary of the moral world! In various American companies, when I have presumed to reprobate this cruel usage, to my no small confusion have I always been met with a plea of justification; and ‘England set us the example!’ has invariably been the sweeping stroke to level all my arguments. To such an ex-

tent is this method of *barring* carried in the southern states of America, that, when the people of New-England or those of Canada observe a man who has only one eye, and the place where the other is not, they commonly say that he has received a *Virginian brand*.’

#### A NEW ESTIMATE OF THE NEAPOLITAN CHARACTER.

A PECULIAR feature (says Mr. Vieuxseux) which strikes me in the character of the Neapolitans, is their seeming indifference to the opinion which strangers may entertain of their countrymen. The first expressions I heard from natives on my entering the harbour, and which I have since heard frequently repeated, were violently abusive of their own nation, accusing their countrymen of want of honor, faith, and charity. A Neapolitan will often express his disdain of his own countrymen in the presence of strangers, so as to puzzle these about the manner how to behave on such an unexpected occasion. A person of my acquaintance, finding himself once in this awkward position, and not knowing what to say in compliment to his over-moderate guests, attempted, at least, to extol their sobriety, but he was immediately contradicted by an assurance, that even this virtue, so generally ascribed to the Italians, no longer existed at Naples. My friend, seeing his officious civility so bluntly rejected, now joined in abusing the whole nation, as he perceived it to be agreeable to the sentiments of his hearers. This disposition is not to be found, I believe, among any other people; for in general we see that individuals of all countries, from the lowest and most uncivilised hordes, up to the greatest nations, are eager to assert the superiority of their countrymen. The only explanation of this phenomenon seems to be, that these people, being really persuaded of the inferiority of their moral state, by the daily experience they have of it in their intercourse with their countrymen, and by comparing their behaviour with that of the numerous strangers who visit their country, cannot help expressing what they feel on this subject, with all their natural vivacity. Shame, the last lingering attendant of virtue, seems to be lost in the general corruption, and patriotism to have fled from the soil. There is a strong prejudice in other parts

\* Boxing, wrestling, and other rude sports, are undoubtedly practised both in the north and south of England; and one man will endeavour to give another a *black eye*, or draw *claret* from his nose; but the deliberate cruelty of *gouging* is no part of the British system of fighting.—ED.

of Italy against the Neapolitans; and many of the latter seem to be so convinced of this, as to appear unwilling, when abroad, to acknowledge themselves as such. A young gentleman, a native of this country, but of Tuscan extraction, while traveling in Lombardy, was introduced into a company where the usual question was put to him, 'what countryman was he?' He answered, that he was a Florentine; which rather surprised his hearers, as he did not pronounce Italian with the Tuscan accent; upon which he added, that by accident (*combinazione*) he was born at Naples. *Brutta combinazione*, 'a most unlucky accident,' was the immediate reply. It happens, at the same time, that of all Italians the Neapolitans are most tenacious of their broad accent, of which they very seldom divest themselves, even after a long residence abroad, so that they are generally recognised on speaking a few words.

Decency and delicacy are not conspicuous in the manners of the inhabitants of this country. Every thing is done in public; the conversation runs upon the most extraordinary topics, and with as little disguise as possible. Boys are seen running about the streets, especially near the sea, in a state of nakedness, or nearly so. The entrances and stairs of the houses and palaces are filled with every kind of nuisance. The windows and balconies are generally left open, so that every thing is to be seen which is going on in a neighbour's house. Neapolitans of almost all classes, when they come home, during the summer, that is to say, six months in the year, take off their coats and neckcloths, and sit down to dinner with their shirt-sleeves tucked up to their elbows. Ladies perform their toilette with the doors of their dressing-rooms ajar, in sight of servants and visitors. All this, however, admits some excuse, as the heat of the weather is in a great measure one of the principal causes of such indelicate customs.

The greatest familiarity prevails between masters and servants. The former often joke and laugh with the latter, and talk confidentially of their affairs and intrigues before them; some even play at cards with them: it is natural, therefore, to expect no reverence nor subordination from domestics who are the confidants of all their master's foibles or vices. This renders Neapolitan servants perhaps the very worst in the world. They are dirty,

lazy, careless, insolent, and unfaithful. They are in general notoriously dishonest, so as to steal the paltriest things that fall in their way. Most of them, especially when out of livery, would think it beneath them to carry a bundle, or any thing in their hands through the streets, and will actually refuse to do so, and employ a porter for the purpose. Gambling, sleeping, and defaming their masters, are the pastimes in which they spend the greater part of the day. By their means, all the secrets of their masters and mistresses are made known to the world. Still the difficulty of finding better servants, and the danger of changing for the worse, make their employers put up with them. If threatened to be turned out, they answer with the greatest impudence that their masters will not be the better by the change: it is a general saying amongst them, that they can give the law to their masters. Foreigners generally provide themselves with servants from the north of Italy, who have a better reputation for honesty; most of the custom-house porters are also from that part of the country.

A disposition to laziness prevails among the inhabitants of Naples, and this is a source of vice and indigence: *In otia nata Parthenope*. Work is done in a bad and slovenly manner; the principal object of workmen seems to be to cheat their masters, and labor as little as they can for their wages. A Neapolitan of the working class goes to dinner regularly at twelve o'clock, and scarce any prospect of gain will make him delay this most important business; after dinner he generally lies down for a couple of hours; most of the shops are shut from one to four o'clock during the greater part of the year. Thus these people slumber away their lives, and are consequently enervated and effeminate. Even the exercise of speech seems often to be burthensome to them: when not compelled by their passions or some other strong motive, they prefer expressing themselves by gestures. A stranger inquiring his way, or any other question, can hardly bring them to articulate a monosyllable in answer. I have seen a barber sitting gravely in his shop and dozing while his workmen attended to business, and a boy was fanning him and driving the flies from his face. This general inclination to indolence and to the *dolce far niente* accounts in a great measure for the misery of the lower

classes, which is greater here than I have seen in any other country, and is particularly striking on holidays, and at their numerous festivals and processions, where thousands of ill-dressed people are to be seen, with scarce a person among them having on a *sciamborga* or decent coat.

Another source of poverty is the thoughtlessness with which they contract marriages, without having any means of subsistence. The little money the parties can bring together is often barely sufficient to defray the expenses of the marriage ceremony and of the nuptial dinner, and to provide them with a straw pallet, after which they are left to meet the morrow as well as they can; and it must be observed that they have not the resource of parish relief. The women are very prolific, and give birth to swarms of little wretches, who run about the streets half starved, half naked, and dirty; and of whom those that escape death marry in their turn as soon as they are of age: thus a mendicant generation is continually perpetuated. Mothers carry their little ones in their arms from house to house, endeavouring to excite pity and to support themselves by begging. A man who earns about eight-pence in a day will think of marrying without any scruple. All women, young or old, handsome or ugly, maids or widows, think of nothing but marriage; it is the only scope of their actions, the goal which they all have in view.

The men of this country are a stout good-looking race. As for the women, there is less beauty among them than in any other part of Italy. One sees few pleasing countenances among the young women; the expression of their features is in general far from being agreeable; their looks are too bold and daring, their voices coarse and masculine, and their complexions very sallow. Corpulence seems to be here an appendage of beauty. This is also the Moorish idea of beauty, for which mothers in Barbary cram their daughters with *kouskousu*, that they may attract one day the notice of their lords. I am almost tempted to believe, that, in this as well as in other instances, one might trace at Naples the influence of the vicinity of Africa. The scarcity of beauty, and especially of grace, in most Neapolitan women, may be attributed to the joint effects of their gross diet, and want of comforts; to the violence

of their passions, their sedentary life, and a deficiency of care and attention to their dress and carriage. All these failings are particularly striking to a foreigner coming from Florence, Rome, or Genoa,—those three nurseries of fine women. The Neapolitans, however, find no fault with their countrywomen; on the contrary, these always find admirers, whether young or old, good-looking or plain; and in this respect Naples might really be called the paradise of women. It is but fair to observe, that the heat of the climate, and the volcanic and sulphuric atmosphere of Naples, must have their share in spoiling the complexion of females, in giving them the sallow hue that they all have, and in relaxing their fibres, so that a woman may be considered old at the age of thirty, while at fourteen girls are already full-grown. But neither the climate nor their mode of living can take away from them their dark shining eyes, their naturally expressive mouths (when not distorted by their broad lengthened pronunciation), or their delicate hands and feet, which almost rival those of the Spanish beauties.

The people of this country do not mix in general much illusion or spirituality in their tender passions. Love is not here—

— A light from heaven,  
A spark of that immortal fire  
With angels shared, by Allah given  
To lift from earth each low desire.

The Neapolitan Cupid is of a lower cast; he is the blind child of nature—the offspring of the earth and climate—he is terrestrial, undisguised, and bold. The want of proper education and of instruction in women, the idleness in which they loiter away their time, the indecent scenes they have continually before their eyes, the bad example from their early youth, and the corrupt morals of the men,—all these causes, united to the heat of the climate and the common use of wine and spices, are more than sufficient to account for the relaxed manners and too free behaviour of the sex in general; angels alone could remain unaffected by such an atmosphere. Their neighbours and half-country women, the Sicilian fair, living under the influence of a still hotter climate, and in the midst of a nature more luxuriant, are equally amorous, but they mix with their passion a greater share of feeling and enthusiasm. Their



national songs are full of pathos and tenderness; their pastorals breathe the fire of real affection exalted by a burning imagination. Little of the kind is to be found at Naples. The gallantry of the Sicilians rather resembles that of the ancient Athenians; the gallantry of the Neapolitans appears to be more like that of the Asiatics. The Sicilian women are bewitching, dangerous creatures, susceptible of all the tenderness, the self-devotedness, and the madness of love: there is often a romantic generosity in them, which renders them capable of the greatest sacrifices for the object of their attachment. Absence is the only rock against which their constancy is in danger of being wrecked, as it is pithily but candidly expressed in the proverb; *Lontano dagli occhi, lontano dal cuore.*

Marriages at Naples among the upper classes are, as every where else, decided by considerations of rank and fortune; but the rest of the population run into the opposite extreme. Matches are imprudently made in consequence of capricious and sudden inclinations, the nuptial vows are soon forgotten, recrimination and disgust follow close, and thence to infidelity there is but a step. The above remarks on the Neapolitan women admit, of course, numerous exceptions: indeed there are to be met in this city many families in every rank of life, who might be taken for models of moral rectitude, the more to be admired on account of the temptations to which they stand exposed; and, among the better sort of tradesmen, the greatest regularity of habits prevails.

Apathy and carelessness are prevailing features of the Neapolitan character. These people only live in the present: all their desires are concentrated in the enjoyment of the moment. This disposition renders them fond of gambling; that exercise, by rousing their dormant energies, possesses great charms for them; and the deceiving hope of making their fortune in one night attracts crowds to the fatal table. It is a common practice among many people in this country to promise any thing to captivate the friendship of a person present, without giving themselves the trouble of considering whether they will be able to perform what they have engaged themselves to do; consequently, little trust is to be put in their words. When Vesuvius thunders aloud, or an earthquake threatens them with destruction—when

fiery streams vomited from the roaring mouth of the volcano roll on, carrying devastation over the plains below—when the air is darkened by clouds of smoke and showers of ashes, the Neapolitans fall on their knees, fast, do penance, and follow the processions barefooted; but as soon as the roar has ceased, the flame has disappeared, and the atmosphere has recovered its wonted serenity, they return to their usual mode of life, they sink again to their former level, and the tinkling sounds of the *tamburello* call them again to the lascivious dance of the *tarantella*.

A want of decorum and of good-breeding is observable in their manners. They are noisy and disorderly in their parties, indiscreet in their questions and reflexions, indelicate and vulgar in their language, vain, boastful, and exaggerating. In point of science and literature, they are behind the rest of the Italians; yet they can boast of some illustrious names among their countrymen. The most learned class is that of the lawyers: indeed, the law is the only profession at Naples in which a man of abilities may hope to advance, and to reach the highest stations. The lawyers have in a certain manner the best part of the property of the kingdom in their hands, as there is hardly perhaps a landholder but has two or three causes pending before the courts. This is one of the greatest evils of this country; a lawyer and a suit are indispensable appendages of property. Some of the principal families have suits which have been carried on for a century, and for which a certain sum is yearly appropriated, although the business never advances, and at last the expenses swallow up the whole capital.

Mechanical arts have made little progress at Naples, although the people boast of the chins of their royal manufactory, of the cutlery of Campo Basso, the woollen cloths of Arpino, their guitars and strings, and their carriages, which are certainly the best specimens of their workmanship. Still the arts are here in their infancy, and persons who can afford to pay for the refinements of life are obliged to get them from France, England, and Germany. The articles of furniture made at Naples are clumsy, heavy, and unfinished; their doors, window-frames, and shutters, never close well, and admit the air through innumerable interstices, so that, on a rainy

or chilly day, one is obliged to run out of the house to warm oneself. The best jewellers, milliners, tailors, and shoemakers, are foreigners; the best *restaurateurs* are Milanese; the only circulating library is kept by a Frenchman; in the same manner the architect who has erected the colonnade in front of the king's palace is a native of Lombardy; a German has established a cotton manufactory; and the principal merchants and bankers at Naples are also strangers; all which is certainly not to the credit of the natives.

From all that I have said, it will appear that the Neapolitans are possessed of many good natural qualities, which either are slumbering in them, or are not directed towards proper and beneficial objects; yet the elements exist with which many things might be effected: and the mass of the nation, particularly in the provinces, is rather below civilization than advanced to the extreme of corruption; their minds are like an unbroken soil, which contains all its primitive strength and fertility, and which, with the help of a skilful laborer, might bring forth an abundant and valuable harvest. An able and patriotic ministry, enjoying the full confidence of the sovereign, might effect wonders in this country.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE QUALITIES AND  
EFFECTS OF STRONG OR FERMENTED  
LIQUORS,

by *Mr. Thomas Hare.*

THE most destructive class of fermented liquors, commonly known as spirits, are all to be regarded as modifications of alcohol or spirit of wine, more or less diluted, and flavoured with extraneous matters, according to the interests of caprice or avarice. In the stomach, they destroy its natural powers, and progressively those of every other alimentary organ. Separating from the common volume of circulating blood, their volatile parts undermine the sensorial powers, by collecting in the ventricles of the brain. The circulation and the nervous system being impaired by the use of them, the muscular powers fail; and all the infirmities of extreme age are prematurely incurred. Inordinate drinkers find their heads less and less readily affected by the exhilarating

stimulus of spirituous liquors, as they continue to indulge in them, because, through the enfeebled state of the stomach, they are more slowly received into the circulating blood; and because the circulation itself, being rendered by the same cause progressively more languid, requires more powerful stimulants to excite it.

Wines may be classed next to ardent spirits, with regard to the mischief induced on the living system by the abuse of them\*. They all contain a combination of ardent spirit, the proportion of which depends on the degree of fermentation they have undergone, according to the greater or less saccharine qualities of the fruits from which they have been made, the proportion of saccharine material being greatly influenced by climate, soil, and culture, while the degree of acid they possess is affected by the mode as well as the degree of fermentation to which they have been submitted, and the interval during which they have remained bottled. Farther, some little space is observable in all bottles. That space is, of course, originally occupied by air, which, besides influencing the deposition of extractive matter, is also an additional cause of acidity. However assiduously wine-bottles may be corked and sealed, a great part of the spirit contained in the wine will escape in the course of time, by reason of its subtilty; and hence it is, in a great measure, that wines which have been long in bottle are of milder flavor, and less mischievous quality, than those which have not had the advantage of time. The evaporating spirit partly appears to mix with the resinous matter of the seal; and hence the wax is softened after some length of time. It seems that no ordinary glass is of texture sufficiently dense to retain altogether the volatile spirit contained in wine; and moreover, the acid of many wines is sufficient to occasion a partial decomposition of common glass. The cork has sometimes more aroma than the wine contained in the bottle. Thus time appears to render wine less spirituous and volatile, except under particular circumstances. *Spirits*

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\* We do not suspect any of our fair readers of drinking wine too freely; but as an occasional glass or two may be lawfully taken even by a lady of the greatest delicacy and modesty, an inquiry into its nature and effect may be useful to both sexes.—*Edm.*

in general are more powerful under low temperatures; and therefore the same kinds differ as to strength in cold weather and in hot. The weight of cold air and of cold temperature is adequate to lessen, if not greatly to suppress, the volatility of alcohol and aroma in all wines. The carbonic acid which gives life and freshness to fermented liquors in general is likewise suppressed by very low temperatures. Hence [*arises*] the advantage of placing certain wines, as well as bottled porter and cider, for a few minutes before the fire in cold weather, for the purpose of calling the fixed air into action.

The richness of wines is in proportion to the saccharine matter they retain after fermentation; and they are of thin acidifying quality, in proportion as this constituent is less abundant. The tartar, which is formed in wine casks and bottles, is an acid concrete salt, derived from the juice of the fruit, the color of it, as well as of the wine, being derived from the skins. Hence colorless wines are sometimes made from red grapes, by using such a degree of pressure only as is sufficient for separating their pulp without depriving the skin of its color. The tartar of wine is a supertartrate of potash, and, when purified, constitutes common cream of tartar. The separation of tartar from the body of the wine is another cause of old wine being milder than new.

Besides brandy and similar spirits, the materials employed for adulterating wines previous to their importation do not appear so mischievous as prejudice has represented, many of them being perfectly harmless. For example, to communicate flavor to certain kinds of claret, and other light wines, it is not uncommon to suspend a nosegay in the cask for a limited time, sometimes consisting of different flowers, sometimes of one kind only; as mignonette, or the blossoms of particular fruits; those of the grape itself not being unfrequent. Bitter almonds may be classed among the harmless matters of this kind, since about two ounces are considered sufficient for imparting the desired flavor to a cask of wine. Next to these, peach leaves are used with a similar view: but they are far more objectionable, as are also the husks of walnuts, which, besides the walnuts themselves, are among the matters employed to this end.

Much more has been said of the free

way in which acetate of lead is used in the manufacture of wines than can generally be supported by facts. The process of fermenting wine appears to require very minute attention; and it may be remembered, that the favorable and unfavorable circumstances attending it are necessarily much influenced by the season; for, in proportion as it is rainy and cold, the fruit will be acid and watery, and saccharine in proportion as it is warm and genial. It appears, moreover, that the acetate of lead is used in such a very cautious way, for correcting errors through causes of this kind, that it cannot exert such mischievous qualities on the alimentary system as have frequently been ascribed to it. Where ill effects have resulted from the influence of lead upon the stomach, through the medium of wine, it far more commonly happens that the injury may be ascribed to the reprehensible practice of using shots for washing the bottles, some of which are very apt to lodge in the bottom, to become oxydated, and thus dissolved in the wine.

The dangerous adulterations of wine, too frequently observable at first sight, are mostly made after importation from its native soil, the trash used for the fabrication of port wine being among the grossest of all. Sloe-juice is a prevailing constituent, which of itself is acrid, irritating, and in every way obnoxious to the stomach; and this perhaps is not the worst ingredient. The common prejudices in favor of port wine are exceedingly mistaken. That it is generally a tonic, I deny; for no wine more readily promotes in the stomach an acetous fermentation, which causes flatulence and partial contractions. No wine, perhaps, is so much benefited by very long keeping as port; and I do not regard it as suited to the use of delicate stomachs, until it has been kept at least ten years. It is by no means to be regretted that this wine is become unfashionable, and excluded from polite tables; and it would be well if chemistry and fashion went hand in hand for the rejection of more objectionable alimentary objects.

Ardent spirits, and in particular brandy, seem to be added with almost boundless liberty to sherry, so as considerably to diminish the advantage which it would otherwise possess over other wines; for, although the best sherry, when unadulterated, possesses some considerable portion of spirit, yet that por-

tion is not sufficiently powerful to become objectionable when the wine is genuine and moderately aged; under which circumstances it is less apt to promote a morbid fermentation in the stomach than any other wine whatever: and I am satisfied, by repeated experiments, that a less quantity of alkaline or earthy matter is required to neutralise its acid in the stomach than that of any other wine; the acid quality of wine being often more mischievous than the spirituous, unless the latter be of undue proportion. Next to Sherry in this particular advantage, I am led by investigation to place Madeira; and these are the most accessible wines which I consider generally eligible for weak organs of digestion.

Medicated wines were formerly in high estimation as stomachics and corroborants. Wine-bitters (as they are called, because a certain portion, scarcely a third, is commonly mixed with a glass of white wine) are still used with this view in the East and West Indies, particularly before dinner. They are in reality spirituous infusions of various vegetable bitters, and more or less resemble the compound tincture of gentian which is used in medicine.

The most elegant and most wholesome wine of the medicated class is the Vermuti of Florence and some other parts of Tuscany, which is really excellent, according to the Italian recommendation, '*per consolare lo stomacho.*' Certain mild aromatics and bitters are infused ten days or a fortnight in a bland and saccharine white wine, which, under proper management, is not only to be preferred for luncheon, but is more eligible for breakfast than bad tea or bad coffee made with the unwholesome water which is too common in Italy.

The ordinary Florence wines of the table are extremely pleasant, clear to the palate, and inoffensive to the stomach; and of those which are produced in the environs of Naples, Lacryma Christi, whether red or white, is the most pleasant and wholesome, having a mild bitter flavor derived from the volcanic soil which constitutes the vast plain of Campania. The island of Ischia produces wines of moderate body; mild, saccharine, grateful, and inoffensive. Of the Sicilian wines, that which is commonly known as Marsala may probably be classed first in point of fitness for delicate stomachs. When of good quality

and moderate age, it is certainly one of the most eligible white wines of the table. Syracuse affords a pallid sweet wine, approaching that of Frontignan, but inferior to it.

The various modifications of Burgundy and Claret are among the most harmless wines, provided they have the advantage of moderate age and favorable vintage: but in France, where they are the ordinary beverage of the table, they are used much too early. Hence it is that their effects are so often complained of by the English traveler, and certainly not without reason, since in this state they are apt to disorder the most healthy stomachs, while, under proper circumstances, they are so far preferable to the wines in more general use in this country, that it is much to be regretted they are not rendered more easy of access to the middle classes of society.

Among others of the continental wines eligible for the table may be named those of Bourdeaux, both red and white, Grave, Santerne, and Moselle; and, as accompaniments of a nutritious diet, the muscadines of Lunel and Frontignan may be recommended as preferable to the extravagant Tokay.

The wines of Champagne are not suited to habits that are disposed to flatulence; and the imitations of them which are made from unripe gooseberries are still more objectionable, not only on the same account, but from their still more readily affecting the head. Of the brisk sparkling wines, perhaps that of Asti in Piedmont is the best.

English or home-made wines materially weaken the tone of the stomach, inducing flatulence, languor, and depression of animal spirits, particularly with persons who use little exercise. Cowslip wine is perhaps among the most inoffensive of these liquors; but its use should be very limited. Mead promotes acid, with a troublesome sense of internal fulness and distension. In short, all the common domestic English wines are calculated to derange the alimentary organs.

Cider and perry, having more mucilage, do not intoxicate so soon as wine; but they are injurious to weak stomachs, by the distension they readily occasion, and the flushings and feverishness which follow, their sugar and mucilage inducing acetous fermentation. Perry, however, is, in general points of view, far

more harmless than cider. The very alarming affections of the stomach and bowels, which arise from an imprudent use of the newly expressed juice of the apple, resemble closely those which are occasioned by the fumes of lead in smelting-houses. If lead be concerned in any part of the apparatus employed in the process of cider-making, the malic acid is sufficient to decompose readily a portion of the lead, and form with it a noxious combination. In fine, the volatile matter of decomposed lead is apt to affect house-painters in a similar manner; and the disease is accordingly known as the *painter's colic*. In either case, it is dangerous to life.

Beer is the most powerful of the malt liquors, because it is not used until the saccharine matter, with which the malt abounds, has undergone a complete

vinous fermentation; while ale, beside having a less proportion of malt and hops, is used when fresh, and before it can have acquired a strong vinous spirit. It is therefore refreshing in moderation, without readily intoxicating; and, in a genuine state, is the wholesomest of all fermented drinks. Table beer is, in general, a mere infusion of the refuse grain, after its sugar and mucilage have been nearly abstracted to make ale. It soon becomes vapid, after a slight fermentation, and is in every state unsuited to weak stomachs. Porter cannot be used with impunity where the tone of the stomach is not the most vigorous, and, when adulterated, seriously affects the head, from the narcotic matters which are commonly used in the manufacture of it.

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A PICTURE.

BLITHE is a lark when morn's begun,  
And a peasant when evening toil is over;  
A stag in the shade, or a moth in the sun;  
But blither a maiden who meets her lover.

There they go tripping it arm in arm  
Gaily, with light unmeasured paces,  
And looks now bent on the landscape's charm,  
Now on each other's enraptured faces.

But he finds nothing that's half so fair  
As *her's*, wherever his glance hath been,  
While her bright cheeks in reflection wear  
All the beauty and bliss of the sylvan scene.

And she is darting her smile, she knows  
No more than a child, and cares not, whither;  
But, just where a cloud or flow'ret glows,  
In her sweet confusion it wanders thither.

What is the fall of day to them?  
Their hearts are warm, let it shine or shine not:  
Though not a star heaven's robe may gem,  
Let but their *eyes* meet, *they'll* repine not.

Oh! what a pair of souls is this!  
Two planets with one sweet sphere to bound them;  
Lighting whate'er's in their path of bliss—  
Lit by each other and all around them.

B.

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SONNET ON A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

I SAW the maiden lull'd in a dead sleep;  
Yet that sad proof of weak mortality,  
Though mute the tongue and closed the vivid eye,  
Had o'er her shed a charm, so soft, so deep,

She seem'd a being that might never die,  
 Unless that *this* were death. I could but weep,  
 Ev'n at the thought; yet soon—as when winds creep  
 On a lone harp to steal its melody—  
 A murmuring music from her lips betray'd  
 That in its lov'd abode the spirit stay'd;  
 So gently breathed, that one thin lock of hair,  
 Which in the moonlight of her neck had stray'd,  
 To sip the red mouth's dew and revel there,  
 Hung motionless in that ambrosial air.

## AN INVOCATION TO THE WIND,

by G. H. Storie, of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge.

COME on, ye soft breezes, I welcome you here,  
 As faint o'er the slumbering billows ye swell;  
 Unload to my bosom the tidings ye bear  
 From the land where my wishes for ever shall dwell.  
 Around the dear form you've so lately been playing  
 Of my Lalagé,—say, as she felt you depart,  
 In which lov'd retreat, through which shade was she straying?  
 In those moments, oh! what was the care of her heart?  
 And say, for ye witness'd the day-beams decline  
 On her shore, which is far away over the sea,  
 Was she blending the sighs of her bosom with mine,  
 While the same sun was setting to her and to me?  
 Again, ere the morn, you may visit her bower,  
 And by stealth o'er her couch fan the soft blushing rose,  
 While her warm cheek, just ting'd, is yet flush'd with the flowe  
 And slumber is mantling her limbs in repose.  
 Oh! say that my heart was on ocean's wide breast,  
 When your voice came like music that floats on the sea;  
 Oh! say 'twas the hour when waves were at rest,  
 And you found it recalling her image to me.

## VERSES ADDRESSED TO A POET;

a supposed Production of the late Princess Charlotte.

THE sparkling gem from Fancy's stores,  
 The sterling ore from Reason's mine,  
 Thy penetrating glance explores,  
 And faithful mem'ry makes them thine.  
 Thus Zeuxis form'd his matchless fair,  
 In whom all charms were seen to meet;  
 And thus, amidst the fields of air,  
 The bee collects each varied sweet.

## A POETICAL EPISTLE FROM ROBERT BLOOMFIELD TO HIS WIFE.

I RISE, dear Mary, from the soundest rest,  
 A wandering, wayworn, musing, singing guest.  
 I claim the privilege of hill and plain;  
 Mine are the woods, and all that they contain;  
 The unpolluted gale, which sweeps the glade;  
 All the cool blessings of the solemn shade;  
 Health, and the flow of happiness sincere:  
 Yet there's one wish—I wish that thou wert here,

Free from the trammels of domestic care,  
 With me these dear autumnal sweets to share ;  
 To share my heart's ungovernable joy,  
 And keep the birth-day of our poor lame boy.  
 Ah ! that's a tender string ! Yet since I find  
 That scenes like these can soothe the harass'd mind,  
 Trust me, 'twould set *thy* jaded spirits free,  
 To wander thus through vales and woods with me.  
 Thou know'st how much I love to steal away  
 From noise, from uproar, and the blaze of day ;  
 With double transport would my heart rebound  
 To lead thee where the clustering nuts are found ;  
 No toilsome efforts would our task demand,  
 For the brown treasure stoops to meet the hand.  
 Round the tall hazel, beds of moss appear  
 In green-swards, nibbled by the forest deer ;  
 Sun, and alternate shade ; while o'er our heads  
 The cawing rook his glossy pinions spreads ;  
 The noisy jay, his wild woods dashing through :  
 The ring-dove's chorus, and the rustling bough ;  
 The far resounding gate, the kite's shrill scream,  
 The distant ploughman's halloo to his team.  
 This is the chorus to my soul so dear ;  
 It would delight thee too, wert thou but here :  
 For we might talk of home, and muse o'er days  
 Of sad distress, and Heaven's mysterious ways,  
 Our chequer'd fortunes with a smile retrace,  
 And build new hopes upon our infant race ;  
 Pour our thanksgivings forth, and weep the while,  
 Or pray for blessings on our native isle.  
 But vain the wish !—Mary, thy sighs forbear,  
 Nor grudge the pleasure which thou canst not share ;  
 Make home delightful, kindly wish for me,  
 And I'll leave hills and dales and woods for thee.

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AN IMPROMPTU, TO A YOUNG LADY.

SEVERELY pleas'd, and heedful of its smart,  
 When, idly, you torment my doting heart,  
 'Then, trust me, to yourself you're cruel grown,  
 For, ah ! dear maid, that heart is *all your own* !

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S  
 MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In your Magazine for June last, a correspondent who signs himself T. O. makes a few remarks on Courtship, to which I expected that some other of your contributors would reply in your number for July, as I conceive that T. O. entertains an erroneous opinion of the manner in which courtships are carried on in the present day. Since, however, no one has answered his lucubrations, I send you the following hasty remarks.

With regard to the importance of courtship there cannot, in thinking minds, be

two opinions ; and, as far as my experience goes (and it is by no means contracted), I have invariably found that the persons most interested in the affair have considered it in a very serious point of view, as leading to the *most important* event of their lives—*marriage*.

The two difficulties mentioned by T. O., a too rare and a too frequent intercourse, are not so considerable as he may imagine ; and I think every day's experience teaches us, that the 'temper, disposition, and habits' of any person may be satisfactorily known in the course of a comparatively slight acquaintance ; aye, and *will* be too, by one who has so

great a stimulus to exertion in the attainment of the truth, as an anticipated connexion, to be dissolved only by death. We ought not to impute to the *want of opportunity* those frequent disappointments which result from the too hasty marriage of those who run headlong into it without any thought; for a long or short intimacy would not make any difference to persons of this description. That a 'too frequent' intercourse can be productive of the ills which T. O. attributes to it, seems also to be an unfounded opinion; for, by a long familiarity, the goodness or worthlessness of the individual, the peculiarities and shades of the disposition, cannot but strike the most careless and superficial observer; and, if there be no substantial ground for attachment, will courtship follow? Nor will courtship be found, when reciprocal affection and esteem form its basis, to be a system of deception. I have observed many from the beginning to the end, and never yet perceived the fawning, flattering, cajoling, and whining, which T. O. rails against, practised on either side. I know that a thousand little delicate attentions arising from partiality are in such cases invariably paid to the lady; but I do not consider it as a matter of course or of universal occurrence that these should cease when the wedding-knot has been tied.

'The end of courtship,' says T. O. 'ought to be the attainment of such knowledge of each other's character, that, when inseparably united, neither may find any thing to counteract that happiness which had been fairly hoped.' Herein I differ from him most decidedly—for I think (and you, Mr. Editor, will probably agree with me) that courtship ought not to be commenced until that satisfactory knowledge of each other's character and disposition is obtained: for, if a man, after having won the affections of a lady, should perceive some latent *peculiarity* in her disposition not before perceived, and which he might deem likely to be subversive of future peace or happiness, what would be the consequence? Either he must consign himself to a hated bondage, and thus render himself wretched, or, by breaking the connexion, conduct himself meanly toward her whose heart he has gained, and whose future happiness perhaps depends upon the union.

That the superiority may be intended

for man in matters of public interest is evidently true; but, in the calm retreats of domestic life, I doubt it. It will often be found that here woman shines with much greater lustre than man; and it is here, not in the forum or exchange, where they are to be considered as man and wife. She is not, or ought not to be, the slavish observer of the man's whims and caprices, nor is it proper that he should be the proud tyrannical lord over the 'wife of his bosom.' Their wishes are one; in an open and unreserved communication of his anxieties, the one finds an ease to his mind, whilst the other soothes his cares, and smoothes the 'features of his sorrows.' Not the slave of his dictates and fancies, but his fond wife and bosom friend, she aids him with her counsel in his perplexities, and makes his adversities, at least, to lose the sharpness of their sting, if not to become sources of comfort.

From the general tendency of T. O.'s remarks, I should conceive him to be one who is not a bachelor through any particular predilection for the state of 'single blessedness;' but who, having attempted to carry on his courtships by lording it over the fair objects of his wishes, has by them been very properly repulsed, and, not daring to attack the fair sex, vents his spleen upon the heads of those 'male animals,' whose more proper conduct has, in his opinion, *spoiled* the ladies.

In my courtship I experienced no desire for superiority either on my side or that of my lady, nor have I since; and yet we have jogged along for twelve years through the thorny mazes of this world, and have been invariably happy, or thought ourselves so.

In conclusion I would hint to T. O. that a bachelor's state is at best desolate and comfortless; and, if he would wish to obtain a proper idea of the present mode of courtship and its consequences, he must do as did

Your well-wisher,

T. R. Y.

REDWOOD, A TALE. 3 vols.

DURING the last ten years, the Americans seem to have made a greater progress in literature, and more particularly in works of fiction, than in the fifty preceding years. Some of their writers dis-



play considerable talent; and, if they have not the vivacity of the French, or the erudition of the English or the Germans, they appear to possess inventive powers, a respectable portion of judgement, and a keen spirit of observation and research.

The present tale is the work of a lady, to whose literary efforts we gave the meed of praise, when her 'New-England Tale' came under our notice. The applause which she then received from candid critics and from the public stimulated her to more powerful exertions. She now relates the adventures of the son of a Virginian planter, who, after a course of pleasure and dissipation, marries a girl of humble connexions, but soon leaves her, and embarks for Europe. After his return from his travels, his wife having died in the mean time, he espouses a rich widow, who had been flattered into vanity, and humored into caprice. She also dies, leaving a daughter, Caroline, who is in some respects a spoiled child, and becomes an object of admiration to the world, and of alarm to her father. He takes her as his companion in a journey, and, while both of them are detained by an accident at the house of a hospitable farmer, they meet with Ellen, an interesting girl, whose appearance makes a strong impression upon Redwood. Her birth is involved in mystery, and the secret is concealed in a locked casket, left by her dying mother, with an injunction that it should remain for a certain time unopened. Caroline's curiosity is excited by this circumstance, and she is determined to gratify it. 'It was possible that the key to one of her trinket cases might open Ellen's box; there could be no harm in trying just to see if one would suit. She drew out the drawer in which she had seen Ellen replace her casket, and then paused for a moment—but *c'est le premier pas qui coute*; the first wrong step taken, or resolved on, the next is easy and almost certain. She carried the box to the light, found a key that exactly fitted, and then the gratification could not be resisted. She opened the box—a miniature laid [*lay*] on the top of it. Caroline started at the first glance, as if she had seen a spectre: she took it out and examined it: a name legibly written on the reverse of the picture confirmed her first impressions. She replaced it in the box—she would have given worlds that she had never seen it—but the bold, bad

deed, was done; and 'past who can recall, or done undo?' After pacing the room for a few moments in an agitation of mind bordering on distraction, she returned to the examination of the box: there was in it a letter directed 'To my child'—it was unsealed, unless a tress of beautiful hair which was bound around it might be called a seal. There was also a certificate of the marriage of Ellen's mother to the original of the picture. Caroline's first impulse was to destroy the records: she went to the window, threw up the sash, and prepared to give Ellen's treasure to the disposition of the winds; but, as she unbound the lock of hair that she might reduce the letter to fragments, it curled around her hand, and awakened a feeling of awe and superstition. She paused; she was familiar with folly, but not with crime; she had not virtue enough to restore Ellen's right, nor hardihood enough to annihilate the proof of it: a feeble purpose of future restitution dawned on her mind—the articles might be safely retained in her own keeping—future circumstances should decide their destiny.—her grandmother ought to see them. This last consideration fixed her wavering mind, and she proceeded to make her arrangements with the caution that conscious guilt already inspired. She let fall the window-curtains, secured herself from interruption by placing the scissors over the latch of the door, and then refolded the letter, carefully removed the miniature from its setting, tore the name from the back of it, and placed it with the hair, the letter, and the certificate, in a box of her own, which she securely deposited at the bottom of one of her trunks. She then, in order to avoid suspicion, prudently restored the setting to the box, and locked and replaced it in the drawer. For a moment she felt a glow of triumph that the result of her investigation had made her the mistress of Ellen's destiny; but this was quickly succeeded by a deep feeling of mortification, a consciousness of injustice and degradation, and a fearful apprehension of the future;—even at this moment, who would not rather have been the innocent Ellen, despoiled of the object of years of patient waiting and intense expectation, than the selfish—ruthless Caroline?—who would not rather have been the injured than the injurer?'

Caroline attracts the notice of a lover; but he soon discovers the superior merit

of Ellen, to whom he therefore transfers his affection. The deserted lady elopes with a British officer, and a discovery is made of her abstraction of the documents relative to the birth of Ellen, who is found to be the offspring of Redwood's early marriage. Rejoicing in this discovery, he gives her hand to her suitor, and witnesses the reformation of his second daughter.

An affecting scene of death and consequent lamentation, given by way of episode, will furnish another specimen of the lady's performance. 'Mr. Redwood heard the latch of an outer door gently raised (for here fastenings were considered a superfluity), and a young girl glided into the opposite room. He saw that she passed, observed but not molested by his attendant. His attention was now thoroughly excited. She lingered for a moment, apparently from irresolution or timidity, and then throwing aside a shawl in which she had muffled herself, she knelt beside the lifeless body of a young man, and, removing the covering from his face, gazed intently upon it: the light fell on her own, still beautiful, though distorted and almost convulsed with the tumult of her feelings. After remaining for a few moments motionless, she laid her burning forehead on the cold breast of the young man, and sobbed passionately. The young lady, who had been a passive spectator of the poor girl's involuntary grief, now advanced to shut the door, apparently with the purpose of sheltering her from the observation of the stranger; but he, perceiving her intention, and unable to repress his curiosity, called to intreat her to permit it to remain open. The loud sobs of the girl awakened the grandmother of the deceased, who, reluctant to separate herself for a moment from the body of the youth, had insisted on performing herself the customary duty of watching with the dead; but, overcome with her grief and infirmities, she had fallen asleep. She recognised immediately, in the afflicted girl, the object of her grandchild's youthful and constant affections, whose girlish coquetries and caprices had been the first cause of that inward disease which Deborah had pronounced the occasion of his death. She advanced to her with trembling steps; and laying her hand on the girl's head, and stroking back her beautiful hair, 'Poor silly child,' she said in a pitiful tone, 'you have come too late:

once his heart would have leaped at a word from you, but he does not hear you now. He loved you, Anne, and for that I cannot help loving you.'—And she stooped and kissed the girl, who was awed into silence by her unexpected appearance and her calm tone.—'A grief have you been to him, Anne; but the Lord changed his mourning into joy; for, when friend and lover forsook him, then he turned to the sure friend.—Oh! (she continued) he was my last earthly hope, the staff of my age; he was good, always good, but—(and the tears poured down her pale wrinkled face)—it was his adversity that made him wise unto salvation. Sorrow came upon sorrow, cloud upon cloud, and he was from the first such a feeling creature!'—Mrs. Allen's lamentation was interrupted by the hysterical sobs of the penitent girl.—'My poor child,' she said in a compassionate tone, 'do not break your heart; sore mourning is it indeed for a wrong done to the dead, but it was not you, Anne, that killed him; no, that was just the beginning of it; then came his parents' losses, his father's death, and his mother's.'

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THE VILLAGE OF BARTON AND ITS INHABITANTS.

NO. VIII.

A TALE OF THE LIVING.

THE gates of Warrendale Castle are again closed, and its extensive parks and pleasure-grounds are no longer free to the idle visitant,—a fortunate circumstance, as its green nooks were beginning to assume the dusty hue of the high road. Symptoms of that devastation which never fails to follow the unrestrained ingress of an English crowd were perceptible in scattered branches of flowering shrubs, and in whole parterres too rudely brushed, hastening to premature decay. The vivid hue of those sweet glades, only fitted to be the woodland haunt of Robin Hood and his stout foresters, was changed to a dusky brown, and worn as bare as the promenade in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, after a succession of fine Sundays in the season. There had been sad havoc too in the green-houses, and the whole place appeared to be worse for wear. My exertions in restoring order of course attracted the attention of the villagers, both high and low, and revealed the

secret of my intimacy with the present proprietor. I became an object of great importance, and was instantly assailed on every side by questions, which I answered much to the satisfaction of all the inquirers. My friend, Somerville, was young, handsome, rich, and a bachelor: at this point I rested, being of opinion that farther communication might ruin the hopes which such delightful information was calculated to raise; for there were peculiar circumstances attending the wealthy owner of Warrendale Castle, which promised to render him any thing rather than a social neighbour.

A few months ago I met him in London, after an absence of several years which he had spent upon the continent. 'Step into Christie's with me,' said he; 'I want you to look at the plan of an estate which he has advertised for sale.' It was apparently a delicious place; a fine old family mansion rose in the centre of a rich country, diversified with hill and dale, wood and water. There were, indeed, commons to be reclaimed, wildernesses to be cleared, eminences to be planted, and streams dammed up; but the superintendence of these arrangements would be a pleasing occupation to the purchaser. The result of a short examination was an order for my friend's traveling carriage, and in less than an hour we were upon the road to Combe-Charlton. At this moment the only thing that Somerville wanted was land. He had vast sums of money vested in the funds, and in every other kind of security, and houses also in plenty; but they were all in London. Notwithstanding the elegance of his name, he was not a man of birth; but that was an inconvenience which he had never yet felt. His father (and higher trace there was none) was of the lowest extraction, being an illegitimate child, bred in the Foundling Hospital. In process of time he became attached to the premises of a great sope-boiler, and gradually rose to be superintendent of the manufactory. The story so often realized ensued. The master died childless; the mistress carried on the business, and, feeling all the miseries of a lone widowhood, married her late husband's confidential servant: though past fifty, she survived this union twenty years, and, after the lapse of ten more, Somerville, the elder, took a second wife out of his kitchen, exalting the cook to

the head of the establishment in Aldersgate-street, and of the villa at Mile-End. He died whilst my friend, the only offspring of this marriage, was in his infancy; and, in consequence of his judicious choice of guardians, the young heir was immediately removed from all association with the vulgar; Eton succeeded to a preparatory school, and the university to Eton. The son of the drudging citizen was placed upon a par with the greatest and the noblest in the land: he had no relatives on either side to remind him of the original meanness of his family; and a liberal education, added to native strength of mind, taught him to set little value upon exterior circumstances. He neither coveted nor despised the distinctions of birth, and was superior to the base pride of pure. His want of ancestry had not proved a bar to his introduction to the highest circles; his wealth procured him universal admittance; and during his travels he had received a broad hint from a noble earl, unwillingly practising a scheme of retrenchment, that he was at liberty to select a wife from three blooming daughters who shared their parent's exile. All the ladies were so handsome and accomplished, that he found it difficult to fix amidst such various fascinations. They conversed well upon every subject, but they felt upon none. Their precepts and practice were at variance, and, with a great show of taste and sensibility, they were heartless and trifling. My friend was too intellectual for such utter worldliness; he took a leaf out of their volume, and, as he had not committed himself, he made his bow and withdrew.

Encouraged to aspire so high, and in despite of his good sense secretly flattered by this overture, if he had ever been diffident of success, he now dismissed all fears: he was not disinclined to marriage, and he made no doubt of being accepted whenever he could find a woman worthy of his choice,—a conclusion perhaps warranted by the attractions of his person, mind, and fortune, and which was sufficiently under the control of good sense to be divested of aught that could disgust or offend. Our journey was particularly pleasant; the season was fine,—a brilliant autumn, and the country through which we traveled was exceedingly interesting. On the evening of the second day we reached the nearest post-town to Combe-Charlton, a distance of seven miles, and, doubtful of pro-

curing good accommodation in the immediate neighbourhood, agreed to take up our quarters at the principal inn. A printed bill of the intended sale by private contract lay upon the table, and furnished us with an excuse to enter upon the subject with the landlord, without betraying our errand. Baillie Mucklothrift, descanting upon the mutability of human affairs, was scarcely more pathetic. 'A sad business, sir,' said mine host,—'a fine estate going out of an old family. 'Squire Gascoyne's fathers have held it time out of mind, ruled the whole county pretty nigh in their day, and now I suppose we shall have some *mushe-roon* upstart to turn every thing topsyturvy.'—'No pecuniary misfortune, I trust,' said I, 'on the part of the owner?' 'Nothing else, sir, would have occasioned the sale of Combe-Charlton,—an unfortunate electioneering business, brought on by contesting a *blackamore* gentleman from *Ingee*, who chose to oppose the 'squire;—'twas the ruin of him too, but he went back among the *negurs*, where money is to be had for the picking up, they say: there's a clean contrary difference here, sir, and Mr. Gascoyne had a heart above the mean ways of the present generation; he kept open house and such like; and what with one thing and another, the fall of rents and the low prices, he can't keep up the old hall any longer: the more's the pity, for I fear we shall soon see a change for the worse.'—'The accession of some wealthy person, my friend,' observed Somerville, 'may at least have a beneficial effect upon trade.'—'May be not, sir, begging your pardon,—the 'squire was one that stuck to the soil, none of your jaunting, watering-place gentry, who are never happy except at the hot water or the salt water, and only stay at home just for a few weeks in the shooting season belike; times are changed since gentlemen used to keep Christmas upon their estates.'—'Mr. Gascoyne is much beloved of course?' 'No, sir, I can't say he is; the squire's not fond of new ways or new people, and he has made a power of enemies by setting his face against what our town-folk call improvements; he don't like the smell of gas or the smoke of a steam engine, and is not very fond of national schools or lace manufactories; yet they'll miss him too; he was a great patron of horse-racing, and indeed encouraged all the good old country sports. I question

whether they won't go out of fashion entirely, if we have a Lunlunner or some outlandish person from foreign parts, as don't understand or relish the ancient English customs.' By this time we had despatched our supper; and Somerville, pleased with the landlord's honest zeal, expressed a generous sympathy in the decay of an old family. We descanted upon this world's vicissitudes until bed-time, and the next morning after breakfast prepared to visit Combe-Charlton.

The weather had changed; black and lowering clouds hung over us; the air was damp, and the autumnal foliage assumed a melancholy hue. As we approached the place of our destination, the desolate appearance of the country increased, the road was bad, the dilapidated park-paling was supplied in many places with a fence of brics, stagnant pools filled the hollows, and thistles and furze-bushes had spread themselves over the turf. The gates of the avenue were wide open; the porter's lodge seemed to be uninhabited; its little garden was choked with weeds; and the creepers, intended to have garlanded the now broken trellis, trailed idly along the ground. The gravel of the road was green with moss, and flanked by a rank crop of nettles; the deer, stricken with a sudden panic, fled at our approach, and, disturbed by the hollow sound of our carriage-wheels, a cloud of rooks rose from the over-arching branches above, and filled the air with their dissonant voices. When these noises died away, we heard the baying of a dog in the distance, but still no trace appeared of human beings. When we reached the mansion, we found the hall-door shut, and, looking upwards, could not descry a single face at any of the windows. Instead of clamoring for admittance at the principal entrance, we now drove round to the offices; a man, half groom half footman, came out: we inquired for Mr. Gascoyne, and were ushered into a library,—a fine room scantily furnished in the old taste, and without a fire. We both sighed: 'I fear,' said I, 'that it is indeed time that the estate should be sold.'—'I wish,' replied Somerville, 'that I had taken Christie's opinion upon it, and concluded the business in town.' Our discourse was here interrupted by the entrance of a tall, thin, pale, old gentleman; he bowed with a constrained and haughty air, but

my friend's manners made instantly a favorable impression upon him. Few words had passed when he said, 'You must be cold, gentlemen, after your drive; allow me to show you into a more comfortable apartment.' We then traversed a large damp hall, proceeded through a long wainscoted passage to a room which displayed the attractions of a blazing fire, and found ourselves in the presence of two ladies, apparently the wife and daughter of our host. They rose in some surprise, but without confusion. The latter, upon a look from her mother, left the room; and, just as we had finished the preliminary remarks upon the weather and the state of the roads, which are such never-failing auxiliaries in the conversation of English strangers, she returned, followed by a servant bearing a tray of refreshments, and we were soon sociably arranged round a well-covered though not luxurious table.

The rain began now to descend profusely, and Mr. Gascoyne immediately gave us a proof that at least his hospitality was undiminished. He insisted that we should take up our abode with him instead of returning to our inn; and, this point being settled to our mutual satisfaction, he proposed a survey of the house. During the repast, though so well engaged in the usual way, my eyes had not been idle. Mr. Gascoyne's character was read at a glance: I judged that he was proud and jealous of his rights, ready to repay the slightest appearance of disrespect with scorn, and yet would lose all his *hauteur* in the presence of those who had no idea of insulting his fallen fortunes. His wife, though oppressed with a cloud of care, betrayed under the weight of her afflictions a busy and worldly spirit. She occasionally glanced at Somerville, and then at her daughter; was lavish in her attentions to him; and, as if suddenly recollecting that it might be expedient to secure the good offices of his companion, turned round with some prettily-arranged speech to me. Miss Gascoyne, a pale, delicate, sweet-looking girl, the very personification of melancholy, seemed to make an effort in assuming a cheerful air: her eyes were wholly directed to her father, and, without shewing any thing like pointed neglect to my friend, she addressed herself much oftener to me. When we rose to examine the domicile, she made a move-

ment toward her work-basket. Mrs. Gascoyne took it from her, saying, 'We shall want you to act as *cicerone* in the picture-gallery;' and I, for Somerville was unaware of the arrangement, immediately requested that she would accompany us. The mother looked at first upon me with a very gracious air; but a minute after, fancying there might be some cross purposes, she made an excuse to take my arm, and sent Agnes forward, thus generously endeavouring to guard me against a hopeless passion. She scised, however, an opportunity of slipping away, whilst her daughter was pointing out to Somerville, from a projecting window, the spire of a church. Satisfied perhaps that she had put affairs in a train, she made the less scruple to leave us; and we soon after lost the young lady, who, no longer watched by her mother, gently and without affectation disengaged herself from the party, and retired. My imagination was instantly at work. Was it a pre-engagement of the heart, or natural modesty, that urged her to defeat her scheming parent? I concluded, however, that I should soon be put in possession of the secret. In the mean while, we proceeded from blue rooms into crimson rooms, and from tapestry hangings to carved oak. The house was every thing that could be desired; the apartments were spacious and convenient, and only required new-sashing, painting, decorating, and furnishing. Somerville was pleased with all that met his eye, and gratified the old gentleman by the sincerity of his commendations. He spoke not of capabilities or projected changes; it was all that it ought to be. Mr. Gascoyne's countenance brightened: 'It is a foolish notion,' said he; 'yet I shall be glad to sell my house to one who will allow it to encumber the ground as it is. I had some apprehension that such an old-fashioned residence might not suit the present taste.' We rambled about the galleries until it was time to dress for dinner. The business of my toilette was soon accomplished; and, passing an open door on my progress to the drawing-room, I could not avoid hearing a short dialogue, which was not intended for my ear. 'The pink sarcenet, I told you, Agnes; not that frightful black gown without a bit of trimming.'—'I put it on, mama, but indeed it looked too fine.'—'Nonsense, child, the very thing for your complexion. Go and make yourself amiable immediately, I beg.'—'It is too

late,' said Agnes—' my papa is calling me;' and away she flew down stairs in the unbecoming robe. She had drawn a pink riband through her luxuriant ebon tresses, and the black gown was an admirable contrast to a skin of ivory. She would have looked more brilliant and striking, without doubt, in a gayer dress; but nothing could have been better suited to the touching pensiveness of her countenance. Somerville gave his arm to Mrs. Gascoyne to lead her into the dining-room. ' Don't sit with your back to the fire, Agnes,' said she; but the caution was not attended to; and, instead of taking the vacant place beside the wealthy guest, she sat between her father and me. My friend was too well practised not to see the motives of both ladies; he looked oftener and with stronger interest at Agnes; while I, being a knight-errant upon all occasions, essayed to draw my fair companion out, and succeeded to my wish. Diffidence and dejection were the only bars; she wanted the air and elegance of high fashion, but possessed all the case of a gentlewoman. Exceedingly well-informed, she conversed without pretension or pedantry; and, though it was evident that she had been bred in profound retirement, there was nothing of rusticity to be detected in her manner or in her ideas.

When the ladies withdrew, the conversation turned upon Italy. Mr. Gascoyne had made the grand tour in his youth, and, when he talked with Somerville on this enlivening subject, his eyes glistened and his brow cleared; yet now and then, as if recollecting the occasion of the visit, he heaved a deep sigh. I was pleased to see my friend's alacrity on his being summoned to tea. By this time I had discovered the old gentleman's humor, and found no difficulty in engaging his attention. We sat down to the chess-board together; for Somerville had moved toward Agnes as soon as he entered the room, and I saw, by a smile and a blush, that, though she disdained to seek him, his attentions were not unwelcome to her. Mrs. Gascoyne prudently overlooked our game. I was not so completely engrossed by the fate of the black empire under my sway as to be unaware of what was going on at the other end of the room. Agnes listened with great delight to a beautiful Swiss air performed by my friend's musical snuff-box: the piano was then opened, and sweet snatches of old songs came

upon us in the pauses of our evolutions. When we separated to seek our chambers, the good-night was uttered on all sides with great cordiality. The next morning I arose early: the weather had again changed, the grounds were hard and crisped by a smart frost, and the sun threw its brightest gold upon the decaying foliage. I strolled into the shrubbery to enjoy the morning air. Before I had proceeded very far, a slight rustling in the fallen leaves engaged my attention; I looked down a side-path, and beheld Somerville and Agnes walking together. I instantly chose another alley; yet interest (for I will not call it curiosity) induced me to keep them in view. They were engaged in earnest conversation. I could not see her face; but he looked at her with anxious tenderness. When she had suddenly quitted his side, and hastened toward the house, I perceived that she was weeping. He followed her for a few paces, and then, as if in doubt, returned. I now made my appearance, and he instantly joined me. ' I cannot become the purchaser of this estate,' said he, ' and break this poor girl's heart: her father will not survive his eventual exile; she has a brother too; and it would be sacrilege to tear them up by the roots, when perhaps a little friendly assistance might prevent the ruin of a family wedded to the soil from which they sprang.' Somerville was closeted for several hours after breakfast with the old gentleman. His liberality made every thing easy; the property was to be mortgaged only; a scheme of retrenchment was next arranged, and my friend undertook to procure a tenant for the house, as it was too large for Mr. Gascoyne's present occupation. The day was spent in undisturbed cheerfulness, and it was no longer necessary to manœuvre for the purpose of bringing the young people together. A week rapidly passed away: we then talked of returning to town, and our journey back was delightful. Somerville had no reserves with me; he had gained the consent of Agnes to speak to her father at a proper opportunity; he would have laid himself and his fortune immediately at her feet; but she wished him to take time for deliberation, and indeed would not hear of so early a proposal.

My friend's unremitting exertions soon relieved Mr. Gascoyne from all his difficulties. The certainty of preserving the estate of his forefathers to his only son

reconciled him to the necessity of quitting it for a time. We went down to spend our Christmas with him in a beautiful cottage upon the Hampshire coast, which I had been deputed to engage, and which owed all its interior embellishments to the same source as that lately employed in the service of the family. Somerville asked his grateful host for the hand of his daughter, and then came out the unfortunate pedigree—the foundling, the sope-boiler, the cook; for, as if the fates had conspired against him, the very mention of his father's business brought to the proud aristocrat's recollection the good-luck of a buxom kitchen-wench of Combe-Charlton, who had traveled in the waggon to London, and married her master. Mr. Gascoyne was inflexible; and he declared that he would never consent to the degradation of an ancient and uncontaminated house. Even Somerville's accomplishments now seemed so many crimes: notwithstanding his plebeian origin, he had quitted his proper sphere, and, by assuming the manners of the higher orders, deceived people into an opinion of his equality. The rose fled from the cheek of Agnes, and her eyes became dimmed with tears; but she was still dutiful, and my poor friend returned to town disconsolate.

#### NOTICES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

*The Mammoth.*—WE should be glad to throw light on the subject of this huge creature; but we cannot boast of the certainty of our intelligence. That some animals, much larger than any which appear in our days, existed in early ages, we have no reason to doubt, as various remains sufficiently prove the assertion; but we cannot fully depend on the accounts which are given of these discoveries. Mr. Talbot says, 'that the mammoth is supposed by the Indians to be still an inhabitant of Canada; but his existence at present is very doubtful. The bones of these huge animals have repeatedly been found in different parts both of the old and new continent, but particularly in the latter. From the form of their teeth, they are supposed to have been carnivorous; and, from the size of their bones, it is evident that they were at least ten times larger than an elephant\*.' Their remains have

been discovered very frequently at the various salt-springs which are contiguous to the river Ohio, and in several other regions of the new continent. The Indians have various traditions respecting these animals, many of which appear to be tinctured with absurdity. One of the Virginian governors having asked some delegates of the Delaware tribe what they knew or had heard about the mammoth, the chief speaker immediately put himself into an oratorical attitude, and, with a pomp suited to the supposed elevation of his subject, informed the governor, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that, 'In ancient times, a herd of these animals came to the *big-bone licks*, and began an universal destruction of the bears, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals, which had been created for the use of the Indians. But the Great Man above, looking down and beholding the slaughter, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended to the earth, and, seating himself upon a neighbouring mountain, hurled his bolts among them, till all were slaughtered, excepting the *big bull*, which, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell. At length, however, he omitted to parry one, which wounded him on the side; when the enraged animal sprang forward, and bounded over the Wabash, the Illinois, and, finally, over the Great Lakes.'

*The Red Squirrel.*—This animal (says Mr. Talbot) 'is fond of migrating from place to place, and possesses a singular address in crossing brooks, rivers, and small lakes. On arriving at a piece of water, which they wish to cross, a large party of red squirrels assemble together, and constructing a raft of sufficient size, which they launch without any difficulty, embark fearless of shipwreck, and, turning up their spreading tails to the propitious breeze, are speedily wafted across to the opposite shore\*.'

\* We know that squirrels are sagacious creatures; but Mr. Talbot has evidently overrated their skill and judgement. In another instance, he does not merely exaggerate, but boldly asserts what no one will believe; for he represents a young man as floating on a river behind a sturgeon by the aid of a spear which he had fixed in its body, and afterwards mounting the fish, and riding for a mile, until it died from the loss of blood!—EDIT.

\* This is undoubtedly an exaggeration.—EDIT.

*Deficiency of feathered Songsters in Canada.*—Among the birds which frequent that country in immense numbers during the summer, 'there are (says Mr. Talbot) no singing birds. Though this is undoubtedly the case, the Canadians do not think so; for, being ignorant of those countries in which every tree is vocal, and 'every bush with nature's music rings,' they imagine that all birds which can chirrup and chatter, like a sparrow or a jay, are entitled to the appellation of 'singing birds.' I once heard an English gentleman assert, that, in his opinion the country bore evident marks of having incurred a particular degree of the divine displeasure; and, for the enforcement of this eccentric notion, he urged, that the birds of Canada could not sing, the flowers emitted no scent, the men had no hearts, and the women no virtue.'

*The Canadian Black Snake.*—'The bite of this reptile (says the same narrator) is poisonous, but seldom productive of any fatal effects. It is from five to six feet long; its back and sides are of a jet black, exceedingly brilliant and smooth; and its belly a silver grey, which is, by the finest shades, imperceptibly united with the black. This animal possesses the power of fascination in a more eminent degree than the rattle-snake. He has, besides, a trait peculiar to himself, a singular faculty of flagellation, which he sometimes exercises in a very affectionate manner on his luckless brother: for, when he has embraced the rattle-snake within his ample coil, he whips him to death with his tail. He will also entwine himself round a child, or the leg of a man, and never disengages himself till he is absolutely cut to pieces.'

*The Ants of Africa.*—'The habitations of the red ants (says Mr. Dupuis) convey the idea of little towns established in the wilderness by another order of the creation. These erections are spiral, and of the elevation of ten or more feet. The small black ants build nests on the boughs of trees, which in appearance resemble a cylindrical mass of black clay. The weight of these masses of earth, and the glutinous matter which cements the parts, cause the boughs to droop and bend, in some cases, till they sweep the ground; and in others these nests are cemented to the ramifications of several trees, which encrust the whole in a solid mass of dripping

mucilaginous matter. The most voracious and formidable insect of this genus is the large black ant, which burrows under the roots of trees, and erects a sort of nest upon the surface, resembling in form the mushroom. This kind of ant, say the Ashantees, is not only the plague of all other animals, but also of every class of its own species, and of the red ants in particular. When the latter venture out of their entrenchments, a chase ensues, and thousands become the victims of their opponents, who sometimes force an entrance even into the works. I was present once when a hillock was perforated in order to obtain what is commonly termed the queen, or mother ant, which is an unwieldy insect, two inches in length and one in circumference, formed in head and shoulders like the common ant, with a white body like that of a maggot. This insect resides in a separate cell, at the foundation of the hillock, and is said to be gifted with inexhaustible fecundity. The act of cutting through the surface was laborious; but, that effected, the earth crumbled as it usually does. The labor was ultimately attended with success, in the discovery of the queen mother. During the process, the red ants fled in all directions, and vainly endeavoured to recover their cells, while they were assaulted by a troop of black ants, who in despite of a vigorous resistance devoured their prey on the spot, or carried it off between their nippers. The black ant, it is said, will fearlessly attack any animal, not excepting mankind; but particularly infants, whom they sometimes destroy and devour. The panther is not too strong for them to cope with, the rat is not too subtle, nor is the squirrel too active; vigilance and force are equally unavailing. They will even, as the Ashantees report, seek the abodes of serpents, and, entering their holes, allow the reptile no chance of escaping.'

*Calculations of the number of Animals and Plants.*—Linnaeus, in 1778, indicated about 8000 species of plants. M. Decandolle now describes 40,000, and within a few years they will doubtless exceed 50,000. Buffon estimated the number of different quadrupeds at about 300; but M. Desmarests enumerated above 700, and he is far from considering this list as complete. M. de Lacepede wrote twenty years ago the history of all the known species of fish; the whole did not amount to 1500. The ca-



binet of the king of France alone has now above 2500, which, says M. Cuvier, are only a small proportion of those which the seas and rivers would furnish. We no longer venture to fix numbers for the birds and reptiles; the cabinets are crowded with new species, which require to be classed. Above all, we are confounded at the continually increasing number of insects: it is by thousands that they are brought from the hot climates; the cabinet of the king contains above 25,000 species; and there are at least as many more in the cabinets of other European princes.

TALES OF A TRAVELLER, BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.—2 vols.

THE reputation which Mr. Irving (for we will call him by his real name) has already acquired, not only in the States of the American union, but also in Great Britain, where the literary efforts of his countrymen were long treated with feelings bordering on contempt, would secure the favorable reception of this new product of his active pen, even if it had less merit than it really possesses. These tales, indeed, do not fully answer the expectations of the public: they have not that novelty, or strength of interest, which so ingenious a writer might have bestowed upon them; but some of them display considerable talent, flashes of fancy occasionally illuminate the page, and the style, if not uniformly pure and correct, is neat and agreeable.

In the introduction, the author pleasantly alludes to that *mania* of writing which is now so prevalent. Yet, if we may believe Horace, it is not a new rage; for it inspired the Romans in his time. He indeed applies the remark to poetry; but the thirst of scribbling now extends equally to both species of composition.—Confined by illness to an inn at Mentz, and not being in that state of mind which could derive amusement from reading, Geoffrey Crayon exclaims, 'Well, if I cannot read a book, I will write one. Never (he adds) was there a more lucky thought: it at once gave me occupation and amusement.'

We really believe that many, when they are too listless to read, will so far rouse themselves as to be amused by writing. When they have formed this resolution, their thoughts seem instantly to be called into action, and their incapacity of enjoyment yields to the illusions

of vanity and the pleasure of composition. We ourselves have experienced this sensation.

'The writing of a book (continues our author) was considered, in old times, as an enterprise of toil and difficulty, inasmuch that the most trifling lucubration was denominated a 'work,' and the world talked with awe and reverence of 'the labors of the learned.' These matters are better understood now-a-days. Thanks to the improvements in all kinds of manufactures, the art of book-making has been made familiar to the meanest capacity. Every body is an author. The scribbling of a quarto is the mere pastime of the idle; the young gentleman throws off his brace of duodecimos in the intervals of the sporting season, and the young lady produces her set of volumes with the same facility that her great-grandmother worked a set of chair-bottoms.'

The work consists of four parts, bearing these titles:—'Strange Stories by a nervous Gentleman, Buckthorne and his Friends, the Italian Banditti, and American Money-diggers.' The first tale, the 'Adventure of my Uncle,' is a ghost-story, which excites considerable expectation, but soon ceases to be interesting. In the story of 'My Aunt,' the supposed ghost is a housebreaker, who conceals himself behind a picture, and alarms the family; but the tale is less striking than that of the 'German Student.' This personage, named Wolfgang, is a youth of a visionary and enthusiastic character, deluded by the fanciful speculations of pretended philosophers, and tormented by the idea of an evil genius or spirit, supposed to be intent on his final ruin. Being sent to Paris by his friends for mental relief, he is amused for a time; but his gloom and despondence soon return, and he secludes himself from the social circle. In his hours of solitude, however, he delights himself with ideas of female beauty, and his fancy decks out images of loveliness far surpassing the reality.

'While his mind was in this excited and sublimated state, he had a dream which produced an extraordinary effect upon him. It was of a female face of transcendent beauty. So strong was the impression it made, that he dreamed of it again and again. It haunted his thoughts by day, his slumbers by night; in fine he became passionately enamoured of this shadow of a dream. This lasted so long, that it became one of those fixed

ideas which haunt the minds of melancholy men, and are at times mistaken for madness.

‘He was returning home late one stormy night, through some of the old and gloomy streets of the *Marais*, the ancient part of Paris. The loud claps of thunder rattled among the high houses of the narrow streets. He came to the *Place de Grève*, the square where public executions are performed. The lightning quivered about the pinnacles of the ancient *Hotel de Ville*, and shed flickering gleams over the open space in front. As he was crossing the square, he shrank back with horror at finding himself close by the guillotine. It was the height of the reign of terror, when this dreadful instrument of death stood ever ready, and its scaffold was continually running with the blood of the virtuous and the brave. It had that very day been actively employed in the work of carnage, and there it stood in grim array amidst a silent and sleeping city, waiting for fresh victims.

‘Wolfgang’s heart sickened within him, and he was turning shuddering from the horrible engine, when he beheld a shadowy form cowering as it were at the foot of the steps which led up to the scaffold. A succession of vivid flashes of lightning revealed it more distinctly. It was a female figure, dressed in black. She was seated on one of the lower steps of the scaffold, leaning forward, her face hidden in her lap, and her long disheveled tresses hanging to the ground, streaming with the rain which fell in torrents. Wolfgang paused. There was something awful in this solitary monument of woe. The female had the appearance of being above the common order. He knew the times to be full of vicissitude, and that many a fair head, which had once been pillowed on down, now wandered homeless. Perhaps this was some poor mourner whom the dreadful axe had rendered desolate, and who sat here heartbroken on the strand of existence, from which all that was dear to her had been launched into eternity.

‘He approached, and addressed her in the accents of sympathy. She raised her head and gazed wildly at him. What was his astonishment at beholding, by the bright glare of the lightning, the very face which had haunted him in his dreams! It was pale and disconsolate, but ravishingly beautiful.

‘Trembling with violent and conflict-

ing emotions, Wolfgang again accosted her. He spoke something of her being exposed at such an hour of the night, and to the fury of such a storm, and offered to conduct her to her friends. She pointed to the guillotine with a gesture of dreadful signification.

‘I have no friend on earth!’ said she.

‘But you have a home?’ said Wolfgang.

‘Yes—in the grave!’

Compassionating her forlorn state, Wolfgang offers protection to her in the most friendly terms. Pleased with the kind earnestness of his manner, she submits to his guidance, and he conducts her to his habitation.

The story thus proceeds:—‘The perplexity now commenced with the student how to dispose of the helpless being thus thrown upon his protection. He thought of abandoning his chamber to her, and seeking shelter for himself elsewhere. Still he was so fascinated by her charms, there seemed to be such a spell upon his thoughts and senses, that he could not tear himself from her presence. Her manner, too, was singular and unaccountable. She spoke no more of the guillotine. Her grief had abated. The attentions of the student had first won her confidence, and then, apparently, her heart. She was evidently an enthusiast like himself, and enthusiasts soon understand each other.

‘In the infatuation of the moment Wolfgang avowed his passion for her. He told her the story of his mysterious dream, and how she had possessed his heart before he had ever seen her. She was strangely affected by his recital, and acknowledged to have felt an impulse toward him equally unaccountable. It was the time for wild theory and wild actions. Old prejudices and superstitions were done away; every thing was under the sway of the ‘Goddess of Reason.’ Among other rubbish of the old times, the forms and ceremonies of marriage began to be considered superfluous bonds for honourable minds. Social compacts were the vogue. Wolfgang was too much of a theorist not to be tainted by the liberal doctrines of the day.

‘Why should we separate?’ said he: ‘our hearts are united; in the eye of reason and honour we are as one. What need is there of sordid forms to bind high souls together?’

‘The stranger listened with emotion:

she had evidently received illumination at the same school.

'You have no home nor family,' continued he; 'let me be every thing to you, or rather let us be every thing to one another. If form is necessary, form shall be observed—there is my hand. I pledge myself to you for ever.'

'For ever?' said the stranger solemnly.

'For ever!' repeated Wolfgang.

'The stranger clasped the hand extended to her: 'Then I am yours,' murmured she, and sunk upon his bosom.

'The next morning the student left his bride sleeping, and sallied forth at an early hour to seek more spacious apartments, suitable to the change in his situation. When he returned, he found the stranger lying with her head hanging over the bed, and one arm thrown over it. He spoke to her, but received no reply. He advanced to awaken her from her uneasy posture. On taking her hand, it was cold—there was no pulsation—her face was pallid and ghastly. In a word, she was a corpse.

'Horried and frantic, he alarmed the house. A scene of confusion ensued. The police was summoned. As the officer of police, entered the room, he started back on beholding the corpse.

'Great Heaven!' cried he, 'how did this woman come here?'

'Do you know any thing about her?' said Wolfgang eagerly.

'Do I?' exclaimed the police officer: 'she was guillotined yesterday!'

'He stepped forward; undid the black collar round the neck of the corpse, and the head rolled on the floor!

'The student burst into a frenzy. 'The fiend! the fiend has gained possession of me!' shrieked he: 'I am lost for ever!'

'They tried to soothe him, but in vain. He was possessed with the frightful belief that an evil spirit had re-animated the dead body to ensnare him. He went distracted, and died in a mad-house.'

The stories of authors in the second part are occasionally humorous and satirical. The account of a literary dinner is a *good hit*; but the auto-biography of Buckthorne is not sufficiently lively or interesting, though some parts are sketched with a spirited pencil.

In the third part, among the stories of banditti, we are more particularly pleased with the 'Young Robber,'—a

tale which is highly wrought, and consequently impressive.

'I was born (says the robber) at the little town of Frosinone, which lies at the skirts of the Abruzzi. My father had made a little property in trade, and gave me some education, as he intended me for the church; but I had kept gay company too much to relish the cowl, so I grew up a loiterer about the place. I was a heedless fellow, a little quarrelsome on occasion, but good-humored in the main; so I made my way very well for a time, until I fell in love. There lived in our town a surveyor or land-bailiff of the prince's, who had a young daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen: she was looked upon as something better than the common run of our townsfolk, and was kept almost entirely at home. I saw her occasionally, and became madly in love with her—she looked so fresh and tender, and so different from the sun-burnt females to which I had been accustomed.

'As my father kept me in money, I always dressed well, and took all opportunities of showing myself off to advantage in the eyes of the little beauty. I used to see her at church; and, as I could play a little upon the guitar, I gave a tune sometimes under her window in the evening; and I tried to have interviews with her in her father's vineyard, not far from the town, where she sometimes walked. She was evidently pleased with me, but she was young and shy; and her father kept a strict eye upon her, and took alarm at my attentions, for he had a bad opinion of me, and looked for a better match for his daughter. I became furious at the difficulties thrown in my way, having been accustomed always to easy success among the women, being considered one of the smartest young fellows of the place.

'Her father brought home a suitor for her, a rich farmer, from a neighbouring town. The wedding-day was appointed, and preparations were making. I got sight of her at her window, and I thought she looked sadly at me. I determined the match should not take place, cost what it might. I met her intended bridegroom in the market-place, and could not restrain the expression of my rage. A few hot words passed between us, when I drew my stiletto and stabbed him to the heart. I fled to a neighbouring church for refuge, and with a little money I obtained absolution,

but I did not dare to venture from my asylum.

At that time our captain was forming his troop. He had known me from boyhood; and, hearing of my situation, came to me in secret, and made such offers, that I agreed to enroll myself among his followers. Indeed, I had more than once thought of taking to this mode of life, having known several brave fellows of the mountains, who used to spend their money freely amongst us youngsters of the town. I accordingly left my asylum late one night, repaired to the appointed place of meeting, took the oaths prescribed, and became one of the troop. We were for some time in a distant part of the mountains, and our wild adventurous kind of life hit my fancy wonderfully, and diverted my thoughts. At length they returned with all their violence to the recollection of Rosetta: the solitude in which I often found myself gave me time to brood over her image; and, as I have kept watch at night over our sleeping camp in the mountains, my feelings have been roused almost to a fever.

At length we shifted our ground, and determined to make a descent upon the road between Terracina and Naples. In the course of our expedition we passed a day or two in the woody mountains which rise above Frosinone. I cannot tell you how I felt when I looked down upon the place, and distinguished the residence of Rosetta. I determined to have an interview with her;—but to what purpose? I could not expect that she would quit her home, and accompany me in my hazardous life among the mountains. She had been brought up too tenderly for that; and, when I looked upon the women who were associated with some of our troop, I could not have borne the thoughts of her being their companion. All return to my former life was likewise hopeless, for a price was set upon my head. Still I determined to see her: the very hazard and fruitlessness of the thing made me furious to accomplish it.

It is about three weeks since I persuaded our captain to draw down to the vicinity of Frosinone, in hopes of entrapping some of its principal inhabitants, and compelling them to a ransom. We were lying in ambush towards evening, not far from the vineyard of Rosetta's father. I stole quietly from my companions, and drew near to recon-

noitre the place of her frequent walks. How my heart beat when, among the vines I beheld the gleaming of a white dress! I knew it must be Rosetta's, it being rare for any female of the place to dress in white. I advanced secretly, and without noise, until, putting aside the vines, I stood suddenly before her. She uttered a piercing shriek; but I seized her in my arms, put my hand upon her mouth, and conjured her to be silent. I poured out all the frenzy of my passion; offered to renounce my mode of life, to put my fate in her hands, to fly with her where we might live in safety together. All that I could say or do would not pacify her. Instead of love, horror and affright seemed to have taken possession of her breast. She struggled partly from my grasp, and filled the air with her cries.

In an instant the captain and the rest of my companions were around us. I would have given any thing at that moment had she been safe out of our hands, and in her father's house. It was too late. The captain pronounced her a prize, and ordered that she should be borne to the mountains. I represented to him that she was my prize; that I had a previous claim to her; and I mentioned my former attachment. He sneered bitterly in reply; observed that brigands had no business with village intrigues, and that, according to the laws of the troop, all spoils of the kind were determined by lot. Love and jealousy were raging in my heart, but I had to choose between obedience and death. I surrendered her to the captain, and we made for the mountains.

She was overcome by affright, and her steps were so feeble and faltering that it was necessary to support her. I could not endure the idea that my comrades should touch her, and, assuming a forced tranquillity, begged that she might be confided to me, as one to whom she was more accustomed. The captain regarded me, for a moment, with a searching look; but I bore it without flinching, and he consented. I took her in my arms; she was almost senseless. Her head rested on my shoulder; I felt her breath on my face, and it seemed to fan the flame which devoured me. Oh God! to have this glowing treasure in my arms, and yet to think it was not mine!

We arrived at the foot of the mountain. I ascended it with difficulty, par-

ticularly where the woods were thick ; but I would not relinquish my delicious burthen. I reflected with rage, however, that I must soon do so. The thoughts that so delicate a creature must be abandoned to my rude companions maddened me. I felt tempted, the stiletto in my hand, to cut my way through them all, and bear her off in triumph. I scarcely conceived the idea before I saw its rashness ; but my brain was fevered with the thought that any but myself should enjoy her charms. I endeavoured to outstrip my companions by the quickness of my movements, and to get a little distance ahead, in case any opportunity of escape should present. Vain effort ! the voice of the captain suddenly ordered a halt. I trembled, but had to obey. The poor girl partly opened a languid eye, but was without strength or motion. I laid her upon the grass. The captain darted on me a terrible look of suspicion, and ordered me to scour the woods with my companions in search of some shepherd, who might be sent to her father's to demand a ransom.

'I saw at once the peril. To resist with violence was certain death ; but to leave her alone, in the power of the captain ! I spoke out then with a fervor, inspired by my passion and my despair. I reminded the captain that I was the first to seize her ; that she was my prize, and that my previous attachment for her ought to make her sacred among my companions. I insisted, therefore, that he should pledge me his word to respect her ; otherwise I should refuse obedience to his orders. His only reply was to cock his carbine, and at the signal my comrades did the same. They laughed with cruelty at my impotent rage. What could I do ? I felt the madness of resistance. I was menaced on all hands, and my companions obliged me to follow them. She remained alone with the chief—yes, alone—and almost lifeless !

'I was not long in finding a shepherd. I ran with the rapidity of a deer, eager, if possible, to get back before what I dreaded might take place. I had left my companions far behind, and I rejoined them before they had reached one half of the distance I had made. I hurried them back to the place where we had left the captain. As we approached I beheld him seated by the side of Rosetta. His triumphant look, and the desolate condition of the unfortunate girl,

left me no doubt of her fate. I know not how I restrained my fury.

'It was with extreme difficulty and by guiding her hand that she was made to trace a few characters, requesting her father to send three hundred dollars as her ransom. The letter was despatched by the shepherd. When he was gone, the chief turned sternly to me : 'You have set an example,' said he, 'of mutiny and self-will, which, if indulged, would be ruinous to the troop. Had I treated you as our laws require, this bullet would have been driven through your brain. But you are an old friend ; I have borne patiently with your fury and your folly. I have even protected you from a foolish passion that would have unmanned you. As to this girl, the laws of our association must have their course.' So saying, he gave his commands : lots were drawn, and the helpless girl was abandoned to the troop.

'Hell was raging in my heart. I beheld the impossibility of avenging myself ; and I felt that, according to the articles in which we stood bound to one another, the captain was in the right. I rushed with frenzy from the place ; I threw myself upon the earth ; tore up the grass with my hands, and beat my head and gnashed my teeth in agony and rage. When at length I returned, I beheld the wretched victim, pale, disheveled, her dress torn and disordered. An emotion of pity, for a moment, subdued my fiercer feelings. I bore her to the foot of a tree, and leaned her gently against it. I took my gourd, which was filled with wine, and, applying it to her lips, endeavoured to make her swallow a little. To what a condition was she reduced, whom I had once seen the pride of Frosinone ; whom, but a short time before, I had beheld sporting in her father's vineyard, so fresh, and beautiful, and happy ! Her teeth were clenched, her eyes fixed on the ground ; her form without motion, and in a state of absolute insensibility. I hung over her in an agony of recollection at all that she had been, and of anguish at what I now beheld her. I darted round a look of horror at my companions, who seemed like so many fiends exulting in the downfall of an angel ; and I felt a horror at myself for being their accomplice.

'The captain, always suspicious, saw, with his usual penetration, what was passing within me, and ordered me to go upon the ridge of the woods, to keep

a look out over the neighbourhood, and await the return of the shepherd. I obeyed of course, stifling the fury that raged within me, though I felt, for the moment, that he was my most deadly foe.

‘On my way, however, a ray of reflection came across my mind. I perceived that the captain was but following, with strictness, the terrible laws to which we had sworn fidelity; that the passion by which I had been blinded might, with justice, have been fatal to me, but for his forbearance; that he had penetrated my soul, and had taken precautions, by sending me out of the way, to prevent my committing any excess in my anger. From that instant I felt that I was capable of pardoning him.

‘Occupied with these thoughts, I arrived at the foot of the mountain. The country was solitary and secure, and in a short time I beheld the shepherd at a distance crossing the plain. I hastened to meet him. He had obtained nothing. He had found the father plunged in the deepest distress. He had read the letter with violent emotion, and then, calming himself with a sudden exertion, he had replied coldly, ‘My daughter has been dishonoured by these wretches: let her be returned without ransom, or let her die!’ I shuddered at this reply. I knew, according to the laws of our troop, her death was inevitable. Our oaths required it. I felt, nevertheless, that not having been able to have her to myself, I could become her executioner!

‘After the report of the shepherd, I returned with him, and the chieftain received from his lips the refusal of the father. At a signal, which we all understood, we followed him to some distance from the victim. He there pronounced her sentence of death. Every one stood ready to execute his order, but I interfered. I observed that there was something due to pity as well as to justice; that I was as ready as any one to approve the implacable law, which was to serve as a warning to all those who hesitated to pay the ransoms demanded for our prisoners; but that, though the sacrifice was proper, it ought to be made without cruelty. The night is approaching, continued I; she will soon be wrapped in sleep; let her then be despatched. All I now claim on the score of former fondness for her is, let me strike the blow. I will do it as surely, but more tenderly than another. Several raised their voices against my

proposition, but the captain imposed silence on them. He told me I might conduct her into a thicket at some distance, and he relied upon my promise.

‘I hastened to seize upon my prey. There was a forlorn kind of triumph at having at length become her exclusive possessor. I bore her off into the thickness of the forest. She remained in the same state of insensibility or stupor. I was thankful that she did not recollect me, for, had she once murmured my name, I should have been overcome. She slept at length in the arms of him who was to poniard her. Many were the conflicts I underwent before I could bring myself to strike the blow. But my heart had become sore by the recent conflicts it had undergone, and I dreaded lest, by procrastination, some other should become her executioner. When her repose had continued for some time, I separated myself gently from her, that I might not disturb her sleep, and seizing suddenly my poniard, plunged it into her bosom. A painful and concentrated murmur, but without any convulsive movement, accompanied her last sigh.—So perished this unfortunate!’

A humorous characteristic sketch from one of the *money-digging* tales in the fourth part, will serve as a relief to those feelings which are impressed with the horrors of the brigand’s story. Wolfert Webber, a Dutch burgher of New-York, is thus introduced:

‘He was descended from old Cobus Webber of the Brillé in Holland, one of the original settlers, famous for introducing the cultivation of cabbages. The field in which Cobus first planted himself and his cabbages had remained ever since in the family, who continued in the same line of husbandry, with that praiseworthy perseverance for which our Dutch burghers are noted. The whole family-genius, during several generations, was devoted to the study and development of this one noble vegetable, and to this concentration of intellect may, doubtless, be ascribed the prodigious size and renown to which the Webber cabbages attained.

‘The Webber dynasty continued in uninterrupted succession; and never did a line give more unquestionable proofs of legitimacy. The eldest son succeeded to the looks as well as the territory of his sire; and had the portraits of this line of tranquil potentates been taken, they would have presented a row of heads

marvellously resembling in shape and magnitude the vegetables over which they reigned.

The seat of government continued unchanged in the family mansion, a Dutch-built house; with a front, or rather gable-end of yellow brick, tapering to a point, with the customary iron weathercock at the top. Every thing about the building bore the air of long settled ease and security. Flights of martins peopled the little coops nailed against its walls, and swallows built their nests under the eaves; and every one knows that these house-loving birds bring good luck to the dwelling where they take up their abode. In a bright sunny morning in early summer, it was delectable to hear their cheerful notes, as they sported about in the pure sweet air, chirping forth, as it were, the greatness and prosperity of the Webbers.

Thus quietly and comfortably did this excellent family vegetate under the shade of a mighty button-wood tree, which by little and little grew so great as entirely to overshadow their palace. The city gradually spread its suburbs round their domain. Houses sprang up to interrupt their prospects; the rural lanes in the vicinity began to grow into the bustle and populousness of streets; in short, with all the habits of rustic life, they began to find themselves the inhabitants of a city. Still, however, they maintained their hereditary character and possessions with all the tenacity of petty German princes in the midst of the empire. Wolfert was the last of the line, and succeeded to the patriarchal bench at the door, under the family-tree, and swayed the sceptre of his fathers, a kind of rural potentate in the midst of the metropolis.

To share the cares and sweets of sovereignty, he had taken unto himself a helpmate, one of that excellent kind called stirring women; that is to say, she was one of those notable little housewives who are always busy when there is nothing to do. Her activity, however, took one particular direction: her whole life seemed devoted to intense knitting; whether at home or abroad, walking or sitting, her needles were continually in motion; and it is even affirmed, that, by her unwearied industry, she very nearly supplied her household with stockings throughout the year. This worthy couple were blessed with one daughter, who was brought up with great tenderness and

care; uncommon pains had been taken with her education, so that she could stitch in every variety of way, make all kinds of pickles and preserves, and mark her own name on a sampler. The influence of her taste was seen, also, in the family-garden, where the ornamental began to mingle with the useful; whole rows of fiery marigolds and splendid hollyhocks bordered the cabbage-beds, and gigantic sun-flowers lolled their broad jolly faces over the fences, seeming to ogle most affectionately the passers-by.

Thus reigned and vegetated Wolfert Webber over his paternal acres, peacefully and contentedly: not but that, like all other sovereigns, he had his occasional cares and vexations. The growth of his native city sometimes caused him annoyance. His little territory gradually became hemmed in by streets and houses, which intercepted air and sunshine. He was now and then subjected to the irruptions of the border population that infest the skirts of a metropolis, who would sometimes make midnight forays into his dominions, and carry off captive whole platoons of his noblest subjects. Vagrant swine would make a descent, too, now and then, when the gate was left open, and lay all waste before them; and mischievous urchins would often decapitate the illustrious sun-flowers, the glory of the garden, as they lolled their heads so fondly over the walls. Still all these were petty grievances, which might now and then ruffle the surface of his mind, as a summer breeze will ruffle the surface of a mill-pond, but they could not disturb the deep-seated quiet of his soul. He would but seize a trusty staff that stood behind the door, issue suddenly out, and anoint the back of the aggressor, whether pig or urchin, and then return within doors marvellously refreshed and tranquillized.

Having adopted the prevailing belief that the buccaners had deposited considerable parts of their plunder in various spots near New-York, Webber is haunted by dreams upon this attractive subject, and puts himself to great expense in employing emissaries to search and dig for the treasure. His endeavours for this purpose are pleasantly described, and lively sketches of New-York manners are interspersed.

Upon the whole, we think ourselves bound to recommend these volumes to the favorable notice of the public. If

their varied contents do not comprehend the highest degree of excellence, they are generally amusing, sometimes instructive, and never contemptible.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PLEASURE DERIVABLE FROM THE PERUSAL OF LETTERS, NO. III.

THOUGH the character of James I. has been much canvassed by historians, it is only by the late publication of a few of his private letters that we are taught to admire the excellence of the temper and disposition which he manifested in domestic life. From these documents we learn, that he was a most tender and affectionate husband, anxiously devoted to the happiness of the queen, not only indulging her in all her expensive and fantastic amusements, but also submitting to her encroachments on his own comfort without a murmur or reproach. At a sylvan excursion at Theobald's, near Enfield Chase, Anne of Denmark killed by accident his favourite dog, and he wrote a letter on the occasion which well deserves to be chronicled for its mildness and the gentlemanly manner in which he strives to remove from her breast all sorrow for the unlucky event. Though this may appear a very trifling exercise of patience, it must not be robbed of its due merit, since we know that many persons who possess sufficient magnanimity to forgive a great wrong are often betrayed into violence and indignation by slight evils and unimportant offences; and as in various publications there are letters extant from the king, addressed to his favorite Steenie, duke of Buckingham, and to Babie Charles (as he styles his unfortunate son), which do not display either his epistolary talents or his feelings in a very pleasing point of view, we consider it to be a duty to make honorable mention of the correspondence which the indefatigable researches of Mr. d'Israeli have brought to light, in order that the dead monarch may have some chance of obtaining justice from posterity. Few reigns have been more fertile in curious incidents than that of James I. The spirit of chivalry had very nearly become extinct at the death of his predecessor; but the progress of civilization and refinement was not sufficiently advanced to control the human mind. Though

noblemen no longer acted in defiance of the law, they were not ashamed of endeavouring to evade it; and, in the wreck of feudal power, there still remained temptations to oppression and injustice, the dominion of the strong over the weak, which occasioned actions not to be tolerated in our days, and happily unknown in all decent society. No longer devoted to the pursuit of arms or attached to warlike exercises, the whole court, imitating the laxity of etiquette exhibited in the royal palace, followed the bent of their own inclinations, and indulged in all their fancies, frolics, and passions, without the slightest regard to the dictates of politeness and decorum. The disorderly proceedings on the celebration of the nuptials of Mr. Philip Herbert, son to the earl of Pembroke, with the lady Susan Vere, are known to the generality of readers. Of the bridegroom's family it was said,

• The Herberts, every cockpit day,  
Doe carry away  
The gold and glory of the day.

The bride was so beautiful, that James declared, 'if he had been single, he would have kept her to himself;' but, notwithstanding the awful presence of majesty, such was the confusion of the scene, that ladies had their clothes torn, and lost their jewels. The wicked effrontery displayed by the countess of Essex in the prosecution of her criminal passion for the minion, Robert Carr, and the melancholy catastrophe to which it led in the case of sir Thomas Overbury, sufficiently exemplify the brutal licentiousness of the age. We turn from the record with horror to contemplate the character of the more princely Buckingham, the successor of the earl of Somerset in the heart and councils of James. There is a bold magnificence in the conduct and bearing of this favorite and fool of fortune, which casts a dazzling radiance over his faults, and almost reconciles us to many actions exceedingly inconsistent with our ideas of what is excellent and admirable. His ambition being gratified to the utmost, he was at no pains to practise those popular arts which can alone diminish the envy of the great, at the exaltation of a contemporary of inferior rank. With the exception of the daring insolence of his addresses to Anne of Austria, queen of France, perhaps there is not any stronger example of the duke's arrogant presump-



tion in the plenitude of his power than the letter which he addressed to the great lord Bacon on his appointment to the chancellorship. He says, 'that he knew him to be a man of excellent parts, and, as the times were, fit to serve the king in the lord-keeper Egerton's place; but he also knew him to be of a base ungrateful disposition, and an errant knave; apt in his prosperity to ruin any who had raised him from adversity: yet for all this, he (the duke) did so much study the interest of his sovereign, that he had obtained the great seal for him, but with this assurance,—should he ever requite him as he had done some others, he would cast him down as much below scorn as he had raised him high above any honour he could ever have expected.' Bacon's reply is so abject that we shrink from transcribing it. He says, 'I am glad my lord deals so friendly and freely with me,' and continues in a strain of meanness and humiliation, which inevitably destroys all respect for the 'Columbus of the philosophical world.'

Of the luxury and extravagance of the reign of James, independent of the excessive splendor affected on all occasions by the duke of Buckingham, the often-quoted letter of the daughter of sir John Spencer, lord-mayor of London, to her husband lord Compton, affords ample proof. The conduct of this lady seems to claim the attention of those who are curious to learn the utmost extent of female vanity, and the headstrong exertion of woman's will. Determined upon being united to the man of her choice, in defiance of the commands of her parents, she escaped from her father's house at Islington, in a baker's basket. The rich knight was so highly incensed at the elopement of his heiress with a poor nobleman, that he totally discarded her; and it is said that it was only by the interference of queen Elizabeth that he became reconciled to the match, and even that imperious personage was obliged to resort to a stratagem to effect this important point. 'When the young lady was near her *accouchement*, the queen requested of sir John Spencer, that he would with her stand sponsor to the first offspring of a young couple, happy in their love, but discarded by their father. The knight readily complied, and her majesty dictated *his own surname* for the christian name of the child. The cere-

mony being performed, sir John assured the queen, that, having disinherited his own daughter, he would adopt this boy as his son. An explanation now taking place, the knight, to his great surprise, discovered that he had adopted his own grandson, who ultimately succeeded his father in his honors, and his grandfather in his wealth.' Lady Compton's demands upon her husband's property were high and exorbitant. She desired him, as he loved God, to lend no more money to the lord-chamberlain, but to lavish the whole of his income upon her. She begged that she might have two *dames d'honneur* besides gentlemen for her especial attendance, men servants and maid servants, horses, carriages, jewels, houses, furniture, money in abundance, and costly attire. 'Her sweet heart was set upon proud array;' and such a list of superfluities under the name of necessities were never put together either before or since.

Subsequently we find this lady in high favor with Anne of Denmark, and engaged in violent controversies with the most notable virago of the day, the wealthy relict of sir Christopher Hatton, re-married to sir Edward Coke, then attorney-general. Coke, not the meekest or mildest of men, as appears from the epithets which he bestowed upon the gallant sir Walter Raleigh, whom at his trial he styled 'Traitor, viper, and spider of hell,' could not compete with the more rancorous effusions of his help-mate's tongue. Lady Hatton absolutely set him at defiance, and rendered him mute in presence of the king. One evening on his return to his house in Holborn, from perhaps a fatiguing attendance on the duties of his office, he found that all the furniture had been removed by his wife's command, and that the servants were put upon board-wages, so that he had neither supper nor bed in his own home; and the feuds between him and his irascible consort became so vehement, that they were carried on at the council-board, where the king sat as judge. The lady pleaded her own cause, and declaimed with so many haughty airs, that some said, 'Burbage could not have acted better.' Sir Edward, aware that he was in disgrace at court, and conscious of having neglected his daughter, had very little to say; and this oracle of the law stood before the council in the character of Jerry Sneak, hen-pecked and crest-fallen, yet not vanquished; for

he hit upon an expedient to re-instate himself in the king's good graces, by marrying his daughter to sir John Villiers, brother to the favorite Buckingham. In this politic measure he was finally assisted by lord Bacon, who, though at first unwilling to allow his rival to retrieve his influence at court by such an alliance, when he found that his royal master had blamed him for his opposition, suddenly changed sides, and did his utmost to promote the match. Upon this occasion another war broke out between sir Edward and his wife; and poor lady Hatton, being in disgrace with the queen and with lady Compton, and deserted by lord Bacon, was obliged to fight single-handed against a phalanx of enemies. Still she maintained the contest with an unflinching spirit, but was exceedingly unfortunate in the choice of the method which she adopted to counteract her husband's designs. Both she and her daughter detested the idea of a marriage with sir John Villiers: they therefore attempted to set up a precontract with the earl of Oxford, but here they had to cope with the most learned, crudit, and vituperative of counsellors, and with his own weapons too—a fearful hazard, worthy to be admired for its boldness, yet too rash to promise success. Sir Edward, armed with power, carried matters with a high hand: he blocked up every avenue to his heart with his old song, 'Law! Law! Law!' imprisoned his wife, and carried off his daughter by main force from a place of refuge which she had chosen. Knowing that he would be justified by the king, who, anxious to see his favorite enriched, would not scruple to sanction the abuse of paternal authority, he overstepped the boundaries which he had laid down so ably for the guidance of others, and took the law into his own hands—a proceeding which lady Hatton did not fail to depict in the most odious colors in her expiring effort for victory, in which she strove to embroil her husband with the government. In her statement of the case drawn up by a legal friend, and entitled 'Sir Edward Coke's most notorious riot committed at my lord of Argyle's house without constable or warrant, she pertinently observes, 'If it be lawful for him with a dozen to enter any man's house thus outrageously for any right to which he pretends, it is lawful for any man with one hundred or with five hundred, and consequently with as many

as he can draw together, to do the same, which may endanger the safety of the king's person and the peace of the kingdom.' But even this master-stroke, in which lady Hatton had plainly the right, could not avail against the combined force opposed to her. She was glad to be reconciled to the queen and lady Compton; her daughter was obliged to marry sir John Villiers, and she again took up her abode under the same roof with her husband. On this re-union she gave a splendid entertainment to her majesty and the court at the house in Holborn; but, though all public controversy was now at an end, it was sufficiently obvious that she avenged herself in private, since sir Edward Coke did not presume to make his appearance at this festival: 'the good man of the house,' say the scandalous chronicles, 'was obliged to seek a dinner in the Temple.' The union of sir John Villiers with a young lady so highly averse to her father's choice, and brought up under the example of such obstinate disobedience to the oath extorted from the weaker sex at the altar, turned out just as might have been expected. Inheriting her mother's temper, she gave way to more criminal inclinations, and, after having driven her husband nearly to distraction, disgraced him, herself, and her family, and was condemned to perform public penance. Thus ended a drama which, for the rank, station, and conduct of the celebrated individuals that composed it, will perhaps ever remain unequalled in the private history of a polite court. The promulgation of this very strange affair, which so vividly illustrates the manners of the time, must excite much curiosity respecting the correspondence of the reign of James, certainly a most interesting period, as it regards the change which gradually took place in the habits and amusements of persons of rank, and the introduction of new modes and customs. Undoubtedly there are many collections of original letters both in private and public libraries; but there are few readers who can procure access to these stores; and a woman, in particular, has a very small chance of becoming acquainted with those minute particulars respecting kings and statesmen, which the gravity of the historian, wholly engaged upon public measures and events, rejects or disregards. Thus restricted in this humble essay, where the authorities are supplied by memory, the writer is almost compelled,

like poor lady Teazle, to relinquish her employment for want of materials\*. Passing over therefore a considerable number of years, we come at once to the pathetic letter addressed by lady Mountnorris to the earl of Strafford, when her husband had been condemned to death by martial law. 'My lord, I beseech your lordship, for the tender mercy of God, take off your heavy hand from my dear lord; and, for her sake who is with God, be pleased not to make me and my poor infants miserable, as we must of necessity be, by the hurt you do him. I am a distressed poor woman, and know not what to say, more than to beg upon my knees, with my homely prayers and tears, that it will please the Almighty to incline your lordship's heart to mildness towards him; for, if your lordship continue him in restraint, and heap disgraces upon him, I have too much cause to fear your lordship will bring a speedy end to his life, and make me and all mine ever miserable. Good my lord, pardon these woful lines of a disconsolate creature, and be pleased for Christ Jesus' sake to take this my humble suit into your favorable consideration, and to have mercy upon me and mine; and God will, I hope, reward it into the bosom of you and your sweet children by my kinswoman; and for the memory of her I beseech your lordship to compassionate the distressed condition of me, your lordship's most humble and disconsolate servant, Jane Mountnorris.' Strafford's hard-hearted impenetrability to this powerful appeal diminishes the pity which we should otherwise feel for his fate. Condemned as he was to tread a scaffold, to which he had doomed the husband of the lady who thus feelingly addressed him, the hand of divine justice seems to sanction the act which made his own offspring fatherless.

'History,' says an elegant author of our own time, 'cannot furnish another instance of so many adverse circumstances concurring to effect the ruin of one man as those which in that hour surrounded Strafford. He was pursued by the bitter hatred of the whole nation of Scotland, whose rebellion his vigilance would have thwarted and his bravery chastised;—of the Irish nobi-

lity, whose power he had curbed to serve the interests of the community; and (most of all) of the party at home, whom he had justly abandoned;—misrepresented to the people of England; who had been industriously taught to consider him as the author of their imaginary afflictions;—disliked by the queen, whose influence he had always wisely opposed; and scarcely considered by his ministerial colleagues, whose envy and jealousy of his favor, since that favor had now become a source of danger, had subsided into indifference: but the grandeur of his spirit, as well as the fervor of his loyalty, was unalterable.' He declared, when brought to the fatal block, that, whether he should live or die, the prosperity of his country was his fondest wish: but he expressed his fears that it was a bad omen for the intended reformation in the state to commence with the shedding of innocent blood\*.

The character and fate of this celebrated minister excite sensations of painful interest. He was not born for the times in which he lived. A century sooner or later would have rendered the colors of his fortune as bright as the emanations of his genius: in the former period, he would have raised himself and his master to the height of successful power and glory; in the latter he would have secured universal esteem. The dark shades of his mind would have been softened and subdued; his virtues would have flourished in a congenial soil; and those cruel traits which are the accusing spirits that interpose to check our pity for his fall, would have disappeared or assumed a milder aspect in times less violent and barbarous.

#### A MEMOIR OF LOUIS XVIII.

SOME princes are so insignificant as to claim little notice; but the extraordinary circumstances in which the late king of France was placed, the character which he maintained in hazardous and eventful times, and the great power

\* It is very common for delinquents to assert their innocence; but we apprehend that the guilt of the earl of Strafford was unquestionable. Without adverting to his base apostasy, and his shameful encouragement of the king's arbitrary conduct in Great-Britain, he deserved exemplary punishment for the tyranny which he exercised in Ireland.—Ed.

\* Lady Teazle complains that, before her marriage, she was obliged to employ herself in drawing patterns for ruffles, which she could not obtain muslin to work.

which he exercised, demand our attention.

Louis Stanislaus Xavier, count de Provence, was born at Versailles in the year 1755. In his early years, he seemed to be of a timid and reserved disposition; but spirit and frankness gradually became more prevalent, and it was evident that he was not destitute of good sense, or particularly slow in the acquisition of knowledge. He made a respectable progress in literature, and was even considered as one who had some pretensions to that scarce commodity called *wit*.

At the commencement of the revolution, he seemed so far inclined to side with the popular party, as to give offence to his brother Louis XVI.: but he did not take a decided part. When the factious leaders augmented their power, and persisted in their encroachments upon royalty, he began to participate in that alarm which the king felt, and resolved to attempt an escape from the agitated realm, not in company with his brother, but at the same time; and, while the king was led back from Varennes to prison and a scaffold, the count escaped to the Rhine. After the death of the unfortunate monarch, being unable to rally around him a sufficient number of Frenchmen to support the royal cause, he remained quiet in Germany. He afterwards lived at Turin with his father-in-law, the king of Sardinia, and then at Verona, under the name of the count de Lille. On the death of his nephew, he assumed the title of Louis XVIII.

In 1796, Louis, who had resided some time at Venice, was, in compliance with a requisition from the government of France, commanded to leave that state. He then, accompanied by only two officers, repaired to the head-quarters of the prince of Condé. In 1798, he was acknowledged by the emperor Paul as king of France and Navarre, and was invited to reside in the ducal castle at Mittau, until he should be restored to the throne of his ancestors. He therefore left the army, with which he had shared all privations and dangers. At Mittau he was treated with all the honors due to a sovereign. He had a guard of Russians, beside a body-guard of French noblemen created for him, and paid by the emperor. The Russian commandant of the castle was entirely under his orders; and his levees were crowded by the nobility of Courland, Livonia, and Russia. As the pecuniary bounties of

Paul were more than sufficient for a prince who was economical from principle and custom as well as from delicacy, a number of ruined exiles flocked to Russia to share them. The duration of this *prosperous adversity*, however, was not long. The emperor, influenced by the power of France, suddenly changed his conduct, and ordered his royal guest to quit the Russian territory within a week.

The duchess of Angoulême, the virtuous daughter of Louis XVI., had never ceased to reside with her uncle since she had recovered her liberty, and married her first cousin. When the emperor's will was announced, she inquired of her uncle what he intended to do. He told her that it was his determination 'to quit within twenty-four hours a country where insult and humiliation had taken the place of hospitality; and that, as he had not the means to travel as he had formerly done, and the little that he possessed was necessary for the support of those who accompanied him, he would leave Mittau on foot, and show the unfortunate French exiles an example how to support misfortunes.' At the time of her marriage, the duchess had received from her first cousin, the emperor of Germany, a box of jewels; and, without informing any person of her intention, she sent for some Jews, and obtained upon these jewels a sum of money sufficient, not only for her uncle's traveling expenses, but to provide for the immediate wants of her countrymen at Mittau. When he discovered this generous act, the tears of all the relieved Frenchmen told their prince, that, by pressing his niece to his bosom, he ought to reward, instead of resenting, the first act of her life which she had ever concealed from him. This young princess had, in the dungeons of the Temple, early learned to know the little value of jewels or rank, as well as the real duty of humanity.

After some wanderings in the wilds of inhospitable Prussia, the policy of Bonaparte, in keeping Louis at a distance from France, left him at last permission to inhabit the castle of the dethroned king of Poland, at Warsaw, where, in more fortunate times, one of his ancestors, Henry III., had ruled as a king. The tranquillity of his retreat was disturbed by another humiliation. The Prussian minister, Meyer, requested him to renounce the throne of France in favor

of Napoleon; but he refused with a noble dignity, which must have appalled the man who thus dared to insult him. The detection of a plot, which had for its object the assassination of the king, determined him to quit Warsaw.

The last and only safe asylum of the Bourbon family was in England, where the princes and the duchess were received with the kindest hospitality; and, when all the pensions from the crowned heads of Europe (at one time amounting to 120,000*l.* a year) had ceased, they still received sufficient to enable them to live in splendor. The palace at Holyrood was assigned to them; but Louis principally resided at Hartwell, a seat belonging to the marquis of Buckingham. There he remained until the fall of Bonaparte enabled him to ascend the throne of his ancestors.

Being recalled in 1814 by the French legislature, he hastened to comply with the agreeable invitation. He made his entry into Westminster with the prince regent in a kind of triumphal procession, and, after a few days of preparation, returned to France, where he was received with loud acclamations. He granted a charter to his people, and his general government was mild and humane, although he deemed it expedient to punish the treason of Ney and Labedoyere, and to banish the most obnoxious of the regicides. The commotions which occasionally arose from the seditious spirit of Napoleon's partisans were easily suppressed, and peace was preserved during his reign, with the exception of the short Spanish war, into which he was led by the influence of Russia. The nation continued to flourish; commerce revived, and the elegant as well as the useful arts were cultivated with zeal and success. In the mean time, the king declined in health and in strength, but was seldom so ill as to be disabled from the exercise of his political functions. His constitution being at length worn out, more by disease than by age (for he had not completed his sixty-ninth year), he died on the 16th of this month, retaining his intellects nearly to the last moment.

A respectable journalist thus speaks of his character and conduct:—'No European prince of the last two centuries [of the last century] underwent more vicissitudes than Louis XVIII., or endured them with more exemplary equanimity. It is not too much to say on his behalf, that there was no exhibi-

tion of meanness in his adversity, or of insolence in his prosperous fortune. How much of this seeming superiority to fate may have sprung from a real grandeur of conception, calculating profoundly, and despising thoroughly, the petty fluctuations to which human life is exposed—or how much from mere constitutional heedlessness, not troubling itself about any but immediate and trivial objects—it might, perhaps, be no very difficult office to determine. He was unquestionably more an Epicurean than a Stoic. His indolent love of pleasure served him as a substitute for the nobler contempt of suffering; and those who speak of him as magnanimous under misfortune may be reminded that a man of sluggish sensibility buys the fame of being magnanimous at a small expense. He was sometimes called *Louis le Faur*. Of his royal predecessors few escaped without a satirical agnomen, indicative more, perhaps, of the national sentiment which applied it, than of the personal qualities which it imputed. This epithet, however, seems to have been obtained by his late Most Christian Majesty from two classes of his subjects; one of which charged him with the non-performance of pledges given to them while they were companions of his exile; the other, with a gradual violation of those which were embodied in the charter, and which accompanied his restoration to the throne. Between these parties, opposite as they were and irreconcilable, he had to shape a course of policy which it was not easy to execute, but which, we imagine, was easier to him in proportion to his habits of indolence, to the coldness of the better affections in him, and, at the same time, to an absence of the acrimonious and vindictive passions. A prince of a more fiery character would either have quarreled with his friends when they reproached him with the breach of his promise, or have given way to the royal appetite for omnipotence, by wholly refusing a charter to his subjects, or by seizing the first provocation afforded him, through treason or intemperance, to overturn it. Louis did neither: his taste was pleasure, not power. He maintained a good-humored intercourse with the adherents whose most sanguine hopes he had disappointed. He rather permitted, than authorised or suggested, those attacks by which the charter has been all but destroyed. He dismissed those ministers who had the strongest claims





*O. Wey's Trade.*

upon his gratitude without hesitation or apparent sorrow; and others, whom he had grounds for disliking or suspecting, he treated with a show of confidence and esteem. Upon the whole, he may rank in history as a prince who steered with more than ordinary temper through circumstances complicated and new; and, as compared with the average of Bourbon princes, he is entitled to a place in which few of the family can approach him.'

#### A MEMOIR OF MISS FOOTE;

##### WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT.

So delicate were the feelings of our ancestors with regard to the public display of female talents, that no women were permitted to appear on the stage before the reign of the second Charles. This kind of exposure was deemed inconsistent with that retired and inobtrusive character which ought to belong to the fair sex. Even the Romans, though in some cases they seemed to be destitute of refined feelings, entertained similar sentiments; and, if a young lady sang with taste or skill, or danced with extraordinary grace, it was sneeringly remarked, that she sang and danced too well for a modest woman. But, in the present times, we are not so fastidious or scrupulous, and yet we cherish a high regard for female virtue, and wish for its complete preservation and security. Ladies, even on the stage, may maintain an unsullied character; and, when they shine in this profession, we may fairly encourage them by taking notice of their merit.

Miss Foote is a native of Devonshire, having been born at Plymouth in the year 1798. The quickness of her apprehension was witnessed with pleasure by her friends, and her education was not neglected by her parents. Her father was the proprietor of the Plymouth theatre, and superintended for many years the exertions of a respectable company. Under these circumstances it was natural to expect that he would devote his daughter to that profession which he followed, unless she had a strong and decided repugnance to it. As no such aversion seemed to prevail in her youthful mind, he gave her some judicious instructions for her *debut*; and she presented herself before the public in the character of Juliet, in July 1810, when the years of her life only amounted to

twelve. According to law, indeed, she had then arrived at the age of discretion; yet it was a tender age for such a bold undertaking. Her timidity could not entirely be shaken off; but it did not prevent her from displaying considerable talent. Being warmly applauded by the audience, she was encouraged to prosecute the career which she had commenced; and she courted with success the smiles of the comic and the favor of the tragic muse. In the ensuing year, during a very inclement winter, when some amateurs of the drama resolved to act a series of plays for a charitable purpose, she and her mother readily consented to perform gratuitously; and the receipts, amounting to some hundreds of pounds, were distributed among the poor.

Her rising fame having reached the metropolis, she made her first appearance at Covent-Garden theatre on the 26th of May, 1813; and she personated Amantis, in the Child of Nature, with such grace and effect, that the manager complimented her with an immediate engagement. Her talents were gradually improved by practice, and she attempted higher parts with success.

This lady not only excels in tragedy and genteel comedy, but figures also in the melo-dramatic department, in which her beautiful countenance, elegant form, and gracefulness of motion, strikingly aid the exercise of her talents. Her versatility enables her to vary her characters, and she appears to advantage in every part which she undertakes.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL AND CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

*Mrs. Thicknesse.*—So great was the merit of this lady, that a complimentary notice is due to her memory. She was the daughter of Mr. Ford, clerk of the arraigns, and received a good education under his eye, not only in literature, but in the usual accomplishments of the fair sex. She excelled in music and drawing, and her dancing was particularly admired by the earl of Chesterfield. Having resided for a considerable time with lady Betty Thicknesse, she conciliated the regard and esteem of her friend's husband, the well known lieutenant-governor of Landguarl-fort, whose son, lord Audley, was consigned to her



care by his dying mother. She at length became the second wife of Mr. Thicknoses, and lived with him in uninterrupted concord for thirty years. He died in France in 1792; and his widow, continuing to reside in that country, exposed herself to the malignant suspicions of Robespierre, and was condemned to death, but was saved by that justifiable insurrection which drove the monster from the world. After her return to England, she lived in ease and comfort to her 87th year, retaining her faculties almost unimpaired. She wrote the 'School of Fashion,' a lively satire on molish manners; also some religious and moral tracts, and memoirs of eminent French-women. Her manners were graceful and polished; her good sense was undisputed, and her wit was playful without severity.

*Mrs. Hartley.*—Favoured by nature with striking beauty, and also with considerable talent, this lady was for many years an admired actress. Her Elfrida and Fair Rosamond were among her best characters. Her performance of Jane Shore was respectable, but not so pathetic as the part was afterwards rendered by Mrs. Siddons. Sir Joshua Reynolds frequently delineated her fine countenance, not merely in professed portraits of her, but in other pieces in which beauty was requisite. She had reached her 74th year when she died.

*Mr. Capel Lofft.*—He was bred to the law, and was well acquainted with its principles and practice, but did not shine as a pleader. Being firmly attached to the political system of the Whigs, he strongly opposed the American war, not only with his voice but with his pen, and thus rendered himself very obnoxious to the Tories, by whom he was frequently insulted at public meetings. He was fond of poetry, and was one of the earliest and most zealous patrons of Bloomfield. He published sonnets and other poetical pieces, which are not without merit, though they are more quaint than elegant. His conversational powers were of a high order: his richly-stored mind would throw out its treasures, when he was surrounded by his friends; and all who were admitted to his society were ready to acknowledge that he was not a man of an ordinary stamp.

*Lord Coleraine.*—This gentleman was

well known as George Hanger; but he was almost forgotten after he had risen to the peerage. He entered into the army in his youth, and served during the whole progress of the American war; and he would have served with equal zeal against the French, if he had been called out by the executive power. He was allowed to retire on the full pay of his rank as captain of the artillery-drivers; and, when this misapplication of the public money was properly condemned, he defended himself in a pamphlet, but certainly not with triumphant success. He afterward became a coal-increbent, and lived for many years in apparent poverty. He was formerly among the convivial companions of his present majesty. Although free in his manners, he never was inclined to give intentional offence; the peculiarity of those manners precluded all idea of resentment, and laughter rather than anger was the result of his most extravagant sallies. He was capable of serious exertions of friendship, not by pecuniary sacrifices, but by persevering zeal when he was likely to effect a beneficial purpose. He was well acquainted with military duty, and was not deficient in courage, or in the spirit of enterprise. Though disposed to participate in all the dissipations of higher life, he yet contrived to devote much of his time to reading, and was generally well provided with topics for the usual conversations of the table. He was so marked a character, that he might be considered as one of the prominent features of his time, and he was courted as well for the peculiarity, as for the harmless tendency of his humor. On the death of his elder brother, he resolutely declined to assume the title of lord Coleraine, and seemed to be displeased when he was addressed by it. Upon the whole, if he had not the wit of Falstaff, he was always entertaining. He published his 'Life, Adventures, and Opinions,' and other works, all containing information, in his own whimsical manner; and in one of them he introduced a portrait of himself suspended on a gibbet. He lived to the age of seventy-three years.

*Mr. Wilson Lowry.*—The art of engraving was considerably improved by this ingenious man, who, though he rose slowly to fame, was at length regarded as a first-rate artist in works which require scientific accuracy,—in geography,

architecture, the delineation of machinery, &c. He had a philosophical mind and a mechanical head; he had a mathematical skill in drawing, an acquaintance with the properties of matter and form, a correct eye, and a steady undeviating hand. He was skilled in mineralogy, and possessed a curious and well-arranged cabinet, adapted to that branch of study. In short, he was a man of high attainments as well as of private worth. He left a son, who is also an eminent engraver, and a widow whose philosophical turn is mentioned by her friends with admiration.

*Mr. William Sharp.*—This artist belonged to the old school. He used to say that his first essay in engraving was made upon a *pewter pot*. Some of his friends, in their occasional accounts of him, substituted a *silver tankard* for that vulgar utensil,\* but, as he had a regard for truth, he firmly maintained his own assertion. He acted for some years as a writing engraver, and received great encouragement in that line; but he afterward attempted a higher branch of art, and began to engrave from the works of eminent painters, both native and foreign. Many of his pieces are much admired, particularly the portrait of Hunter the surgeon. In his character he was eccentric. At one time he was a vehement advocate for constitutional reform, and was even in danger of being tried for treason; but in the sequel he altered his political opinions. He listened to the ravings of Brothers, the pretended prophet, and was a follower of Johanna Southcott. He affected a belief in physiognomy, and, in that visionary study, decided as dogmatically as if he had formed the most rational and legitimate conclusions.

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A LETTER FROM MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS  
TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

MADAME,—Although the necessity of my cause (which makith me to be importune to you) do make you to judge that I am out of the way, yet such as have not my passion, nor the respects whereof you ar perswaded, will think that I do as my cause doth requyre. Madame, I have not accused you, neither in wordes nor in thought, to have usid your self evell towards me; and I beleve that you have no want of good

understanding to keepe you from perswasion against your naturall good inclination. But in the meane tyme I cannot chose (having my senses) but perceive very evell furderance in my matters, sence my comming thither. I thought that I had sufficiently discoursed unto yow the discommodities which this delay bringeth unto me. And specially, that they\* think in this next moneth of August to hold a parlement against me and all my servants. And in the meane tyme I am stayde heere, and yet will you that I shuld put my self further into your contray (without seeing you), and remove me further from myne; and there to do me this dishonour at the requestes of my rebelles, as to send commissioners to heere thein against me, as you wold do to a meane subject; and not heere me by mouth. Now, Madame, I have promised you to come to you; and having there made my mone and complaint of those rebelles, and they comming thither not as possessers but as subjectes to answer, I wold have besought you to heere my justification of that which they have faulsi set furth against me; and if I could not purge myself therof, you might then discharge your handes of my causes, and let me go for such as I am. But to do as you say, if I wer culpable, I wold be better advised. But being not so, I cannot accept this dishonour at their handes, that being in possession they will comme and accuse me before your commissioners, wherof I cannot lyke. And seeing you think it to be against your honor and cousynage to do otherwise, I beseech you that you will not be myne enemye untill you may see how I can discharge my self every waye. And to suffre me to go into France where I have a dowery to mainteyn me, or at the least to go into Scotland, with assurance that if there come any strangers thither, I will hynd my self for their retourne without any prejudice to you. Or if it please you not to do thus, I protest that I will not impute it to fashade if I receyve strangers in my contray, wythout makyng you any other discharge for it. Do with my body at your will, the honor or blame shalbe yours. For I had rather dy heere, and that my faythfull servants may be succourid (though you wold not so) by strangers, then to suffer theim to be utterly undon. There be many things that moove me to feare

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\* The rebellious Scots.

that I shall have to doo in this contrey with other then with yow. But forasmuch as nothing hath followed upon my last mone, I hold my peace. Happen what may happe, I have as leef to abyde my fortune, as to seeke it and not fynde it. Further, it pleased you to gyve lycence to my subjects to go and come. This hath ben refusid me by my lord Scroope and Mr. Knolles (as they say) by your commandement, because I wold not depart hence to your charge untill I had answer of this lettre, though I shewed them that yow requyred my answer upon the two pointz conteyned in your lettre. Th'one is (to let you breefly understand them) I am come to you to make my mone to you; the which being heard, I would declare unto you myne innocency, and then requyre your ayde. And for lack therof I cannot but make my mone and complaint to God, that I am not heard in my just quarell; and to appele to other princes to have respect therunto, as my case requyreth; and to you, Madame, first of all, when you shall have examynid your conscience before and have him for witnes; and th'other, which is to come further into your contrey, and not to come to your presence; I will esteeme that as no favor, but will take it for the contrary, obeying it as a thing forced.

May, 1568.

\*\*\* This letter, which would have excited the compassionate feelings of a magnanimous and humane princess, produced no other effect than an order for the imprisonment of the hapless fugitive.

#### SCOTS OF THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOLS.

THE qualities of prudence, precaution, foresight, and thrift (says the Hermit in Edinburgh), belong very decidedly to the lowland Scots: the mountaineer imbibes them from mingling with the inhabitants of the plains and of large towns, or he exercises them from the mistrust which he harbours towards the lowlander. Nature and locality are at variance with them; and, in primitive times, his heart and his habits were strangers to them. On the other hand, the latter has a feeling of enmity towards the hill-climber; or he holds him cheap in the scale of estimation. The properties already alluded to draw on the lowlander the epithet of plodding, which ought only to be termed patient, persevering, diligent

fidelity, and honest pride, which induces persons without fortune to acquire it honestly and industriously. There is, however, a slowness about him which is truly national; and it guards him against mistakes, temerity, thoughtlessness, and first impressions. The old style was slower in its progress than the new, and there are still remnants and relics of it all over Scotland, even in its highly-improved capital; nor can I help having a certain superstition of respect towards them. The tenacity with which the Edinburghian gentlemen adhered to powder and a tail was one instance of it; the jealousy and affront with which the Brutus-crop was first viewed, the consideration with which the Caledonian receives a fashion, the fear of counterfeits, and the serious habits, external and internal, of men of weight and consequence in the Scottish capital, are all incontrovertible proofs, that reflection is the incessant attendant on this prudent and thinking people. Even the cocked hat, exploded by all other walking gentry, survived its general expulsion elsewhere, and triumphed over prejudice in Edinburgh: the humane, the charitable Doctor Hamilton, preserved it to the last of his valuable life, as did other grave characters; and I think I yet see old Sandy Wood bent upon doing good also, and with a back like a relaxed bow, in his antique attire and three-cornered beaver; and that pillar of worth, sir William Forbes, in the costume of the last century, with a profusion of grey locks, tied in a club, and a cloud of hair-powder flying about him on a windy day: his tall upright figure is missed in the circles of mortal life; the poor miss him also; and it has been regretted, that, at the bank in Parliament Close, no faithful copy of his urbanity was to be found, and that there was no more likeness betwixt the old and new style than betwixt Banquo's ghost and the benevolent banker aforesaid.

The High-street oracle, again, whose shop stood as prominent as himself, was a striking picture of the old school; but, instead of the quaint bookseller in ditto; flapped waistcoat, &c. we find dandies dealing in books, and would-be-exquisites introduced into retail shops.

The spencer, happily some years out of fashion, was very long before it could be brought into general wear in Edinburgh; and I remember the lady of a venerable lord of session calling it a

monkey-dress. It was a vile article, and ought never to have been admitted but for its use,—namely, for riding, when the skirts of a great-coat are encumbrances. It was less ridiculous, too, when of the same color as the coat, because it was less perceptible; but the inept imitator, fearing that his folly might not be sufficiently manifest, always preferred a different color. Then even, at this time, Sir Jemmy Jockey, who belonged to a horse-racing and hunting set, adopted a postilion's jacket, which he and his intellectual *socii* used to sport even in the capital.

Such was the old style: the new is not more dignified or gentlemanlike, being the coachman's garb and manner; yet the number of these fashionable whips is confined to a few; first, because extravagance is of stunted growth, and is impeded by prudence in boreal regions; and next, because Donald and Sandy look at their banker's account twice, before they overdraw it for a set of cattle, a break or a mail, a box-coat, or a caricature of a hat. An impertinent ruffian from the south swore that he never met with a good whip from Scotland, except in the West Indies, driving blacks and pie-balds. Be that as it may, Sandy seldomer comes under the lash of the law than his neighbour beyond the border.

In the olden times, excessive drinking was general. It had, for its excuse, the virtue of hospitality: it was supported by generosity, and sometimes borne out by table wit, rough, for the most part, like the cairngorum, or the other jewels of the rocks, and having some gross matter about it, but luminous to a certain degree, and of intrinsic value. The guest, seated at the festive board at set of sun, was frequently found there at the rising thereof, for there was nothing but heavy drinking, or (rarely) a *reel* made up above stairs for the youngest men, whilst a *set-to* was the amusement of the *elders*.

In our times, sobriety is coming into vogue: beardless boys *talk* of intrigues, of female conquests, of foreign manners, and of polished dissipation, whilst *scarleè* and *la bouillotte* drain the pockets after dinner, and the captivating notes of the harp charm the ear, or the seducing attitudes and movements of the waltz set weak hearts astray, and mislead weak minds into all the errors of more sunny

climes: a few young ladies dexterously finger the castanet; and those who warbled Burns' Scottish songs now imprudently chant the soft melodies of Moore, or murder Italian *bravuras*, for which the power of execution has not been granted to them.

Honest Maister Dundas, a defunct lord of session, and a leading member of a certain club, were among the last hard drinkers. There are now few left

'To toast their old glories,  
As our sires and our grandsires oft did before us';

nor do we see (as was the case less than half a century ago) a worthy northern duke getting fu' with the *haillies*, and giving a stimulus to loyalty by the juice of the grape. Public dinners are voted a bore, and are got over, like a child's prayers, by routine, or by a fear of government censure. The old-fashioned toast puts down the liquor, and with it a man may swallow any thing. Time was when Queen Charlotte went off to the tune of

'The bonniest lass of a' the world;'

and that able minister, Pitt, was drank with

'Up and war them a', Willy.'

Now toasts are greatly on the decline, and a young clerk would rather listen to 'Portrait charmant,' or attempt ~~to~~ singing 'C'est l'amour, l'amour,' than join in any national air whatever. It is, notwithstanding, devoutly to be wished, that 'God save the King,' and 'Rule Britannia,' may long hold their places in society.

With the change of fashion in singing, the dance has also experienced a new turn. For how many years did the grotesque Mr. Strange lead on his capering legions in the high dance, minuet, and highland fling, not without grace and agility! How many mothers' hearts beat high with tender feelings, as Bell or Ellen was taken out to figure on the boards! What crowding, what squeezing, to get a peep at a favorite at these practisings! How many beautiful creatures, now sage mothers, or stricken in years, used to compete for the prize of general applause! How many departed heroes sought for partners at these juvenile assemblies! I cannot recollect them without an emotion of affection, nor can I refrain from exclaiming,

'How many a lad I have lov'd is dead,  
How many a lass grown old!  
Whene'er this lesson strikes my head,  
My weary heart runs cold.'

Then, too, female delicacy preferred an instructress, in the person of Signora Rossignoli, to a foreign ballet-master; and this truly moral and virtuous character turned out some finished scholars from her hands. How the female pupils of the Italian and French school may turn out remains for consideration; and into what hands they may fall, time only can determine.

Wives and mothers have been seen in the old style, whose virtues are chronicled by their grateful posterity; and I am bold to say that the Scandalous Chronicle never touched their names, nor sullied the honor of their families. It will be well if the exports from the Tweed to the French coast come back as chaste; they have my good wishes, not unmixed with fears.

Buckism was a rough plant in the old style, as dandyism is a spurious one in the new style. There is nothing, however, to regret in the decline in fashion of Jock Such-a-thing, Frank Ambulator, Binny Monbothor, and Jemmy Peacock-toes; or even of the brass-spurred Highlander, the lady-killer. They were loud and obtrusive, half-bred, and one-third polished: the vernacular *vulgar tongue* was not of a piece with their assumptions, and they had little to recommend them, except their self-confidence, where such a quality may be deemed an advantage.

The Scotch ladies had, at the same period, a strange *homely* habit of calling their husbands '*my man*,' as if they were more of *men* than at present, or as if the pronoun possessive endeared them to their partners, and marked them as *solely* theirs. This expression is now quite obsolete.

#### SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A Dictionary of Quotations from the British Poets.*—THESE collections of scraps are useful, as they not only refresh the memory of those who have perused the originals, but contribute to general amusement and instruction. Two parts of this dictionary have appeared; one is confined to Shakespeare, and the other in-

cludes the essence of the best compositions in blank verse, both early and recent. The selection is in general judicious, and the quotations are classed under proper heads. Sparkling gems decorate the work; human life is depicted under every aspect which it can assume, and moral and prudential maxims are mingled with fanciful allusions; but various passages have crept in, which are frivolous, unmeaning, or useless.

*The Life of Shakspeare; Inquiries into the Originals of his dramatic Plots and Characters, &c.* by A. Skottowe. 2 vols.—Not a ray of new light appears to have been thrown in these volumes either upon the *life* or the *plays* of Shakspeare. Little is known with certainty of the former; and the latter are not more ably illustrated than they have been by other writers. Yet those who have not had recourse to the publications of Douce, Drake, and Dunlop, may be amused and instructed by the present work.

*Poems on sacred Subjects, and several miscellaneous Pieces,* by Richard Ryan.—The author's chief object is highly worthy of praise. He wishes to 'store the young mind, ere its opening powers are directed to false and illusive objects, with those treasures which change of years, of companions, or of health, can neither take away nor diminish. In all ages (he adds) it has been allowed, that nothing is so durably impressed upon the memory as poetry; and I have endeavoured, with what success I know not, to render that enchanting Muse subservient to the purposes of virtue.'—The devotional effusions breathe the fervor of piety, if not the sublime spirit of poetry; and among the other pieces are some which may be read with pleasure.

*The Silent River, and Faithful and Forsaken, dramatic Poems,* by Robert Sullivan.—These pieces reflect credit on the author's rising talents. He has 'sought for inspiration,' says a candid critic, 'where alone it is to be found in the bosom of Nature, and in the recesses of the human heart. His descriptions of natural scenery are at once simple, rich, and vivid; and his delineations of human feelings and passions are no less faithful and pleasing.' 'The Silent River' he has succeeded in

throwing, round very few characters and a very simple story, an interest which a much more intricate machinery often fails to produce; it is, in fact, a highly affecting little tragedy. In *Faithful and Forsaken* there is a greater play of fancy, with perhaps a greater richness of description, than in the former poem. The character of Annabelle is, indeed, beautifully drawn; and the tender love which she still bears toward her unfaithful lover is most poetically described. She says,

When I not  
Remain your friend:—This morn', while yet  
the sun

Dwelt with a crimson mist upon our vineyard,  
And purple clouds, like happy lovers, stole  
With smiles and tears into each other's bosom,  
I threw my lattice wide to drink the stream  
Of liquid odors rolling from the south;  
And then came mix'd with it a marriage song,  
Whose distant melody did seem to dance  
Upon a hundred lips, of youthful revelry,  
And bells and flageolets, and all the sounds  
Befitting happiness and summer sunshine.  
'Twas a strange thing to weep at, yet I wept—  
I know not why.—None weep for grief, and  
some

For joy—but I for neither, or for both  
Mix'd in a feeling more beloved than either,  
Which weigh'd my heart down like a drooping bough

(Overloaded with its luxury of roses.  
And then—and then—the thoughts of silly maids

Run wilder than these roving vines—I found  
My hands were clasp'd together, and my spirit  
Stole from my eye—with a dim sense of prayer,  
Which had no words. I begg'd a gentle fortune

Upon the newly-wedded—pray'd I not  
For thee, Lestache?

*Aurora, or the Life and Opinions of a Sovereign, written by himself.*—This novel is evidently an imitation of the *Adventures of a Guinea*; but it is not altogether equal to that ingenious work. As it comprehends, however, various transfers of the sovereign (not the king, but the coin), and consequently various adventures, some parts of the volume are very amusing. The following portrait seems to be drawn from the life; we have known similar instances of harmless derangement.

Look at the only female figure in the piece (*the Royal Exchange*), sitting on the bench by the side of my master. She is dressed in deep mourning, with a reticule on her finger. Her cheeks

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and even her lips are paint'd; and her fingers hers of a lady of wealth in a high degree. Some years ago she had an only brother, a clerk in the Bank of England, who was the chief support of herself and their widowed mother: his premature death reduced them to poverty, and deranged the intellects of his sister. She has continued to appear in black ever since, and cannot force the proselody idea that her brother left her a handsome fortune, the illusive receipt of which is with her the occupation of every day. For this purpose she is assiduous in her visits to the bank. The clerks, who are acquainted with her misfortunes, humanely fall in with her humor; and she is chiefly supported by their eleemosynary contributions, which she benignantly considers as part of a dividend that is her due in behalf of her deceased relative. She is now looking at a dirty almanac, to see if it be one of the numerous *red-letter days* that prevent her, as she says, from transacting business at the bank. With these she is in general as well acquainted as any clerk in the establishment. She remarked, while restoring the ruddy calendar to its old station in her pocket, 'that she could do no business at the bank to-day;' and, with a gracious courtesy to all around, she twisted her reticule on her finger, and departed. I could not avoid ejaculating, 'Alas! poor human nature!'

*Frederick Morland.*—This is a performance of some merit, in which several real characters are appropriately introduced. Some great booksellers, theatrical managers, and other consequential personages, are aptly ridiculed; and the events of the story are natural and probable. The diction, in general, is not contemptible, but it is sometimes disfigured by gross inaccuracies. For instance, *novices* are called *naivetes*, and *prebendaries*, by the common people, are styled *prebends*. Yet one who thus confounds persons with offices or stations would laugh at another for calling a clerk a clerkship, which would not be a greater solecism.

*Much to Blame.*—Thus title is said, in the title-page, to be the production of a 'celebrated author'; but we are sure that no person of real celebrity would have so styled himself; and, if the publisher made the assertion by his own authority,

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He might be ashamed of his ignorance or his neglect of truth. 'This idle puff' reminds us of a work published about thirty-five years ago, purporting to be a Catalogue of five hundred celebrated Authors then living. In this catch-penny publication, every one who had produced a farce that was damned, or a pamphlet which had no readers, or any work of the most silly and contemptible description, was brought forward on an equal footing with the best and most admired writers. All were ostensibly famous authors; but the fact was, that, in the whole specified number, not above fifteen or twenty were really celebrated.

*The Witch-Finder, or the Wisdom of our Ancestors.*—This romance strikingly illustrates the manners and feelings of that period in which the base and cruel superstition of our ancestors (ironically styled wisdom by the author) pretended to discover witches, and dared to bring them to what they mis-called justice. It is such a combination of attested facts with local descriptions and the interest

of a regular story, as will not discredit the author of the *Mystery* and the *Lob-lards*. The scene is laid in and near the metropolis, not long before the Restoration. Chudoner, a loyalist, is the leading personage, whose public and private feelings are so well harmonised, that the attentive reader, we think, will be greatly interested in his progress. The incidents are numerous and well connected; the conversations are natural and lively; and theatrical affairs, in particular, are curiously illustrated, though the stage was at that time under a cloud.

*Scotch Novel Reading, or Modern Quenchy, by act ucheq.* 3 vols. — This work contains sneers at the composition and effect of the celebrated Scotch novels, and also at the various imitations of those popular productions. But the satire, in the former case, is harmless and impotent. Yet this novel must be allowed to possess sufficient merit not to disgrace the Minerva press. The details are amusing, and several of the characters are well drawn.

## Fine Arts.

AGAIN the society of Painters in Water-Colors exhibitions are sometimes thrown out, as if it only embraced a subordinate branch of the pictorial art. Yet talent may be evolved in this as well as in any other branch; and great merit is displayed in the exhibition of this society for the present year.

Mr. Barret particularly shiner among the artists of this school. His *Evening*, and *Sunset* are much admired for delicacy of coloring and beauty of effect. Another representation of evening, by the same artist, has a fine breadth of parts, and a consistent whole: woods, rocks, and water, are introduced with fine taste, and the horizon is perfectly natural. Several water-pieces by Mr. Cox are admirably delineated. Some think that the scene on the Thames near the Quator-house is the best; but others prefer the representation of the passengers landing at Gravesend. An *Indian Disasted*, by Mr. Prout, is drawn with great clearness and accuracy, and

some of his views of towns are distinguished by depth of ton and energy of style. The rich and pieces of Mr. Wild reflect great credit on his talents. His view of the nave of the church of St. James at Antwerp is strikingly fine, and the appearance of the tomb of Rubens adds to the effect of the picture, but this tomb is more distinctly and correctly represented in a small drawing by the same hand, entitled the Sepulchral Chapel of Rubens. In this piece an ornamented altar is seen, upon which stands the crucifix used by that great artist in his devotional exercises.

Mr. Fielding has ably employed himself upon a subject which tends to connect poetry with painting, and has produced an elegant pastoral piece from the *Allegro* of Milton. The composition is good, and the whole forms an attractive portraiture of rural enjoyment. The productions of Mr. Hill are less striking than his former pieces; but they are recommended to attentive notice by his

accurate and spirited delineation of domestic animals. There are many other pieces equally deserving of notice; but the mention of these may suffice.

At the last meeting of the Society of Arts, some original paintings in oil were produced, which were thought worthy of reward. For landscapes and portraits, by Messieurs Knight, Andre, &c., gold and silver medals were given, while other young artists received silver pænetics.

The change of the Diorama claims our notice, because it forcibly attracts the attention of the public. The new pictures are views of the cathedral of Chartres and the harbour of Brest. The former is exhibited in a more picturesque manner than the interior of Chatterbury cathedral was. The relief and aerial perspective of the various objects are very striking, nor is the manner in which the shadows are produced less extraordinary. However well shadows are executed in other kinds of painting, the mode in which they are formed is obvious, here, on the contrary, it defies the nicest examination. In speaking of pictures we say that the shadows are either warm or cool, or opaque or transparent; but here we see nothing more or less than mere shadow, without being able to assign to it any technical or conventional quality. This seems to be the grand secret of the Diorama, upon which it bestows a surprising degree of illusion.

The church is rendered a very fine object by the rich and varied perspective, and the picturesque contrast of light and shade; and the details, when considered singly, are not less admirable than the general effect. The various architectural features, particularly the capitals of the columns, and the carvings of bas-reliefs around the choir, are executed with great skill. The characters, also, of each material is accurately expressed: for instance, the hard, solid, and somewhat grained surface of the columns, and the little clumps and flaws which occur on them. Although aware that he is viewing a painted surface, the spectator can hardly persuade himself that he is looking at unreal objects; and, if he should view the painting through a chink in a wall, so that his eye could not perceive the extremity of the picture, it would be still more difficult to resist the force of the deception.

The view of Brest harbour is well delineated, but the subject is not well chosen. The walls and towers, indeed, the town, and the vessels, have an imposing air, and the waves seem to rise and fall; yet the whole is not so strikingly picturesque, or so particularly pleasing, as many other views which might on more deliberate consideration have suggested themselves to the ingenious artists who have prepared the exhibition.

## Music.

As the romantic opera of *Der Freischütz* has become very popular, we take this opportunity of speaking more particularly of it in a musical point of view. The overture bears some resemblance to the style of Beethoven, in the pensiveness and gloom spread over it, and in its sudden transitions. The music part is finely conceived and ingeniously worked; in the next division the modulations are managed with great skill, and the percussion is distinguished by brilliancy and grandeur. The introduction is an animated chorus of peasants. The trio in the first act is entitled to great praise for beauty and skill. A fine waltz is fol-

lowed by an air full of genius and expression, beginning thus, 'Through the forests, o'er the mountains, once I wandered blithe and free;' and to this Mr. Braham did ample justice. In the Hecatanian song, the mixture of cunning with pretended jollity is well imitated by harsh discords and eccentric melody, and the composer's direction to sing it with a ferocious gaiety is highly appropriate. This act concludes with a powerful air, assigned to the huntsman Casper, and excellently contrived for theatrical effect. In the second we begin with a duet for Agnes and Armin, a charming and graceful composition—a song for



the latter, marked by ability, and executed in a very lively style,—a *keha* for Agnes, which has more of science than effect,—a trio which exhibits some masterly movements,—and the fanciful music of the incantation scene, in which the

modulations and instrumental effects seem to be descriptive of all that is supernatural. The third act contains a melodious and impassioned *quintina*, an admirable chorus of the huntmen, and other well-composed pieces.

## Drama.

### THE HAY-MARAI THEATRE.

Of the pieces produced at this house in the last season, one at least still maintains its reputation and influence. We allude to the comedy of *Sweethearts and Wives*, in which Liston's humor is so predominant and effective. His Billy Lackaday, though in a different style, is equal to his Mawworm.

A lively and amusing farce, which, though not altogether new in its subject, exhibits some originality of detail, has been lately brought forward with success. It is entitled, *'T would puzzle a Conjuror*.—Peter the Great is at the dock-yard of Snaarlam, disguised as a ship-builder, when the German and French ambassadors, having found some clue to his retreat, arrive in search of him. Van Dunder, the burgo-master of the place, receives an official communication, informing him that a foreigner of the name of Peter, of a suspicious character, is employed in the yard, and desiring that he may be closely watched; with a view to a discovery. Being an ignorant man, the magistrate is at a loss how to act; and, to increase the difficulty, there is another strange workman of the same Christian name, who has deserted from the Russian service, and is therefore as reserved and as anxious to avoid answering questions as his namesake. From this circumstance the whole interest of the drama is derived. The German envoy fixes upon the false Peter, and the French upon the real one. Various scenes of *equivocal* enact, and the difficulty of determination is pleasantly represented. The farce is excellently performed, with regard to its leading parts. Cooper and Harley are the two Peters. The former retains enough of the royal deportment to mark the distinction that subsists between himself

and his fellow-Laborers, and is well contrasted with Harley, who cannot at all make out how he could have become an object of so much consequence to princes, and whose amazement, as it gradually increases, is very ludicrously expressed. Liston is inimitable: his attempts to conceal his deficiencies, and his anxiety to show his sagacity in finding out the real Peter, are given in the richest and broadest style of humor; and nothing can exceed the expression of his features, when, scene after scene, he hears and sees all that is going forward, and yet is not at all the wiser. In the character of the magistrate's niece, Mrs. Chatterley is amusing and agreeable; indeed she elevates the part beyond its natural importance.

A new singer, of the name of Holmes, has twice ventured to enact Gay's Polly. She has a pleasing but not powerful voice, and is apparently not destitute of talent; but her youthful timidity precludes an accurate judgement respecting her theatrical qualifications.

Another young lady has also made her *debut* at this house. Wycherly's Country Girl was the part upon which she was advised to fix; and her look, the tones of her voice, and her whole appearance, seemed to suit the character. The happiest points in her performance were those in which she could have had little or no instruction, and which therefore, in her case, emanated from an intuitive perception of propriety. She delivered the epilogue in character, not without a considerable degree of application, but with admirable *ease* and occasional archness.

Some old comedies have been well performed, particularly the *Hypocrite* and the *Indiscreet Marriage*. In the former Mr. F. Eden was the new *country*,

and, though not equal to Downton on this occasion, he ably depicted the pretended sanctity of the character; and, in the last act, the burst of unpoisonous and vindictive feeling with which he turned upon his patron, when his hypocrisy had been fully exposed, was of the most forcible description. Cooper's Lambert was the best that we have seen; and Charlotte was a very lively personage in the hands of Mrs. Chatterley. In the *Clandestine Marriage*, the chief novelty was the Fanny of Miss Chester, who sustained that interesting character with feeling, delicacy, and good taste.

#### THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

With a view of varying the scene after the frequent repetitions of *Der Freischütz*, two new pieces were in one evening presented to the public. One is entitled *Jonathan in England*, and it displays or rather caricatures, the manners and notions of a thorough-bred Virginian. Jonathan lands at Liverpool with a negro, whom he is anxious to sell, and obtains from his agent a letter of introduction to a citizen of London. He quarrels with his negro, and, according to American custom, boxes his ears soundly. The landlord of the inn, conceiving from this and other circumstances an unfavorable opinion of the two strangers, turns them out of the house. Jonathan, who carries a note-book about him, enters down a tirade against the English constitution, which could not be one of liberty, since it would not permit him to chastise his slave. He then finds shelter in another hotel, of rather an inferior grade, as he would call it; where is lodged also Natty Larkspur, who happens to have a letter recommending him as a postilion to the same worthy citizen to whom Jonathan's credentials are directed. His room is situated near the ladder; and Natty, meditating an attack upon a round of beef, in the middle of the night enters Jonathan's room, is discovered, and in the confusion exchanges his letter for that of the American. Both arrive in town, and the *bourgeois*, arising from the delivery of the letters excites the mirth of the audience. The negro, in the mean time, is informed that by putting his foot on our shores, he is free; and being asked what freedom means, he says, 'that he only heard the name in America, but that he found its practice here.' At

length the mystery is cleared up, and the Yankee and the postilion are properly distinguished. Mr. Matthews was the hero, and no one can better represent the peculiarities of an American character.

The other novelty is a musical drama, entitled *The Frozen Lake*. The plot turns on the secret marriage of the Princess Louisa (Miss Noel) with the count de Linsberg (Mr. Pearmann), there being at the court the Prince de Neubourg (Mr. Wrench), in treaty for Louisa's hand. The count passes to his wife's apartments at midnight, but is unable to get away otherwise than by crossing the Frozen Lake drawn on a sledge. This singular retreat leads to inquiry. In the mean time the Baroness de Ronefeld (Miss Kelly), who had undertaken to teach Neubourg how to love, excites a favorable impression in her pupil's mind; and, as she has learned the secret of the clandestine marriage, she receives the earnest offers of Neubourg. The Duke of Suabia (Mr. Bartley) is much agitated on suspecting the marriage of his daughter, and he alarms the offending couple by declaring that the count is his son; but he soon qualifies the shocking assertion by saying that he uses the term loosely for son-in-law.

In this pleasant piece, the acting is admirable. Miss Kelly depicts the friendly anxiety and other feelings of the baroness with all the force of nature; Bartley is dignified and impressive; Wrench performs his part with spirit and judgment; Keeley personates a gardener with characteristic propriety; and Miss Noel and Pearmann exercise their vocal abilities with effect.

Another musical piece, called *the Faithful Man*, soon followed. The subject is trite; but Mr. Moncrieff has added some happy strokes to the former portraits of the character. The situations of the hero (if a timid man can be called a hero) were worked up into capital effect by the skill of Mr. Matthews, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of the performance might be said to rest. Mr. Broadhurst and Miss Povey gave some songs in a very pleasing manner; and this was all that their parts seemed to require. Mr. Matthews reinforced his excellent acting by the pleasantness of two comic songs, which he gave with his accustomed spirit, and the piece was received with great applause.

## Fashions.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

## EVENING FULL DRESS.

Frock of striped gauze over pink satin; the border of the frock ornamented with white satin Vandyke points, at the base of which is a full *bouillon* of tulle, wound round, *en limaçon*, by white satin straps. Drawn body, the same as the skirt, over pink satin, with a broad falling tucker of blond. The sleeves very short and plain, confined round the arm by a band of white satin. The hair encircled by pearls, with a plume of white feathers on the right side. Necklace and earrings of rubies, *set à l'antique*.

## MORNING COSTUME.

Dress of fine *jac mot* muslin, with the border composed of embroidery and of letting-in lace, formed into diamond checkers: at the hem and above the border, marking out its breadth, is a broad bias fold of muslin. The body made high, and finished in the Gallo-Greek style, with very fine lace of Urling's manufacture; and the manchons profusely trimmed in bias with the same material. Narrow falling collar at the throat, with Spanish points, surmounted by a broad double ruff of lace. Small Parisian cap, with a bouquet of blush roses on the left side. White kid slippers. This elegant morning dress was made for a lady of rank, newly married.

N. B. We are indebted to the taste of Miss Pierrepont for the above dresses.

## MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

Though we are not to look, till the end of October, for the arrival in the metropolis of our most distinguished fashionables, yet, from the indefatigable care of our correspondents at the different summer haunts of the great and gay, we are enabled to lay before our fair readers a general statement of what is most approved in the different articles of costume, and also of what is in preparation for the month that marks the decline of autumn, and brings us to the dreary season of November's commencement.

High dresses, with scarfs, French tip-pets, fichus, or Chinese crape shawls, are more worn at the promenades than either pelisses or spencers, which, though not out of favor, have nothing new, either in their make or manner of trimming; it is expected, however, that, as winter approaches, they will be more ornamented than they have been for some time, and that braiding will be a very favorite embellishment.

Leghorn hats, somewhat decreased in size, but still large, are trimmed with very broad striped ribands: for morning *deshabille* and early walks in the country, a bonnet of clear muslin is much admired; it is of a close form, and is ornamented at the edge and round the crown with *cheveux de frise*. When flowers are worn in hats, those of the field, or rather the wild harvest flowers, are preferred to all the choicest trea-

sures of the garden. The scarlet poppies and the blue cornflowers look well, however, at this time of the year, and, when mingled with a plume of curled white feathers, form a beautiful ornament to a white dress-hat or a carriage-bonnet.

White dresses decline in favor, except with spencers and pelisses, or for *déjeuner* costume. The faves are full for morning dresses; but we are happy to see that they are made closer to the arm for other times of the day and are nearly attaining that happy medium of ease, that is neither too tight nor too capacious. Colored dresses of Italian crape over slips of white *gros de Naples* are much in favor for dinner-party dresses in the country, especially with the young. With a rich trimming *en rouleau* at the border, and a white silk or satin corsage, they make a handsome evening dress for private musical parties, or other rural assemblies, where *grande parure* is not required. For evening dress, black lace and black gauze gowns have already made their appearance; they look, indeed, extremely elegant, and do not give an idea of winter, as they are worn over white or some gay colored satin: black of various materials is expected to be much in request at the close of October. The half dresses are light, simple, and adapted to the different summer retreats; tulle, guaze, either plain or figured, over white, and often over pink or lilac blue, are the





*Evening Full Dress*

*Designed by Miss Prosser & worn at the Lady Maria in A.D. 1811*



*Morning Costume?*

*Invented by Miss Drapeau & engraved for the Lady's Magazine, N° 9, 1824*



favorite mut rials, with a corsage of the color of the slip: the trimming is slight, disposed in various ways, but always coming much simplicity, and when flowers ornament the petticoat, they are always very sparingly scattered.

Toques of every kind are much worn at evening parties; if the feathers worn with them are of the marabout kind, they are always numerous; all feathers are short, and are made to play very prettily over dress hats or toques. Corsets and dresses of blond, with flowers clearly disposed, are much worn in favor for half-dress, and for the summer recess theatre and public rooms, not thin turbans; some of these caps, both for shape and style, are the most elegant and becoming of the kind we have ever seen. Banians of pearls and wreaths of flowers are the chief ornaments on the tresses of the young for the ball room; at other times, the hair is usually arranged in rich clusters of small and light bows, when the hair is blonde. It has seldom any other ornament than its comb that fasten it on the head, or toches in their early bloom. Corsets for the early part of the morning are of fine lace, with small bows of ribbon.

The favorite colors for pelisses, spencers, and dresses, are violet, puce, pink, chestnut-brown, and tawny-color. For turbans, bands, and corsages, peach, pink, cold-color, larch-blue, and jonquil.

#### THE FASHION

The influence of the weather has been the cause of the most fashionable of the French in Paris, but as they do not commonly shed summer and winter before we do, the capital of France now offers a sure criterion of the present most prevailing modes.

Scarfs are still worn in the public walks, and when the weather is mild are thrown open in front. A few white cambric pelisses are yet seen, but they appear conspicuous among the greater number of *gros de Naples* of various colors. Gazeou spencers are added to the out-door blouse, less for warmth than fashion: these Gazeous are profusely trimmed with lace: the dress worn with this partial covering (which is of white cambric) is generally of colored muslin. Riding habits are much worn, and are made very plain. *Fichus à la neige* preserve their favor, when the weather will permit, and the point, at the edge

are cut very sharp and long, at the ends that hang in front are placed large bows of ribbon.

The most elegant hats are of Leghorn, by no means large, they are ornamented with field-flowers. The *pluvin's* hat, ornamented with ribbon on one side, and flowers on the other is yet in favor, is very unbecoming and with this trimming looks worse than when it was worn plain; it should now be called *chapeau à la folle*. The clip hats have large brims in front, but very narrow behind, they are ornamented with groups of small delicate flowers. Bonnets have a trimming at the edge like double *chapeau de frise*; the half of which is always of a color strikingly different from the bonnet, as are the trimmings or lapets of all bonnets. Satin and gauze doubled, and cut the bias way, are favorite articles for trimming hat.

Cambric blouses are frequently seen *en déshabillé*, eye and muslin blouses are embroidered in colored woaded, striped silk dresses are much in request; and short sleeves seem quite out of fashion; for dress parties, the long sleeves, however, are of some very transparent material. Blue folds are still a favorite trimming on the skirts of dresses, the short sleeves of silk dresses are very much put out; the lace or gauze long sleeves are also worn, but it is confined at the lower part of the arm by three braces let. There is nothing new yet in bill-dress, as the dress bills not having begun in Paris, and in the country the French ladies generally dance in their ordinary dress. At the balls at Ranelagh a little more dress has been attended to, but nothing worth describing.

Corsets of blond, with rose, hyacinth, and blue-bells, beautifully disposed and with infinite taste, are now in high favor; they are preferred in every style of dress to turbans, dress hats, or toques, though the last mentioned are worn in full-dress, with superb plumes of marabout feathers. The toque itself is generally formed of blue gauze in alternate folds of white and colored.

The favorite colors for dresses and pelisses are Carmelite-brown, American green, damask-rose, cornflower-blue, and pink. For bonnets, trappings, and toques, peach blossom-color, rose-color, blue, lilac-color, lilac, and crimson.

The new bracelets are extremely elegant: some are of cut polished steel, and



represent a branch of myrtle of about an inch in breadth; they are composed of five different pieces; but the joints are so well concealed, that when on the arm the bracelet appears to be all in one. A more expensive kind of bracelet, also, has been invented with joints, consisting of a row of enameled butterflies, or a representation of flowers, enameled in colors, from nature.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The person to whom we lately gave some hints on the subject of poetry seems determined to try his hand in an art which he admires. If he will send some specimens of his talent, we will state our impartial opinion of the probability of his success: but, not pretending to infallibility, we may perhaps fall into the error of that reviewer who affected to prophesy that lord Byron would never become a poet.

The 'Verses to the Memory of a fair Friend' are not calculated to reflect honor either on the deceased or the survivor.

In answer to a Constant Reader, we say, that we have taken sufficient notice of lord Byron for the present. The eventual publication of those memoirs which have been promised by, or at least are expected from, two of his distinguished friends, will enable us to resume the subject with the best materials.

The verses addressed to Jeannetta emit some sparks of feeling, but their brilliancy so dazzles our visual orbs, that, as an Irishman would say, the light darkens the scene. The writer seems to breathe holy prayers and fervent vows for two young ladies; but, as he cannot have both, he dismisses one sighing and weeping damsel, who, in this deplorable misfortune, is obliged to console herself by saying, 'Well, well, he was not quite my lover.'

The 'Stanzas written on the Banks of the Stour' will be returned to the writer, but not without our thanks for many of his former contributions.

The 'Song written for Miss Stephens,' as a part of an intended opera, cannot be admitted; for it is a feeble composition, and in some parts self-contradictory. But, as a theatrical manager may think otherwise, we do not wish to discourage the aspiring writer from a completion of his opera. Let Carl Maria von Weber compose the music for him; and a deficiency of literary merit will then be excused by the enraptured lovers of sweet sounds.

Mary is so fond of Thomas, that she says, in her address to him,

'E'en shouldst thou quit fair virtue's track,  
I still will fondly love.'

But we beg leave to hint that, as only virtuous characters deserve regard, she is bound to desert a vicious lover. The mere hope of reclaiming him is not a sufficient excuse for the continuance of her affection. She affirms, however (and it is useless to argue against this solemn declaration), that

— 'Woman's love sinks in her soul,  
And dies but on the bier.'

The same young lady, in another amorous effusion, laments that love and memory should jointly twine a flowery snare for a hapless maiden; but cannot this contingency, when there is no hope of success in love, be prevented by firmness of mind? 'No,' says the lady, 'she cannot, if she would, forget.'

T. S. exclaims, 'Do you love me, Mary? Sure I dream.'—Let him endeavour to ascertain the prophetic nature of the dream, by persevering in his addresses.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

*A New Series.*

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OCTOBER 31, 1824.

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FEMALE OCCUPATIONS AND PURSUITS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—As the thoughts which have lately occurred to me on the subject of female talents and capabilities are particularly calculated for your miscellany, I make no apology for offering them to your notice. Although women of the most exalted genius have appeared in different periods and among many nations, so strong is prejudice in the minds of the self-styled lords of the creation, that they endeavour to establish the idea of their complete superiority to those whom they designate (if not hold up to ridicule) as the weaker sex. Without entering into a formal discussion of this question, I beg leave to affirm, that human nature is the same in both sexes, only varying in appearance according to the different modes of education. Both have a variety of inclinations and propensities. Some men have a taste for poetry and elegant literature; many cultivate theology, the law, or the healing art. Some excel in the fine arts, while others devote their attention to mechanical pursuits; some bend their minds to abstruse studies, and explore the intricacies of science. In the female world, also, there is a considerable though not so great a variety of occupation and pursuit. Some women, beside the ordinary operations of the needle, excel in embroidery and fancy-work; some direct the pencil with taste and skill, while others are musically disposed; not a few

are fond of reading and writing; some shine in the fashionable circles, and practise all the forms and graces of politeness; many amuse themselves rationally in domestic quietude; and some exercise their talents for the instruction and amusement of others. Let then the various abilities of each sex be freely cultivated, when they do not lead into mischief or error.

Whatever may be my opinion of the natural equality of the sexes, I certainly do not recommend the same course of education for both. It is not necessary or expedient for women to engage in profound studies; and, if they may be allowed to improve their minds by literature, I do not advise that every female should become an authoress. The press (I am sorry to say) now groans under a sufficient load of dullness: let not my fair contemporaries add to the weight. Yet, if genius should illumine the female mind, why should it be checked by lordly man, or precluded from a full display? If a lady should soar on the wings of fancy to the lofty regions of Parnassus, court the tragic muse, or attempt to figure in the historic walk, is she to be depressed by sneers or insulted by taunts, as if she had 'quitted her sphere,' and encroached on the confines of the other sex? Let it not be said that the needle is the only implement fitted for the finger of the female, and that paper, pens, and books, make her forget her province and neglect her family. Literary study, pursued to excess, exposes its votaries to

just blame; but, when it is conducted with moderation and propriety, so as not to interfere with the ordinary business of life, it amuses and improves the mind, and tends to the correction of immoral propensities. The matron who thus employs a portion of her time, while the concerns of her family and the duties of her station occupy the rest, deserves neither ridicule nor censure. The works of the needle are requisite and proper; but, where a woman is not reduced to the necessity of earning her subsistence by that kind of employment, are all the hours of the day to be devoted to it, and the mind to be left without culture? If a lady should excel in music, or painting, (and who will venture to decry these elegant arts?) she is suffered to exert her genius without interruption, and receives due praise and occasional remuneration for her extraordinary talents. Yet the difference is not altogether essential, whether she should paint with her pen or her pencil—whether she should turn over the poetical page, and even write poetry or prose herself, or run her pretty fingers over the keys of her piano-forte. Let then the hours which are not employed in the domestic duties of life be diversified by the innocent and improving recreations which offer themselves to the female portion of the community. Let it not be thought that the reading and intellectual woman will make a worse wife, mother, or companion, than either the mere household drudge, or the card-playing, visiting, dissipated female. SOPHIA.

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#### JEALOUSY.

Of all the passions which agitate the human breast, there is not one so destructive to happiness, so subversive of love and respect, and yet so truly pitiable as jealousy. There is no misery so relentless in its inflictions as that which it bestows,—no species of anger and hatred so dreadful as that which it inspires,—yet no tenderness and fondness more warm than that with which it is occasionally combined. This indeed arises from the severity of that remorse which the jealous may be expected to feel, from having in their doubting moods wronged the objects of their affection, who then appear in the most amiable and interesting light in the eyes of the very persons who, not an hour before, considered them

as the most base and obnoxious of all human beings. Duplicity, not less than mutability, is a strong characteristic of this passion, which has a more subtle and insinuating influence over the actions and thoughts of its votaries than they themselves imagine. The most ingenuous, simple, and sincere natures, are so warped by it, that they hesitate not to stoop to the most degrading inquiries, the most indirect inferences, and all the petty arts of cunning and dissimulation. The most noble natures are at once leveled with the most corrupt, and rural simplicity attains, as by a malignant intuition, the trickery of courtly craft and the skill of practised penetration. All the grades of society, and the cultivation of intellect, sink alike beneath its pestilential touch; and poor *human nature*, in all its power of sinful propensity and severe suffering, is presented to the view of spectators, who generally sneer with contempt, when they should sigh with pity for the victim.

It is true, that jealousy frequently assumes so ludicrous an appearance, that, almost in despite of ourselves, we are compelled to ridicule the feeling we ought to pity. The prying, bustling solicitude of the persons affected by it,—the importance given to the most trivial movements of the objects of their anxiety,—the causeless hatred that flashes in the eye at one moment, and the shuddering despondency that in the next quenches its lustre,—the capricious requisitions, the conscious folly, for ever seeking to assume a mask which it cannot effectively use,—the assumed *nonchalance*, the momentary self-conquests, and the lamentable relapses,—all tend to excite any thing rather than genuine compassion. ‘How very ridiculous!—how extremely absurd!’—a shrug and a glance—constantly indicate the only sensations elicited.

We are well acquainted with a lady who has for years rendered herself and her partner as miserable as two human beings can be, by entertaining doubts of his faithfulness. These suspicions never yet excited sympathy in any one of their very extensive circle of friends, but (we grieve to say) appear to be a source of amusement to the young and gay, who cruelly fan the flame which consumes their happiness. Mrs. Brookshaw was married at the age of eighteen, by an adoring lover, for her personal charms, which lasted quite as long as such things

generally do, and would be sufficiently conspicuous even now, if they had not been actually sacrificed by this unhappy passion, which thins the lip, curls the nose, and taints the complexion more certainly than a bilious fever. It is true, that time and flesh had made their common, but not therefore unpleasant, attacks upon the lady, before this disease was developed in her mental system; and it was her great misfortune to suppose, that 'once a beauty always a beauty, once adored, adored for ever.' She had unfortunately no children to divert her, by their opening charms, from her own waning ones,—no misfortunes to wean her from the show and glitter of life, no engrafted principles to tell her, that this world passeth away, and she was passing with it. She therefore concluded that she was to be admired to the end of her existence; and, as she had a sincere preference for her husband's praise, and a tender regard for his person, she determined to *queen* it to the end of her days with him alone, concluding that she was unquestionably the most virtuous of all women, in being contented with the homage of one man.

Brookshaw, fond, faithful, and lover-like, long devoted himself implicitly to her will; but, as life advanced, he loved to mix with men, to exercise his own faculties, to which his lady did not object, because she found herself an object of more attention in a small circle than in the larger ones to which she had been devoted. At length, however, these gentlemen increased the party by the introduction of their daughters; and from that period her happiness was shaken, soon to be destroyed for life.

From the time when one individual awakened in her the 'green-eyed monster,' it might be said that the sun of her happiness set; for, from that time, she never wanted an object on which she might feed the thick-coming fancies of her distempered imagination. She misconstrued even a civil word, every fatherly look, every mark of friendly attention; and when her husband, wearied with unmerited reproach or insinuated suspicion, avoided company, or renounced all acquaintance with the lady in question, he was told, that his melancholy was occasioned by regret, because he could not obtain her. In vain he asserted his innocence, suppressed his anger, laughed when his heart was wrung with anguish, or became serious at folly

which might have awakened his risibility: over *one* accusation it is certain he never could get: Mrs. B. maintained that 'he did not adore *her* as he used to do;—he did not look on her with the same eyes he used to do.'

When it was too late, he would endeavour to make her comprehend, that, although he still tenderly loved her, he was no longer subject to the buoyancy of ecstasy, and that her inference that he was less fond of her did not justify her suspicion of his love for another. Such an excuse was not admitted, because she maintained that, since her love for him was not abated by time, so in the nature of things his ought to remain equally vivid for her. This conclusion was not well-founded; for woman loves to the end of life, man rarely to the middle of it, except in soberness and truth, with the attachment of friendship, not passion. Happy is it for woman, when the cares and duties of life give to her own attachment the same calm and ameliorated character. Mrs. Brookshaw, even by the exercise of jealousy, kept alive in her breast that irritable and all-engrossing passion which she had felt in her youth. She forgot that her husband, bent before his time with apparent age of her own inflicting, had lost those graces which she accused him of displaying; but what did she gain by this renewal of early feeling, except misery? which, though deplorable in its intensity, was alike disgusting and absurd in its folly and misapplication.

How often have we seen tittering misses lay plans to plague her, how often have bright eyes condescended to arts that might fill hers with tears! how rapidly did her beauty sink into the 'sere and yellow leaf,' and how long did it continue there, vainly cumulating in gay dress and easy manners those whom she deemed her rivals, whilst the worm of jealous envy was sucking the very core of her heart, and, every time she looked toward a mirror, like the tempest-tossed mariner, it might be said 'her soul fainted within her.'

Foolish and blamable, as we may deem this unhappy woman, sincerely as we may pity her husband, and loudly as we may condemn her conduct, yet surely every woman of delicacy and humanity, even in the heyday of her youthful spirits, is called upon to refrain from adding fuel by a look or word to such a heart-consuming fire. Despicable as all

folly may be deemed, and even wicked as it is to blight the evening comforts of existence, by demanding the morning's blossoms, still there is something affecting in those errors which arise from an excess of tenderness, and prove the concentration of affection and interest in one justly-beloved object: such a person 'should not be jeasted with.'

Besides, who shall pass through life without wincing himself? Jealousy often seizes the attached heart like a fever, and hangs about it too, with little powers of resistance from our reason, which often joins the enemy. Only those who have bent beneath its iron hand can estimate the weight of it; and, although a man may (when the fit is over) ridicule himself, the lover, who has been regularly vaccinated himself, will rarely laugh at another. He may jest at his own scars, because they serve to remind him of his victory; he may laugh at his past folly, because such conviction of error is necessary to happiness; but he will *sympathise* with a fellow-sufferer, and will estimate every motion of the rack on which he has himself been stretched in agony.

We remember going in very early life to see Othello, and weeping piteously over the fate of the fair Desdemona. We had not then reached the age of twenty, when tears come freely, especially at the call of weeping beauty. We execrated Othello as the most inhuman wretch the world had ever beheld, saw no excuse for his conduct, and only desired to hang him and Iago on the same scaffold. We saw the same play at five and thirty, and at that time were absorbed by pity for a noble spirit, laid low by a villain's arts, and by a train of circumstances which served as the machinery for his purpose. The fearful workings of the heart, depicted so imitatively by the great dramatist, the steps by which judgement is blinded, passion inflamed, and the most horrible crime perpetrated, made so powerful an impression upon our feelings, that *then* we fear the gentle Desdemona was almost forgotten—so different will be our perceptions when we have learned to feel and therefore sympathise.

Every human being, but more especially persons of acute sensibility and vivid imagination, should guard against jealousy as an evil which will 'ruin the soul's health,' and which has ever been found to have an immediate tendency to

produce in fact that evil which is now ideal. Woman, from her temperament and her situation in society, is on the whole more subject to this weakness than man; and, since nothing can render her less agreeable in the eyes of him whom she loves than the temper to which it gives birth, she is called upon for double diligence in eradicating it from her breast. To a certain point a *lover* feels its indications a compliment, but a *husband* never; and wise and happy is that wife who firmly resolves to banish fear from her breast, and establish confidence in her bosom. If, however, faulty conduct, suspicious circumstances, or the tendency of her own anxious fondness, should induce an unhappy wife to show symptoms of this passion, let no man dare to trifle with her feelings. Let her husband remember that he has bound himself to cherish, soothe, and comfort a creature committed to his honor and generosity, and whose very error is combined with the love which he must wish to inspire. Considering her (which perhaps he justly may) as suffering under a species of insanity, he may have a right to command obedience in points of conduct, to restrain the sallies of her temper, and control that which he seeks to eradicate; but *never* must he play with the feelings, or wantonly increase the sufferings, of a wretched being so situated. To trifle with the feelings of a tender heart is always a crime; but to rend that which is already bleeding, to lacerate that which is already wounded, however we may excuse it by the charge of folly or the plea of thoughtlessness, is the conduct of a demon.

It is the duty of every husband to strengthen the mind of his wife, to form her opinions, and mould her abilities, so as to render her the rational companion of his future days, never forgetting in the summer of life that autumn and winter have their claims on his attention. By this conduct he will attach himself by stronger ties to his wife than those of personal preference, will probably save himself from those wanderings of the fancy to which many men, not positively bad, are yet subject, and thus effectually prevent her from suffering in that respect. In this age of accomplishments there is no time for the education of the heart, or for the inculcation of religious principles of self-control and humility of spirit before marriage: it ought therefore to be the husband's task mildly and

tenderly, but efficiently, to implant them afterwards. In doing this, he will reap an abundant reward in the growth of his own virtues, not less than those of his wife: he will then be able to turn the very errors of her temper to account, and to render that inordinate affection for himself and distrust of her own power, which may have made her suspicious and fretful, only the means of increased happiness. He will learn to pardon errors arising from the excess of tenderness, and to guard against conduct which would produce misery to her in whom he is so deeply interested, and thus, without painful effort or improper sacrifice, effectually banish jealousy from that breast which will be to him the rich reward of his cares, bound to him by ties such hearts alone can estimate—ties more tender than friendship, more durable than love, and which, we doubt not, will exist for ever. B.

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THE MARRIAGE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

RANDOLPH, the English envoy at the court of Mary, sent to the earl of Leicester, in 1565, a curious account of her inauspicious marriage with lord Darnley. He says,

'Theie wer maried with all the solemnities of the popyshe tyme, savinge that he hard not the masse; his speach and tawke argueth his mynde, and yet wulde he fayne seem to the worlde that he were of some religion. His words to all men agaynste whom he conceaveth anye dyspleasure, howe unjuste soever yt be, so prowde and spytefull, that rather he seemeth a monarche of the worlde, then he that not long since we have seen and knowne the lord Darnlye. He looketh nowe for reverence of maynie that have lytle will to gyve it hym, and some ther are that do gyve yt that thinke hym lytle worthy of yt. All honor that maye be attributed unto anye man by a wyf, he hathe yt whollye and fullye; all prayse that maye be spoken of hym he lacketh not from her self; all dignities that she cane indue hym with, are all reddie given and graunted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not hym. And what may I saye more, she hath geven over unto hym her whole wyll, to be ruled and guyded as hymself beste lyketh. She cane as anyche prevaile with hym in any thyng

that is agaynste hys wyll, as your lordship maye with me, to perswade that I sholde hange myself. Thys laste dygnetic, owte of hande to have byne proclaimed kinge, she wolde have had yt dyfferred untill yt were agreed by parlemente, or had byne hym self of xxi yerres of age, that thyngs done in hys name myght have the better autoritie. He wolde in no case have yt dyfferred one daye; and either then or never. Whearupon thys dowte is rysen amongeste our men of lawe, whether she beinge clade with a howsbonde, and her howsbonde not xxi yerres, anye thyng withoute parlemente cane be of strengthe that is done betwene them. Upon Saterdaye at afternone these matters were longe in debatinge, and before they were well resolved upon, at ix howers at night, by iii herauldes at sonde of the trompet, he was proclaimed kinge: thys was the night before the mariage. Thys daye, Mondaye, at xij. of the clocke, the lords, all that were in thys towne, were present at the proclaiminge of hym agayne; when no man saide so myche as Amen, savinge hys father, that cried owte alowde, 'God save his grace.'

"The manner of the mariage was in this sorte. Upon Sondaye in the morninge betwene v. and vi. she was convoie by divers of her nobles to the chappell. She had upon her backe the grate murning gown of blacke, with the grate wyde murning hoode, not unlyke unto that which she woore the deulfull daye of the buriall of her howsbande. She was leade unto the chappell by the earles Lenox and Athall, and ther was she lefte untill her howsbande came, who also was convoie by the same lords. The rainistors, prests, ii deep, ther receave them. The banes are asked the thyrd tyme, and an instrument taken by a notarie that no man saide agaynste them, or alleged anye cawse whye the mariage myght not proced. The words were spoken. The rings which were iii. the middle a riche diamonde, were put upon her fynger. Theie kneele togyther, and maynie prayers saide over them. She tarrieth owte the masse; and he taketh a kysse and leaveth her ther, and wente to her chamber, whether within a space she followeth, and ther beinge requered accordinge to the solemnities to put off her care, and leave asyde those sorrowfull garments, and geve herself to a more pleasanter lyf, after some prettie refusall, more I beleve for maner sake than greif

of harte, she suffrethe them that stooode by, everie man that coulede approve, to tayke owte a pyne, and so beinge commyttd unto her ladies, changed her garments, but went not [*then*] to bedde.

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'After the mariage followethe comenlye cheare and dancinge. To their dynner theie were convaide by the whole nobilitie. The trompetts sonde, a largets cried, and monie throwne abowte the howse in great abundance to suche as were happie to gette anye parte. Theie dyne bothe at aue table upon the upper hande. After dynner theie dance awhyle, and retir them selves tyll the hower of supper, and as theie dynded so do they suppe: some dauncinge ther was and so theie goe to bedde.'

#### THE GERMAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

THE musical science is essentially the same throughout Europe; but the accessories and the effects differ in every country. The Italians prefer pure harmony, the Germans brilliant harmony; and, as the Flemish painters are less scrupulous in the design than in the effect of the coloring, so the German musicians prefer those chords, the effects of which are the most brilliant, and those instruments which are the most sonorous,—a practice which makes them pass for excellent harmonists among those who admire the tumult of complicated sounds. In the foundations of the science they have merely followed the Italians. In vocal melody they have never been equal to their instructors; but, with regard to instrumental music, they can boast some master-pieces.

In the music of the church, they have made a considerable figure. They borrowed, indeed, the Gregorian chant from Italy; but they have composed some peculiar pieces, styled *chorals*, which have a very grand and fine effect. Their counterpart in the plain chant, and their fugues, are not equal to those of Italy: but, in the accompanied and concerted style, they have long possessed very fine works, not inferior to the productions of the Italians: such, for instance, are the masses of Graun, Haydn, and Mozart; only we should remark, that these partake of the style of the symphonic drama. They possess also oratorios of the greatest beauty, such as the *Ascension* and the *Israelites* by Bach, the *Death of Jesus* by Graun, the *Messiah*, by Handel, with many others.

With respect to the chamber or concert style, in madrigals they have nothing very remarkable; in the cantata, they have some beautiful works, at the head of which we may name the *Creation and Seasons* by Haydn, which are by some erroneously called oratorios. They do not appear to excel in fugitive pieces, as that style requires a simplicity and purity of melody little known amongst them.

The German theatre is of ancient origin, although not so early as that of Italy; but it did not attain any celebrity before the seventeenth century had nearly expired, when Keyser undertook to compose for the theatre at Hamburg, which was then very flourishing. As, however, few traces of the works of this master remain, we cannot speak of his style; but, in the course of the eighteenth century, the composers of the school of Naples, or rather the German composers formed in that school, such as Hasse and others, conveyed that style into Germany: it became predominant, and served as a model. This improved style became that of Graun, Naumann, Gluck, and even of Haydn and Mozart, with the addition only of a few modifications according to the impulse of their genius.

With regard to music for single instruments, and first, as to that for the violin, although the German composers for that instrument have only followed the steps of Corelli, they have done so with so much success, that they merit particular notice. Thus, from the time of Corelli, whilst Locatelli and Geminiani, his two best pupils, spread his school, one in Holland and the other in Great-Britain, we find that in Germany Benda and Stamitz were formed on the same model. Their successors, still improving, created a school of their own, at the head of which stand Leopold Mozart, Fraenzl, and Cramer, who nearly approached Tartini, his contemporary. In harpsichord music, they have produced, since Kerler and Froberger, who were formed in the Italian and French schools, a number of excellent composers, who require only to be named to make known the claims of the German school to celebrity. These are J. S. Bach and his sons, Haydn, Kozeluch, Mozart, Dussek, Cramer, &c. In instrumental concerted music the claim of the German is not inferior. The trios and quintets of Mozart are greatly ad-

mired; and Haydn, by bringing the grand symphony to perfection, established his own fame and that of his nation.

Musical execution, in Germany, is a mixture of good and bad; singing is generally indifferent; for we do not know one German singer who enjoys high repute out of his own country. Execution upon stringed instruments, and particularly on the violin, is solid; but it is generally thought deficient in grace and expression. On wind instruments the Germans have great skill. There are a great number of excellent performers on the organ: in that respect, indeed, they excel all other nations.

The Germans are uncommonly rich in musical literature. Their publications on all the branches of the art are numerous and admirable. We may add, that the zeal with which music is cultivated in every state, and in almost every district, is astonishing. In the principal towns, there are public schools in which its theory and practice are taught: even in obscure charity-schools, it is not neglected; and it is said that no school-master is allowed to exercise his profession, unless he is capable of giving harmonic instruction. Hence the musicians are very numerous, well informed, and highly experienced; and music, considered both as an art and a science, exercises a commanding influence from the Rhine to the Oder, and from the Danube to the Baltic.

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A MEMOIR OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER,  
THE CELEBRATED GERMAN COMPOSER.

At a time when a taste for music is very extensively diffused, an eminent professor of that science so far becomes an object of interest, that a sketch of the life of C. M. von Weber, and remarks on his character and merit, will, we presume, be acceptable to many of our readers.

He was born at Eutin, a small town of Holstein, in the year 1786, and received a good education under the eye of his father, who, having soon discovered the son's inclination for music, resolved to promote it by strong encouragement. After some private practice, Carl was sent about the age of ten years to Hildburghausen, where he had the benefit of regular instruction from Heuschkel, an able and correct master, under whom he

made a great proficiency. Michael, brother to the famous Haydn, was his next teacher; but he was disgusted at the austere manners of that musician, and did not sufficiently please either himself or his tutor by his progress. At the age of twelve, however, he had acquired such a degree of confidence in his own musical capability, that he ventured to become a composer and an author, and published six fugues in four parts, which were admired for their purity and correctness. He soon after repaired to Munich, where he was taught to sing by Valesi; and, being also recommended to Kalcher, he was indebted to the latter for what he then considered as a full knowledge of the theory of music, and for a skilful and ready use of all the means by which it promotes the views of the composer.

Stimulated by increasing zeal, and animated by the hope of brilliant success, the youth now became more indefatigable in his studies than ever, and began to direct his attention to one branch of the art more particularly than to the rest—we mean the operatic music. While he was under Kalcher's tuition, he wrote an opera entitled 'The Power of Love and Wine,' a mass, and several other pieces; but all these, when they had been examined without partiality, were judiciously committed to the flames. Soon after this, in a fit of caprice, he entertained an idea of rivaling Sennefelder, of lithographic celebrity, and he even affirmed that the invention was his own, and that he used machines more adapted to the purpose. In order to pursue his plan on a grand scale, he removed with his father to Frisberg, in Saxony, where the best materials were most conveniently at hand. The tediousness of so mechanical a business, however, could not fail very soon to tire a mind accustomed to more refined occupations; and the young speculator resumed, with redoubled vigor, his study of composition. While a youth of only fourteen, he wrote the opera of the 'Girl of the Wood,' which was received with great applause at Vienna, Prague, and Petersburg. It spread, indeed, much farther than the composer afterwards wished, considering it as an immature and faulty production. In 1801, he composed, in a better and more novel style, the opera of 'Peter Schnoll and his Neighbours,' of which Michael Haydn said, in a letter to a friend, 'This piece



is not only powerful and effective, but is marked by a strict adherence to the rules of counterpoint. To spirit and vivacity, the composer has added a high degree of delicacy, and the music is perfectly suited to the meaning of the words.'

Being doubtful of his acquaintance with the theory of music, he diligently renewed his studies, and endeavoured to investigate profoundly the principles of harmony. In his progress he flattered himself with the idea of being able to construct a new system; and, having analysed a work of S. Bach, he sent forth his comments and speculations, which, though they were interesting, the public did not regard as altogether novel.

Still eager for improvement, he became a pupil to Vogler, who applauded his zeal and abilities. He arranged for the piano-forte his tutor's opera of Samori, and so far evinced his taste and skill, that he was invited to Breslau, to officiate as the musical director of the royal chapel. Here he organised a new orchestra and vocal corps, and produced an opera on the subject of a mountain ghost. Driven from Breslau by the war, in 1806, he resided for some years in the duchy of Wirtemberg, being taken into the service of the duke Eugene, for whose gratification he wrote symphonies, concertos, and many other pieces.

His reputation was now so high, that, when he visited the chief towns of Germany, his concerts were numerous attended, and his operas were performed with great success. For three years he was the director of the operatic department at Prague, where he produced his cantata of the 'Battle and Victory,' a most striking composition. When he had re-organised the opera in that city, he was content to remain long without a permanent appointment, although he received offers of employment from various quarters. An invitation from the king of Saxony, however, was too flattering to be declined; and he still enjoys the honor and emolument of directing the opera at Dresden. Few persons are better qualified for such an undertaking. He is a more original and learned composer than Rossini, and a very active and spirited ruler of an orchestra; displays great skill in blending the various instruments; is an excellent performer on the piano-forte, and an able judge of theatrical effect. To these accomplishments he adds a greater degree of general knowledge than musicians usually pos-

sess, and a considerable acquaintance with elegant literature. His *Freischütz* evinces an intellectual spirit and a poetical mind, as well as a strong feeling for harmony; and, even where it is deficient in originality, as in the fine chorus of the hunters, a happy adaptation of ancient melody is observable. In the opinion of his musical countrymen, this piece rivals the *Zauberflöte* of Mozart.

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#### LOVE AND MADNESS.

A YOUNG French lady was on the point of giving her hand to a gentleman of the same age. Interest did not preside at this engagement, as is too frequently the case. The passion felt by each was equally ardent and reciprocal. When the lovers were preparing to approach the altar, the young man recollected that some papers were requisite, and desired that the ceremony might be postponed for a fortnight, promising that he would then fly back on the wings of love to his adorable mistress, as he was eager to conclude the ceremony which was to confirm the happiness of his life.

Women, when in love, are more passionately, more delicately sensible of the soft influence than men. The young lady paid no attention to the reasons that were alleged. What reasons, indeed, could be urged to a heart inflamed with the tender passion? She gave way to complaints and to all the alarms that fancy could suggest. She seemed to be alive only to the pain of being torn from the object that was dearer to her than herself. And these are perhaps the feelings, this the conduct of genuine love.

But it was impossible to proceed with the ceremony. The impatient lover had already left his mistress, whose too susceptible heart consulted neither the little decorums of the sex, nor the representations of her family. In her unsophisticated mind, love assumed the character, the noble pride of virtue; and it felt a degree of self-complacency, and even gloried in its transports. She openly lamented the short delay, and almost fancied that hours of absence were years.

In the mean time, she received a letter from her lover, which, one would imagine, would have relieved her from this state of agitation and terror. After renewing his protestations of eternal love, he dwelt with transport on his approaching felicity, and fixed a day for

his arrival. It may be supposed that his mistress, in proportion to the pleasure she derived from this intelligence, anticipated the happy day, and that she was at the place where he was to alight, even some hours before he could arrive. Her eye was continually at the window. At the least noise, she exclaimed, 'It is he! it is he!'—The moment the coach appeared, she was the first to perceive it. With impatient eyes she sought the object of her love. 'Where is he? where is he? Is not Mr. \*\*\*\*\* among the passengers? Where—where is he? An elderly gentleman stepped out of the coach, with a deep sorrow visible in his face: 'Madam, it is my duty to—' 'What! is he not come, sir? He told me—what, what prevents him?'—'I am his uncle, madam, and I am come express'—'What! has he changed his mind, sir? Does he cease to love me? Do his relations refuse?—you sigh, sir: must I never then be his? Speak, sir!—tell me.'—'Oh! madam, arm yourself with courage. No—my nephew was not capable of such dishonorable conduct—but a violent illness'—'An illness?—I run—I fly—my parents will permit me'—'Stay, madam—this goodness is now useless.' At these words he burst into tears. The young lady was speechless and immovable. 'Ah! madam, you understand me too well!'—'He is dead! he is dead!' screamed the unhappy lady. Her fears were not visionary. She was informed that a sudden death had snatched her lover from her, the very evening before he was to

have set out on his return, and that he had only time to request his uncle to go and see his intended bride, to assure her, that, in his last moments, he loved her, if possible, with more ardor than ever, and to do every thing in his power to console her.—'He is dead!—he is no more!' repeated the wretched lady, with a steady voice, that seemed to issue from the bottom of her soul. Alas! her mind began to wander; her reason abandoned her; and there was no remedy for the dreadful affliction, for the hopeless woe.

This unfortunate lady survived her lover for many years, during which she went every day to the place where she had hoped to see him alighting from the coach: she then only uttered—'He is not come yet! I will return to-morrow!'

She continued until her death to feel intense grief, which was scarcely for a moment interrupted by any attempts to speak. Some of her neighbours advised that she should be confined; but her friends would not suffer her to be so harshly treated. Her madness, they said, was not prejudicial to society, but, on the contrary, was worthy of all the respect that was due to the wretched. And was not this lady, while she lived in this forlorn, state among the number of those for whom Cicero created, if I may so express myself, these beautiful, these affecting expressions?

*Res est sacra miser.* \*

\* An unhappy person is a sacred object.

#### THE HUMBLE LOVER.

ONCE I was cool, and free from love's alarms;  
Before me, then, sweet girls unheeded pass'd:  
But, now, I am a slave to beauty's charms,  
And feel a passion which too long may last.

When the fair form of Emma strikes my eye,  
Pensive I mourn the cruelty of fate,  
Which nor on fortune's list has placed me high,  
Nor giv'n me feelings humble as my state.

Oh, how my flutt'ring heart unequal beats,  
When the lov'd charmer's name salutes my ear,  
While pallid chills and quick succeeding heats  
Speak rising hope abash'd by coward fear!

If the heart's language be by looks display'd,  
If the soul's form be featur'd in the face,  
In Emma's eyes, with beaming smiles array'd,  
Serenely shine love, tenderness, and grace.

By these embolden'd, let my lab'ring breast  
 In simple strains breathe forth its humble love:  
 And sure those looks, in sweetest mildness dress'd,  
 At least will pity, if they can't approve.

If (let kind Heav'n indulge my fond desire)  
 Her eye should give me one enliv'ning ray,  
 What glowing raptures would my bosom fire!  
 How would my sorrows all be chased away!

Yet dare I hope, when Fortune's not my friend,  
 The fair-one's smiles should ever favor me?  
 Mischance, I fear, my steps will still attend,  
 While thus my state and passion disagree.

Emma, commis'rate then my heart-felt pain;  
 Let gentle pity in thy bosom plead:  
 Let not thy pride my tender tale disdain;  
 Let not my breast with bitt'rest anguish bleed!

EDWIN.

## REPOSE, A SONNET, BY A YOUNG LADY.

CALM and serene is infancy's repose,  
 When on the earth its form insensate lies;  
 When the last sleep falls on its willing eyes,  
 And death benign anticipates its woes.

For there has trial ne'er assum'd its sway  
 To mar the progress of concentred views:  
 There sorrow never shed its baleful dews  
 To frustrate hope's exhilarating ray.

Nor envy there has prov'd its cruel art,  
 To stab, with treacherous hand, another's fame;  
 Nor prejudice o'erlook'd the fairest claim,  
 Perverting all the feelings of the heart;  
 But free from every stain, nor by our ills oppress'd,  
 In pure primeval innocence it sinks to rest.

## THE WANDERER'S LAMENT, BY MR. RYAN.

O'ER Erin's lofty mountain  
 I saw the splendid sun arise,  
 And gild each vale and fountain  
 That sparkled in the sunny dyes.  
 But ah! no beam, whose splendor  
 Illum'd the wood or water's foam,  
 Could yield a ray so tender,  
 As when I saw it o'er my home.

I watch'd the moonlight trembling  
 O'er every hill and valley fair:  
 'Twas sweet, but not resembling  
 The lustres that I've gazed on there.  
 I saw each star arising,  
 As oft at midnight's hour I'd roam,  
 But none, whose calm uprising  
 Was priz'd as one that's o'er my home.

The birds that seek the bowers,  
 When Flora decks the dewy plain,  
 Rove on their destin'd hours,  
 And seek their native homes again :  
 But I, though sorrows sting me,  
 And shadows cross where'er I roam,  
 No wing shall find to bring me  
 Once more to fields of youth and home.

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'TIS EVE ON THE OCEAN; BY MR. WATTS.

'Tis eve on the ocean,  
 The breeze is in motion,  
 And briskly our vessel bounds forth on its way ;  
 The blue sky is o'er us,  
 The world is before us ;  
 Then, Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay !  
 Why sorrow thus blindly  
 For those who unkindly  
 Could launch, and then leave us on life's troubled sea ;  
 Who so heartlessly scanted  
 The little we wanted,  
 And denied us the all that we ask'd—to be free !  
 But we've 'scaped from their trammels,—the word is ' Away !'  
 Then, Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay !

On ! On we are speeding,  
 While, swiftly receding,  
 The white cliffs of Albion in distance grow blue ;  
 Now that gem of earth's treasures,  
 That scene of past pleasures,  
 The home of our childhood, fades fast on our view.  
 Yet still thy heart's swelling,  
 My turtle-eyed Ellen !  
 What recks it to us that we leave it behind !  
 Dark ills may betide us,  
 But Fate cannot guide us  
 Where foes are more bitter, or friends are less kind,  
 Than we've found them at home ;—but the word is ' Away !'  
 Then, Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay !

Now twilight comes round us,  
 And dimness hath bound us,  
 And the light-house looks forth from its surf-beaten height,  
 Like hope's gentle beamings,  
 Through sorrow's deep dreamings,  
 Or the lode-star of memory to hours of delight.  
 Though, self-exiled, we sever  
 From England for ever,  
 We'll make us a home and a country afar ;  
 And we'll build us a bower,  
 Where stern pride hath no power,  
 And the rod of oppression our bliss may not mar.  
 We have broken our chain,—and the word is ' Away !'  
 Then, Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay !

## LOUISA, THE LADY OF THE HAYSTACK,

## A BALLAD.

Among the fair, Louisa shone  
 The brightest of the village train;  
 Her eye surpass'd the morning gem  
 That sparkles on the dewy plain;  
 But ah! she sought the lonely shades,  
 Near weeping willows would she stray,  
 And vain was ev'ry gentle art,  
 To lure the lovely prize away.

Full many a swain with grief beheld  
 The frequent tear of sorrow flow;  
 Full many a bosom sigh'd to hear  
 Those sighs that spoke her bosom's woe;  
 But no consoling tongue could calm  
 The plaintive wildness of her lay;  
 And vain was friendship's gentle voice,  
 To charm the lovely prize away.

Ah! mourn, ye swains! ye maidens, weep.  
 The boast of beauty now is o'er;  
 The pink her pallid lip forsakes,  
 And roses paint her cheek no more.  
 The latent anguish of her breast,  
 No more controll'd by mortal clay,  
 Its feeble confines burst—and Death  
 Then bore the lovely prize away.

## A SONNET

*addressed to the late Mr. Capel Lofft.*

LOFFT, unto thee, one tributary song,  
 The simple Muse, admiring, fain would bring;  
 She longs to lisp thee to the list'ning throng,  
 And with thy name to bid the woodlands ring.  
 Fain would she blazon all thy virtues forth,  
 Thy warm philanthropy, thy justice mild,  
 Would say how thou didst foster kindred worth,  
 And to thy bosom snatch misfortune's child:  
 Firm, she would paint thee, with becoming zeal,  
 Upright, and learned, as the Pylian sire,  
 Would say how sweetly thou couldst sweep the lyre,  
 And show thy labours for the public weal:  
 Ten thousand virtues tell with joy supreme,  
 But ah! she shrinks abash'd before the arduous theme.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS UPON MANNERS  
AND CUSTOMS.

THERE are very few people in the world (that is, in the English world) who can content themselves with staying at home; but it is difficult to ascertain whether the improvement in the roads produced the general desire of peregrination, or the increasing number of travelers led to the improvement of the

roads. Formerly, from a dread of the hills and the rats, of the jolting of lumbering ill-contrived carriages, and of the attacks of highwaymen, journeys were seldom undertaken except upon business of importance, or by persons who were privileged by their birth and fortune to resort to the most expensive means of amusing themselves. The vulgarity of a public conveyance was quite sufficient

to deter gentlewomen of slender incomes from trusting themselves to the mean associations in a stage-coach, and to the long domestication of its passengers at uncomfortable inns: they therefore remained quietly at home, unless compelled to venture by some inevitable circumstance; and gentlemen, equally unwilling to encounter the humors of the ancient diligences, were wont to advertise for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise. The time spent in traveling a hundred miles was also a serious consideration. It required an object of great consequence to induce people to submit to a tedious imprisonment in a heavy rumble-tumble of a coach, with the risque of dislocation in every joint, of being shot through the head by a robber, or overturned down a precipice, or put into a damp bed at a house of uncivil entertainment: it required little less than the enterprising spirit of a Park or a Belzoni to traverse the whole length or breadth of the kingdom; and accordingly people in general were as stationary as the trees that surrounded them in the country, or the brick walls which encircled them in town. They lived, no doubt, in a lamentable state of ignorance; but there must have been something very delightful in the uncertain conjectures which a lively imagination would form of the great world existing beyond the narrow boundaries of home. In the midst of rural retirement, what an earnest longing would many an imprisoned Rasselas feel to escape from the Happy Valley, and try the fortunes of an unknown universe; while the romantic nymph in town would sigh for pastoral pleasures, and picture shepherds in blue and silver, reclining upon banks of green velvet, playing on oaten pipes, whilst their fair companions, all fluttering with gauze and silken streamers, twined garlands of roses round the fleecy throats of their bleating charge! What vague and dim notions of foreign parts (as they were called) must have been entertained—what ideas must have prevailed of the ‘*anthropophagi* whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,’ of hideous fish, strange fowl, monsters and chimeras dire in the oceans and forests of the desert portion of the globe—of golden-paved streets, and palaces built of rubies and emeralds in oriental realms; seas beset with Algerine pirates nearer home, and Christian beauties languishing under Moorish tyranny—what delicious

dreams of Spain, of bright eyes beaming through the graceful veil, or peeping through the interstices of the convent grate, tender serenades breathed in gardens perfumed with the orange and myrtle blossoms, the tinkling melody of the wild guitar breaking the silence of the summer night along the romantic *serras*, or waking the distant echoes from the depths of cork and olive groves,—the rope-ladders, jealous dons, starched duennas and intriguing valets of Seville and Madrid, and, last of all, the fearful mysteries, the sable-clad familiars, horrid dungeons, and inhuman tortures of the Inquisition. The passing pageant in the mind’s eye was varied by the merry feasts of fair and jocund France, whilst every Parisian *petit-maitre* was a count de Grammont, and every military hero a chevalier Bayard. In fashions and manners, perfection was allowed by an unwilling yet universal consent to this *arbitrer elegantiarum* of Europe; and the fancy reveled in essence boxes and trinkets, rouge, and artificial flowers. Germany presented far different ideas: the rocks and mountains were peopled with demons; ghosts of murdered travelers stalked amid the ruins where they met their fate; the unbragous forests were the haunts of banditti, and each hill-crowned castle was the theatre of some gloomy despot’s crimes; whilst in Italy disappointed lovers administered poison to their faithless adorers, and under the dark piazza stilettos flashed upon the appalled eye from the uplifted hand of one of Salvator Rosa’s fierce-browed assassins. Who can indulge in such delightful reveries as these with the broad reality before their eyes, or on pain of being set right by a tourist scarcely arrived at years of discretion, or some deeply-read student not out of his or her teens? The wild, the terrible, the sentimental, the sublime, are dwindled down to nothing. There is hardly a spot upon this terraqueous globe which is not so accurately described in some thick or thin quarto, that those who limit their excursions to the most frequented and fashionable watering-places in Europe, are as well acquainted with the country from Indus to the North Pole, as one who has scorched through the summer solstice upon the Himalaya mountains, or wintered with captain Parry in the Arctic ocean. But, about a hundred years ago, people read little and saw less of the world on which they

lived: their pleasures, whether innocent or the reverse, they found at home; and those country gentlemen who were not members of parliament lived entirely upon their own estates, spending the chief part of their time in foxhunting in the morning and carousing at night, whilst their wives and daughters looked after the poultry, pickled cucumbers, and made gooseberry wine, or tortured muslin with satin-stitch. They visited their neighbours on moonlight nights, braving the perils of bad roads and drunken charioters (the rules of hospitality not allowing any male, either master or servant, to depart sober), for the pleasure of discussing the demerits of their acquaintance, and spreading some tale of scandal which had just reached them: they took the patterns of each other's aprons, ate hot suppers, and played at blind-man's-buff in the great hall. The arrival of a stranger was considered as an important event, and the new comer attracted all eyes in the village church, to the total disregard of the vicar's sermon. If it was a *belle*, the men stared her out of countenance, and the women scarcely took their eyes from her dress; if a beau, every female heart palpitated like those of Dorinda and Mrs. Sullen, on the appearance of Aimwell and Archer in their rustic congregation. Visions of London, of gilded coaches, the park and the theatre, rose to each spinster's imagination, and all the artillery of personal attraction was instantly put into requisition. The annual excursion to the neighbouring town, when a ball or a race assembled the provincial population, was anticipated for six months at least before it took place, and huge old chests were rummaged for wedding-dresses to be re-modeled for the occasion, for rich substantial silks that would bear turning and re-turning, silver embroidery that would scour and look as good as new, blond lace not at all the worse for being as yellow as saffron, and tiffany stout enough to wash: these were the wardrobes for durability, where one female of fortune, entering a family with costly bridal *paraphernalia*, would furnish out her descendants in holiday garments to the third generation.

How different was the scene exhibited at the inn-door upon an assemblage of this kind, from that which is now produced by the bustle of a music-meeting or other provincial festival—the stage-coaches arriving every hour loaded in-

side and out, curricles, gigs, cabriolets, private mails, and gentlemen's light carriages, with two young ladies on the seat in front and two grooms posted behind, setting down the gay visitors, and their imitators approaching in vehicles filled by three persons, with the servants on the box, and drawn by a pair of horses, though so heavily laden with luggage, that the grumbling inn-keepers are obliged to charge three-pence per mile *extra* for posting on every well-frequented road. Instead of these modern contrivances of fashion and economy which puzzle the bystander, who is astonished to see my lord \*\*\* alight from the roof of a stage-coach, and Mrs. Cheshire from Tooley-street arrive in her own landaulet, the rank and circumstances of every visitor were known by the outward appearance which they made. The macaroni from town, some lord Foppington or glittering Dormant, came in his chariot and six, followed by three or four outriders—an equipage now never seen except at the lord-mayor's show. His more buckish friend drove himself down in a phaeton and four, a conveyance also obsolete, and they traveled in powdered wigs, silk stockings, pearl-colored tabinet coats, lined perhaps with pink, cambric ruffles, and steel-hilted swords,—a costume which they exchanged in the evening for suits of cut velvet, point-lace, gold embroidery and diamonds. The sheriff of the county, the members, and the lords of manors, brought their wives and families in coaches, each drawn by six sleek long-tailed horses, followed by mounted domestics in splendid liveries. The coachman, in a tremendous cocked hat, sat upon a gaudy hammercloth, and admitted no partnership on his throne. He drove the whole team in hand—an exploit not common in these days of whipmanship, though formerly of frequent occurrence, if we may judge from the views of noblemen's and gentlemen's seats in the old histories of counties, where every stately avenue is embellished with one of these equipages, represented as galloping along at full speed. People of less consequence crammed seven or eight in a roomy hack-chaise, or a forgotten conveyance called a tumbrel, and the curate's wife was glad to bump behind her husband upon a pillion. The young men appeared on horseback, attended by a groom equipped with saddle-bags, or not disdaining to carry their own wardrobe in a portman-

teau in front. With these equestrians mingled a doubtful description of persons. No young lady could be absolutely certain that the strange gentleman who respectfully drew up his pawing blood-horse to allow her to pass into the inn in the morning, would not at night urge his fiery steed to the carriage window, and, putting a pistol to her head, lament the necessity he was under of taking her jewels or her life. *The road* was a very common resource to a ruined gamester, or any other pretty fellow whose expenses had outstripped his income, and who, by the help of a black crape vizor, might levy contributions in the country with little danger of being recognized in town. Less daring adventurers, under the denomination of *black legs*, swindlers of great fashion and gentility in the class of count Basset, formed deep designs upon the purses of country 'squires and the fortunes of heiresses, the latter being apt to be captivated by the London ease and assurance of these high-bred sharpers, when contrasted with the awkward rusticity of the neighbouring beaus. The ball-room presented a curious spectacle: what a grand series of minuets, what flourishing of cocked hats and spreading of tissue petticoats, as the performers sailed about the room, ladies and gentlemen nicely matched according to their rank, the high sheriff's daughter being the belle of the year! The ancient cotillon, parent to the modern quadrille, ensued; and these, when the stiffness began to unbend a little, were followed by English country dances, which wonderfully increased the animation of the company. The finale of sir Roger de Coverley completely changed the face of affairs from rigid decorum to tipsy rout and revelry, and the assembly broke up at the instant that manas and aunts perceived the wine turning the heads of the gentlemen, and flattery having the same effect upon those of the ladies. In mustering each coachful of visitors, it was sometimes discovered that a Scottish expedition had been planned and executed during the bustle; a gay rake from London had carried off a golden prize, and parents and guardians went grumbling home, *minus* a daughter or a ward. The next day young ladies sat in their drawing-room in state, arrayed in their very best bibs and tuckers, expecting visits from their partners, who were bound to make their bows to those with whom they had danced on the preceding

evening. How many hearts were lost, and won at these formidable meetings, where each selected fair-one retained her beau for the whole night! There was no vacillating or changing from the nymph of the pink *negligée* to the lady of the blue sacque and petticoat. Every fair-one had time to display all her mental accomplishments in each long *à-tête* between the dances, and to rivet the chains imposed by her beauty. Yet, with these advantages over the *belle* of our days, who is obliged to angle for fresh partners every quarter of an hour, there was a drawback. The happiness or misery of a whole night was too much in the power of fortune. The union was indissoluble during a certain number of hours; and if the parties happened to be paired, not matched, there was no possibility of escaping the yoke; they had taken each other for better for worse, and must abide the consequences. As soon as the jubilee was over, the crowd retired quietly, and resumed the ordinary occupations of life, without dreaming of dissipation, until the revolving year produced a repetition of festivities.

In London things were differently managed. The carnival lasted from January to December, and persons accustomed to the gaieties of a town life were seldom prevailed upon to quit the scene of their pleasures. Lord Chesterfield observed that it was the best place to live in during summer, and in the winter *there was no other*; and truly he spoke wisely for the time in which he flourished. Polish and elegance, refinement and high breeding, were almost exclusively confined to the west end of the town; neither was it the hot dingy labyrinth of brick and stone which it has since been rendered by the accumulated buildings of later years. The polite part of the metropolis was *rus in urbe*; rich tracts of meadow land divided it from the neighbouring villages, Pimlico, Chelsea, and Brompton. Breezes fresh from green fields played amidst the foliage of St. James' Park, where the trees, not blackened by surrounding smoke, retained the tints which nature gave them. The bright sparkling beautiful river, now scarcely known except by name to the fashionable colonies north of Oxford-street, was at that period a delightful resource in the meridian of summer; it bore on its silvery flood a dainty freightage from the court, bound to the rural haunts of Richmond and Twick-



enhanced, and proud regattas were constantly to be seen upon the surface of its broad translucent waters; but it is now comparatively deserted. The huge fish-shapen steam-boat goes foaming, wabbling, and smoking along, instead of the stately barge glittering like that which wafted Cleopatra down the Cydnus, and bearing some equally distinguished beauty, some fair Belinda with her crowd of invisible sylphs and her train of scented beams. Noblemen in blue striped shirts and sailors' jackets, anxious to be mistaken for jolly young watermen, now form a gallant crew to their trim wherries, but make not so brilliant a figure as their forefathers did when, reclining at ease in their painted and canopied pleasure-vessels, they floated majestically along, followed by bands of music.

Thus, with the help of auctions in the morning, performances at the summer theatres, and parties to Hampton-court, people of fashion contrived to exist very comfortably until the winter season commenced, and masquerades, concerts, and balls, followed each other in quick succession. The members of every class of society remained in their stations, employing themselves diligently in their several vocations; but suddenly a passion for the picturesque turned the whole nation topsy-turvy; and certain medical preachers descanted upon the efficacy of salt-water bathing with so much zeal, that they succeeded in persuading both town and country to emigrate to the sea-side. It then became the fashion to write and talk about scenery, and every part of the coast was explored for fine views. New facilities for traveling offered themselves, and it was really so delightful for the lovers of the picturesque to exchange the dull regularity of a spacious well-furnished house, and extensive grounds and gardens, for a circumscribed lodging and a dusty promenade in a crowded dirty town at the sea-side, that henceforth parks and manors were deserted, and ladies preferred gathering pebbles to culling flowers. The detestation of home increased: an absolute rage for novelty possessed all ranks and classes; the country far and near was ransacked for excuses for gadding about; a ruin or a lake, a ledge of rocks, any thing that could be puffed into popularity, served to attract numbers of idle persons, and impelled them to wander up hill and down dale like discon-

tented spirits; and this passion is daily increasing. No profession, no occupation whatever, is sufficient to chain man or woman to one spot: if they live in the country, they must come to town; if in town, a visit to the country is an absolute necessity. Those who are free to roam abroad, blessed with private fortunes which enable them to consult their own inclination alone, are seldom to be found for more than two months in the same place. They just run over to Paris or Brussels, and are no sooner settled at home than some attraction calls them to Cheltenham: in the autumn they *must* be at Brighthelmston. Then comes the London season, and, with an occasional trip to the Highlands, and a visit to the Cornish mines, they contrive to make out the year.

The publication of any celebrated descriptive work brings down an irruption of ladies and gentlemen upon the wondering rustics of a lonely district, astounded by the sudden importance which their native fields have acquired. The Lady of the Lake sent 'all the world and his wife' to explore the banks of Loch Katrine, and Kenilworth overflowed every inn in the neighbourhood of Cumnor with guests. There is not a single person, with whom we are connected or acquainted, who does not appear to have money to spend upon the road; and the very few who from inclination or economy remain stationary find themselves entirely forsaken. Your friends are dispersed at Malvern and Matlock, Southend and Southampton, in the Isle of Thanet and the Isle of Wight. The bar-risters whom you have retained are making the tour of the lakes, and your attorney is gone to Paris: you must therefore employ strangers, or submit to the inconveniences of delay. Your medical attendant has ordered himself to Leamington, and you quack yourself in a slight attack of *cholera*, because you do not like new faces at your bedside. You must trust, for the fulfilment of your orders, to foremen and shopmen; for all your tradespeople are at places of fashionable resort. If you should be literary, as six out of ten are, your publisher, whom you want to consult, is at Leipzig: the editors of the magazines for which you write, after you have racked your brains for the reason of their long silence, answer your letters from Scarborough or Sidmouth; you get no money for your contributions, because the proprietors are

gone off to Cheltenham or to Swansea; neither can you hurry your tragedy through the press, for the printer is at Worthing. . . Thus you have no resource, all your business being at a stand, but to take wing and add to the number of restless wanderers.

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THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF THE RE-  
VEREND EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE,  
LL. D.

Or this divine, so distinguished by his extensive travels, and his skill in several branches of science, we gave a biographical sketch, not long after his death, from the best materials which we could procure: but, as a memoir of him has been recently published, with his literary remains, by one who knew him well, we are induced to resume the subject.

Mr. Otter, who is the biographer on the present occasion, laments that his friend did not apply himself with sufficient zeal or diligence to classical learning; speaks of his truant disposition, and of his wasting, in unseasonable pursuits, the precious years of boyhood and of youth, which ought to be dedicated to the acquisition of fundamental truths, and to the establishment of method and order in the mind; yet it does not appear that he was so deficient in scholastic erudition as many hundreds of those who pass through an academical course on the banks of the *Tam* without disgrace, if not with the honor of being *senior wranglers*.

A critic asks, 'How is it proved from the results, that his pursuits were unseasonable?' That Clarke himself 'felt sensibly, and regretted most forcibly, the disadvantages accruing to him in after-life from the neglect in his earlier years of the ordinary school studies,' are mere formal words of course that prove nothing; and, with regard to the alleged 'defective knowledge of principles,' it is not easy to admit that such a deficiency should be 'an error singularly aggravated by the analytical process he usually adopted in all the acquisitions both in language and science;' the process, in short, by which, and by which alone, we can arrive at truth. Notwithstanding the continued uneasiness of the editor of Clarke's Remains at 'his little progress in the appropriate studies of the place,' we can see much that is *seasonable* (continues the critic), because

adapted to the sphere in which nature had destined him to move, in the studies to which he voluntarily applied himself; and which embraced ancient and modern history, medals, antiquities, and natural philosophy, especially the mineralogical branch. One of his recreations at Cambridge was the constructing and sending up a splendid balloon, to the admiration of his brother collegians and his own delight. Sad fellow! the truth was, he was always agile and earnest in the pursuit of science, and left the word-comers to their *As in præsentia*. It may be difficult to conjecture with the editor, 'what might have been the effect of a different training upon such a mind;' we may perhaps hazard a guess, that instead of looking out on the sea of Azoff, he would have pored himself half-blind in an ingenious re-construction of the Greek choral metres.'

Some of his early amusements and pursuits are thus noticed by Mr. Otter.

'Having upon some occasion accompanied his mother on a visit to a relation's house in Surrey, he contrived, before the hour of their return, so completely to stuff every part of the carriage with stones, weeds, and other natural productions of that county, then entirely new to him, that his mother, upon entering, found herself embarrassed how to move; and, though the most indulgent creature alive to her children, she was constrained, in spite of the remonstrances of the boy, to eject them one by one from the window. For one package, however, carefully wrapped up in many a fold of brown paper, he pleaded so hard, that he at last succeeded in retaining it; and when she opened it at night, after he had gone to sleep, it was found to contain several greasy pieces of half-burnt reeds, such as were used at that time in the farmers' kitchens in Surrey, instead of candles; which he said, upon inquiry, were specimens of an invention, that could not fail of being of service to some poor old woman of the parish, to whom he could easily communicate how they were prepared.

'Another childish circumstance, which occurred about the same time, is worthy of recital; not only because it indicates strongly the early prevalence of the spirit to which we have alluded, but because it accounts in some measure for the extraordinary interest he took throughout his life in the manners and the fortunes of gypsies. At this period

his eldest brother was residing with his relations at Chichester; and, as his father's infirm state of health prevented him from seeing many persons at his house, Edward was permitted frequently to wander alone in the neighbourhood, guarded only by a favorite dog, called Keeper. One day, when he had stayed out longer than usual, an alarm was given that he was missing: search was made in every direction, and hour after hour elapsed without any tidings of the child. At last, his old nurse, who was better acquainted with his haunts, succeeded in discovering him in a remote and rocky valley, above a mile from his father's house, surrounded by a group of gypsies, and deeply intent upon a story which one of them was relating to him.

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‘What the attractive objects were, which thus engrossed the attention of Edward Clarke, to the manifest injury of his classical progress, it is difficult for us to know: but that some of them at least referred to popular experiments in chemistry and electricity may be clearly inferred, from several humorous exhibitions which he used to make in his father's house, during the holidays, to the entertainment, and sometimes to the dismay, of the neighbours and servants, who were always called in, upon those occasions, to witness the wonders of his art. In the pursuit of these experiments, it is remembered that he used, in spite of the remonstrances of the cook, to seize upon tubs, pots, and other utensils in his father's kitchen, which were often seriously damaged in his hands; and that, on one occasion, he surprised his audience with a thick and nauseous cloud of fuming sulphureous acid; inasmuch that, alarmed and half-suffocated, they were glad to make their escape in a body, as fast as they could. It does not appear, however, that his attachment to these sedentary pursuits prevented him from partaking in the active pleasures and amusements which were suited to his age, and in which his light and compact figure, uniting great agility with considerable strength, was calculated to make him excel. Every sort of game or sport, which required manliness of spirit and exertion, he was ever foremost to set on foot, and ever ready to join; but in running, jumping, and swimming, he was particularly expert.’

Such was the earlier part of his education. The results are the volumes of

his Travels and the invention of the gas blow-pipe.

Among his Remains are various sketches and letters relative to his travels; and some of these are lively and amusing. We extract one which he sent to his mother, in 1799, from Lapland.

‘We have found the cottage of a priest in this remote corner of the world, and have been snug with him a few days. Yesterday I launched a balloon, eighteen feet in height, which I had made to attract the natives. You may guess their astonishment, when they saw it rise from the earth.

‘Is it not famous to be here, within the frigid zone, more than two degrees within the arctic, and nearer to the pole than the most northern shores of Iceland? For a long time darkness has been a stranger to us. The sun, as yet, passes not below the horizon; but he dips his crimson visage behind a mountain to the north. This mountain we ascended, and had the satisfaction to see him make his curtsy, without setting. At midnight the priest of the place lights his pipe, during three weeks in the year, by means of a burning-glass, from the sun's rays.

‘We have been driving rein-deer in sledges. Our intention is to penetrate, if possible, into Finmark, as far as the source of the Alten, which falls into the Icy Sea. We are now at the source of the Muonio in Tornca Lapmark. I doubt whether any map you can procure will show you the spot. Perhaps you may find the name of the place, Enontakis. Well, what idea have you of it? Is it not a fine town?—sashed windows, and streets paved and lighted—French theatres—shops—and public buildings? I'll draw up the curtain—now see what it is! A single hut, constructed of the trunks of fir-trees, rudely hewn, with the bark half on, and placed horizontally, one above another; here and there a hole to admit light: and this inhabited by an old priest, and his young wife and his wife's mother, and a dozen children and half a dozen dogs, and four pigs, and John, and Cripps, and the two interpreters, and Lazarus, covered with sores, bit by mosquitoes, and as black as a negro. We sleep on rein-deer skins, which are the only beds we have had since [we left] Tornca.

‘We have collected minerals, plants, drawings, and, what is of more importance, manuscript maps of countries un-

known, not only to the inhabitants of Sweden, but to all the geographers of Europe. The best maps afford no accurate idea of Lapland. The geography of the north of Europe, and particularly of the countries lying to the north of the Gulf of Bothnia, is entirely undetermined. I am now employed in tracing the topography of the source of the Muonio. We are enabled to confirm the observations of Maupertuis, and the French missionaries, respecting the elevation of the pole, and the arctic circle. I shall bring a piece of it home to you, which stuck in my boot, as I stepped into the frigid zone. It will serve as excellent leaven, and be of great use in brewing, a pound of it being sufficient to ferment all the beer in the cellar, merely by being placed in my cabinet.

‘The wolves have made such dreadful havoc here, that the rich Laplanders are flying to Norway. One of them, out of a thousand rein-deer, which he possessed a few years ago, has only forty remaining. Our progress from Tornea has been entirely in canoes, or on foot, three hundred and thirty miles. There are no less than one hundred and seven cataracts between this place and Tornea. We live on rein-deer flesh, and the arctic strawberry, which is the only vegetable that has comforted our parched lips and palates for some time. It grows in such abundance, near all the rivers, that John gathers a pail-full whenever we want them. I am making all possible exertion to preserve some for you. Wheat is almost unknown here. The food of the natives is raw fish, ditto rein-deer, and sour milk, called *pijma*. Eggs, that great resource of travelers, we have not. Poultry are never seen. Had I but an English cabbage, I should feast like an alderman.’

#### A NEW PICTURE OF SOCIETY AT GENOA.

THE Genoese women (says M. Vieusseux) are among the handsomest of Italy; indeed, this city can boast of a decided superiority with regard to female beauty. In no other place have I seen such a number of interesting countenances collected as in the streets, churches, and places of public resort at Genoa. They have, in general, elegant figures, delicate complexions, dark hair and eyes, and pretty features; and their deportment is remarkably graceful.

Marriage is at Genoa a matter of calculation, perhaps more so than anywhere else; it is generally settled between the relatives, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her figure or manners, he may break off the match, on condition of defraying the expenses incurred. But this is seldom the case; the principal object, that of interest, being once settled, the bride follows the portion as a matter of course, and is often scarcely minded. There are in this city marriage-brokers, who have pocket-books filled with the names of marriageable girls of different classes, with notes descriptive of their figures and their fortunes; these people go about endeavouring to arrange connexions; if they succeed, they get a commission of two or three *per cent.* upon the portion. The contents of their memorandums are often very curious.

The custom of having a *patito* (such is the modern word substituted for *cicisbeo*) is still prevailing among the Genoese ladies. The patience of those individuals is truly astonishing. They are the humble servants of their fair sovereigns; they accompany them to church, to walk, to their evening parties, to the theatre; they keep them company at home,—in short, they follow them as their shadows, and submit to their whims, for which they have, in return a free access to the house, and a seat at table. Strange as it may appear to foreigners, this custom is, in many cases, nothing more than a matter of ceremony, the remains of a chivalrous feeling of gallantry, or the result of mutual convenience. The lady finds her *patito* to be a very useful person, while her husband, absorbed in his commercial speculations, has little time or patience to attend to her petty concerns. The *patito* in his turn finds her society agreeable, and his courtship is often nothing more to him than the means of killing time: he is generally the friend of the husband, sometimes his partner in business. It happens, therefore, that if a lady has a real intrigue, she must keep it concealed from her *patito* as well as from her husband; the object of her partiality (*il favorito*, as he is sometimes called) is kept in the back-ground. In the lower

classes, and among the peasantry, however, there is no *padrino* or *favorito*; the husbands are jealous of their prerogatives, and their wives are attached to them and submissive.

The Genoese women have in general a considerable share of coquetry; they are fond of being admired. In many families of the old school, the custom prevails of having a clergyman, called *il prete di casa*, who is a kind of governor to the children, and is looked upon as one of the family. A certain degree of veneration toward ecclesiastics still remains among these people, especially in the country; and I have had occasion to see that influence usefully employed for charitable and christian purposes. The clergy have had little opportunity of interfering in political matters in this country, and have kept clear from that ambitious spirit with which they have been reproached in other parts of Europe.

The citizens of Genoa are entirely mercantile people, and, generally speaking, nothing else. This spirit of industry, although praiseworthy in itself, is often carried too far, and degenerates into avarice and selfishness. Nothing is heard here but calculations. If two or three persons are conversing, one may be almost sure they are talking of money matters; boys in the streets are making rules of arithmetic, and even the fair sex is by no means deficient in the practical knowledge of that science. Few opportunities of profit, however paltry, are overlooked by a Genoese. It is astonishing upon how little they live; they beat even the economical Florentines in that respect. A person in the middling ranks of society having six thousand *lire*, or two hundred pounds a year, is reckoned rich. It must be said that they live in general poorly; and although they dress well and keep up a good appearance, yet the interiors of their houses often present the picture of scantiness and stinginess. Their food is very plain, and their meals, except on particular occasions, are remarkably frugal. The citizens are not in general a good-looking race; they are sallow and thin, and have mostly a common appearance and an awkward gait. There is a striking difference between this city and Naples; in the latter the men are handsome and the women plain, while here it is precisely the reverse.

An inclination to gambling prevails among the Genoese; it is their chief re-

laxation from business. Charity, and even common affection, between relatives, are not very conspicuous amongst this people; generous feelings are repressed by interest.

#### LETTERS WRITTEN FROM COLOMBIA IN 1823.

THE rising glories of South America not only encourage the speculations of inquisitive and enterprising individuals, but excite the attention even of persons who have no extraordinary share of curiosity. The great capabilities of the extensive regions rescued (as far as we can judge from the present state of affairs) from Spanish oppression and tyranny, and a prospect of the establishment of regular polity and the increase of civilization, render the subject interesting, and call forth the observations of various writers: yet the information which we have hitherto received concerning the Colombian state, though its northern boundaries are not very distant from our West Indian possessions, must be considered as scanty and imperfect. The writer of this volume has by no means supplied the deficiency; but we ought to thank him for his endeavours to amuse and inform the public.

The first appearance of the coast inspired him with elevated ideas: the view seemed to be 'novel and sublime,' and the very aspect of the country 'bespoke independence.' He found La Guayra to be a town of considerable commerce, but badly built, and partly in ruins from the earthquake of 1812, and unhealthy. The town of Caracas was likewise in ruins from the same cause. Proceeding to Bogota, the capital of the republic, he was pleased with the beauty of the scenery and the kindness of the people, but met with many inconveniences in the tedious journey. He at length 'reached (he says) the borders of the beautiful Lake of Valencia, just as the moon was retiring behind the mountains, which bound it on the west. At the same time, the sun, rising in dazzling splendour from the fertile vale, gilded its placid waters with the most delicate tints. Situated in a charming valley—surrounded by mountains of the richest and most agreeable vegetation—studded as it is with numerous and picturesque islands, adorned by the freshest verdure—I thought, as we traced the

road which winds round the lake, that it was one of the most exquisite sights imaginable. This scene is compared by travellers to the Lake of Geneva, which it is said much to resemble. In its greatest length it is about forty-two miles, and twelve in breadth, and nearly twenty different rivers are said to fall into it; notwithstanding which, without having any outlet, the waters do not increase: their non-accumulation is conjectured to arise from some subterraneous exit, as it would be impossible for evaporation alone to consume the influx.

'The road became very precipitous and romantic, either winding along the sides of mountains, or descending into deep dells: in the bottom of each a stream or rivulet was invariably found. The moon had not yet risen, and few stars were occasionally visible through the thick foliage that towers above the deep ravines, to relieve the darkness of the descent. At the bottom myriads of fire-flies and other luminous insects which floated on the surface of the water tended only to make the gloom more apparent, which, accompanied by the hoarse croaking of toads, hissing of serpents, and chirruping of crickets, formed altogether quite a scene of romance. In the steepness of the ascent from these occasional ravines, our sumpter mule twice broke down, and at one moment (being blind of one eye) was nearly precipitated down a steep, which would at once have eased us of him and the effects. After repeated disasters such as the above, the led mules getting astray (and all *without* embellishment), we at length, at eleven o'clock, reached a hovel, called El Hayo, a distance of six leagues from Tocuyito; the animals, as well as ourselves, completely tired. We, therefore, with some difficulty persuaded the inhabitants, a half-starved Indian woman and a young girl, to open the door, and receive our canteens, saddles, &c.; the animals being fastened to a cane fence, while the servants went upon a forage. The Indian woman in the meantime made a fire, and prepared our chocolate (which, by the bye, proves a great resource in this land of bad living). Could you have seen us seated on blocks round the embers, sipping our repast out of Indian calabashes, our two dingy attendants hardly knowing what to make of us, in the back-ground the stud tied round the small enclosure, you would

have thought it an amusing groupe. The hammocks were slung in the small place which served us as our kitchen; but, from the dampness of the atmosphere in this low spot, our slumbers were neither sound nor refreshing, and we were glad to move as soon as the morning dawned.'

In his progress he was gratified by the wonders of nature, more than by those of art, losing in admiration all sense of fatigue and of danger.—'We descended by a steep and craggy path, till we met the river Tocuyo at the bottom of a deep ravine. A rude bridge, formed of the trunks of trees bound together, was raised on buttresses of stone, on either side, at a considerable elevation from the stream, which, issuing from fissures in the mountains, foamed down a rocky bed. It was with great difficulty we got the mules over, and proceeded up a narrow defile, threatened by overhanging rocks and 'cloud-cappell' mountains. At this spot the above river takes its rise, receiving several tributary streams, which issue from the mountains, and join in its course. I saw last year, in Wales, some grand passes, where the scenery was magnificent, and a greater body of water foaming down rocky precipices; but, when compared with this, the recollection dwindles into comparative insignificance. Here the natural accompaniments are inconceivably grand, and beggar my humble powers of description. The more we advanced, the greater was our astonishment at these beautiful scenes—Nature's sole work! Winding along avenues of luxuriant foliage of the most varied description; amongst which, overhanging the stream, were trees of gigantic size, many loaded with a white kind of moss, dropping from the branches like pendent icicles, others covered with ivy, or festooned with arches of *hignonin*, which stretch from tree to tree in verdant arcades, forming rich contrasts with those bearing an orange-coloured and deep-blue flower; flocks of perroquets, doves, tropicales, &c. added to the novelty of a scene to all of us of the most intense interest. We now began the ascent of one of the highest and most difficult passes in the route, that between Olmucaro and Agua de Obispos, winding a considerable time up a precipitous and barren mountain, succeeded by others covered with immense forests composed of the same rich variety of trees, which, from their height and size, must have stood for ages. The

more we gained ground, the more distant appeared the steep we had to climb ; but the sublimity of this mountain world would have repaid any fatigue. After four hours of constant ascent, we reached some sheds about the middle of the mountain, which had been erected by Morillo as a covering for troops who secured the pass. Here we made a halt, and had recourse to our canteens, furnished with a tolerable breakfast, which we enjoyed exceedingly in this romantic and magnificent wilderness. The temperature, owing to the great elevation, was cold and agreeable, and we found a spring of delicious water close at hand. It would be difficult to conceive the true grandeur of this spot, surrounded by immense barriers, some covered with impervious forests, the verdant foliage relieved by a sprinkling of trees, the leaves of which appeared white as snow ; in parts immense crags of rock projecting through the foliage from the sides of the mountain, others more sterile, and of immense elevation, the solemn silence disturbed only by the murmuring of water down the rocky precipices ! We at length reached the summit of this chain of the Andes, after a truly arduous and constant ascent of seven hours and a half. The scene was again stupendous ; mountains gradually lowering until they appeared to subside into a flat, but probably deceptive from the great distance. We were considerably above the clouds, which rolled on the summits of other eminences below us, and there was a very sensible chill in the atmosphere. We now descended for an hour and a half, on such a road that it was wonderful how the animals could keep their footing. We were much interested on this side by the great variety of beautiful wild flowers and mountain shrubs, that grow in the greatest profusion and luxuriance—a complete study for a botanist.

A few leagues from Bogota another grand and stupendous scene met his view—the waterfall of Teguendama.—‘ This fall is one of the world’s greatest wonders, probably the most extraordinary of its kind, even in this country, where we constantly see Nature in her grandest and most fantastic forms. From the river to the fall is a distance of about a league. Having ascended the heights, the country becomes all at once most luxuriant in wood, and in wild shrubs of peculiar beauty ; a long and winding

descent succeeds through a dark thicket, whence, at a considerable distance, you first hear the roaring of the waters ; a quarter of a mile from the *Salto*, we were again obliged to leave our horses, and descend by a precipitous path-way to the brink of the precipice ; but how can I convey to you any idea of the tremendous sight it offers ? The river, having wound through the plain, contracts at this point into a narrow but deep bed, not exceeding forty feet in breadth ; the banks on either side are clothed with trees, through which it flows with increased force, owing to its confined limits. Imagine yourself placed at the edge of the precipice, on a level with the bed of the river, and distant from it about fifty yards ; you observe this immense body of water precipitated to the depth of *six hundred and fifty* feet, with indescribable force, into a capacious basin, the sides of which consist of solid perpendicular rock. It is almost presumption to attempt the description of a sight so sublimely beautiful !

‘ This overwhelming body of water, when it first parts from its bed, forms a broad arch of a glossy appearance ; a little lower down it assumes a fleecy form, and ultimately, in its progress downwards, shoots forth into millions of tubular shapes, which chase each other more like sky-rockets than any thing else I can compare them to. The changes are as singularly beautiful as they are varied, owing to the difference of gravitation, and the rapid evaporation which takes place before reaching the bottom. The noise with which this immense body of water falls is quite astounding ; sending up dense clouds of vapour, which rise to a considerable height, and mingle with the atmosphere, forming in their ascent the most brilliant rainbows. The most conclusive proof of the extraordinary evaporation is the comparatively small stream which runs off from the foot of the fall. To give you some idea of its tremendous force, it is an asserted fact, that experiments have more than once been made of forcing a bullock into the stream, and that no vestige of him has been found at the bottom but a few of his bones. To give due effect to this mighty work, nature seems to have lavished all the grand accompaniments of scenery, to render it the most wonderful and enchanting of objects ; from the rocky sides of its immense basin, hung with shrubs

and bushes, numerous springs and tributary streams add their mite to the grand effect. At the bottom the water which runs off rushes impetuously along a stony bed, overhung with trees, and loses itself in a dark winding of the rock. From the level of the river, where you stand to witness this sublime scene, the mountains rise to a great height, and are completely covered with wood; and at one opening is an extensive prospect, which on a clear day encompasses some distant mountains in the province of Antioquia, whose summits are clothed in perpetual snow. Hovering over the frightful chasm are various birds of the most beautiful plumage, peculiar to the spot.

His description of the Colombian capital does not place it in a high or flourishing point of view. Some parts of it, indeed, are well built, and its magnitude is considerable; but the streets are inconveniently narrow, there is little trade, and the amount of the population does not exceed 35,000. Of the politics of the country, a better account might have been expected. The constitution appears to resemble that of the United States; but the government has not yet assumed a sufficiently decided or settled form.

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AN ESSAY ON ORDER,

by *Mrs. Lanfear.*

'ORDER is Heaven's first law.' By order, or the adaptation of particular parts to the whole system, the mass of the natural world is maintained in its primeval state, and the great visible universe prevented from being involved in present confusion, or from sinking into total and final destruction. By this law the planets, with their satellites, move in their proper orbits; the seed-time and the harvest return at their appointed seasons; and the numerous and various species of animals, from man down to the meanest reptile, are kept distinct, each in its proper sphere, while all alike fulfil the law of nature, and occupy the place assigned to them by the universal Parent of all created things. In the physical frame of man, *order* constitutes health; in his mental faculties, wisdom; and, in his moral qualities, virtue: in short, *order*, in the liberal and enlarged sense of the term, is perfection; and the human being who, in thought, word,

and deed, is most orderly, approximates the nearest to the Deity.

St. Paul says, 'I exhort you to do all things in order:' and shall not the youthful female be exhorted to watch and be careful, lest, while she is endeavouring to fulfil the duties of her sex and station, some one particular duty, some darling passion or pursuit, should, like Aaron's rod, swallow the rest?

Young persons of warm temperaments and quick perceptions are too apt to yield up their whole souls to one strong impression, and to give themselves up without reserve to the feeling or passion of the moment, whatever that feeling or passion may be. In love they see nought in the creation but the object of their affections; and, misled by the mists and the illusions which their passion sheds around them, they glory in sacrificing all other duties, all sober claims, at the shrine of the tyrannical and capricious god. In religion, where, if enthusiasm is ever meritorious or safe, surely the cause might sanctify the effects, if the flame of devotion is suffered to supersede or to extinguish the steady light of reason, what mischief, what folly, may ensue! Witness the pages of ecclesiastical history, stained with crimes and with blood.

In the beaten track and every-day walks of domestic life, young women are less exposed to the illusions of the passions, or to those mists of error, which, in love and religion, arising out of an over-heated imagination, too frequently blind the judgement, and sometimes mislead the heart; yet, in the plainest simplest path, some caution is requisite in order to keep the moral balance even, and prevent one duty from swallowing up or from interfering with others equally important.

Filial affection—that first, that sacred duty, enjoined both by nature and religion—a duty which, of all others, is apparently the least calculated to mislead or to overstep its proper boundaries—even that duty may be carried too far, if it be suffered to interfere with the still higher duties which we owe to God and to our own consciences.

Young persons, more especially such as have been educated at home, naturally adopt the opinions and imbibe the prejudices of their parents. These opinions and prejudices, formed in early life, ought not, when arrived at years of discretion, to prevent rational beings from exercising



their own understandings. A timid submission to the decision of their parents, or an indolent acquiescence in the judgement of those to whom they have been accustomed to look up with deference and respect, will not justify such in cherishing any gross or practical errors in things or subjects of importance. But, on the other hand, when either the pursuit of knowledge or the fervor of devotion leads a young woman into any peculiar line of conduct, or into a pertinacious and bigoted attachment to any particular system of faith not held by her parents, let her beware lest she mistake pride or pedantry for religion, and intolerance for zeal; and let her not take offence should she be reminded that modesty is a female virtue, and humility a Christian grace. Even charity, which, when it arises out of a pure heart, is the mildest and fairest of Christian graces, must be guided by discretion, and guarded by prudence, in order to render it acceptable to God and beneficial to man. Pecuniary donations, in particular, must, to be efficient, be regulated by the principles of justice as well as by the feelings of humanity; and benevolence, though loudly called for, must sometimes be restrained by proper, though not sordid, economy. The sacrifice of time to charitable institutions must also depend on circumstances, and accord with other duties before it can be pronounced meritorious. When a lady subscribes to numerous public charities, attends schools, missionary and Bible societies, &c., while, at the same time, she is contracting debts with tradespeople, neglecting her own family affairs, and omitting many necessary domestic and private duties, may not the purity of her motives be justly suspected, and some of her actions, though in themselves good, be attributed, without any great breach of charity, to vanity and ostentation, or to a fondness for the amusement and mental excitement found in these exertions by some persons who assume merit to themselves from abstaining to join in what are usually termed public amusements?

Virtue, equally with religion, embracing the whole circle of human duties, should, to be perfect, be consistent, and, while attending with conscientious scrupulosity to the subordinate duties of morality, should not forget the weightier matters of the law: neither should the mind and faculties be so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of great truths and

first principles as to overlook the minor virtues and inferior duties of practical morality. When all things are done in order, one duty will not be found to interfere with another; and, whenever a complaint of that sort is made, we are led to suspect in the persons complaining some weakness of character, and attribute the defects in their conduct to a deficiency of mental powers, or to a judgement warped by prejudice, partiality, or superstition.

As a sound code of morality does not admit any exclusive duties, neither will it accord with strong, overwhelming, and exclusive attachments: even conjugal love, however individual, warm, or pure, does not require that every other affection of the heart should be immolated at its shrine. When a female as a bride first enters the house of her husband, it is natural for her mind to be occupied, and her feelings to be impressed, by the novelty and interesting circumstances attached to her altered situation; but this affords no excuse for the forgetfulness or neglect of old friends and former connexions; nor, because she has taken upon herself new duties, has she a right to consider all former obligations as null and void.

After marriage a prudent woman will not exact as her due, whether at home or abroad, any distinguishing marks of attention from her husband. Satisfied with the proof which he has given her of his attachment, by selecting her from the rest of her sex as a partner for life, she will endeavour by her conduct to justify his choice, and, while she retains the first place in his heart, leave him at liberty to evince his affection in the way which his own inclination or sense of propriety may dictate; nor will she appear to view with a jealous eye every little mark of attention which the common usages of society may lead him to pay to other females: still less will she wish to repress any expressions of regard or kindness of action toward those who gave him birth, and to whom, either single or married, he must ever remain an object of tenderness and peculiar regard. While on the subject of matrimony—a subject always interesting and always important to youthful females—it may not be amiss to caution young wives against toying and fondling with their husbands before company, or boasting of their conjugal felicity to their single friends and particular acquaint-

ances, as, by so doing, they not only lay themselves open to ridicule, but sometimes give offence to others. Sensibility, however real or however properly excited, should not be too much indulged, and should never be displayed at the expense of prudence, decency, or good manners.

Sympathy has been supposed by some philosophers to be the foundation of moral sentiment: if this theory is founded in truth, all strong feeling and individual affections require to be restrained within certain limits, in order to render them amiable in the eyes of others whose sensibilities are less tender, or whose minds are engaged by other or opposite pursuits. Maternal affection, that purest of female passions, must be under the control of reason, to render it beneficial to the object or respectable to indifferent observers. A sensible woman, who acts on reflection as well as from impulse or instinct, will perform all the duties of a mother without sacrificing to their fulfilment the comfort of her husband, or the attentions which are due from her to particular friends or general society. With regard to the treatment of children, over-indulgence may be preferable to too great severity, but both extremes should be guarded against. Children over-indulged become wayward, irritable, and impatient of contradiction: accustomed in infancy to have all their little wants and whims attended to by others, they fail of acquiring independence of character, and, when arrived at years of maturity, are unequal to the task of combating with the trials, difficulties, and disappointments in life, which are, more or less, the lot of humanity. On the other hand, too great severity either depresses the spirits, and blights in the bud every noble germ of mental excellence, or, after a time, hardens the character, blunts the sensibility, till all delicacy of feeling, all fine sense of moral rectitude and worth, are lost in stupidity, or exchanged for craftiness, stubbornness, and vice.

A good and judicious parent will not chide or correct her child too frequently, and never without a sufficient cause; neither will she mislead its little mind by ill-judged flattery, nor endeavour to excite its sensibility by indiscriminate or overwhelming caresses, mingled with exclusive and wearying claims on its filial duty and affection. The rational mother, indulging her children without

spoiling them, will attend to all their real wants, administer to their comfort, and participate in their amusements. The future good and final happiness of her offspring will be the central point to which all her efforts, all her maternal cares, are directed. With this end in view (of which, though she herself may sometimes mistake the path, she never loses sight), she endeavours to arouse her mental powers; and, by the progressive exertion of their rational faculties, leads them step by step to the threshold of the temple of knowledge, which she now bids them enter, and search for themselves. The babe must be led by others till it be able to walk alone; the child and the youth must be swayed by mature reasons till their own powers become expanded; and happy are those who acquire wisdom in early life through the guidance and experience of others.

Solomon, the most learned, and accounted the wisest, of ancient monarchs, says, 'Who can find a virtuous woman? her price is far above rubies.' This inestimable jewel, in the present day, is she who, with an enlightened mind, a steady faith, and a pure heart, without vanity, without bigotry, does all things in order, performing, to the best of her power, with singleness of heart and simplicity of power, all the various duties of her station: satisfied with a peaceful conscience and an approving God, she looks not to man for her reward. Whatever may be her lot in this life, where the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, she rests in humble hope and with perfect confidence in the Being who will, in his own time, receive her into that world where sin and sorrow enter not, and where all will be order, harmony, and love.

A WHISPER TO A NEWLY-MARRIED PAIR,  
FROM A WIDOWED WIFE.

As gentlemen have frequently given advice in print to the ladies, a little retaliation on the part of the fair is allowable. Many men will oppose this concession, alleging that an inferior ought never to dictate or give hints to a superior; but, as the ladies in general deny the superiority of their husbands, and think that their own rights in a joint concern are equal to those which are claimed by the men, they will not ad-

mit the applicability of this allegation to their case, however true the proposition may be in itself.

The whispering widow entertains a high opinion of the abilities and wisdom of her sex. She attributes to women 'an intuitive quickness, a sagacity, a penetration, and a foresight of the probable consequences of an event, that peculiarly qualify them to give advice.' We do not presume to hint that she is joking:—she will probably be angry with us if we call her seriousness in question.

She says to the husband, 'Make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions, and undertake no plan contrary to her advice and approbation.' But, if a wife should firmly oppose a plan upon which he is bent, because he deems it reasonable and expedient, is it to be abandoned in consequence of her remonstrances? Would it not be better to have recourse to a third person, who might decide the dispute? A difficulty, however, might occur in the choice of an arbitrator, and a fresh dispute might arise.

The fair adviser proceeds to ask, 'Have you any male acquaintance, whom, on reasonable grounds, your wife wishes you to resign? Why should you hesitate? Of what consequence can be the civilities, or even the friendship, of any one, compared with the wishes of her with whom you have to spend your life, whose comfort you have sworn to attend to, and who has a right to demand, not only such a trifling compliance, but great sacrifices, if necessary?'

Thus a man is expected to dismiss his former associates; and (what is more) he must give up every thing else in the universe, for which his beloved partner thinks fit to weep. 'Words, looks, actions—all may be artificial; but a *tear* is unequivocal; it comes direct from the heart, and speaks at once the language of truth, nature, and sincerity! Be assured, when you see a tear on her cheek, her heart is touched.'

All these submissions, she thinks, are merely proper returns for that merciful kindness which a woman displays in saving a man from the misery of hopeless love.—'My good sir, allow me to ask what was your motive in marrying? Was it to oblige or please *your wife*? No, truly; it was to oblige and please *yourself*, your own dear self. Had she refused to marry you, you would have

been (in lovers' phrase) a very miserable man. Did you never tell her so? Therefore, really, instead of upbraiding her, you should be very grateful to her for rescuing you from such an unhappy fate.'

The widow will not allow a man to praise any woman except his wife.—'I do not think that wives in general (though quite divested in other respects of envy or jealousy) feel any very *over-boiling* pleasure at hearing their husbands run on in enthusiastic encomiums on other women. I knew a gentleman who was constantly in the habit of saying, 'O dear, such a charming woman!—such beautiful eyes! such a fine-turned shape! such elegant manners!' &c. And I have at the same moment glanced at his wife, and observed a degree of awkwardness on her countenance, struggling with an effort to look pleased. And yet, had any one but her husband been the panegyrist, she would have listened most probably with pleasure, and heartily concurred in the encomium. You call this jealousy! No: in truth, I call it a *natural* feeling, which can be better felt than described.'

A husband, she contends, ought always to be in a good humor.—'Sometimes, if husband and wife happen to spend the day, or evening, from home, scarcely does his lordship address a word to her during the time; scarcely does he go near her; and at night, when a little attention would be really necessary in muffling and preparing her to go out, *he* do such an unfashionable thing? No, truly. She may wrap round her mantle, or tie down her bonnet herself; and coughs and colds, 'with all their train of rheumatic ills,' may await her; but *he* will pay her no such attention. Admirable character!'

'Other men there are, all cheerfulness, gaiety, and good-humor, while in the houses of their neighbours; who, as they return home, and knock at their own hall-door, appear to turn round, and say to their harmonious attendants, cheerfulness and good-humor, 'My good friends, I am now about entering my *own* doors, where I shall probably remain, for a few days, totally destitute of all society but that of *my wife and family*. Of course, it will be quite unnecessary for me to trouble you again till Monday next, when I am to dine at my friend Mr. B.'s with a large party: I know I may be certain of your attend-

ance on that day; till then, good b'ye!—shake hands!—good b'ye, my two worthy friends;—good b'ye!' Then, entering the hall, he hangs up his violin (as some one or other remarks) behind the door, and, proceeding, he arrives in the parlour. 'O dear, such a fire!—Just five o'clock, and no sign of dinner!—Well, what an irregular house!' His wife then pulls the bell, and up comes dinner.—'Why, I thought this beef was to have been roasted? You know I detest boiled beef!—Oh, really, those fowls are quite underdone!'—'Why, surely, you might yourself have given some directions!'—'O! ay, an excuse! Excuses never fail when there is occasion for them!' Such is the language of this fine *manly* man; his ill-humor and loud speaking rising in proportion to the silence and gentleness of his wife. Admirable character, again, say I! a mausoleum should be erected to your memory!

As an atonement for a husband's occasional absence, the following mode of conciliation is recommended.—'I really think a husband, whenever he goes from home, should endeavour, if possible, to bring back some little present to his wife. If ever so trifling or valueless, still the attention gratifies her; and to call forth a smile of good humor should be always a matter of importance.'

On the subject of expenditure, our authoress is pleasantly peremptory.—'In pecuniary matters, do not be penurious, or too particular. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all your worldly possessions. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' was one of the most solemn vows that ever escaped your lips; and, if she be a woman of prudence, she will in all her expenses be reasonable and economical: what more can you desire?—Besides, really, a woman has innumerable trifling demands on her purse, innumerable little wants, which it is not necessary for a man to be informed of, and which, if he even went to the trouble of investigating, he would hardly understand. I really cannot see the necessity of obliging her to account to you for the *exact* manner in which she has laid out each penny in the pound. Pray, do allow her the power of buying a yard of muslin, or a pennyworth of pins, without consulting the august tribunal of your judgement whether they shall be quaker-pins or minikins.'

#### ANCIENT COURTSHIP.

IN the classical ages (says Mr. Fosbroke) lovers went after dinner to the vestibules or doors of their mistresses, and whistled or coughed, in order to be heard. When this did not succeed, they sang amorous ditties, or wrote them on the door, or fixed upon it tablets, on which they wrote. If the girls were inflexible, they supplicated the gate, poured libations on it, perfumed it, kissed it amorously, and, if unsuccessful, broke that, the windows, &c. We also read of serenades,—of lovers weeping at the door, lying there all night, hanging crowns on it, especially those which they had worn on festivals; throwing upon the threshold the torches lighted for their return from supper; and threatening to burn the house. Their omens of success were drawn from a loaf if it cracked upon the hand; from striking the room with apple-kernels; and from the *cottabus*, a singular mode of vaticination by the fall of liquor. Greek lovers also went to the house, and it being the fashion for the daughter to give drink to the suitor, they drank at the part of the cup out of which she drank, put the tongue of a small bird under the knap of her ring with the paring of her nails, or chanted a charm as they whirled the bird round, fastened to a trochus of wax, burning both in the fire. The girls, as a token, dressed themselves with flowers; hung garlands at the doors, or parts of the house exposed to sight when the doors were open; sent garlands and roses, bitten pieces of apple, or morsels of meat; made presents of birds, or wrote their names on walls, trees, and their leaves.

Among the ancient Britons courtship was put under such restraint, that, if a girl became pregnant in her father's house, she was to be precipitated from the top of a rock, and her seducer to be deprived of life. Hence, perhaps, the few improprieties attached to the Welsh custom of *bundling*, or courting in bed.

How courtship was conducted in the days of chivalry is known to every one, as wearing the sleeve of the lady, and leading her horse by the bridle; making ridiculous vows, such as wearing a black patch over the eye; all which, as to matrimonial concerns, was more romantic than real love; for in all great families they were affianced at seven or eight years of age, and married at the age of

puberty, to prevent improper attachments. In the History of the Troubadours are very long and curious directions for making love.

In the reign of Elizabeth the following practices prevailed—playing with the little finger in amorous dalliance, sitting or lying at the feet of their mistresses in ball-rooms, and looking babies in the eyes, as they called gazing closely and amorously into each other's eyes, so as to see the figures represented in them. They also exhibited their passion publicly. A pendent lock of hair, often plaited and tied with riband, and hanging at the ear, was so fashionable in the age of Shakspeare and afterwards, that Charles I. and many of his courtiers wore them. This lock was worn on the left side, and hung down by the shoulder, considerably longer than the rest of the hair, sometimes even to the girdle. It was supposed to have the effect of causing violent love, and was originally a French custom. Wigs were made to imitate it. Burton adds to the love-lock a flower worn in the ear. Kissing the eyes was a mark of extraordinary tenderness. In the fore-part of the stays was anciently a pocket, in which women not only carried love-letters and tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work. When prominent stays were worn, lovers dropped their literary favors into them. If a woman put a love-letter into the bosom pocket, it was a token of her affection. Willow garlands were worn by persons disappointed in love; supposed from the tree's promoting chastity, or the famous passage in the Psalms. The liberties allowed to lovers, and even to intimate acquaintances, in the times of Elizabeth and James, were very indecorous. These were to handle the ladies roughly, put their hands on their necks, kiss them by surprise, &c.

#### THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

As a great number of animals, and of the varied productions of nature, are necessarily noticed in the Scriptures, such an illustration of that subject as may render it less obscure, and more conformable to the modern system of natural history, has a fair claim to public attention. That task has been lately undertaken by Dr. Thaddeus Mason Harris, an American divine, who properly

observes, that the translators were frequently at a loss with regard to the quadrupeds, birds, plants, &c. mentioned in Holy Writ, and gave to one an appellation which belonged to another. 'Hence (he says) we find the names of animals unknown in the East, as the whale and the badger,—creatures with which the Jews must have been wholly unacquainted.' After all the pains which he has taken on this occasion, some of the Hebrew names cannot be appropriated: no inquirer, whether a Talmudist or a Christian, can satisfactorily explain them. Many have thought that the behemoth of Job was the elephant; but Dr. Harris is of opinion that the river-horse is meant. To his description of this animal, in which nothing new is observable, he adds the following observations:

'Behold now the behemoth whom I made with thee;

He feedeth on grass like the ox.'

'This answers entirely to the hippopotamus, who feeds upon grass, whereas the proper food of the elephant is the young branches of trees.

'Behold now his strength is in his loins,  
His vigor in the muscles of his belly.  
He plieth his tail, which is like a cedar;  
The sinews of his thighs are braced together;  
His ribs are like unto pipes of copper;  
His backbone like a bar of iron.'

'These verses convey a sublime idea of his bulk, vigor, and strength; and no creature is known to have firmer or stronger limbs than the river-horse. Bochart justly argues that the behemoth cannot be the elephant, because the strength of the elephant consists not in his belly; for, though his hide on the back is very hard, yet on his belly it is soft. On the other hand, the description agrees well with the river-horse; the skin of whose belly is not only naturally as thick as on other parts of the body, but is in a degree hardened, or made callous, by its being dragged over the rough stones at the bottom of the river. The skin, indeed, is so remarkably firm and thick as to be almost impenetrable, and to resist the force of spears and darts. This gave occasion to that hyperbole which Ptolemy mentions. 'The Indian robbers have a skin like that of the river-horse; such as ten arrows cannot penetrate.'

'The expression also, 'he moveth his tail like a cedar,' furnishes a strong

presumption that the hippopotamus is intended in the text, and not the elephant, whose tail, like that of the hog, is small, weak, and inconsiderable. It is only two feet and a half or three feet long, and rather slender; but the tail of the hippopotamus resembles that of the tortoise, only it is incomparably thicker. It may be compared with the cedar for its tapering conical shape, its smoothness, thickness, and strength: yet he moves and twists it at pleasure; which, in the sacred text, is considered as a proof of his prodigious strength.

‘He is chief of the works of God;  
He that made him hath fastened on his weapon.’

‘The *fixed* insertion of the tusk is remarkable in this animal; and it is very properly introduced into a description of his parts, that his Maker has furnished him with a weapon so eminently offensive.

‘The rising lands supply him with food;  
All the beasts of the field there are made a mock of.’

‘It is to be observed, that in the celebrated *Prænestine* mosaic, the river-horses appear on the hillocks that are seen rising above the water, among the vegetables growing upon them. May we not believe that these are the *mountains which bring him forth food*? The altar of God, which was only ten cubits high and fourteen square, is styled ‘the mountain of God.’ The eminences then which appear, as the inundation of the Nile subsides, may be called mountains in the poetical language of the book of Job. Nor is it any wonder that these animals are pictured in the pavement on these eminences, since the Turkey wheat is what they are fond of, and that vegetable grows on them.

‘Hasselquist says, that innumerable birds were to be seen on the places not under water. We see birds, accordingly, upon some of the hillocks in the *Prænestine* pavement, and beasts in great variety upon others. This answers to the assertion that ‘all the beasts of the field are disregarded;’ which may either imply that other animals do not meet with annoyance from him, or that he disregards or defies them.

‘All the wild beasts of the countries where the elephant resides are not mountaineers; and, if they were, it would be difficult to assign a reason why that circumstance should be mentioned in a de-

scription of the *terribleness* of the elephant; but all the quadrupeds of Egypt are obliged to retire to these eminences when the Nile overflows, and the coming of the hippopotamus among them, and destroying all the verdure of the places of their retirement, may be said to augment our ideas of the *terribleness* of this creature.

‘He sheltereth himself under the shady trees,  
In the coverts of the reeds and in ooze;  
The branches tremble as they cover him,  
The willows of the stream while they hang over him.’

‘These verses describe the places in which the behemoth seeks shelter and repose; and the vegetables here mentioned are such as grow upon the banks of the Nile.’

#### GONDIBERT; A TALE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE night was dark and cold; the wind whistled through the branches of the forest-trees with a hollow moaning sound; the chafed waters of the mountain stream, swelled by recent floods, rushed with hoarse murmurs over impeding rocks, increasing the dissonance of the rising storm. The romantic valleys of the Odenwald, so lately ringing with sweet sounds, and purple with the treasures of the vintage, were already desolated by an inclement autumn; the milk-maid's song no longer resounded over the green hills, and the shepherd's pipe was mute; the peasants had withdrawn to their cottages, and the cattle to their sheds: yet the harvest moon was only now upon the wane, and the villagers had promised themselves many evenings of enjoyment under the green-wood shade, ere the trees should lose their rich foliage. Well acquainted with every path, though fatigued with the toils of the day, young Gondibert of Helmenstadt journeyed alone through the narrow paths of the pine-forest. His companions, weary of the chase, had quitted it at an early hour; but he, being enthusiastic in his favorite pursuit, had followed the sport until the shades of evening had overtaken him, and he had now a considerable distance to traverse before he could reach his home. In the intervals of the gusts of wind, which broke down branches and whirled clouds of fallen leaves around him, he could distinguish the hoarse bay of the hound in the distant hamlet, and the long

howl of the wolf as he prowled in the thicket; whilst the bat flapped her leathern wing in his face, and the owl swept him as she shrieked in his ear. The scene was awful and melancholy: yet Gondibert, bred in the wilds, and loving nature in all her varieties, found charms in the savage and cheerless night, even as he contrasted it with the sweet serenity which had so lately rendered the woody labyrinth a bower of bliss, when the summer gale, soft and genial, sighed its warm breath over banks and beds of flowers, when the moon-beams played idly amidst the aspen leaves, when the limes wept incense, and the gentle bird of night 'tuned her sad heart to music.' He journeyed onwards; before him was spread the *Felsen-meer* or sea of rocks, a fantastic tract irregularly piled with huge masses of granite like the billows of a stormy ocean; a dark forest of pines, intricate and umbrageous as that which he had just quitted, stretched beyond it. After passing these, he had only to cross a romantic valley, and pursue the upland path which led to the venerable towers of Helmenstadt. The murkiness of the night retarded his progress; but he at length approached his own home; the moon was then up, and threw a strong yet partial light upon the surrounding objects, as she appeared and disappeared through the drifting clouds. He cast his eyes over the valley, and fixed them in admiration on the ruins of a castellated mansion overgrown with ivy, now brilliantly illuminated by the resplendent planet, while the rest of the landscape was buried in profound gloom. Suddenly stopping to rest his wearied limbs, he perceived that he was not the sole tenant of the solitude, nor the owl and the wolf the only living companions of his pilgrimage: busy spirits were abroad. Issuing from the arched portal of the castle, a crowd of tall figures, enveloped in sable drapery, spread themselves like a black column on the green-sward. He was staggered at the unexpected sight. The crowd every moment increased, until the multitude was so great that he was convinced that it could not be the mere assemblage of the inhabitants of the scattered houses, which contained all the population of a region tenanted by a few peasants and their lords. For an instant he fancied that the earth had yielded up its dead, and that the forms which flitted before his eyes were unsubstantial shadows, the

restless and unquiet denizens of the tomb; but this idea was dispelled by a low hum of voices, which, though merely the sound of faint whispers, yet sufficiently proved them to be living. A dagger's hilt here and there glittered in the moon-beams: but, as the majority apparently were not armed with any other weapon, they more nearly resembled sorcerers convoked to perform some hideous mystery, unfit to meet the eye of day, than a band of outlaws meditating a desperate assault.

Determined to know the reason of this extraordinary assemblage, whatever it might be, yet unwilling to put himself into the power of strangers ere he was acquainted with the purpose of their mysterious convocation, Gondibert put in practice those arts which his skill as a hunter had rendered easy, and stole along the ground so cautiously, that, aided by the fluctuating light, and the deep sobbing of the wind, as it alternately rose and fell, he gained a tower of the castle, and, securely lodged amidst the ivy, had an opportunity of viewing the midnight confederacy. All whom he could discern were clad alike in long black clokes, with the hoods drawn over their heads; and, after standing for a few minutes in a promiscuous group, they suddenly and silently fell into a circle, and made a ring of five or six deep, whilst a select number, not exceeding five persons, occupied the centre. A thrill of horror shot like an ice-bolt through his heart, when he found himself a spectator of that dreadful tribunal whose very existence was only suspected and not generally known in the circles of the Rhine, of which the Odenwald formed a part. Certain tokens and signals passed, understood only by the initiated, by which the judges ascertained the presence of the whole number that composed the *Frei Gericht*.

The proceedings then commenced, and one of the disguised knights, in a deep and piercing voice, exclaimed, 'I accuse Pharamond count of Lindau of murder: the bones of his victim whiten on the summit of the Felsberg; an eye unknown witnessed the deed, and I call for vengeance upon the assassin.'—'Hath he been summoned to attend?' inquired one of the five.—'Thrice,' returned the accuser.—'Cite him again,' said the judge, 'in the usual form; and we will then pronounce his doom, acquittal or condemnation, according to the laws

which we have sworn to observe.' Gondibert's blood curdled; he could not believe in the guilt of his friend and neighbour. Convinced that, if the individual whose body was discovered on the Feldsberg had fallen by the count's hand, he had slain him in self-defence, he was on the point of challenging the accuser to the proof; but recollecting that he could only assert an unsupported opinion, he restrained himself, in the hope of being more serviceable by warning the count of the dangers with which he was beset. Three times the name of Pharamond was uttered by one of the assembly, and, no answer being made, the dreadful sentence of excommunication was pronounced. All the knights present were armed with authority to become the executioners of the condemned, and bound by oath to the performance of the inhuman office, even though he might be their nearest kinsman or their dearest friend.

The fraternity now entered upon the discussion of some point of importance; but, though earnestly engaged in controversy, they spoke in so low a tone, that Gondibert was unable to learn the subject of debate. He meditated a retreat for the purpose of proceeding instantaneously to Lindau; but a movement in the dense crowd below arrested his design, and he kept his station. A circle was again formed, many of the outer ring even leaning against the wall of the tower whose overhanging ivy concealed him from view. A second time a figure stepped forward into the open space, wrapped in those mysterious weeds which were so well adapted for disguise, that no person could identify his most intimate acquaintance. This knight, when he had advanced a few paces, stopped, and then deliberately uttered the following words: 'I denounce Gondibert of Helmenstadt.' 'What is his crime?' inquired the judge. 'Heresy,' replied the former speaker. Gondibert stayed not for more; but, rushing from his place of concealment, and leaping with the careless daring of a mountaineer from the battlement over the heads of those who were immediately below him, he alighted in the circle, exclaiming, 'I deny, I repel the base and infamous accusation, and challenge you here in the presence of this dread tribunal to prove the truth of your foul assertion.' A confused sound ran through the assembly at this bold interruption of its proceedings. The moon was now

unclouded, and fully displayed the form of Gondibert clad in his hunter's garb, and bareheaded, for his cap had fallen from him in his descent. A word from the principal silenced the murmur which rose on all sides, and, the multitude being hushed into deep and mute attention, the judge inquired of the intruder how it happened that he had dared to approach the secret meeting of the Free Knights, without being summoned to attend. He replied that his presence was accidental, but that he could not tamely hear himself accused of a crime which he had not committed. 'That will be proved hereafter,' returned the judge.—'I desire,' said Gondibert, 'to know the name of my enemy.'—'Beware how you confound the terms,' said the same voice:—'an accuser is not necessarily an enemy.'—'I am innocent of the charge,' exclaimed the indignant youth, 'and none but a foe would thus have aimed against my fame and life. If you be natives of the Odenwald or its neighbouring districts, you all know me—Gondibert of Helmenstadt! my actions have been open, my faith proclaimed at the altar, and demonstrated by the tenor of my life. Come forward then, ye who have aught to urge against me, and I will answer all; nor be you dumb, you who can witness how false and malignant is the imputation under which I stand!' Throwing his glove on the ground, he continued, 'Here is my gage: I am ready to defend my just cause with my sword; let the man who steals in darkness cunningly to effect my ruin, strive to overthrow me in the face of day.'—'Fall back,' said the judge; 'our laws do not allow trial by combat, nor is the accused bound to proclaim himself, and thus incur the vengeance of the accused. If any present are prepared to substantiate the charge against Gondibert of Helmenstadt, let them come forward, and avow their purpose; and should the steady adherence of the arraigned person to our holy church be known to any amongst you, I adjure you by your oaths to speak in his defence.' Two persons now advanced, and conferred for a few minutes with the judges. Gondibert fixed his eyes with an intense gaze upon them; for, in the confusion occasioned by his sudden appearance, his accuser had withdrawn into the circle, and he knew not whether he had not now returned to re-urge the malicious falsehood which his tongue had so lately



uttered. While he remained in anxious suspense respecting the nature of the fresh communication, the knights mingled again in the crowd, without betraying a single trait by which Gondibert could distinguish them from their colleagues, and, after a moment's pause, one of the judges addressed him in these words: 'The zeal of our brother in the prosecution of those who offend against the doctrines of the holy fathers of our church, however laudable, appears in this instance to have been misplaced. You are free. Acquitted by the testimony of just and upright men, take the accustomed oaths, and go in peace.' Several of the knights now surrounded Gondibert; but, just as they were about to require him to swear inviolable secrecy with regard to all the transactions which he had witnessed that night, the storm which had so long been gathering burst upon the heads of the assembly: the sky was so suddenly darkened, that in an instant every object was involved in the deepest obscurity; whilst the thunder rolled with such tremendous force above and around them, peal succeeding to peal, and each more awful than the last, that the dismayed fraternity sought shelter beneath the rocky fragments of the castle. Gondibert then stole away, unfettered by any vow which would have bound him to keep his friend in ignorance of the dangers which threatened to overwhelm him. The young hunter reached his home with a weight upon his heart; a few hours had made a dreadful inroad on his happiness. Narrowly escaping with his life, it was not the mere danger in which he had been placed that affected him; he had often hazarded his existence for a trifle, and every day exposed his person to the terrors of the precipice or the flood: it was the *cause*, the consciousness that he was beset by treachery, not only liable to the accidents of the field, but surrounded by enemies who thirsted for his blood. In vain did he exhaust his imagination in seeking to fix upon his secret enemy; he knew of none whom he had injured; and, as he numbered over his relatives and acquaintance, his affectionate and trusting heart could not endure to brand one of those apparently faithful friends with the stigma of a traitor. As he approached the towers of Helmenstadt, he perceived that a lamp was burning in one of the turrets. 'It is the chamber of Ismengarde,' he mentally exclaimed,

'my betrothed bride: she is aware of my absence, and is watching for my return.' His first impulse was to make his arrival known to the fair object of his love; but, unwilling to divulge the secrets of a dreadful tribunal which was so jealous of its assumed rights, he would not trust himself to the inquiries of an anxious female, and repaired to his own apartment for rest and refreshment. After the lapse of a few hours, he again quitted his castle, and taking the most private paths, bent his steps toward Lindau; but, instead of seeking his friend as usual in his own hall, he stood silent and dejected behind a tree which overlooked the portal, waiting for an opportunity to speak with him. Soon after he had taken this station, Pharamond appeared with his hawk upon his wrist, and, passing into the wood where Gondibert lay in ambush, stepped forward and addressed him. Though not bound by that tremendous oath, which it is the custom of the Free Knights to exact from all who are summoned, and who appear before them, the awe which they inspired was sufficient to deter him from communicating the mysteries which they so carefully concealed; and he contented himself with giving that warning which was universally understood even by those who were not assured of the existence of a tribunal, whose operations were performed in the darkness of the night and the secrecy of the most profound solitudes. Ere Pharamond could demand the cause which paled the countenance and dimmed the eye of his friend, Gondibert said, in a low and solemn tone, 'The water is as clear, and the bread is as good in other countries as in this.' The words were simple, the truth evident; but Pharamond's whole frame trembled at the sound. He wrung the hand of Gondibert silently; he knew that he had warned him of the ban under which he lay, and he retired with speed to his castle to prepare for immediate flight from the thousand executioners, ready to stab him to the heart under the pretended sanction of justice. Gondibert sought his own home, trusting that the smiles of Ismengarde would banish the melancholy that oppressed him; but he found her changed; a sullen gloom clouded her brow; she called her maidens around her, and asked him why he did not rather pursue his wonted amusement of the chase, than seek the company of women too simple to be

worthy of his notice. The young hunter became mute with astonishment. Was she jealous, and piqued at his neglect? Had he, in the security of his betrothment, omitted to pay her that blind and devoted homage, which beauty delights to receive, or did she now only betray the aversion which she had long cherished for one whom, by the command of her parents, she had been early taught to look upon as her destined husband? These thoughts, coupled with the occurrences of the past night, engendered a gloomy suspicion in his mind. He left her chamber abruptly, determined to watch her conduct with a cautious eye; and, passing through the adjoining corridor, he met his kinsman Alaric evidently approaching the bower which he had just quitted. At any other time this circumstance would have passed unnoticed; but now every trifling incident infused strange thoughts into his mind. Alaric seemed to be surprised at the rencontre, but, speedily assuming an air of indifference, asked him in a jocular tone how it happened that he was not out with his hawk and hounds. Gondibert checked the rising emotion in his heart, stayed the hand ready to grasp the suspected traitor by the throat, and, after a short answer, hurried to his chamber to ruminate upon the past, and study how to meet a future attack. That his enemies were cowardly was proved by their endeavours to cut him off, under the pretence of his violation of the laws so rigorously enforced against heresy; and he suspected that the accusation of Pharamond, of whose innocence of the crime laid to his charge he entertained no doubt, was connected with his own. His feelings became tumultuous, as he reflected on the deep conspiracy formed to deprive him of his life and honor; and he rushed into the woods to breathe a freer air. While he was wandering at random he knew not whither, an arrow whistled over his head, and dropped a few yards before him: the bow was bent by a friendly hand, for on a scroll attached to the shaft were penned these words: 'Beware! A friendly admonition given to the lady Ismengarde is the only cause which the writer can assign for an event which has rendered him a wanderer and an exile. Conscious guilt has devised a remedy to silence a tongue which might babble what the eye has witnessed; yet did the honest heart which dictated the

caution refuse to put the worst construction upon the act which produced it. Delay your marriage until you know that you have not a rival too near your title and your wealth to prove a safe competitor.'

The billet doubtless came from Pharamond, and Gondibert was prepared to give implicit credit to its contents. Determined to repel art by art, he dressed his brow in smiles, summoned his falconer to attend him, and after an hour's sport returned to the castle, and cheerfully sat down to supper with his kindred and dependents. He asked repeatedly for wine, and seemed only bent upon the indulgence of convivial pleasures; but when at length, by the suggestion of Alaric, the party broke up for the night, instead of withdrawing to his couch, he commanded two of his most trusty domestics to attend him, and moved silently round the castle walls to a secret stair, known only to himself, which led to the tower of Ismengarde, and communicated by a sliding panel to the anti-room of her chamber. They had not long been stationed on this spot, when a gentle knock at the portal announced the approach of Alaric. He immediately entered; and a few minutes sufficed to show that the confederates were employed in devising new plots to encircle their promised victim. Gondibert, no longer able to stifle his just resentment, rushed sword in hand upon the guilty pair; but, refusing to stain his hand with the blood of his kinsman, he merely ordered him to be secured. Ismengarde was compelled to take the vows in a neighbouring convent; Alaric wasted his existence in dreary imprisonment. Their punishment was just, and their sentence merciful; yet the lord of Helmenstadt never from that hour enjoyed the sweet serenity of a heart at ease. The ingratitude and treachery which he had experienced rendered him distrustful; he formed no new attachments, he placed no confidence in his fellow-creatures; and, though his life was preserved, his peace was destroyed.

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LORD BYRON'S FIRST LOVE, AND HIS  
SUBSEQUENT MARRIAGE.

THE young lady who first captivated the late lord Byron was the daughter of Mr. C., a gentleman whose estate bordered on his hereditary possessions. He

said to a friend, that he never wrote any poetry worth mentioning till this passion inspired him, at an age little exceeding twelve years ; and he added, ' She was several years older than myself ; but, at my age, boys like something older than themselves, as they do younger, later in life.—The ardor (he continued) was all on my side. I was serious—she was volatile : she liked me as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at me as a boy. She, however, gave me her picture, and that was something to make verses upon. During the last years that I was at Harrow, all my thoughts were occupied with this love affair. Had I married miss C., perhaps the whole tenor of my life would have been different. She jilted me, however ; but her marriage proved any thing but a happy one. She was at length separated from Mr. M., and proposed an interview with me, but, by the advice of my sister, I declined it.'

When lord Byron first addressed miss Milbanke with matrimonial views, she was dissuaded by her mother from an acceptance of his offer ; but her refusal was couched in such terms as did not offend him. The young lady herself, about twelve months afterward, revived the correspondence, and they were married.

' Our honey-moon (said his lordship) was not all sunshine. It had its clouds ; and Hobhouse has some letters which would serve to explain the rise and fall in the barometer ; but it was never down at zero. You tell me the world says I married miss Milbanke for her fortune, because she was a great heiress. All I have ever received, or am likely to receive, was 10,000*l.* My own income at this period was small, and somewhat bespoken. Newstead was a very unprofitable estate, and brought me in a bare 1500*l.* a year. The Lancashire property was hampered with a law-suit, which has cost me 14,000*l.*, and is not yet finished. We had a house in town, gave dinner parties, had separate carriages, and launched into every sort of extravagance. This could not last long. My wife's 10,000*l.* soon melted away. I was beset by duns, and at length an execution was levied, and the bailiffs put in possession of the very beds we had to sleep upon. This was no very agreeable state of affairs, no very pleasant scene for lady Byron to witness ; and it was agreed she should pay her father a visit till the storm had blown over, and some

arrangements had been made with my creditors. You may suppose on what terms we parted, from the style of a letter she wrote me on the road. You will think it began ridiculously enough. ' Dear Duck,' &c. Imagine my astonishment to receive, immediately on her arrival, a few lines from her father of a very unlike and very unaffectionate nature, beginning, ' Sir,' and ending with saying, that his daughter should never see me again. In my reply, I disclaimed his authority as a parent over my wife ; and told him, I was convinced the sentiments expressed were his, not hers. Another post, however, brought me a confirmation, under her own hand and seal, of her father's sentence.

' There can be no doubt that the influence of her enemies prevailed over her affection for me. You ask me if no cause was assigned for this sudden resolution ; if I formed no conjecture about the cause. I will tell you, I have prejudices about women—I do not like to see them cat. Rousseau makes *Julie un peu gourmande*, but that is not at all according to my taste. I do not like to be interrupted when I am writing. Lady Byron did not attend to these whims of mine. The only harsh thing I ever remember saying to her was one evening shortly before our parting. I was standing before the fire, ruminating upon the embarrassments of my affairs and other annoyances, when lady Byron came up to me and said, ' Byron, am I in your way ?' to which I replied, ' Damnably.' I was afterwards sorry, and reproached myself for the expression, but it escaped me unconsciously, involuntarily ; I hardly knew what I said.'

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FORGET ME NOT ; A CHRISTMAS AND  
NEW-YEAR'S PRESENT FOR 1825.

THE annual pocket-books, for a long time, were of a very humble description ; for, though certainly convenient and useful, they were ill executed both in a literary and ornamental point of view. But some modern publishers, emulating the spirit of their continental brethren, have placed on a higher footing these presents for the young and the fair, by uniting elegance and taste with accommodation and utility. Mr. Ackermann was the introducer of this improvement ; and he is induced to continue his plan by the progressive encouragement which he has

received. The embellishments which he now exhibits are less striking than some which were previously given ; but the literary portion is superior to the contents of the former volumes. Many original pieces, both in prose and verse, and several translations, as well as selections, contribute to render this volume an acceptable present. A short poem relating to the frontispiece affords a pleasing specimen of the talent of L. E. L.

*The Parting Charge.*

- ‘ I see the white sails of thy ship,  
The blue depths of the sea ;  
I hear the wind sweep o’er the wave  
That bears thee, love, from me.  
Thy flag shines in the crimson sun,  
Now setting in the brine :  
That sun will set to-morrow there,  
But light no sail of thine.  
Yet, with to-morrow’s evening star,  
Again I’ll seek this spot ;  
’Twas here I gave my parting charge,  
My last—‘ Forget me not !’
- ‘ Around my neck there is a band,  
’Tis made of thy dark hair ;  
Its links guard my heart’s dearest prize ;  
A broken ring they bear.  
A like pledge hangs upon thy breast,  
The last sweet gift love gave :  
We broke that ring, we twined that hair  
Upon a maiden’s grave,  
A girl who died of broken vows—  
(How can love be forgot ?)  
A fitting shrine for faithful hearts  
To sigh—‘ Forget me not !’
- ‘ How can I bear to think on all  
The dangers thou must brave ?  
My fears will deem each gale a storm,  
While thou art on the wave.  
How my young heart will cling to all  
That breathes of thine or thee !  
How I will plant thy fav’rite flowers,  
And nurse thy fav’rite tree !  
And thou ! oh thou ! be shade or shine,  
Or storm or calm thy lot,  
Bear on thy heart our parting words—  
Our fond—‘ Forget me not !’
- ‘ Nay, pray thee, mother, let me gaze  
Upon that distant sail ;  
What matters that my eye is dim,  
Or that my cheek is pale !  
And tell me not ’tis vain to weep  
For him who is away ;  
That sighs nor tears will speed the flight  
Of but a single day :  
It is not that I hope to bring  
My sailor to our cot ;  
But who can say and yet not weep—  
Farewell—‘ Forget me not !’

An address to the wind, by Mr. Wif-

fen, may also be quoted with approbation.

- ‘ Soft wind, that go’st flying, and murmuring  
too,  
The delightful world over, with nothing to do !  
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,  
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.
- ‘ To-day, pleasant wind, thou must give sweet  
repose  
To a beautiful creature who very well knows  
To make me long vigils of tenderness keep,  
But knows not to lull my sad sorrows asleep.  
Come, win thee my favor, since thou wakest  
too,  
Flying all the world over, with nothing to do ;  
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,  
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.
- ‘ Thou who ’midst the green leaves gaily sing’st  
at a guess  
Of my past happy fortune and present distress,  
Fresh, grateful, and straying, the whole summer through,  
This delightful world over, with nothing to do !  
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,  
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love !’

The Eastern tale of Sacontala has some merit ; but the following Spanish tale is more interesting.

*Tale of the Green Taper.*

‘ Among the unfortunate Moriscos who were forced to quit Spain in 1610, there was a very rich farmer. As the object of the government was to hurry the Moriscos out of the country without allowing them time to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels, in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period. Muley Hassem, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault under the close porch of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbours, he had there accumulated great quantities of gold and pearls, which, upon his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another Morisco, deeply versed in the secret arts.

‘ The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassem from all opportunities of recovering his treasure. He died, intrusting the secret to an only daughter, who, having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm. Fatima married, and was soon left a widow, with a daughter whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of the Peninsula. Urged by the approach of poverty, which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret

trusted to her, Fatima, and her daughter Zuleima, embarked in the vessel of a corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near Huelva. Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names, both mother and daughter made their way to Seville on foot, or by any occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the Virgin, near Moguer. I will not tire you with details as to the means by which Fatima obtained a place for herself and daughter in the family then occupying her own paternal house. Her constant endeavours to please her master and mistress succeeded to the utmost of her wishes: the beauty and innocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

When Fatima thought that the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important and awful task of recovering the concealed treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on; the family moved to the first floor as usual, and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground-floor rooms for herself and Zuleima. About the middle of December, when the periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquivir overflow its banks, and scarcely a soul stirred out after sunset, Fatima, provided with a rope and a basket, anxiously awaited the hour of midnight to commence her incantation. Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch, to which they had groped their way in the dark. The large bell of the cathedral clock, whose sound had a most startling effect in the dead silence of the night, tolled the hour; and the melancholy peal of supplication followed for about two minutes. All now was still, except the wind and rain. Fatima, unlocking with some difficulty the cold hands of her daughter out of hers, struck a flint, and lighted a green taper not more than an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket lantern. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement yawned close by the feet of the two females. 'Now, Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life (said Fatima), were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not intrust you to

hasten down by these small perpendicular steps, which you here see. Fear not, my love, there is nothing below but the gold and jewels deposited by my father.' 'Mother (answered the tremulous girl), I will not break the promise I have made you, though I feel as if my breathing would stop, the moment I enter that horrible vault. Dear mother, tie the rope round my waist—my hands want strength—you must support the whole weight of my body. Merciful Allah! my foot slips! Oh, mother, leave me not in the dark!'

'The vault was not much deeper than the girl's length; and, upon her slipping from one of the projecting stones, the chink of coins, scattered by her feet, restored the failing courage of the mother. 'There, take the basket, child—quick! fill it up with gold—feel for the jewels—I must not move the lantern.—Well done, my love! Another basketful, and no more. I would not expose you, my only child, for—yet, the candle is long enough: fear not, it will burn five minutes.—Heavens! the wick begins to float in the melted wax: out, out, Zuleima!—the rope, the rope!—the steps are on this side!'

A faint groan was heard. Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again: the distracted mother searched for the chasm, but it was closed. She beat the ground with her feet; and her agony became downright madness on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She now struck the flints of the pavement, till her hands were shapeless with wounds. Lying on the ground a short time, and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter repeat the words, 'Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!' The thick vault, through which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart-freezing, thin, distant, yet silvery tone. Fatima lay one instant motionless on the flints; then raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head, with something like supernatural strength, against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning.

The tradition of this catastrophe led to a report that the house was haunted; and it is still affirmed, that annually, on a certain night in December, Fatima is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid

the place where her daughter was buried alive, force her to sit over the vault, with a basket full of gold at her feet. The efforts by which she now and then attempts to stop her ears indicate that, for an hour, she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zulcima crying, 'Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!'

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INSTANCES OF EXTRAORDINARY ADVANCEMENT FROM OBSCURITY TO GLORIOUSNESS.

In a native of England, who subsisted upon charity at St. Alban's, and ultimately became pope Adrian IV., we observe the fruits of docility and meekness, joined with a spirit which was not to be discouraged by adverse fortune, or unjust severity.

In the Greek emperor Basil are displayed the advantages of a pleasing exterior, aided by personal strength, and adorned with the sterner virtues which take root in adversity, but which in him were destined finally to adorn prosperity. Let us, whilst we acknowledge the excellence of his general character, deplore that the peculiar circumstances of the times in which he lived should have led him into the commission of some acts which have sullied the brightness of his name, and which most probably embittered the possession of the throne he gained by the perpetration of them.

In Rienzi, who was for some time master of modern Rome, we see the force of an ardent imagination constantly bent on one object, the charms of eloquence and personal graces of deportment—how much an individual may achieve so long as he sets an example of virtue, how soon it may all be lost when he departs from the standard of excellence which he taught his adherents to expect in him.

In the pontiff Alexander V. we have a delightful picture of helpless deserted infancy protected by Heaven, favored by man, and retaining in his highest elevation the same gaiety and good humour, which would have rendered even beggary, such as he was snatched from, more enviable than riches with a gloomy and insocial disposition.

In cardinal Ximenes, prime minister of Spain, we see the advantages of a well-grounded reputation for the virtues peculiarly belonging to the condition of life he had chosen, and of an intrepid and in-

flexible spirit, sustained in its purposes by the consciousness of integrity of intention.

In Adrian VI. we see perseverance triumph over poverty, honesty over artifice, and the highest dignities attained by the simple recommendation of a good character.

In Wolsey we behold the fruits of early attainments, of penetration into character, punctuality in business, and liberality of expenditure proportioned to the ample means of supplying it, which his rare talents and active habits procured him.

The rise of Thomas Cromwell to the station of prime minister, though he was eventually unfortunate, exemplifies steady and noiseless perseverance aiding the most laudable ambition, and joined to a deportment which was humble without meanness, and dignified without pride.

In Sixtus V. we have one of the most extraordinary instances that the history of the human race presents of the power of man over his own character. Naturally so vivacious and impetuous, that in early life he enroiled himself with every one around him, he yet attained so complete a mastery over himself, that for fourteen years he never suffered a single action, word, or look to escape him, that could lead the most attentive observer of his conduct to imagine otherwise than that he was one of the mildest and humblest of men. It will be said by his enemies, that this self-subjugation was wrought in him by motives of ambition; but in ambition itself there was nothing unworthy; on the contrary, he showed by the admirable use he made of the papal power, for which he had long in secret panted, that he was deserving of it, and only rightly construed in himself the longing after that sovereignty which he made a noble instrument of public good. One most important lesson we may learn at any rate from his example; that there are no faults belonging to our physical nature, or (as we idly term it) born with us, which may not be corrected by religious principle and moral energy. What Sixtus did for ambition let us do 'for conscience' sake; let us maintain as rigid a watch over ourselves from purer motives, and we shall be enabled really to become that which we would seem to others.

In Dr. Franklin we have an example of all that is most valuable, yet least showy, in the human character. He has

drawn his own portrait with a fidelity and impartiality that require no finishing touches from any other hand. To temperance he attributes his long-continued health; to industry and frugality the early easiness of his circumstances, and his opportunities of acquiring knowledge; to sincerity and justice the confidence of his country, and the honorable employments it conferred on him; and, to the joint influence and consciousness of them all, the cheerfulness which made his youth happy to himself, and his old age delightful to others.

It is only justice however to his parents to say, that all these virtues he had an early opportunity of studying from their example. His father was in the habit of repeating before him, whilst yet a boy, the words of Solomon: 'Sect thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men.'—These words, thus early impressed on his memory, were never forgotten by him in his succeeding years: they were his rule of action, and their truth was literally fulfilled in his person. He stood before five crowned heads, in the course of his political life, and stood before them upright in the independence of honest principle, and unabashed in the pride of native endowment.

Let us from these examples learn to turn the full force of whatever talents or favoring circumstances we may be blessed with to some good and honorable object. It has been said, that any man may be whatever he wishes to become. This is not strictly true; but it is certain that we may all be useful to society in some way if we endeavour to be so; and let us constantly bear in mind, that, in proportion as we minister to the happiness of others, we take the most effectual means to augment our own.

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#### A SPORTSMAN'S ESTABLISHMENT;

*from the novel of the Two Rectors.*

'As we approached toward the house, a simultaneous barking of all the canine [*members of the establishment*] greeted us from the kennel and stables, which brought up to the front door a servant who required no other summons, while a groom and his helper appeared at the same time to take our horses. We were immediately conducted forward to the dining-room, where, on a spacious table,

was placed more than sufficient to assure us of our host's hospitality, and of the substantial manner in which he was accustomed to treat himself and his guests. Mr. Chace now made his appearance, and though not a young man, nor, indeed, an old one, he evidently piqued himself upon his dress, in which there was great propriety, blended with a studied consistency. His broad-brimmed hat was smoothly brushed; his fustian shooting coat fitted him to the greatest nicety, and, though retaining every description of pocket, of various snug and handy dimensions, preserved also a shape that served to show, not only a fine manly figure, but the hand that fashioned it to have been of no ordinary superiority. His stout long leather gaiters, and well-oiled thick shoes, showed him alike prepared to encounter hedge or ditch, wood or bog, in the pursuit of game. He received us with great civility and kindness, and proceeded at once to call our attention to the good things before us, by making an attack upon a large joint of cold roast beef, which graced the bottom of the table; at the same time holding out to our view a variety of other articles placed on the sideboard, and placed there for the obvious reason of there being no room for them on the table, broad and ample as it was. I perceived the eyes of my friend Allworthy turned upon the various pictures which hung around the apartment—masterpieces of art in perfect accordance with the taste of our host. There was over the chimney-piece a well-executed painting, representing the top of a small round table, covered with a coarse table-cloth, on which were placed a large loaf of bread with no ordinary quantity of kissing crust, a plate, a triangular indented piece of cheese, a homely knife and fork, a wooden salt-stand, a bottle of beer, and a long ale-glass filled with frothy, sparkling, transparent beverage. The bread and cheese were painted so naturally, that a hungry sportsman at mid-day might have been tempted to seize upon them: the light falling on the bottle, and reflected on the cloth, was so exquisitely delineated, that fancy could hardly question the reality; while the texture of the cloth, and the manner in which the knife and fork were raised upon it, could not but strike the most common observer. A larger picture, to the right, represented the interior of a larder,

where hares, pheasants, and partridges, were hanging and lying in all positions, mingled, in wondrous confusion, among cabbages and cauliflowers, all painted so as to give undeniable proofs of the closest approximation to nature. On the left side was a sort of picturesque tea-urn, or tureen, filled with every description of flower, most artificially arranged, but each painted to the exactest truth. Over the side-board was a board-hunt, upon a scale of frightful magnitude. On the other sides of the apartment were other large paintings, of stags at bay; of every sort and description of fruit, peaches of the brightest and roughest hue, plums with powdered bloom, and grapes, both white and purple, hanging in well-fancied luxurious festoons: beside these, there was the head of a deer, as large as life, in the agonies of death, and several other horrors; while last, though perhaps not least, in the estimation of the possessor, was the portrait of a vulgar-looking fellow, with close flaxen hair, small inflamed eyes, and a nose shaped and spotted like a pepper-box, indicating by his rubicundity the convivial turn for which he had probably been famed. Mr. Chace, observing Allworthy's eye as it glanced by this picture, recalled his attention to it, by observing, 'That is the strongest likeness I ever saw. It is Tom Gorsecover, lord Bugle's huntsman, certainly the first rider and the best sportsman this country has ever seen; poor fellow, he was a little too much given to drink, or he might have been with us to this day: but there he still lives, for I assure you it is Tom all over!'

\* \* \*  
 'A more extraordinary place than the study I had seldom seen. Allworthy could not help smiling as he entered this museum of confusion. Guns, single and double barreled, were in their rests, suspended one above another on the wall facing the door by which we had entered; while to a sort of bench beneath them was fixed a vice, accompanied with all the implements of a gunsmith's shop. Locks of every description, some put together, others disjointed, screws, files, and hammers, were scattered around; and upon a shelf, just over it, were ranged, in rank and file, a battalion of empty powder-canisters. The other side of the room was hung with whips, shot-belts, bridles, horse-shoes, curbs and snaffles, dog-chains and couples.

Between the windows were shelves filled with books, among which Allworthy told me he saw Daniel's Rural Sports, several works on farriery, a volume upon horse and dog medicines, the Holy Bible, Somerville's Chase, Burn's Justice, very much fingered, and odd volumes of acts of parliament upon the game laws, filled with paper-stoppers. On a large table beneath, there lay nets of various kinds, balls of string, netting pins and needles, a roll of horse-hair, with quills, corks, shots, and artificial flies. Over the door, corresponding with the armoury of guns, were fishing-rods, horizontally suspended; whilst among a chaos of drawers, not one of which was wholly shut, there hung out papers and lines, nets and straps, forming altogether such a *mélange* as is rarely seen but in the laboratories of mechanics and antiquarians, and in pawnbrokers' shops. The guns were now taken down one by one, examined, and then brought quickly up, with a simultaneous closing of the left eye, to what a soldier calls 'the present,' by way of feeling how readily and easily they applied themselves to the shoulder. Both Allworthy and myself found it necessary to go through some of these motions, that we might not fall in the estimation of our host, who, after having cracked and snapped the triggers and locks of all of them in the order in which they were presented to us, and remarked upon the fineness of the touch, the beauty of the workmanship, and the excellence and infallibility of the principles on which they were constructed, now put a *Forsyth* into Allworthy's hands, one of which he had never before seen; and upon his inquiry how it was that the use of the flint was thus totally superseded, Mr. Chace explained it, by showing him the process by which the prining was effected: still, as he saw no powder, he conceived no fire could either be produced or communicated; so that pulling the trigger boldly, the invisible detonating powder, being struck, gave a report, which led him to think the gun itself had been discharged, and he dropped it from his hands in a moment, to the hazard of infinite detriment to the piece. As, however, it suffered no injury from the fall, a laugh was raised at his expense, which he wisely turned by laughing as heartily himself, while he instinctively withdrew from this magazine of combustibles, as if he apprehended detonating powder to be spread



upon the floor, merely requiring the movement of his own foot to ignite and discharge.'

THE REMAINS OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.  
2 vols.

HAVING a great respect for the memory of the ingenious author of the *Farmer's Boy*, and being desirous of assisting the family which he left in a state bordering on poverty, we gladly take notice of these volumes, and hope that our readers will partake of our feelings on the subject. The editor is Mr. Joseph Weston, who has exerted himself with the most friendly zeal in settling the disordered affairs of the family, and who, in the preface, defends the deceased bard against some illiberal insinuations.

Among the poetical remains we observe some pleasing pieces. The *Dawning of Day*, a hunting song, is appropriate and animated.

'The grey eye of morning was dear to my youth,  
When I sprang like the roe from my bed,  
With the glow of the passions, the feelings of truth,  
And the light hand of Time on my head :  
'For then 'twas my maxim through life to be free,  
And to sport my short moments away ;  
The cry of the hounds was the music for me,  
My glory the dawn of the day.

'In yellow-leaved autumn, the haze of the morn  
Gave promise of rapture to come ;  
Then melody woke in the sound of the horn,  
As we cheer'd the old fox from his home.

'The breeze and the shout met the sun's early beam,  
With the village response in full play ;  
All vigor, my steed leap'd the fence of the stream,  
And was foremost at dawn of the day.

'The well-tuned view-halloo that shook the green wood,  
And arrested the ploughman's gay song,  
Gave nerve to the hunters, and fire to the blood  
Of the hounds, as they bounded along.

'And shall I relinquish this joy of my heart,  
While years with my strength roll away ?  
Hark ! the horn—bring my horse—see they're ready to start !  
Tally-ho ! at the dawning of day.'

'The song of the Soldier's Return also deserves to be quoted.

'Beat up, my fond heart ! the worn veteran cries,  
His dear native village just opening to view ;  
Here parents—here Anna—here love's tender ties,  
Will soothe ev'ry care, ev'ry kindness renew.

'Hail, woodlands, though leafless !—Hail, streams, so long lost !  
My friendships, my cottage, my home full in sight !  
Thou mansion of bliss, screen my scars from the frost !  
I've gold now, and love will give zest to delight.

'O'er kingdoms to thee rapid Fancy oft flew ;  
Thy low mossy roof in fond men's memory surviv'd ;  
Oft homeward at eve, when I took a long view,  
I've sigh'd with a tear for the day now arriv'd.

'Round Libya's south point, when, from toils lately freed,  
Sweet Hope cheer'd my soul whilst we skinn'd the rough sea,  
I strove, 'midst the tars, to improve our ship's speed,  
Nor thought I of toils—but of Anna and thee.

'Here comes the dear girl—comes with kind arms extended,  
To welcome me home, and my fondness to prove ;  
My cheek feels the glowing of rapture, warm blended  
With answering drops—'tis the meed of chaste love.'

Good-nature was strikingly conspicuous in the character of Bloomfield ; and he thus speaks of it as an ingredient in matrimony.

'Much of good-nature greybeards tell,  
And make a great to-do ;  
I've weigh'd their bold assertions well,  
And now believe them true.

'Let beauty's bloom improve or fade,  
Wit bring its good or harm ;  
'Twas gay good-nature Hymen made  
His universal charm.'

A journal of a tour down the river Wye, a variety of anecdotes and observations, a supposed correspondence between birds and insects, a display of nature's music in the *Æolian harp*, &c. are added to the poems, to vary the reader's entertainment ; and another publication is announced for the benefit of the family. 'The songs of Mr. Bloomfield (says the editor) are justly esteemed for the purity of their sentiment and the beauty of their poetry. No poet displays the influence of the tender passion with more feeling, and very few treat the amiable objects of it with so much delicacy and respect ;

on this account he has always been a favorite with that sex, whose approving smile he valued as his best reward. To render his poetry still more worthy of their patronage, it is proposed to publish a collection of his best songs in a musical form.—Having a taste for harmony, he himself set some of them to music; his brother Isaac applied the same operation to others, and different composers will complete the rest. This scheme, we hope, will prove successful; and a worthy family will be sincerely grateful to the benevolent for this and other favors.

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THE TRAVELS OF FANCY; A VISION.

IN the visionary region of sleep, various scenes present themselves, unrealised in our waking hours. While I was musing on the different conditions of mankind, my mental powers were deluded by the enchantments of Morpheus. By this author of fancied bliss to mortals, I was transported to a spacious plain, where I met with a venerable sage, who accompanied me to a city which we saw at a distance. When we approached it, we were greatly interrupted by carriages on the road; but we at length reached the gates. Being apparently ignorant of the world, I was highly entertained with the view of the inhabitants employed in different occupations, and said to my guide, 'Surely some grand spectacle is to be exhibited, or some potent monarch is soon to make his public entry; and therefore every one is engaged in making due preparation.'—'This is not,' replied he, 'any remarkable day; the people are only engaged in the common affairs of life. Manual labor is the destiny of the bulk of mankind; employment is necessary for the good of society. Few, very few, deserve to be indulged with a life of leisure. Industry is the parent of virtue; it enriches the individual, and causes the stream of plenty to circulate through every branch of the community.'

Having passed along the public streets, which abounded with substantial and commodious houses, I found a harbour containing vessels of different dimensions. At such a sight I was greatly surprised, and asked my guide what was the use of such fluctuating habitations, the persons who belonged to which rivalled the bee in activity and diligence. He informed me that these vessels were

intended to convey the peculiar products of one region to another: thus the most distant countries are connected by the bonds of commerce. He taught me to expand my mind, and consider all who bear the name of man as entitled to my benevolence.

During our residence in this place, every day afforded new observations to my preceptor, and it was his constant practice to moralise on all occurrences. My heart heaved the compassionate sigh, and my eye dropped the sympathising tear, when I contemplated the wretchedness to which flesh is heir. This sensibility pleased my guide, who exhorted me to cherish the tender passions, and alleviate the pangs of affliction; 'for goodness,' said he, 'is the most amiable attribute of the Deity: the terrors of his omnipotence make guilty mortals tremble, but the blessings of his goodness diffuse a mild lustre around him, and inspire a holy confidence, the basis of true devotion.'

When I had sufficiently viewed the curiosities of the city, my friend conducted me to the chambers of the great, and to the throne of majesty. Here my eyes indulged luxury to the height, and I thus expressed my surprise: 'These personages are of a different species from those whom we saw before. Their appearance declares them to be the lords of mankind, and the dignitaries of our globe.' He repressed my admiration by admonishing me to beware of appearances. I soon perceived the correctness of his advice; for, under a magnificent robe, lurked a corrupt heart, and a pompous diadem enclosed an empty head. My guide disclosed to me the intrigues of ambition and the arts of policy; and, on the other hand, he informed me of the delusions of the common people, who pretend to scrutinise the affairs of government, without a knowledge of the secret springs which keep the machine of state in motion. He instructed me in the origin of government, and the nature of the original compact, by which the rulers of states are bound to grant protection in return for obedience; and pointed out the infractions of this agreement, committed both by the governors and the governed, in different ages and among various nations. He then asked me whether I would visit the receptacles of learning, and the nurseries of philosophy. His proposal inspired me with extraordinary ardor, and I seemed to feel

the influence which induced Adam to taste the tree of knowledge. I was admitted a citizen of the republic of letters; and on this occasion my preceptor proposed to me a general plan of education. He told me that I must be careful to let every idea make its due impression upon the mind, lest its operations should be disturbed by a variety and competition of ideas. He advised me to attend to things more than to words, since, from an acquaintance with things, there would be a new accession of ideas to the mind, whereas by a knowledge of words the same ideas are presented to the mind in a different vehicle. 'The mind,' said he, 'is the most noble part of man; by this we are allied to superior beings; by this we are allied to the Deity himself. Cultivate, therefore, its powers and faculties with zeal; and remember, at the same time, that virtue and probity will render you happy in yourself, useful to your fellow-creatures, and acceptable to the Supreme Being.'

## MISCELLANEOUS VARIETIES.

*Illustrious contemporary Prisoners and Poets.*—THE duke of Orleans, found among the slain at the field of Azincourt, remained prisoner in England from 1416 to 1440. Henry the Fifth deemed his detention most important to the safe keeping of the conquests in France. The first place of his confinement was Windsor, whence he was removed to the castle of Pontefract. He was afterward imprisoned in the Tower of London, where he composed the Book of Sonnets, which is still preserved among the royal manuscripts in the British Museum, in one of the beautiful illuminations of which we have the earliest view now known both of the Tower and the city. These sonnets are mostly amatory, or complaints of his imprisonment, with, now and then, an affectionate remembrance of France. Among them we find three ballads in English, written with sufficient elegance to indicate that during his confinement he had acquired an accurate knowledge of our language. In the illumination above noticed, the duke is represented in a room in the state story of the White Tower, writing, and surrounded by his guards. Whilst he was a prisoner, four hundred marks a year were allowed for his support. King James the First of Scotland was also for

many years a prisoner in England. Like the duke, he relieved the severity of confinement by poetic composition; and it is not a little remarkable that Henry should, at the same time, have held in durance two prisoners, both of royal blood, and confessedly the best poets of their age.

*A Wit and a Poet.*—Bishop Corbet was a popular preacher in the reigns of James and Charles I., and was fond of mirth and jocularity. Some of his effusions of pleasantry would appear indecorous in a clergyman of the present day; but we may smile at them when we make an allowance for the bluntness and coarseness of manners which prevailed in his time. As he exercised his wit upon others, he exposed himself to a return of railery; and a wag thus spoke of him:

'The reverend dean,  
With his band starched clean,  
Did preach before the king;  
A ring was his pride  
To his band-strings tied—  
Was not this a pretty thing?

The ring, without doubt,  
Was the thing put him out,  
And made him forget what was next;  
For every one there  
Will say, I dare swear,  
He handled it more than his text.'

There is much good sense in the bishop's poetical address to his son on his birth-day; but, as it has been frequently quoted, we shall only give the conclusion:

'I wish thee peace in all thy ways,  
Nor lazy nor contentious days;  
And, when thy soul and body part,  
As innocent as now thou art.'

*Tarlton the Jester.*—It is said, that 'Richard Tarlton, for a wondrous plentifully, pleasant, extemporal wit, was the wonder of his tyme, and so beloved that men used his picture for their signes.' He was also a humorous comedian, and excelled in the representation of a clown. Some of his jests are thus recorded by an old writer.

'Upon a time, as Tarlton and his wife came sailing from Southampton towards London, a mighty storm arose and endangered the ship, whereupon the captain thereof charged every man to throw into the seas the heaviest thing hee could spare, to the end to lighten somewhat the ship. Tarlton, that had his wife there, offered

to throw her over-board: but the company rescued her; and being asked wherefore he meant so to do, he answered, 'She is the heaviest thing I have, and I can best spare her.'

'The queen (Elizabeth) being discontented, Tarlton took upon him to delight her with some quaint jest: whereupon he counterfeited a drunkard, and called for beere, which was brought immediately. Her majestie, noting his humor, commanded that he should have no more; for (quoth shee) 'he will play the beast, and so shame himselfe.'—'Feare not you (quoth Tarlton), for your beere is small enough: ' whereat her majestie laughed heartily, and commanded that he should have enough.

'Certain noblemen and ladies of the court being eating of oysters, one of them, seeing Tarlton, called him, and asked him if he loved oysters? No (quoth he) for they be ungodly meate, uncharitable meate, and unprofitable meate. Why? quoth the courtier. They are ungodly, says Tarlton, because they are eaten without grace; uncharitable, because they leave nought but shelles; and unprofitable, because they must swim in wine.

'Being at the court all night, in the morning he met a great courtier coming from his chamber, who, spying him, said, 'Good-morrow, M. Didimus and Tridimus!' Tarlton being somewhat abashed, not knowing the meaning thereof, said, 'Sir, I understand you not; expound, I pray you.'—'Quoth the courtier, 'Didimus and Tridimus is a fool and a knave.'—'You overloads me,' replied Tarlton, 'for my backe cannot beare both; therefore take you the one and I will take the other; take you the knave, and I will carry the foole with me.'

'There was a nobleman that asked him what he thought of souldiers in time of peace. 'Marry (quoth he) they are like chinneys in summer.'

'There was an unthrifitie gallant belonging to the court, that had borrow'd five pounds of Tarlton; but, having lost it at dice, he sent his man to him to borrow five pounds more, by the same token he owed him already five pounds. 'Pray tell your master (quoth Tarlton) that if he will send me the token, I will send him the money: for who deceives me once, God forgive him: if twice, God forgive him: but if thrice, God forgive him, but not me, because I could not beware.'

*Extemporary Poetical Narration in France.*—Pradl announced that he would improvise in French verse before a public company. This advertisement was generally considered as a mere joke; the scheme appeared prodigious and presumptuous. The trial was, however, made; the subject, drawn by chance from lots in an urn, was Columbus; which the young man adopted without a moment's hesitation; and he endeavoured to describe the misfortunes of that *grand homme*, loaded with irons, on his return from America. He immediately began by putting into the mouth of his hero the following exclamation:

'Miserable jonet de la faveur des grands;  
Je souffre, je gémiss dans une nuit profonde;  
Je meurs victime des tyrans,  
Et je viens d'aggrandir le monde \* !'

Thunders of applause interrupted the poet. He proceeded: Columbus recalls and retraces the day when his disappointed and impatient sailors were about to attack their leader and terminate the enterprise; he repeats their addresses and complaints, describes their fury, his courage, his prudence; and expresses all the joy that he experienced, when

'Des oiseaux voyageurs, d'une aile passagère  
Vinrent caresser notre mâit,  
Et le zéphyr sur son aile légère  
A porta jusqu'à nous les parfums de la terre †.'

These lines excited an unanimous burst of enthusiastic approbation, and the applause was continued to the end of this bold attempt.

*French Theatres.*—There are in Paris twelve regular theatres, without reckoning the minor places of amusement. In the departments, fifteen theatres are constantly open; and there are seventy, the companies belonging to which travel the theatrical circle assigned to them. These theatres employ about 3000 actors and actresses, four hundred of whom are at one time at Paris, where they wait in hopes that fortune will favor them with

\* A miserable dupe of aristocratic favor, I suffer, I groan in the most gloomy darkness; I die the victim of tyrants, at the moment when I have extended the boundaries of the world.

† Wandering birds came with rapid wing to caress our mast, and the zephyr brought to us, on his light wing, [Oh what a relief!] the perfumes of land.

an engagement. If to these we add the authors, composers, musicians, scene-painters, mechanists, &c. it will be found that at least fifteen thousand persons live by the theatre. In this estimate the poor and the sick in hospitals, to whom a tenth of theatrical receipts is appropriated, are not included.

*The Swinging Ladies of Guayaquil.*—

‘On entering the governor’s house (says captain Basil Hall) we were somewhat surprised to observe the ladies in immense hammocks made of a net-work of strong grass, dyed of various colors, and suspended from the roof, which was twenty feet high. Some of them were sitting, others reclining in their hammocks, with their feet, or, at least, one foot left hanging out, and so nearly touching the floor, that when they pleased, they could reach it with the toe, and by a gentle push give motion to the hammock. This family consisted of no less than three generations: the grandmother lying at full length in a hammock suspended across one corner of the room; the mother seated in another, swinging from side to side; and three young ladies, her daughters, lounging in one hammock attached to hooks along the length of the room. The whole party were swinging away at such a furious rate, that at first we were confounded and made giddy by the variety of motions in different directions. We succeeded, however, in making good our passage to a sofa at the farther side of the room, though not without apprehension of being knocked over by the way. The ladies, seeing us embarrassed, ceased their vibrations until the introductions had taken place, and then touching the floor with their feet, swung off again without any interruption to the conversation.’

*Facility of Marriage and Divorce.*—

‘An aged Indian (says Mr. Buchanan) observed that his countrymen had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also more certain of getting a good one; ‘For (said he in his broken English) white man court,—court,—may be one whole year!—may be two years before he marry!—well!—may be then get very good wife—but may he not!—may be very cross!—Well now, suppose cross! scold so soon as get awake in the morning! scold all day! scold until sleep!—all one; he

must keep him \* / White people have law forbidding throwing away wife, be he ever so cross! must keep him always! Well! how does Indian do?—Indian when he see industrious squaw which he like, he go to him, place his two fore-fingers close aside each other, make two look like one—look squaw in the face—see him smile—which is all one he says Yes! so he take him home—no danger he be cross! no, no! Squaw know too well what Indian do if he cross!—throw him away, and take another! Squaw love to eat meat! no husband, no meat! Squaw do every thing to please husband! he do the same to please squaw! live happy!’

*Slavery of the Women of Stornoway.*—

Dr. Macculloch assures us, that ‘droves of these animals [*the women*] were collected in the neighbourhood, trudging into the town from the moors, with loads of peat on their backs. The men dig the peat, and the women supply the place of horses, being regularly trained to it. I was also informed that they did actually draw the harrows: but this I did not witness.

‘There are two modes of arguing the question of the mill and the harrow, for the fair sex; one on the broad bottom of utility, a principle which, among many great metaphysicians, forms the basis of all morals and politics; and the other on the principle of chivalry, which, according to another great metaphysician, is dead and gone. But I need not dilate on matters so obvious, except to remark that the chivalrous principle would be rather inconvenient in the Highlands, as there is neither time nor money to spend upon idolatry. That women were created to be looked at, is certainly a beautiful refinement on the usages of those savages who load them with more than one half of the burthen. While young and pretty, it may not be very irrational, since sun, moon, stars, roses, and picture galleries, are nothing in the comparison. Stornoway is another matter. Perhaps the division of labor is not indeed very fair here; yet I know not that it is much otherwise. There are no horses; a man cannot dig and fish, and carry peat all at once, and a family cannot go without fire. The Stornowegian

\* They are in the habit of confounding the masculine with the feminine personal pronoun.

may fairly say with Orpheus, 'what shall I do without Eurydice?' To be sure, I have seen a great lazy fellow ride his wife across a ford; which, I admit, does not look like civil and polished usage. Yet so much do opinions differ in the world, that it is the chartered privilege and 'limited service' of the women of Holland, that they should be ridden into the boats by the other gender; and should the horse presume to take the place of the grey mare on this occasion, it is probable that Ostend, Monnikendam, and Purmerend, would not be pacified without the aid of a couple of regiments of dragoons.

It is amusing here to consider how often extremes meet. Mrs. Wolstonecraft and others are for the equality of rights. Here they are to be found, since equality of rights implies equality of duties. The ill-used fair who, according to this system, would sit in the house of commons in one rank of life, must carry peat at Stornoway in another: of fighting, and chimney-sweeping, and the like equal rights, I need say nothing. But the rights of the Wolstonecraft women are not the rights of the Stornoway women; like most other rights, they include all we desire, and exclude all we hate. But a female must here do what is allotted to her, or else matters must stand still, or the Highlands must be reformed. Nor do I know that her character is improved or her happiness augmented, here or any where else, by reading novels, spending money in trash and trifles, lying in bed, paying visits, neglecting her house and children, and being worshiped. Yet, at the worst, Donald only considers his wife as an animal of burthen on special occasions. And in this he is an honest fellow than the heathen Athenian, with whom I did him the injustice to compare him a little while ago. But if she is an animal here, what shall we say of the Roman laws, which only considered her as a thing, a moveable, a stool? Mahomet has been sadly calumniated. After all, he only said that there were no old women in Paradise, which is clear; partly because we know very well that there is no such thing as an old woman, and for the better reason, which he gave himself, that every body becomes young who is admitted within its gates. As to the Roman law of female things, if it was Egeria who dictated it to Numa in the midnight groves, she seems to have had as little con-

sideration for her sex, as the petticoat novelists of the present day, whose chief delight seems to be to abuse their own gender, and whom if we were to believe, the drawing of harrows or turning of mills would be the fittest occupation for them. We can only hope that they do not speak as having a very intimate knowledge of the propensities of any other portion of the sex than themselves.

*Rings.*—Some British rings, found in *tumuli* or barrows, are large, made of jet, ornamented on the outside with imperfect circles, which appear to have been formed by some hard instrument. They were probably worn as amulets, not as rings. Plain brass rings have been found on the fingers of skeletons; and such rings, hollow, and quite plain, have been called Druids' rings. Rings of twisted brass wire also occur; as do rings made of a metal like tin. Small cast black rings have been found, and are supposed to have been the old British money mentioned by Caesar. Rings perforated for suspension, and rings of iron, also occur. Rings were common among the Anglo-Saxons, and worn with gems by ladies. A Saxon ring has a hoop of wrought lozenges and circles alternately, and is inscribed Alstān, bishop of Sherborne; for a ring was an indispensable episcopal ornament, implying marriage to the church. It was not uncommon for gold rings to have the name of the owner for a legend. Will. de Belmeis gave certain lands to St. Paul's Cathedral, and at the same time directed that his gold ring, set with a ruby, should, with the seal, be affixed to the charter for ever. There also occur rings with two hoops interlaced (sometimes with a heart divided into two halves in the middle), used at a betrothment, the lover putting his finger in one hoop, the mistress hers in the other, as love-tokens; rings of mere copper gilt, given for presents to girls; rings put upon the wedding finger, from a supposed connexion of a vein there with the heart; sprinkled with holy water; rings used as preservatives against fits, and consecrated for that purpose on Good Friday by the kings of England. In another account, we find three young men subscribing sixpence each, to be moulded into a ring for a young woman afflicted with a malady. Love rings, with the orpique plant as a device, because the bending of the leaves was presumed to prognos-

ticate whether love was true or false, occur in the 15th century. The lord-chancellor Hatton sent to queen Elizabeth a ring against infectious air, 'to be worn betwixt the sweet dugs' of her bosom. Grave persons, such as aldermen, used a plain broad gold ring upon the thumb. Gold-wire rings were given away at weddings, sometimes in large numbers.—*Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities.*

THE BOLD DRAGOON;  
WITH AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING.

IN the tales lately published by Mr. Washington Irving, there is a pleasing variety: some are grave and pathetic, others lively and humorous. The Bold Dragoon is of the latter description; and the author ludicrously styles it a 'rignarole Irish romance.' The story is supposed to be related by an Irish captain, who treats of the adventures of his grandfather.

A dashing dragoon rides into Bruges on his way to the coast, makes his way into an inn in defiance of the garrison, and secures tolerable quarters by blarneying the landlord, kissing his wife, tickling his daughter, and chucking the bar-maid under the chin.

'In a little while (says the narrator) he took complete possession of the house, swaggering all over it; into the stable to look after his horse, into the kitchen to look after his supper. He had something to say or do with every one; smoked with the Dutchmen, drank with the Germaus, slapped the landlord on the shoulder, romped with his daughter and the barmaid:—never since the days of Alley Croaker had such a rattling blade been seen. The landlord stared at him with astonishment; the landlord's daughter hung her head and giggled whenever he came near; and, as he swaggered along the corridor, with his sword trailing by his side, the maids looked after him, and whispered to one another, 'What a proper man!'

'At supper my grandfather took the command of the *table-d'hôte*, as though he had been at home; helped every body, not forgetting himself; talked with every one, whether he understood their language or not; and made his way into the intimacy of a rich burgher of Antwerp, who had never been known to be sociable with any one during life. In fact he revolutionised the whole esta-

blishment, and gave it such a rouse that the very house reeled with it. He outsat every one at table excepting the little fat distiller of Schiedam, who sat soaking a long time before he broke forth; but, when he did, he was a very devil incarnate. He took a violent affection for my grandfather; so they sat drinking and smoking, and telling stories, and singing Dutch and Irish songs, without understanding a word each other [*that either*] said, until the little Hollander was fairly swamped with his own gin and water, and carried off to bed, whooping and hiccoughing, and troling the burthen of a Dutch love-song.'

Being introduced into a room supposed to be haunted, the dragoon finds his bed so intolerably warm, that he jumps out of it, and strolls about the house. Returning in a state of coolness, he hears a strange noise; but, being too bold to be frightened, he opens the door and peeps in. The sequel is thus related:

'A pale thin-faced fellow, in a long flannel gown and a tall white nightcap with a tassel to it, sat by the fire with a pair of bellows under his arm by way of bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions, nodding his head, and bobbing about his tasseled nightcap. My grandfather thought this very odd and presumptuous, and was about to demand what business he had to play his wind instrument in another gentleman's quarters, when a new cause of astonishment met his eye. From the opposite side of the room a long-backed bandy-legged chair, covered with leather, and studded all over in a coxcombical fashion with little brass nails, got suddenly into motion, thrust out first a claw foot, then a crooked arm, and at length, making a leg, slid gracefully up to an easy chair of tarnished braid, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor. The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his nightcap about like mad. By degrees the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique long-bodied chairs paired off in couples, and led down a country dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary leg; while the amorous tongs scised the



Drawn by T. Stothard R.A.

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shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the moveables got in motion; pirouetting, hands across, right and left, like so many devils, all except a great clothes-press, which kept curtsying and curtsying in a corner, like a dowager, in exquisite time to the music, being rather too corpulent to dance, or perhaps at a loss for a partner. My grandfather concluded the latter to be the reason; so being, like a true Irishman, devoted to the sex, and at all times ready for a frolic, he bounced into the room, called to the musician to strike up Paddy O'Rafferty, capered up to the clothes-press, and seised upon two handles to lead her out:—when—whirr! the whole revel was at an end. The chairs, tables, tongs, and shovel, slunk in an instant as quietly

into their places as if nothing had happened, and the musician vanished up the chimney, leaving the bellows behind him in his hurry. My grandfather found himself seated in the middle of the floor with the clothes-press sprawling before him, and the two handles jerked off, and in his hands.

The noise made by the dragoon in the contest with the clothes-press alarmed the garrison, and every one hurried to the spot. His report of the affair excited surprise; but on his saying, 'There never was a truer fact in this world,' all pretended to believe him; and, as the last person who had dwelt in that chamber was a famous juggler who had died of St. Vitus' dance, he had without doubt (said the landlord's daughter) infected all the furniture.

### Fine Arts.

SEVERAL publications, calculated to please and to interest the lovers of the fine arts, have lately made their appearance. One is entitled, 'British Galleries of Painting and Sculpture, comprising a general Historical and Critical Catalogue, with separate Notices of every Work of fine Art in the principal Collections.' The compiler of this work is Mr. C. M. Westmacott, who has evinced some degree of taste in his descriptions, but is, we think, too much inclined to indiscriminate panegyric when he speaks of the productions of the old masters. The collections to which he has devoted his attention are those of the king at four of his palaces, of the marquis of Stafford, Mr. Hope, &c. Another and a better work is that of an anonymous amateur, who, in the 'British Galleries of Art,' begins with the late Mr. Angerstein's pictures, and closes his volume with a spirited description of the theatrical gallery of Mr. Matthews. Of the former collection, he says, the chief ornament is the Raising of Lazarus, by Sebastian del Piombo. In depth and unity of expression, he says, this noble production 'may claim to rank with some of Raphael's finest works; and certainly, for solemn grandeur of effect, it is surpassed by none.' The figure of Lazarus, in particular, is an admirable example of that grand style in which none but a man of genius can shine; and the representation of his sister has a poetical air, and a fine expression of solemn wonder and eager anxiety. Next in importance to this are the pictures of Claude. Three of these

are 'views of some ideal sea-port, with classical buildings on each side, the sea occupying the whole of the centre, and stretching away into the dim distance, with the sun shining full upon it, and ships at anchor, with their bare masts shooting up into the kindling sky, and crossing the light so as to relieve its otherwise too brilliant effect.' A Music-Piece by Titian, and his Venus and Adonis, are full of life, spirit, and effect. The only specimen of Raphael's talent in this collection is a portrait of pope Julius II. The head stands out from a rich green—such a ground as Holbein gave to some of his finest works; and it displays great force and dignity. The figure of St. John, by Annibal Carracci, is apparently deficient in correctness and expression; but the landscape in the same piece is very fine, and his Apollo and Silenus may be regarded as a noble work, though slight and unfinished in the execution. Susannah and the Elders, by his cousin Ludovico, may be said to excel in coloring and design, rather than in force of character. The Woman taken in Adultery, by Rembrandt, is one of his most striking performances: Poussin's Bacchanalian Scene breathes the genuine spirit of jolly revelry; and the Rape of the Sabines, by Rubens, is an animated piece, and finely colored, but incorrect in costume. Two landscapes by G. Poussin are delineated with great purity and truth of feeling, and one by Cuyp, though less effective, is very pleasing.

The collection at Hampton-Court con-

tains—beside the celebrated Cartoons of Raphael; which are more admired the more closely they are inspected—an elaborate and admirable portrait of the sculptor Bandinelli by Correggio, Albert Durer's St. Jerome, two fine heads by Guercino, Holbein's Henry VIII. and Francis I., several splendid representations of Charles I. by Vandyke, &c.

The Titian Gallery at Blenheim is described by the author in glowing colors; and, as the pieces alluded to are all on the subject of love, his raptures are natural and excusable. Other admired collections are properly and tastefully noticed; but we reserve them for future consideration.

Passing from the works of the old artists to those of a modern date, we are glad to find that our best painters and sculptors continue to be employed by the opulent patrons of art, and at the same time lament that some who have real merit, living too in the metropolis, where talent (one would think) cannot long be concealed, are not sufficiently known or encouraged.

In some of our provincial towns the artists and amateurs have tried the effect of a public display; and we learn with great pleasure, that the exhibitions now open at Exeter, Carlisle, Leeds, and Newcastle, are duly encouraged, not only by a concourse of visitors, but by the sale of pictures,—circumstances which indicate an increasing taste for the productions of art in the country, and a just appreciation of the merits of its professors.

Among the new engravings we meet with one of the lithographic class, by Mr. John Hayter. It represents Poki and his wife Liliha, inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. They are in the costume of their country, and the manner in which the wife leans on the husband's shoulder gives great interest to the subject, divesting savage life of its barbarity, yet retaining its simplicity. The design is alike creditable to the good feelings and the talents of the artist.

Mr. H. Meyer, the engraver, is at present employed upon a portrait of

lord Byron, which, notwithstanding its want of novelty, will, we think, have the power to interest the public, as it is done from an exquisite drawing by Holmes, and was the last for which his lordship sat in this country. The beauty of the features, and the fine expression in this portrait, are not excelled by any thing that we have lately seen. The same engraver has also an excellent likeness of the venerable major Cartwright in hand, a mezzotinto print of Simpson's Fighting Boys, and the Blunt Razor, taken from one of Bird's humorous pictures.

We are informed that sir Thomas Lawrence's Red Riding-Hood, engraven in the line manner by Mr. Lane, will soon be published, and exhibit the talents of this young artist in the most striking manner. He was a pupil of Mr. Charles Heath, and gave proof, when under his tuition, of extraordinary talents.

Landscape painters are now, we suppose, looking homewards after their summer excursions. The British Gallery is crowded with students, and we expect in the next month to record their labors, some of which afford a prospect of excellence.

The French, in the mean time, are endeavouring to rival us in every branch of art; but we do not think that they excel us either in painting or in sculpture. In the latter branch, a new gallery has been opened at the Louvre, under the auspices of the duke d'Angouleme, and denominated from his title. It contains a number of works of art, highly interesting in themselves, and the union of which affords ample subject of reflection. There are to be seen together, the productions of the revival of art, and the performances of more modern days. One of the most striking of these works is the Diana of Gougon. We also observe a figure of a slave by Michael Angelo, the action and expression of which are admirable; two groups, in which Canova has represented different parts of the story of Cupid and Psyche; and the statue of Milo of Crotona, by Puget.

## Music.

THE late musical festivals have been conducted with spirit, and have been numerously attended. The meeting of the three choirs at Worcester commenced on the 15th of September; and, even

without the aid of Catalani, the receipts of the three days nearly amounted to 3,000*l*. Mr. Charles Clarke, the organist of the cathedral, was the conductor of the performances; and at no former meet-

ing were so many fine pieces of music performed more to the satisfaction of the auditors. The *Messiah*, which never wears the votaries of religious music,—selections from the *Creation*, *Samson*, and *Judas Maccabeus*,—masses, anthems, and other sacred pieces,—were performed at the Cathedral; and a variety of Italian, English, and Scottish airs, enlivened or gratified the fashionable assemblage at the College-Hall. Signor and Madame Ronzi de Begnis added their vocal skill and scientific powers to the exertions of Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Braham; and each seemed to strive in friendly competition.

At Salisbury Catalani took the lead, and profited largely by her condescension. At Portsmouth she not only displayed her transcendent abilities, but also evinced her liberality (if a small defalcation from her ample treasures may entitle her to that praise) by granting prizes at an aquatic *fête*. At Southampton she had two concerts, and then directed her course to other towns.

The meeting at Norwich was on a grand scale, the zeal of its conductors being stimulated by a desire of atoning for its former deficiency in musical taste. The selections were in general judicious, and a strong impression was made by the united efforts of the performers.

Many musical publications have appeared within the last two or three months; but some are too slight and unimportant to claim our notice. Others maintain a better character.

*Trois Amusemens, en forme des Caprices, pour le Piano-forte*, by Hummel, are superior to his early compositions in

melody and expression, and also in facility; yet some parts present unnecessary obstacles.

*Polacca Brillante per il Piano-forte*, by C. M. von Weber, displays a pleasing gaiety, and almost makes the heart beat to the rhythm of its melody. It exhibits such traits as will gratify both ordinary and scientific musicians.

*Un Jour de l'Automne*, by J. B. Cramer, does not evince the usual force and skill of that composer; but he cannot easily avoid some manifestation of taste and judgement.

*Le Départ du Grenadier*, a favorite air, with variations for the harp, by Naderman, is recommended by spirit and vivacity.

*Brilliant Variations for the Piano-forte*, on the cavatina *Ah se è per quel ch'io sento*, by Joseph Czerny, if they do not display a rich imagination, prove him to be a tasteful composer.

Mollwo's *Divertimento* is composed in an elegant *cantabile* manner, and will suit those pianists who cultivate expression more than execution.

*The Sigh*, a song composed by Attwood, opens gracefully, and its second movement is energetic. A *Battle Song*, and the *Indian Lover's Song*, by Nightingale, possess some merit: Dumon's canzonet, *Addio Ninetta*, is distinguished by delicacy and elegance; and the song, 'I'll gaze on thee no more,' by Miles, pleases by an union of sense and sound.

## Drama.

### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

MR. ELLISTON, leaving the neighbouring establishment undisturbed by his rivalry for several weeks, at length recommenced, on the 23d of this month, his course of spirited competition. Selecting the *Marriage of Figaro* as the opening piece, he brought forward Miss Graddon, a young lady who had performed at the Dublin theatre, in the

hope of attracting the admirers of new faces. Her figure is small, but not ungraceful; her features are intelligent, if not handsome; she has a good voice, and her style of singing is correct. She was not sufficiently arch and lively for the character of Susannah; but her acting seemed to please the audience, and her singing was still more agreeable. After the opera, a new *divertissement* was performed by the pupils of M. Hullin,

who moved and danced with elegance and grace.

#### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The manager of this house is straining every nerve to obtain the honor of a decided preference from the play-frequenting part of the community. He re-opened it on the 27th of September, with an announcement that *Der Freischütz* was in preparation, and would soon appear in the grandest and most effective style. It is said that this piece was offered to him in the last season; and now, repenting of his rejection of it, he is content to trace the steps of a less exalted theatrical director,—like a ship of seventy-four guns following the course of a tight little frigate, which has led the way to glory and success.

This attractive piece, on the 14th of this month, showed precisely how much (in the play-house phrase) the house will hold. It came forth with the added title of the *Black Huntsman of Bohemia*, and with some changes in the plot. The chief alteration is, that Killian, the successful peasant, is selected by Caspar as the instrument of his vengeance, instead of his brother huntsman, and assists him in the casting of the magic bullets. The incidents which lead to the catastrophe are also altered; and the trial shot, before it destroys the guilty Caspar, strikes the bride, but fails to do her any injury in consequence of a wreath of white roses, the gift of a pious hermit, the wearer of which was to be absolutely safe from all disasters and perils. Miss Paton, although she labored under indisposition, was in fine voice, and, in the grand scene of the second act, displayed her musical attainments to great advantage. This composition, which is both long and difficult of execution, was much admired, and deservedly received a full tribute of applause. Pearman in Rodolph, (or Wilhelm, as he is here called), had less to do than he had at the English Opera-house; but he took considerable pains, and gave several songs with spirit and good taste. Bennet was rather dull and tedious in Caspar; but he played the incantation scene with his accustomed energy. Blanchard and Keeley are also entitled to favorable notice. The former was a pleasant Boniface, and the latter had a very good drunken scene, to which he did ample justice.

Of the music of this piece we have sufficiently spoken on former occasions; but what shall we say of the scenery, and more especially of the incantation scene? A circle is drawn, round which, whilst the operations of magic are performed, is assembled all that is horrible to sight and terrible to imagination. Such a varied throng of monsters might excite the envy of a Peacock or a Bullock. We have not only glaring wolves and empty tigers, toads which spit fire, and serpents crawling and erect; ravens which flap their sooty wings, and vultures brandishing their beaks; but we have *Death* in his proper person—an animated skeleton, supplied (as we suppose) from the anatomical larder of Mr. Brookes, leading the celebrated *Sin* of Milton, as his consort and bride. Whilst all this takes place below, the clouds open, and show us a hunt in the air, dogs barking, horses trampling, and whips cracking, after the example of the best tally-ho! Nor is this enough: the gates of Pandæmonium are thrown off their hinges, and in the language of the poet, 'Opening hell spits wild-fire at your head.' We had often thought that there was no *orcus* so hot and terrible as that in which Don Juan is broiled alive; but one still more horrible appears to have been discovered for the unhappy Caspar, to whom the manager shows no mercy. Having amused ourselves with these remarks, we are perfectly serious when we say, that the scenery and machinery of this piece deserve the highest commendation. Every thing is liberally but judiciously done; and all the appendages are characterised by such a bold defiance of expense, that the public, for whose gratification this attempt was made, ought to remunerate the proprietors by flocking to the house.

The revival of the *Mountaineers* furnished the theatrical critics with an opportunity of comparing Mr. Charles Kemble's performance of Octavian with his brother's representation of that strange character. In some of the scenes he manifested just discrimination and great energy; but in others he was evidently inferior to the highly-gifted actor for whom, we believe, the character was originally written. Miss F. H. Kelly played the short but interesting part of Floranthe, not merely with talent, but in an improved style. There was scarcely a trace of some offensive mannerisms which she has evidently and

effectually labored to correct. Her voice, which is rich in variety and melody, was better governed. There is great tenderness in her tones, when they are unforced and natural—that is, when she neither strains them too high, nor descends too low. In the passages which rise above the ordinary level, she displayed feeling and energy. From Mr. Duruset no great degree of vivacity was expected; but, though the *vis comica* of the younger Bannister, the original representative of Sadi, did not appear in the present performer, he endeavoured, not without success, to be lively and animated; and his singing was unobjectionable. His fair companion, Miss Love, was a pleasing Agnes. Miss Lacy, as Zorayda, had little to do; but that little she did well. The Violet of Mason was coldly correct; the Kilmallock of Connor was humorously characteristic; the Lope Tocho of Blanchard richly comic.

#### THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Managers ought to be good judges of the merits of dramatic pieces; but they sometimes err in their decisions, and at other times are influenced by strong recommendations to bring forward new pieces which they cannot seriously approve. Two novelties—a farce of one act, and an opera of two acts—have been lately produced at this house. The former piece was truly *farfical*, and not composed in that style or manner which would amuse the lovers of genuine pleasantry. It was called *Birds without Feathers*; but the first representation of it was also the last; for the audience would not suffer the proprietor (the pun forces itself upon us) to *feather* his nest with it. In a case of this kind, it is unnecessary to detail the plot, or to speak of the acting.

The opera was styled *Hide and Seek*—a quaint title, borrowed from an old sport or diversion. As it was not absolutely condemned, it has been repeated, and may perhaps survive to the end of the season. The principal characters were represented by Liston, Williams, Melrose, Miss Kelly, and Mrs. T. Hill. The first-mentioned comedian, who labored under a severe hoarseness, admitted that he had not done justice to his part; but he played it as well as it deserved to be performed. Mrs. Hill wore pantaloons, and figured as a runaway page to a nobleman: she acted with

pleasing vivacity. Miss Kelly, the Flora of the evening, was at once an object of love to three individuals—a lord, a gardener, and a page; but the last was the accepted lover.

Miss Kelly has played Laura in *Sweethearts and Wives*, and also Lydia Languish in the *Rivals*, with considerable effect. On the representation of this comedy, Mr. Raymond, from the Birmingham theatre, attempted the part of Falkland—a character not very pleasing in itself, and which seems to require the most experienced judgement to reconcile the spectator to suspicious and iniquities so unreasonable as those in which perverse sentimentality delights to indulge.

Mr. Duff, from Edinburgh, was the new David of this piece; and he bustled through the part in a creditable manner.

For the benefit of Madame Vestris, who acted Mrs. Ford, while Mrs. Garrick was the other *Merry Wife*, Downton personated the amorous and witty knight. This performer is always respectable, and sometimes excellent; but he did not infuse into the character that richness of humor which it demands. Cooper well delineated the jealousy of Ford, and Master Slender found an able representative in Harley.

A gentleman of the name of Hamblin has personated Hamlet at this house. He obtained some credit by performing this character while he was at Drury-lane Theatre, upon a pressing occasion—the sudden illness, we believe, of Mr. Kean; and if he will seriously endeavour to avoid an affectedly pompous style of utterance and carriage, although he may not succeed in the first walk of tragedy, he will be very useful in the second. The erroneous deportment which we mention was most conspicuous in the first part of the play, when it prepared the house in fact for such a failure as his performance by no means amounted to. Upon the whole, he has faculties for the stage, and a good deal of his Hamlet was respectable. He went through the scene in the fourth act with the queen very decently, and in the last scene also he played with some effect. The objection to his success in the leading parts of tragedy is his want, as far as we can judge from one performance, of the higher qualities which business of that *calibre* demands. His voice is not of the best possible order; his action is stiff and pantomimic; he evidently

wants the power of expressing vigorous passion; and his acting generally seems to be rather well prepared than free and intellectual.

#### THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

The liberality and spirit of Mr. Arnold, and his compliance with the prevailing taste of the town, ensured him a successful season. The fine music and delightful horrors of *Der Freischutz*, and the imitative and versatile powers of Matthews, regularly filled the house. The last performance was for the benefit of Mr. Broadhurst, whose great merit in the ballad style, and readiness to exert his vocal talents in the cause of charity at public social meetings, have justly rendered him popular.

#### THE MINOR THEATRES.

The rage for horror may be expected to influence the operations of the minor establishments, as the force of example, on the part of superiors, is usually commanding. *Der Freischutz* has been exhibited at the Surrey and West London theatres in a good style, and, in that of the Adelphi, a bold attempt has been made to amuse the town in a still more horrible manner, as will appear from the following account of the drama of Valmondi. Kelmar, a profligate nobleman, is anxious to release himself from a compact into which he has entered with a fiend, by engaging some one to accept the boon of immortality and boundless wealth, in lieu of himself; for on no other condition can he rid himself of a charmed existence, which is to him the source of unutterable agony, since, although not subject to mortality, he is condemned to endure all the pangs, both bodily and mental, that the demon chooses to inflict on him. Accident leads him to the cottage of Valmondi, a ruined gambler, and a man now rendered desperate, by seeing his wife expire before his eyes for want. Kelmar avails himself of this opportunity, and his offer is not rejected, although it costs Valmondi some struggles to accede to the terms. At midnight both repair to the burying-ground of a ruined abbey in the neighbourhood, and there Kelmar makes the necessary preparations for the completion of the treaty. A scene of dreadful sorcery now commences: the shrouded dead start from the sepulchres, and the tre-

murous form of the fiend himself arises. Valmondi would now recede; but it is too late, and he is compelled to prostrate himself before the demon, while Kelmar, thus released from his contract, expires. The hero now determines to silence the reproaches and terrors of his conscience, by reveling in all the gratifications which his wealth affords him; but the persecuting fiend haunts him in the midst of his pleasures, and makes him the minister of his base and atrocious purposes. This malignant being commands him to seduce Elvina, and, for that purpose, bestows on him a charmed rose, which will so overpower her virtue, as to induce her to quit her hitherto-beloved Albert, and abandon herself to Valmondi. The latter, however, resolves to marry her, hoping that the demon will not interfere to prevent this design; and a grand nuptial festival takes place, undisturbed by the infernal persecutor, until the priest approaches to give his nuptial benediction, and then the fiend, and other horrible forms, suddenly appear, and the ceremony is suspended. Valmondi is now arrested by the Inquisition, and sentenced to perish, but he is rescued by the fiend at the very place of execution. He is now urged by that terrible being to blacker crimes: he murders Elvina's father, and is about to destroy the lady herself, when he is ultimately carried off by the fiend to his doom. From this sketch it will be seen that the piece is not devoid of interest, and contains some effective situations; and no expense seems to have been spared in getting it up. The incantation scene is pushed to the extremity of horror; the sudden appearance of the fiend at the nuptials is well managed; the procession of the *auto-da-fé* is a splendid pageant; and the closing scene seems one sheet of vivid fire. Some comic scenes are introduced by way of relief, in which Reeve, as a drunken old warder of the baron's castle, bears an important part.

The Olympic house was lately reopened with *éclat*. All at Coventry was the first piece. A pleasing ballet, called *Hydrophobia*, was then brought forward, in which there was some excellent dancing. This was followed by the *Exeter Mail, or Five Hours at Long's*, in which the plot and incidents are excellently wound up. Mr. M'Donough, as Old Credulous, depicted the easy, but anxious old gentleman, with much talent.

Hastings was spirited and correct in his conception of Young Credulous Vining, as his servant, played well, but would appear more in character if he did not dress better than his master; and it is mere justice to Buckingham to observe, that he is a tower of strength to the company, and always seems 'at home' with the audience.

At the Surrey Theatre, the entertainments are well conducted. The *Karuba, or the Indian Pirate's Vessel*, has been found particularly attractive. The scenery is good, and the various sections of the ships are exhibited with great fidelity: the story seems to excite considerable interest; and the acting is superior to that of the Coburg establishment.

At Sadler's Wells, the season has been protracted beyond the usual period, not only because it has been very successful, but perhaps also because the proprietor is disposed to linger on the spot as long as he conveniently can before the demolition of the house, for which, we understand, orders will soon be given, with a view to the erection of a more elegant and commodious fabric. Some melodramatic pieces, not destitute of merit, have been performed during this season, and the aquatic scenes connected with them have been very effective. The best comedian at this house is Mr. Vale, who, like Mr. Keeley, may be tempted by his popularity to look forward to a higher engagement.

#### SOUTHAMPTON THEATRE.

We are not in the habit of taking notice of the performances at the provincial theatres; but we are induced to record, as an event of some importance, the last public efforts of a celebrated singer. Mr. Incedon made his *debut* on the Southampton stage forty years ago, in consequence of the strong recommendation of a gentleman who had heard him sing in private. The songs which he now se-

lected to grace his latest year, *Black-eyed Susan, Death of Admiral Boscawen, Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, the celebrated duet of *All's Well* (with Mr. Bolton), and *Then farewell my trim-built Wherry*. Without criticising the vocalism of an infirm old man, we shall merely observe that his singing showed what he once could do. There was something very affecting, and perhaps pleasing, in the contrast (in the duet) between his voice quivering, and in want of breath to fill it, yet still manly, and that of Mr. Bolton, youthful and full of cadence and execution. It is unnecessary to say that he was rapturously applauded, and that the duet was *encored*. After the last song he addressed the audience nearly as follows:—'Ladies and gentlemen,—It is with the sincerest feelings of gratitude that I stand before you this evening, to return you my heartfelt thanks for the distinguished patronage you have conferred on me. In this town, and on these boards, I first appeared as a singer; and the encouragement I then received from you proved, I may say, my passport to fame. Since that period I have passed through many vicissitudes—I have served his majesty in many engagements; and there is not a ship in the navy, nor are there many towns in the country, that I have not sung in; but still your early liberality has never been effaced from my memory. It is now six years since I left the stage; but it has always been my wish to appear once more before you. Age, sickness, and infirmities, have altered me much from what I once was; but I have always done my best to please my kindest patrons; and, while I live, I shall never forget the support and encouragement I have received from the inhabitants of Southampton.'

The veteran then retired amidst loud acclamations, mingled with sensations of regret.

## Fashions.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

#### EVENING DRESS.

ROUND dress of ruby-colored gossamer satin, faced down each side with a *rouleau en serpentine*; between each wave rosettes of ruby-colored riband. At the hem of



the dress a deep blond flounce, surmounted by branches of embossed palm, in *gras de Naples*. The body finished *en beguine*, with rouleaux *en serpentines* to correspond with the skirt; short sleeves ornamented in the same manner, with a row of blond next the elbow. Falling tucker of blond. The hair arranged very close, and ornamented in the modern Italian style with bows of ruby riband and pearls. Ear-rings and necklace of rubies, and a long gold chain worn beneath the necklace. Bracelets to correspond.

## CARRIAGE DRESS.

Pistachio-colored pelisse of *gras de Naples*, with rouleaux in slight wavings of satin down the front, and one broader rouleau over the hem. Sleeves close to the arm, and full mancherons. Austrian hat of black satin, lined with pink, and large black ostrich feather, with bows of black satin. Black satin slippers, and Limerick gloves.

The above dresses were furnished by Miss Pierrepont, Edward-street, Portman-square.

## MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

Notwithstanding the early appearance of 'winter's icy reign,' we must only look for those who had migrated to the different summer watering-places, to fill, at present, the metropolis. The splendid country mansion, the ancient halls and castles, still boast the presence of their noble owners; whence, perhaps, only very few will emerge till after Christmas.

Yet there are those arrived who are votaries of fashion; there are, indeed, a few individuals, that term-time has obliged to quit their favorite retreats before they wished. When parliament assemblies, we shall assuredly have a few families of rank amongst us; and those who are employed in the adornment of the female form are eager to welcome their patronesses with every novelty that fancy may suggest.

The mountain cloke, formed of a valuable Cachemire shawl of a small pattern, on a bright but chaste colored ground, lined with rose-color, and trimmed with a beautiful bordering of the fur of the black lynx, has been just completed for a lady of high fashion, and forms the most splendid out-door envelope for the carriage we have yet seen. These clokes, which are of silk of all colors, are an improvement on the Venetian wrap worn last winter, and are likely to be in great estimation: they are rendered more convenient than the Venetian clokes, by their being made with arm-holes,—not that this improves their warmth; and

they ought to be, we think, exclusively for the carriage, the close pelisse being so much more adapted for the winter promenade: nevertheless these clokes, made of dark and unobtruding colors, are worn by many ladies who are fond of pedestrian exercise. The pelisses are rather more ornamented than they were during the summer. Satin rouleaux, bias folds, and narrow flounce trimmings, constitute the chief embellishments. Of the rouleaux there are generally three rows, which are of satin, the same color as the levantine or *gras de Naples* pelisse. The busts are now lightly ornamented, either with embossed foliage or braiding. The collars are narrow, and do not stand up, and are surmounted by a French ruff of lace, or an embroidered muslin Maltese collar, or one *à la Vandyck*, with very sharp points.

Leghorn hats are still worn for the morning walk: they are much diminished in size; they are trimmed with very large bows of broad striped riband, with strings of the same. Bonnets of white *gras de Naples* are trimmed with a very broad blond at the edge: such bonnets have neither feathers nor flowers, except in the carriage, but are simply ornamented with a bow of white satin riband on the left side. A few Leghorn bonnets are still seen in the present thinly-scattered carriages: they are very wide in front, with a full group of ostrich white feathers, and tied on the left side under the chin with white riband. Feathers, as is usual at this time of the year, are more in favor than flowers; but black bonnets with colored flowers, the bonnet





*Evening Dress*

*Invented by Miss Roupant & engraved for the Lady's Magazine 1824*



*Carriage-Dress.*

*Invented by Miss Pierpont, & engraved for the Ladies Magazine. N. 10. 1829*



lined with amber, have already been seen, and it is expected they will be soon in universal favor: they are worthy of patronage, for nothing can be more becoming, or more appropriate to the winter season. The hats and bonnets are now no longer worn with the strings and lappets floating, but are tied under the chin with either of these appendages.

The bias folds at the borders of dresses daily lose favor: ladies prefer puffings, small flounces, and ornaments detached from each other, such as groups of lotos leaves, vine leaves, stars, and shamrocks. When the trefoil of the latter is well marked out and highly embossed, it has a very beautiful effect. Points of satin on dresses of colored *gros de Naples*, the points *herissés*, are much in favor; but a beautiful tabinet gown of a vermillion-color, made for the in-door costume of a lady of title, chiefly has excited our admiration by its ornaments. Three narrow flounces, in very decided festoons, finish the border of the skirt: at each point that forms the festoon is a fluted strap of satin, which seems to catch it up, and from this depend two elegantly wrought tassels, upheld by silk cordon. The corsage is made plain, exactly to fit the shape, and the sleeves long: the dress is partially low, and a *colcrotte-pelerinc* of muslin, richly embroidered, falls over the top of the bust. A silk dress of pale olive-green figured *gros de Naples* is trimmed much in the same manner, only that the flounces do not fall over each other, but are distinct, and each flounce headed by a satin rouleau three shades darker than the dress. The bust, too, instead of being plain, is ornamented in a stomacher fashion, with straps across. Ball dresses are of *crêpe lisse*, ornamented with light rouleaux of white satin, placed *en limaçon*, or in serpentine wavings on the skirt, and have a trimming of the same down each side, that gives to the dress the semblance of a tunique robe: the sleeves are very short and full, and are trimmed with rouleaux to answer those on the petticoat. When the weather is fine, the morning carriage dress is generally white muslin or cambric: for walking, silks, tabinets, and colored bombazines, are much in request. Narrow tucks, bias folds, and narrow flounces, set on in scallops, and falling over each other, are at present the favorite trimmings. The long sleeves are all made very full from the shoulder to the elbow, to which from the wrist the ful-

ness is confined by straps or bracelets, according to the style of dress. The colored bombazine dresses, as they are confined to the morning promenade or in-door costume, are made high, trimmed with bias folds in a novel way, as the folds seem to entwine within each other: the sleeves and body are made very plain, the former surmounted by *mauchérons à la Biscayenne*. A muslin collar with Vandyck points, trimmed with lace, falls over the bust, and is as broad as a Spanish tippet; this looks extremely well on a dark though bright winter color, such as ruby, bright geranium, or cornflower-blue. A flat puckering of gauze *bouillonné* has been seen on some evening dresses; it has a monotonous effect, but is relieved by two narrow flounces of blond next the hem.

Young ladies, both married and single, still appear with their hair elegantly disposed, with very little ornament. A most beautiful turban for half-dress has been very lately invented for matronly belles, called the Apollo turban: it is of a rich glossy silk, the prevailing color that of the sun, varied with stripes of bright and suitable colors: ribands of the same pattern and tints float on each shoulder; but the manner in which this head-dress is disposed, so becoming and *unique*, it is almost impossible to describe: totally different either from the French or Madras turban, it encircles the hair in front in tasteful puckerings, and is peculiarly suitable to a round face: with the addition of beads, and a small plume of white feathers, it makes a charming evening head-dress. Dress hats of black velvet, formed in the style of *la reine Marguerite*, and crowned with white feathers, are expected to be a favorite *coiffure* at dress parties; and Russian caps of the same materials will prevail much, it is expected, at the theatres and at dinner parties. The undress cornettes and caps show much invention; the former are greatly improved in shape: they are chiefly ornamented with richly striped riband. The caps are tastefully trimmed with blond, satin, and a profusion of flowers; but they are well disposed, and do not appear as if there were too much of them.

The favorite colors for bonnets, turbans, and ribands, are lapis-blue, amber, sun-color, and young holly leaf-green. For pelisses and dresses, rose-color, olive-green, vermillion, and pistachio.

## MODES PARISIENNES.

A seven months' mourning, though the order may be confined to the court, certainly causes the French fashions at present to wear rather a mournful appearance: for, as the people in all nations are generally swayed by the court, so the mourning in France is very general.

The order for the first three months is very rigid to the old letter; yet the ladies begin already to innovate. White dresses with black ornaments have appeared at the Champs Elysées and other public walks: the hats are, however, of black crape, and are ornamented with black feathers or flowers. Dresses of black Cachemire, enriched with braiding, are worn by many ladies belonging to the court, when in ordinary costume; and their black satin hats are covered with crape; they have very low crowns and broad brims.

The dress toques are of black crape, and made in the form of a diadem: they are ornamented with a plume of black feathers placed on one side.

Silks of grey, striped with black, are much worn by those who do not, and who are not obliged to attend to the court order. Every child is put in mourning; and though it retains its white blouse frock, yet the sash, gloves, and ribands on the Leghorn hats are black.

The hats of *gros de Naples* are trimmed with crape, in bias, and sometimes a little fichu of crape is placed on these hats: the bonnets are generally of crape, though a few have appeared of *gros de Naples*, but they are chiefly white, with black trimmings.

Rich silks are trimmed with foliage, in satin, and those that are slight with vine-leaves, &c. in *gros de Naples*.

The pelisses are bordered with four rows of bias folds of crape, headed with satin; and many dresses are trimmed in the same way from the waist to the skirt, down each side of the front; so that when the dress is high it appears like a pelisse.

White hats with black feathers, and ornaments of dead gold, have been seen at the theatres.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'THE Orphan,' a dramatic sketch, is too dull and prolix for admission. We allow that it has one tolerable scene; but that will not atone for the insipidity of the rest.

An 'Old Reader' recommends a revival of the patterns for various kinds of work; but, as they were discontinued when every one became weary of them, we are not inclined to adopt this advice. Another correspondent may wish for a restoration of acrostics, charades, and rebuses; and a third, as wise and learned as the *Old Reader*, may offer different suggestions, of which, however, we must judge according to their real worth.

Nothing can be more unpoetical than the 'Verses of a Youthful Poet.'

The 'Advice of a Brother to a Younger Sister' is merely such as a very young school-girl might suggest to herself from the stores of her own mind.

The 'Parting Kiss,' as a whole, will not suit our miscellany; but we cannot refrain from quoting a part.

'Oh! then, sweet saint, one law decree,  
To rule my future destiny,  
And say—we'll always strive to sever,  
And part to kiss—so kiss for ever.'

The 'Stanzas written in the Country' are not rejected.

\*ERRATUM.—In the 535th page, read simplicity of mind, instead of power.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

*A New Series.*

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NOVEMBER 30, 1824.

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REMINISCENCES OF OTHER DAYS.

WITHOUT understanding a single iota of heraldry, a dry and apparently uninviting study, I allow that many things connected with it are exceedingly interesting; the cause and origin of family devices, for instance, and the slight and often fanciful circumstances which have occasioned the adoption of arms now doubly valued for their antiquity, and cherished as a mark of nobility of birth. Involved in obscure terms difficult to be remembered by those who have not been initiated in the science, comparatively few people bestow a thought upon the reliques of extinct families, which, in an emblazoned window, a ruined monument, or a vulgar sign-post, still struggle against the oblivious hand of time. If the members of the College of Heralds would furnish us with a work upon the subject, it might be found both useful and entertaining, for copious stores of information lie open to them; and, though perhaps the necessity of finding appropriate crests and coats of arms for knights and esquires of yesterday may render their offices any thing but a sinecure, still in these piping times of peace they are not called upon for the perilous services which formerly exposed them to great danger, and may therefore devote themselves to the collection of anecdotes, illustrative of heraldry, and connected with the heroes of other days, which, if divested of musty genealogies, so frequently the darling themes of anti-

quaries, would give a new charm to the historic page, so generally regarded by the youth of both sexes as a task rather than as a source of instruction and delight.

The signet-ring common to every country and every age from the seal of Solomon, may be considered as the origin of heraldic devices; but it was not until the thirteenth century that families adopted armorial bearings—an innovation which arose partly from tournaments, wherein the champions were distinguished by fantastic devices, and partly from the crusades, in which expeditions a multitude, composed of various nations and languages, stood in need of some visible token to denote the banners of their respective chiefs. Thomas earl of Lancaster, grandson to Henry III., presents the earliest specimen amid our monumental remains in which the helmet is surmounted by a crest: it soon became inseparable from knighthood, and it is now the mark of gentle lineage. Carved in wood and stone, moulded in iron, copper, or the precious metals, and embroidered in silk and silver, the arms of a nobleman were erected over the gates of his castle, engraven upon his shield, and borne before him on his banners; and they also formed the principal ornaments of his coat of mail (as may be seen in Dr. Meyrick's splendid book on ancient armour), and were emblazoned on the satin scarf or mantle which he wore over his steel-clad limbs. The badge of each baron was assumed not



only by his feudal vassals, but by the younger branches of his family, and by a numerous retinue of knights and gentlemen, who were proud to enroll themselves in his service and exhibit his livery. The latter was a courtesy which even monarchs would sometimes extend to their subjects. Richard II., we are informed, appeared more than once in the liveries of his uncles, John of Ghent and Thomas of Woodstock, and his attachment to his mother's family led him to adopt the badge of the Hollands, which is now only preserved upon his monument, erected in the abbey of Westminster by the generous piety of Henry V., and upon the signs of provincial inns, where the white hart, encircled with a coronet and a chain of gold, is often to be seen, though very few, as they gaze upon the assurance which it gives of hospitable entertainment within, bestow a single thought upon its origin. The friends of the murdered monarch, and more particularly the old countess of Oxford, mother to the king's ill-starred favorite, industriously circulated this cherished device to keep alive the remembrance of Richard in the bosoms of his faithful subjects, and it was worn and openly displayed during the reign of Henry IV., from whose time it has descended to us. The silver swan, encircled with a diadem, also a common sign, is a memorial of Edward prince of Wales, the unhappy victim to the ambition of the houses of York and Lancaster. Before the battle of Blore-Heath, the queen his mother distributed this device, carved in silver, to the gentlemen of Cheshire; and we are told that, animated by this mark of royal favor, they bore undauntedly the fierce brunt of the engagement, and the flower of their chivalry perished on the spot. Corrupted and vulgar as the names of many of our houses of public entertainment now are, there are very few which cannot be traced to some political event of importance, or to noble families whose patronage the landlords originally sought to obtain, or whose memory they desired to perpetuate. The red lions, blue boars, green dragons, and similar anomalies, are evidently derived from heraldic devices. The white rose was the cognisance of Edmund of Langley, the red that of John of Ghent; and as, during the civil wars, the whole kingdom was divided between the rival houses, and each rose worn as a signal of defiance in

every town and village of the disunited realm, it is not surprising that these signs should be of common occurrence, or that, as the Yorkists or Lancastrians prevailed, a crown would be raised above the emblem of either faction. The Bull and Mouth, in Aldersgate-street, commemorated the capture of Boulogne, by the arms of Henry VIII.; and, though now an unintelligible hieroglyphic, originally signified the mouth of Boulogne harbour,—a device extremely popular in London at that period, as the people still dreamed of conquests in France, and hoped to emulate the victories of Crecy and of Azincourt.

Whilst upon the subject of sign-posts, it may not be deemed irrelevant to remark the great superiority of taste and classical allusion displayed by the innkeepers over their less erudite neighbours. In the olden times every shop in London was distinguished by its sign: these devices, derived from the trade of the occupant, had the merit of being appropriate, and this is the highest commendation which they can claim. The rest were utterly contemptible, absurd nondescripts rendered extravagantly gaudy by paint and gilding: they exhibited Saracens' heads with gilt hair, and monstrous chimeras of all hues and fancies; they were very large and supported by iron work which often weighed five hundred pounds. It was discovered, that in addition to the horrid noise made by the creaking and flapping of these signs in a high wind, they obstructed the free circulation of air, and thereby contributed to render the city unwholesome, which caused them to be circumscribed in their dimensions by the judicial authorities, or wholly abolished. From these, or their remains, no historical reminiscences can be drawn to awaken feelings of pity or of veneration in the heart of the spectator; but we are interested in some of the paintings and sculptures over the gates of inns, which silently transmit to posterity tales of former times, and which have survived the rage for novelty, so fatal to the frail monuments of forgotten glories. We love these old reliques of other days. The dun cow of the famous Guy is seen with pleasure; and Robin Hood lounging idly under the shade of some gnarled oak, though styled by modern ignorance the Green Man, is still the stout earl of Huntingdon, the bold outlaw of the tyrant John, and the gallant lover of sweet maid Marian. We

permit newly established inns to take new signs, provided that these shall be the signs of the times; but we are not willing to allow even the duke of Wellington to usurp the place of the king of Prussia, or marshal Blücher to supersede marshal Saxe. The history of sign-posts would be exceedingly entertaining; a great fund of interesting information would be elicited by the researches of the learned; and many devices, which now puzzle the curious, would be found to contain a moral extracted from the base uses to which the proudest honors may be degraded, and the vanity of human exertions to preserve the chronicle of mere grandeur. The chequers painted in flaring red and blue, so universally daubed on the portals of ale-houses, were borrowed from the armorial bearings of a family to which one of our monarchs granted a certain portion of the duty upon all publicans' licences. Margaret of Anjou, queen to Henry VI., took the daisy for her device, in allusion to her name; and, though it was afterwards abandoned for the rose of the Plantagenets, on her first arrival in England, we are told the nobles and knights of the land were so much delighted with this modest emblem, that they placed it amid the waving plumes of their jeweled crests. In Drayton's epistles are the following lines, supposed to be addressed by Margaret to the duke of Suffolk:

'My daisy flower, which erst perfumed the air,

Which for my favor princes deign'd to wear,  
Now in the dust lies trodden on the ground,  
Whilst with York's garland every one is crown'd.'

Few devices, however, of that or any other age, could compete in popularity with the Bear and the ragged Staff of the old earls of Warwick. Whilst it was the cognisance of the Beauchamps, it gained immortal honor. The empress of Germany, consort to Sigismund, charmed with the gallant demeanor of Thomas Beauchamp earl of Warwick, at a tournament, took the badge from the shoulder of one of his knights, as a token of her admiration of his prowess; and the accomplished nobleman, as polite as he was brave, immediately ordered a bear to be constructed of pearls and precious stones, which he presented to the royal lady as more worthy of her acceptance. When he had been appointed lieutenant-general of France under Henry VI., encountering a tempest on his passage

over, he caused himself, his wife, and son, to be bound to the mainmast of the vessel, to the intent that if they should perish, and their bodies be found, his coat of arms might discover their rank, and obtain for them fitting burial. When the title descended by marriage to Richard Neville, afterwards surnamed the King-Maker, the bear and ragged staff far surpassed its former glories. The vast possessions of this great man, his valor, liberality, and courtesy, created such idolatry among all ranks and classes, that he was enabled to raise the fallen fortunes of the house of York, at a time when their affairs seemed to be irretrievably ruined, and to place Edward IV. upon the throne. When he afterwards resolved to restore Henry VI., and forced the Plantagenets to fly, the inhabitants of Calais instantly assumed his livery, the governor and gentlemen wearing upon their hats the ragged staff enameled in gold; and he who could not have it of gold had it of cloth, no man being esteemed gallant who did not wear the cognisance, and no house being frequented that had not the earl's white cross painted on the door.

Edward took the sun in its full glory for his device. It is related in some old chronicles, that, before the battle of Mortimer's Cross, in which, when earl of March, he obtained a signal victory over the Lancastrians, three suns appeared in the sky, which suddenly melted into one. The result of the action proving the omen to be propitious, he adopted a sun for his device, and this badge most assuredly was the cause of his triumph at the second battle of Barnet. The men belonging to Vere earl of Oxford, one of the most faithful partisans of Henry, had their chief's device on their coats, a star paled with rays; and, as Edward's soldiers wore a sun, Warwick's party, confused by a thick mist (which the folly of the times attributed to Friar Bungay, a supposed magician) mistook their friends under Vere for Yorkists, and attacked them: a suspicion of treachery, then common, arose among the Lancastrians, and all was flight and ruin. Shakespeare, in allusion to Edward's fortunate cognisance, makes the duke of Gloucester exclaim,

'Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by the sun of York.'

Richard III. selected the boar for his device, and his enemies commonly styled

him by a name which was singularly applicable to his disposition and character. Shakespeare has made his usual advantage of this circumstance, and we find 'rodding hog,' 'bloody devouring boar,' applied to the usurper in the Life and Death of King Richard. Steevens informs us that the archbishop Rotheram, chancellor under Edward, though he had pledged himself to the deceased monarch's unfortunate queen for the safety of her son the duke of York, whom he promised to crown, should any evil befall his brother, yet, to ingratiate himself with Richard, put that prince's badge upon the gates of the public library in Cambridge. Lord Stanley, when he suspected the protector's designs against the friends of Edward's children, gave Hastings warning by feigning a dream, in which he pretended that a boar had wounded both their crests with his tusks, and that the blood ran down their shoulders; and, though the unfortunate nobleman disregarded the omen, he was aware of the meaning which lurked under the alleged vision. Collingbourne, a poet too bold for the arbitrary despotism of the time in which he lived, suffered the death of a traitor, in its most horrid form, for a rhyme which ran thus:

'A rat, a cat, and Lovel the dog,  
Rule all England under a hog,'—

signifying Ratcliffe, Catesby, and Lovel (the last being a common name for a hound), the favorite ministers of Richard, and the tyrant himself under the similitude of his cognisance. The badge of Henry VII. was a sprig of hawthorn, the diadem of his predecessor being found upon Bosworth field under a hawthorn bush by sir William Stanley, who eagerly took advantage of the fortunate circumstance, and crowned the victor on the spot, amidst the loud acclamations of his soldiers.

One of our most entertaining historians, Andrews, gives a curious story relating to the arms of a Spanish gentleman. Isabella, heiress of the throne of Castille, was sought in marriage by Don Juan of Arragon, for his son Ferdinand of Sicily: both parties betrayed a considerable degree of anxiety respecting the personal appearance of each other, which is somewhat surprising when we consider the political importance of the match, and the boundless ambition of the royal pair. Ferdinand rode privately to Val-

adolid, to catch a view of his intended bride: Isabella expected him at a window, and said with eagerness to Cardenas, one of her attendants, 'Which is he?'—'Esse es,' (that is he), replied the courtier, pointing to Ferdinand, a graceful youth of eighteen, finely mounted.—'Take that S,' said the delighted princess, referring to the sound of his answer, into thy escutcheon for ever.' The descendants of Cardenas still bear the S in their arms. A circumstance similar to Ferdinand's impatience to behold the lady of Castille, though not attended with any gift of armorial bearings, is recorded of Charles VI. of France. When Isabella of Bavaria entered Paris, the king, anxious to view his intended bride, got upon a horse behind his favorite Savoie, and pushed through the crowd to come within sight of her, in spite of the many punches and blows which he received from the sergeants appointed to keep off the throng; and the narration of this adventure by the royal sufferer gave great diversion to the court at supper. To Charles II. of England, for his attachment to his accomplished cousin Frances Stewart, we owe the elegant representation of Britannia on our copper coin. He carried his adoration of this celebrated beauty almost to idolatry, and assailed her with every flattering compliment which a monarch could devise. It was from a medal intended to perpetuate his admiration of her delicate symmetry, that Britannia was stamped in the form she still bears on our halfpence and farthings. The city of London is indebted for the sword in its armorial bearings to the gallantry of William of Walworth, lord-mayor at the time of the formidable insurrection of the commons under Wat Tyler; who, having slain the rebel leader in Smithfield, received this token of gratitude from his rescued sovereign. Doubtless, there are tales of equal interest attached to the arms of the city companies; but we are ignorant of the origin of many of the devices emblazoned over the gates of their halls; and, as we should be glad to know more on this subject, it grieves us to be obliged to reject the picturesque story related of sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, styled (from his active services to the sovereigns of England under whom he flourished) the 'royal merchant.' The tradition, which is nearly as interesting though not so authentic as

that attached to Whittington and his cat, imports that the knight was the son of a poor woman, who left him when an infant in a field, and that the chirping of a grasshopper having directed a boy to the place where he lay, he was almost miraculously preserved, and in gratitude to the insect which had so fortunately discovered the spot in which he had been exposed, he adopted it for his crest, and it was consequently selected as the most appropriate vane for the weather-cock which was erected on the Royal Exchange. The publication of the Paston letters, in proving the claim of sir Thomas Gresham to the honor of a much higher birth, has destroyed the credit of the narrative. Several epistles from the worthy knight's ancestors are preserved in this valuable collection, and the seal, a grasshopper, is a sufficient evidence that the whole story was a fabrication of some lover of the marvellous.

So tenacious were our forefathers of the exclusive possession of the heraldic honors of their families, that sir Bernard Drake gave a box on the ear to his far more illustrious namesake, sir Francis, because the gallant navigator had assumed his arms, to which, not being of the same family, he had no right; and Thomas Cromwell, the unfortunate minister of Henry VIII., to whose zeal we are in a great measure indebted for the establishment of the Protestant church, was styled a *noble man*, because on his promotion to the peerage he refused to take another man's coat of arms, saying, 'What shall I do with it? for he may pull it off my back at his pleasure.'

The policy of the court of England in limiting the number of retainers to great lords, and absolutely forbidding the giving of liveries and badges except to the immediate servants of their establishments, together with the more equal distribution of property, and the extension of trade, which opened new sources of wealth, removed almost every trace of this feudal custom. The duke of Buckingham, so instrumental in placing Richard III. on the throne, boasted that he had as many liveries of Stafford knots as the earl of Warwick had mustered of ragged staves; and it was the ambition even of many knights to appear in public with as numerous a retinue as swelled the train of the barons. The nobility and gentry of modern days have different methods of spending their fortunes. No strangers in blood now

think of displaying their attachment to friends or patrons by adorning their crests or cognisances; and it is only on very extraordinary occasions that the colors even of kings and states are assumed and displayed\*. The white cockade of Louis XVIII. received a temporary honor in the hats of the English on the abdication of Napoleon, and orange ribands were very prevalent on the emancipation of Holland; but, except at a contested election, our most popular public characters are not greeted with the outward testimonies of regard displayed in the adoption of their peculiar ribands: we have not a badge for St. George's day, though reminded, by the leek and shamrock of the tutelary saints of Wales and Ireland, of the dishonor which we show to the conqueror of the Dragon; and the military part of the community alone preserve the oaken garland on the twenty-ninth of May, in memory of the happy escape of our second Charles. Indeed, all that is striking and pictorial, all ancient customs and popular ceremonies, are gradually merging into the gulf of oblivion.

#### REMARKS ON MATRIMONIAL ENGAGEMENTS,

by Mrs. Lanfear.

It has been observed, by an author of celebrity, that, 'if the lord-chancellor had the making of all the matches in England, most married persons would be as well, if not better suited to each other than they are at present.' By this statement it does not appear that the male sex have hitherto reaped much advantage from their possessing the nominal liberty of choosing their partners for life. The fact may be, that few men possess either the opportunities or the advantages necessary to secure that freedom of choice which is their boast; and, of those who do possess them, still fewer will be found who can justly appreciate or properly avail themselves of this enviable privilege. Marriage (generally speaking), in either sex, is more frequently the result of accident than of selection:

\* The ostrich plume, the badge of the prince of Wales before the accession of George IV. to the throne, was occasionally worn in compliment to the heir apparent by the ladies in their head-dresses; and the members of the Harmonic Society at Bath had it embroidered in silver at their button-holes on the breast.

propinquity, convenience, interest, or, at best, mere fancy, dignified by the name of love, form the basis of most matrimonial engagements.

Unequal matches, whether the disparity be in years, rank, or fortune, seldom prove happy. Every time of life, and every rank of life, has its *[have their]* appropriate sentiments, pleasures, and pursuits: any material difference, therefore, in age, rank, or fortune, between the parties, must be more or less unfavorable to conjugal felicity. The superiority of a few years on the side of the male is customary, and on many accounts desirable: on the female side it is always liable to objection. Inequality of rank, beside other inconveniences, too frequently subjects the inferior party to various mortifications. The woman who marries a man of superior rank to her own is not always treated according to her deserts by his relations; while she who weds with one of an inferior rank has no right to expect that her friends will associate with her husband, or treat him with that respect which she may think his due.

Too great a disproportion in fortune has also its disadvantages. The man of fortune who marries for love, forgetting that his object in so doing was his own gratification rather than benefit to the female, is, when his passion begins to cool, too apt to consider his wife as the obliged party, and, as such, to exact from her undue homage and obedience. Women possessing large and independent fortunes, who, either by their own inclinations or by the flattery of their lovers, are induced to bestow their hands on men comparatively poor, are prone to become jealous of their husbands. The well-grounded fear of having been married for their money, rather than from motives of affection, renders them tenacious of attentions, and is by no means favorable to domestic harmony or wedded love; beside which, men indebted to their wives for their fortunes or success in life do not always make the best husbands. Man, accustomed to command, and habitually proud of his sexual superiority, does not easily brook the idea of being under obligation to the weaker and more dependent sex; and sometimes, in order to evince to the world that he does not consider himself the obliged party, affects to treat his wife with indifference, churlishness, and disrespect. Human beings in general, and the male

sex in particular, are more disposed to love those on whom they confer than those from whom they receive favors.

Marriage, like all other earthly things, hath its pleasures and its pains, its bright and its dark side. Love-matches, at least those which are generally so called, do not always prove the happiest; and when entered into rashly, or at an early period of life, before either the taste or the judgement can be sufficiently matured, mutual disappointment is too frequently the result. Marriages formed at a later period of life have also their inconveniences: men who have been long accustomed to the liberty and license of a bachelor state do not readily fall into domestic habits, and sometimes dislike the restraint which matrimony necessarily imposes on their inclinations and actions; while, on the other hand, women, when arrived at a certain age, are not always disposed to accommodate themselves to circumstances with quite so good a grace as the younger, and consequently more flexible, female.

Marriages formed for convenience or from interested motives are not less liable to occasions for disgust, and lie still more open to censure than those of affection. The principle of marrying for money is itself sordid, and inimical to domestic happiness; beside which, Fortune is a fickle goddess, who often leaves her votaries in the lurch; and what will then remain for the hapless being who in marriage worshiped at no other shrine? Should misfortune or poverty await such, who will sympathize in their disappointment, or pity them in the day of adversity? The comforts, the conveniences, not to say the style and the splendor, which they had anticipated, are no more; while the husband, who was neither loved nor respected, may probably remain to increase the difficulties and add to the mortification. Though neither mere fancy, temporary convenience, nor sordid interest, should be considered by a sensible and judicious woman as a principal or sufficient motive on which to form a matrimonial alliance, each separately, or all of them together, may be allowed to have their proper influence on her mind. In a step so important as one which involves the whole of her future destiny, interest must not be entirely overlooked, nor prudence, on a broader scale than as it merely affects pecuniary matters or a settlement in life, forgotten. Affection may also be found a necessary

ingredient with which to sweeten the cup of domestic care; but, at all ages, and under all circumstances, the first and the most important considerations which should be attended to by a woman, before she forms a serious and irrevocable engagement, are the personal character, moral qualities, and mental endowments of the man who is to be her fellow-traveler in the great journey of life. Is he esteemed by his friends, and respected by his connexions? has he been a good son, a kind brother? does he possess liberality of sentiment, talent, information, industry, perseverance, and, above all, religious principle and moral rectitude? do his habits, his tastes, and his opinions on important subjects, in any degree correspond with her own? These are the inquiries which she should make; and, when all or most of these questions are answered to her satisfaction, then, and not till then, let her frankly confide in the lover, whom she may now consider as her future husband; and let her not repent of her engagement, even should pecuniary or other circumstances delay for a time the promised union; nor, as soon as prudence will permit, and mutual friends consent, fear to embark with such a companion on the long and hazardous voyage of matrimony.

Should it not be the good fortune of the maiden, while in the first bloom of youth, to meet with a suitor whom both her heart and her reason can approve, let her not, from a childish impatience to be married and have a house of her own, or from a still more childish fear of being left in the lurch to die an old maid, lend a willing ear to every idle admirer, or accept the first serious offer of marriage which may happen to occur: rather let her patiently await the chance which new connexions and riper years may afford; or, if she be agreeably situated as a single woman, rest contented in a state of celibacy, which, though it may lack some pleasures, is far preferable to an imprudent or ill-assorted marriage.

The education of young women being more confined than those of young men, their habits more domestic, their lives more secluded, and their natural dispositions more tender, they are more apt, while in early life, to connect their ideas of happiness with the chaste and pure affections of the heart. This propensity, though amiable in its source, and sometimes productive of happiness, too fre-

quently exposes the refined and delicate female to mortification and disappointment.

‘The course of true love never did run smooth;  
But either it was different in blood,  
Or else misgrafted in respect of years;  
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;  
Or, if there was a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it.’

Women who risk all for love resemble the gamester who stakes his whole estate on one throw. Let them recollect that in life there are many sources of enjoyment, independent of the affections, and that the ever-green plant of contentment, if not the short-lived flower of felicity, is more frequently found in the even paths of duty than in the unequal, though apparently paradisaical, bowers of love. Young women, therefore, while not insensible to merit, or averse to entering into a proper and suitable engagement, should guard their hearts with all diligence, and beware of rashly forming what may be justly termed, as looking to no fortunate issue, a romantic and imprudent attachment.

#### THE POETICAL NOTE-BOOK, AND EPIGRAMMATIC MUSCUM,

by George Wentworth, Esq.

THIS is an entertaining assemblage of light and humorous pieces. The collector seems to think that he is the first editor of a volume of English epigrams: but this is certainly an unsupported assertion. Yet we do not blame him for undertaking a similar task, as he has increased his stock of amusement by other pieces, and has taken a wide range of selection.

The effusions of point or of pleasantry which we now select are not perhaps generally known.

‘*Garrick’s Debut and Retreat.*—A gentleman asked a friend, who had seen Garrick perform his first and last characters, if he thought him as good an actor when he took his leave of the stage at old Drury, as when he first played at Goodman’s Fields; he gave for answer, *extempore*, the following lines:

‘I saw him rising in the *cust*,  
In all his energetic glows;  
I saw him setting in the *west*,  
In greater splendor than he rose.’

‘*Theatrical Applause.*—On the *well* applause most deservedly given by a numerous and brilliant audience to Mrs.

Barry, in the character of Euphrasia, in the *Grætan* daughter :—

'What! not one hand to intervene,  
Whilst matchless Barry play'd;  
Alas! what hands could plaud the scene,  
Where tears so ask'd their aid?'

'*Three Swallows make a Summer.*

'One sharp frosty day, his majesty, when prince of Wales, went into the Thatched House Tavern, and ordered a beef-steak; but, the weather being very cold, desired the waiter to bring him first a glass of brandy and water. He emptied that in a twinkling, then a second, then a third. 'Now,' said his royal highness, 'I am warm and comfortable; bring me my steak.' On this Mr. Sheridan, who was present, wrote the following impromptu:—

'The prince came in and said 'twas cold,  
Then put to his head the rummer;  
'Till swallow after swallow came,  
When he pronounc'd it summer.'

'*The Inquest.*—A hint to clever men employed on such occasions:—

'Poor Peter Pike is drown'd, and neighbours say

The jury mean to sit on him to-day.'

'Know'st thou what for?' said Tom.—Quoth Ned, 'No doubt

'Tis merely done to squeeze the water out.'

'*Singular Request.*—*A Jeu d'Esprit.*—The following was sent to Shield, the ingenious composer, for his ivory ticket of admission to a concert, by his friend, Peter Pindar:—

'Son of the string (I do not mean Jack Ketch,  
'Tho' Jack, like thee, produceth dying tones),

Oh! yield thy pity to a starving wretch,  
And for to-morrow's treat, pray send thy bones!'

'*Invitation to Tea.*—A young lady, named Taswell, returned the annexed reply to an invitation to 'tea and cards':

'Your kind invitation I hail'd with much glee;  
Will be true to the hour, ne'er doubt it;  
Play a rubber at whist; but, as for the T,  
I should surely be AS-WELL without it.'

'*The Devil's Choice.*

'Qu. Honest Pat, if the devil his choice could make,  
Which of us d'ye suppose he first would take?

Ans. Why, 'tis me, to be sure, he would carry away;

Your honor, he knows, he could have any day.'

'*A Drunkard's saving Clause.*

'Dick, often drunk, when sick, most gravely swore,

That, while he breath'd, he never would drink more;

Dick daily tipsy grows, nor perjur'd thinks  
Himself, but says, he breathes not whilst he drinks.'

#### SELECT PROVERBS OF ALL NATIONS,

illustrated with Notes and Comments, by  
Thomas Fielding.

THE proverbs of all civilised communities are codes of national wisdom, although some are trifling and others absurd. The earl of Chesterfield endeavoured to banish them from fashionable society; yet, in his letters to his son, he occasionally introduced some of the most vulgar stamp, not merely when he was ridiculing the practice, but when they suited the idea of the moment. His influence had a temporary effect; but his authority is now disregarded, and the appropriate use of a proverb or aphorism will not disgrace, in the present day, even a peer or a man of fashion.

We lament, with Mr. Fielding, that, in the proverbs of all countries, the fair sex have sustained a singular injustice; and what renders it more remarkable is, that the nations more celebrated for gallantry have been the greatest offenders, since it is in the popular sayings of the Italians, French, and Spaniards, that women are most bitterly reviled, and the constant theme of suspicion, scorn, and insult. Yet, notwithstanding this freedom of animadversion, this asperity of censure, female influence has not declined, nor have marriages apparently been less frequent.

While we admit the influence of proverbs in a variety of cases, we do not fully concur in the comment on the saying, *Mortui non mordent*, 'dead men do not bite.'—This fatal truth (says our author) has sealed the doom of many an unhappy wretch, by determining the last resolve of the traitor, burglar, and assassin. We cannot look into the annals of crime, or the page of history, without meeting with examples of the deadly application of this proverb. It was applied by Stewart, against the earl of Moray in Scotland, and subsequently to the earl of Strafford and archbishop Laud, in England; and I am pretty sure, from some faint impressions left in the course

of reading, I could, by an historical research, multiply these instances a hundred fold.

When persons are so depraved as to resolve on the perpetration of a great crime, we do not think that a proverb has any influence in sealing the doom of these victims. Inhuman villains would commit murder either from a spirit of revenge, or with a view of precluding a detection of their robberies; if they had never heard of any prevailing remark on the subject.

Some proverbs require no illustration; for instance, the following:—

‘He that lies down with dogs must rise up with fleas.—*Ital.*

He is worth nae weel that can bide nae wae.—*Scotch.*

He that is ill to himself will be good to nobody.

If wise men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance.

If you would have a good servant, take neither a kinsman nor a friend.

It is an ill cause the lawyer thinks shame of.

It is not easy to make straight in the oak the crook that grew in the sapling.

—*Gaelic.*

It is a bad action that success will not justify.

Samson was a strong man; yet he could not pay money before he had it.

Wine in the bottle doth not quench thirst.—*Ital.*

If the best man’s faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.—*Gaelic.*

A hog upon trust grunts till he is paid for.

Some of our local or provincial proverbs are thus explained:

‘As fine as Kerton or Crediton spinning.—*Devon.*—As a proof of the fineness of Crediton spinning, it is related that one hundred and forty threads of woollen yarn, spun in that town, were drawn together through the eye of a tailor’s needle; which needle and threads were to be seen for many years in Watling-street, London, in the shop of one Duncombe, at the sign of the Golden Bottle. The discoveries, however, of Watt and Arkwright have enabled the manufacturers of the present day far to excel ancient Crediton in the fineness of spinning.

A Welsh bait.—*Welsh.*—A short stop, but, no refreshment. Such baits are frequent.

quently given by the natives of the principality to their keffils, or houses, particularly after climbing a hill.

A Kent-street distress.—A mode of distress formerly practised on the poor inhabitants of Kent-street; on non-payment, the rent-collectors took away the doors of the defaulters.

Go to Battersea, to be cut for the simples.—*London.*—The origin of this saying, which is applied to people not overstocked with wit, appears to be this. Formerly, the London apothecaries used to make a summer excursion to Battersea, to see the medicinal herbs, called simples, which abounded in that neighbourhood, cut at the proper season. Hence it became proverbial to tell a foolish person to go to Battersea to be cut for a simple, the *equivoque* being on the word simple, alias simpleton.

He may remove Mort-stone.—*Devon.*—A saying of one who is master of his wife. Mort-stone is a huge rock that blocks up the entrance into Mort’s Bay in this county, which, it is said, cannot be removed but by a man thoroughly master of his wife.

When do you fetch the five pounds?—*Dorsetshire.*—A gibe at the Poolites. A rich merchant of Poole is said to have left five pounds, to be given every year, to set up any man who had served his apprenticeship in that town, on condition that he should produce a certificate of his honesty, properly authenticated.—This bequest, it is said, has not yet been claimed; and it is a common water joke to ask the crew of a Poole ship, whether any one has yet received the five pounds.

If a man give his goods before he be dead, Take up a mallet and knock him on the head.

Taken from the history of one John Bell, who, having given all his substance to his children, was by them neglected: after he died there was found a mallet with this inscription:

I, John Bell, leaves her a mallet, the man to fell, Who gives all to his bairns, and keeps nothing to himself.

To the proverbs Mr. Fielding has subjoined a summary of ancient pastimes, holidays, and customs, extracted from various authors. Some of his observations in this part of the volume are unfounded; but the information is, in many instances, curious and interesting.



GREECE IN 1823 AND 1824, BEING A SERIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN DURING A VISIT TO THAT COUNTRY, by the honorable Leicester Stanhope.

THE affairs of Greece continue to interest the British nation. The great contest in which the people are engaged is necessarily considered in different points of view, because an union of sentiment cannot be expected in political and revolutionary questions: but the majority of reflecting persons, we believe, wish for the triumph of the Greek confederates over their brutal and inhuman oppressors. Without foreign aid, which the influence of the holy alliance prevents them from obtaining, they cannot make a rapid progress in their views of independence; and their want of union is also a great obstacle to their success; yet their cause is not hopeless, and various contingencies may arise to promote it.

Colonel Stanhope speaks with contempt of the *Capitani* or princes of the country; and the *Primates*, or village chiefs, are (he says) 'generally vicious and devoid of honor. The clergy are illiterate, and not distinguished for their morality. But what is most important is the character of the people. They are said to possess many of the vices of Asiatic nations; but they are sensible, shrewd, discriminating, and anxious to acquire knowledge.'

He gives the following sketches of the characters and abilities of the leading men in Greece.

'Mavrocordato is a clever, shrewd, insinuating, and amiable man. He wins men, at first, by his yes's and his smiles. He is accessible and open to good counsel; but he pursues a temporising policy, and there is nothing great or profound in his mind. He has the ambition, but not the daring or the self-confidence required to play a first part in the state. His game, therefore, is to secure the second character either under the common-wealth or under a king. The constitution is said to be his child, but he seems to have no parental predilections in its favor; and what, after all, can you expect from a Turk or Greek of Constantinople? All men are more or less influenced by the circumstances and the society that surround them; and Mavrocordato, in the office of vizir, might be eulogised by the historian as a demagogue.'

'Monsieur Negris, who is the ablest

man in Greece, and professes wise principles of government, is laboring at a code of laws. He says, that in order to make it palatable to the people he must make them believe that it is framed after the model of the Byzantine code. I condemned this quackery, and told him to read Dumont.

\* \* \* \* \*  
'The state of Greece is not easily conveyed to the mind of a foreigner. The society is formed, 1st, of the *Primates*, who lean to oligarchy, or Turkish principles of government; 2dly, of the *captains*, who profess democratical notions, but who are, in reality, for power and plunder; and lastly, of the people, who are irreproachable in character, and of course desire to have a proper weight in the constitution. The people of the Peloponnesus are much under the influence of the civil and military oligarchies. Those of Eastern and Western Greece are chiefly under the captains. Of these Odysseus is the most influential. His father never bowed to the Turkish yoke; he was a freeman and a robber. Odysseus himself was brought up by the famous tyrant Ali Pacha. He is shrewd and ambitious, and has played the tyrant, but is now persuaded that the road to fame and wealth is by pursuing good government. He, therefore, follows this course, and supports the people and the republic. Negris, who once signed his sentence of death, is now his minister.'

His object being of a political nature, he speaks fully of the government; but his statements are not very precise, and are sometimes inconsistent and self-contradictory, not only on that subject, but also with regard to the manners of the people.

The account of a great *Capitano* and his establishment furnishes a curious specimen of the existing Grecian aristocracy.—'The *Capitani* being the most powerful and influential men in Greece, I will give you a short account of one of them, named Stonari. This chief lives at a village called Kutchino, near the river Aspropotamos, in Thrace. A portion of his property lies in the plain, and the rest in the mountains. He possesses about one hundred and twenty villages, and each contains, upon an average, about seventy families. The people of the mountains are chiefly occupied with their herds. Stonari himself has about 7 or 8000 head of cattle, and his family altogether own about 500,000, consisting of horses,

oxen, cows, sheep, and goats. The flocks remain seven months in the mountains, and the rest of the year in the plains. The Capitano lets out his cattle to herdsmen, who are bound to give him yearly, for each sheep, two pounds of butter, two pounds of cheese, two pounds of wool, and one piastre. Each family has from fifty to one hundred and fifty head of cattle, and they generally clear a small tract of ground and cultivate it. The plains are tolerably well cultivated. They do not belong to Stonari, but are held by the cultivators, who pay one-third of their rent to the Turks, one-third to the Capitano, and one-third for the maintenance of the soldiers.

The peasantry live ill. They have eighty-nine fast-days in the year, in addition to the regular fasts, which are every Friday and Saturday. On other days they eat cheese, butter, and bread; and, on Sundays and festivals, meat. The women are treated like slaves, and perform all the hard labor. The Capitani and Primates pay little more respect to their wives than to their vassals. When a stranger appears, the women kiss his hand, and bring him water. They do not appear at table with their lords.

The regular soldiers under Stonari amount to 400. He could muster 3000 more from among his peasantry. They are paid only during three months in the year; but they live well, and eat twice a day bread and meat, receiving their rations from the owners of the houses where they dwell. They are furnished by him with ammunition and hides to make shoes, but they find their own arms and clothes. They are subject to no military discipline or punishment, and can quit their chief at pleasure. When on a march, the officers of the villages through which they pass must provide them with food and whatever they demand; if they do not, they are sure to be ill-treated. The troops cannot, however, remain above three or four days in the same village.

Each village is usually provided with two or three priests, who receive from 100 to 600 piastres yearly. The people are very religious, and fear their pastors. There are several monasteries in Stonari's district, but no nunneries. In the Morea there are two nunneries. The priests are not generally rich.

When the colonel adds, that '*justice there is, none*, because the priests, primates, and captains, decide arbitrarily in

all cases,' we do not entirely acquiesce in the conclusion which he has drawn. Undoubtedly there ought to be a strong check upon the authority of judges and magistrates in every country; yet even in Greece, strict justice, we believe, is frequently administered.

#### A VISIT TO THE COAST OF CARAMANIA.

As this part of Asia Minor is little known to Europeans, we take the opportunity of extracting a description of the maritime part of the country from a letter sent to Paris by the French vice-consul at Rhodes.

The little boat (says M. de las Casas) in which I left Rhodes, was manned by three sailors; and we passed, during the night, very near the Turkish fleet: it was fortunate for us that we were not perceived, for in the dark they might have taken our bark for a fire-ship, and have sent us to the bottom. Near the Asiatic coast, we were visited by the boats of a Greek cruiser; on which occasion I successfully availed myself of my official character. The first place that I examined after we had landed was the old town of Patara, celebrated for a temple of Apollo, which is spoken of by historians and poets as one of the finest structures in Asia Minor. The ruins of Patara are extensive; but the only edifice in any state of preservation is the theatre, which was built by the emperor Adrian. I am inclined to ascribe to the same age the other buildings, in the ruins of which there is a superfluity of ornament, rather than fine workmanship. I stopped four hours at Patara, on a very hot day, amidst ruins of temples and tombs, and then went to the island of Castello-Riso. Its bare rocky soil would hardly afford pasture for a goat; but among the terraced walls, which support the little vegetable mould to be found on it, grow some dozens of fig and olive trees. The marriage portion of a bride in Castello-Riso consists in an assignment of the half or the quarter of the produce of a fig-tree. On this island I made a drawing of an ancient sepulchre, hewn in the rock, under a ruined castle picturesquely situated; and drank excellent Cyprus wine at the table of the aga, who is an honest Moslem, but no great genius, any more than myself.

Six miles from Castello-Riso, I visited, on the continent, the ruins of Antiphile.

which must have been a considerable town, if we may judge by the number of tombs near it: there are certainly two hundred, all resembling each other, with the exception of one which was much more richly ornamented than the rest. Other remains of the city are unimportant, and are chiefly of the middle ages, except a small theatre in the Greek style, which is in tolerable preservation. Fifteen miles from Antiphile is the noble harbour of Carcova, which is capable of receiving all the fleets of Europe, and certainly affords one of the finest anchoring places, though a merchant vessel was lately lost in it by the fault of the crew.

'Earthquakes have caused the sea to rise considerably in this harbour: a part of the old town is now under water; and a tomb, in admirable preservation, rises above the surface of the sea at some distance from the shore. A Turkish fort, built on a steep rock, commands extensive ruins, among which we may distinguish heathen temples and Christian churches, tombs, and forsaken habitations of later times. I found here ample materials for picturesque drawings. Eight miles farther, about a league and a half from the coast, are the ruins of Myra. On the road, which leads through thick groves of myrtle and oleander, are ruins of tombs and buildings of the time of the Romans and of the middle ages. In Myra we also found remains of different ages mixed together, some hidden among aquatic plants, on a marsh of sweet water, which formerly, perhaps, was part of the harbour. St. Nicolas lived at Myra: a church and convent, dedicated to him, stand on the plain among the wooden huts of the Caramanians. At the foot of a hill, upon which a fort is erected, I admired the ruins of a large theatre, built with Roman magnificence, in the details of which, however, we miss the pure Grecian style, which I sought in vain among the numerous monuments of this coast. The theatre is built against a perpendicular wall of rock, in which sepulchral grottoes are hewn.

I returned from Myra to Carcova, to examine more accurately what I had only glanced at the day before. But two vessels had in the mean time arrived, with Albanese crews, whose insolent and menacing conduct made it not advisable to remain. I therefore hastened back to Rhodes, much pleased with my excursion. I found the Caramanians who follow agriculture very different from those

who are seen in the armies against the Greeks: they were hospitable, and I twice supped with a dozen of them, in a romantic valley, by moonlight. We sat round a large bowl of sour milk, into which every one dipped his piece of a black thin cake, baked in the ashes; minced venison roasted in vine leaves, milk, and excellent pilaw, were also set before us. They did not fail to ask my advice about various diseases, and I might have had sufficient employment, if I had been able to give them any advice. I cannot boast of having been equally well received by the fair sex; for at Myra, while I was examining the ruins of the theatre, a party of women fell upon me, who screamed like Furies, threatened me, I know not for what reason, and compelled me to retreat.'

JOURNAL OF THE CONVERSATIONS OF LORD BYRON, DETAILING THE PRINCIPAL OCCURRENCES OF HIS PRIVATE LIFE, HIS OPINIONS ON SOCIETY, MANNERS, LITERATURE, &c., NOTED DURING SIX MONTHS' RESIDENCE WITH HIM AT PISA, IN 1821 AND 1822;

by Thomas Medwin, Esq.

LAMENTING the unauthorised and unnecessary destruction of Lord Byron's memoirs of his own life, by the delicacy of Mr. Thomas Moore, and not aware of the necessity of the suppression of his letters to his mother, although in this respect we differ from the sagacious and worthy chancellor of the realm, we are pleased with the appearance of captain Medwin's journal. We know, indeed, that the conversations of men who are fond of hearing themselves speak, and who have a high opinion of their own talents, are not altogether to be depended upon for propriety and consistency. The *table-talk* of Dr. Johnson is deservedly celebrated: yet he often contradicted himself, supporting at one time what he had condemned at another. A person who had enjoyed the supposed benefit of his conversation would sometimes, at a subsequent meeting, adopt the temporary reasoning of the capricious moralist, and confidently expect his support: but the doctor would suddenly turn upon him, and confound him by an opposite tenor of argument. Lord Byron was equally inconsistent; and so are all great talkers, particularly those

who care not for the opinions of the world. As there is, however, a general desire of knowing the sentiments and declarations of distinguished men, we shall gratify our readers with a copious account of the conversations of the noble bard. But, before we enter into that detail, we will give the captain's description of his friend's person.

'Thorwaldsen's bust is too thin-necked and young for lord Byron. None of the engravings gave me the least idea of him. I saw a man about five feet seven or eight, apparently forty years of age: as was said of Milton, he barely escaped being short and thick. His face was fine, and the lower part symmetrically moulded; for the lips and chin had the curved and definite outline that distinguishes Grecian beauty. His forehead was high, and his temples broad; and he had a paleness in his complexion, almost to wanness. His hair, thin and fine, had almost become grey, and waved in natural curls over his head, that was assimilating itself fast to the 'bald first Cæsar's.' He allowed it to grow longer behind than it is accustomed to be worn, and at that time had mustachios, which were not sufficiently dark to be becoming. In criticising his features it might, perhaps, be said that his eyes were placed too near his nose, and that one was rather smaller than the other; they were of a greyish brown, but of a peculiar clearness, and when animated possessed a fire which seemed to look through and penetrate the thoughts of others, while they marked the inspirations of his own. His teeth were small, regular, and white; these, I afterwards found, he took great pains to preserve. I expected to discover that he had a club—perhaps a *clonen*—foot; but it would have been difficult to distinguish one from the other, either in size or in form.'

Of lord Byron's colloquial talents our author says, 'I never met with any man who shines so much in conversation. He shines the more, perhaps, for not seeking to shine. His ideas flow without effort, without his having occasion to think. He is not nice about expressions or words; and there are no concealments in him, no injunctions to secrecy. He tells every thing that he has thought or done without the least reserve, and as if he wished the whole world to know it; and does not throw the slightest gloss over his errors. Brief himself; he is impatient of diffuseness in others, hates long stories,

and seldom repeats his own. If he has heard a story you are telling, he will say, 'You told me that,' and with good humor sometimes finish it for you himself.'

His lordship spoke of his *Memoirs* with honorable frankness.—'I have not the least objection to their being circulated: in fact they have been read by some of mine, and several of Moore's friends and acquaintances; among others, they were lent to lady Burghersh. On returning the manuscript, her ladyship told Moore that she had transcribed the whole work. This was *un peu fort*, and he suggested the propriety of her destroying the copy. She did so, by putting it into the fire in his presence. Ever since this happened, Douglas Kinnaird has been recommending me to resume possession of the manuscript, thinking to frighten me by saying that a spurious or a real copy, surreptitiously obtained, may go forth to the world. I am quite indifferent about the world knowing all that the memoirs of my life contain. There are very few licentious adventures of my own, or scandalous anecdotes that will affect others, in the book. It is taken up from my earliest recollections, almost from childhood,—very incoherent, written in a very loose and familiar style. The second part will prove a good lesson to young men; for it treats of the irregular life I led at one period, and the fatal consequences of dissipation. There are few parts that may not, and none that will not, be read by women.'

At another time he said,

'A very full account of my marriage and separation is contained in my *Memoirs*. After they were completed, I wrote to lady Byron, proposing to send them for her inspection, in order that any mis-statements or inaccuracy might be pointed out and corrected. In her answer she declined the offer, without assigning any reason; but desiring, if not on her account, for the sake of her daughter, that they might never appear, and finishing with a threat. My reply was the severest thing I ever wrote, and contained two quotations, one from Shakespeare, and another from Dante. I told her that she knew all I had written was incontrovertible truth, and that she did not wish to sanction truth.'

With regard to the incidents and circumstances of his early life, he said, 'Before I married, I showed some of the blood of my ancestors. It is ridi-

oulous to say that we do not inherit our passions, as well as the gout, or any other disorder. I was not so young when my father died but that I perfectly remember him; and had very early a horror of matrimony, from the sight of domestic broils: this feeling came over me very strongly at my wedding. Something whispered me that I was sealing my own death-warrant. I am a great believer in presentiments. Socrates' demon was no fiction. Monk Lewis had his monitor, and Napoleon many warnings. At the last moment I would have retreated, if I could have done so. I called to mind a friend of mine, who had married a young, beautiful, and rich girl, and yet was miserable. He had strongly urged me against putting my neck in the same yoke; and to show you how firmly I was resolved to attend to his advice, I betted Hay fifty guineas to one, that I should always remain single. Six years afterwards I sent him the money. The day before I proposed to lady Byron, I had no idea of doing so.'

'I lost my father when I was only six years of age. My mother, when she was in a rage with me (and I gave her cause enough), used to say, 'Ah, you little dog, you are a Byron all over; you are as bad as your father!'

'You have heard the unfortunate story of my uncle's duel with his relation and neighbour. After that melancholy event, he shut himself up at Newstead, and was in the habit of feeding crickets, which were his only companions. When he died, tradition says that they left the house in a body. I suppose that I derive my superstition from this branch of the family; but, though I attend to none of the new-fangled theories, I am inclined to think that there is more in a chart of the scull than the Edinburgh Reviewers suppose. However that may be, I was a wayward youth, and gave my mother a world of trouble,—as I fear Ada will hers, for I am told she is a little termagant. I had an ancestor too who expired laughing (I suppose that my good spirits came from him), and two whose affection was such for each other, that they died almost at the same moment. There seems to have been a flaw in my escutcheon there, or that loving couple have monopolized all the connubial bliss of the family.

'When I was at Harrow, I had a spirit that ill brooked the restraints of school-discipline; for I had been encou-

raged by servants in all my violence of temper, and was used to command. Every thing like a task was repugnant to my nature; and I came away a very indifferent classic, and read in nothing that was useful. That subordination, which is the soul of all discipline, I submitted to with great difficulty; yet I did submit to it: and I have always retained a sense of Drury's kindness, which enabled me to bear it and fagging too. The duke of Dorset was my fag. I was not a very hard task-master. There were times in which, if I had not considered it as a school, I should have been happy at Harrow. There is one spot I should like to see again: I was particularly delighted with the view from the churchyard, and used to sit for hours on the stile leading into the fields;—even then I formed a wish to be buried there. Of all my schoolfellows, I know no one for whom I have retained so much friendship as for lord Clare. I have been constantly corresponding with him ever since I knew he was in Italy, and look forward to seeing him, and talking over with him our old Harrow stories, with infinite delight.'

He sometimes referred, with strong marks of feeling, to his situation as a father and a husband.—'What do you think of Ada?' said he, looking earnestly at his daughter's miniature, that hung by the side of his writing-table. 'They tell me she is like me, but she has her mother's eyes. It is very odd that my mother was an only child, and Ada is an only child. It is a singular coincidence—the least that can be said of it. I can't help thinking it was destined to be so, and perhaps it is best. I was anxious for a son; for, if I had one, he would be a peer at once; but after our separation I was glad to have had a daughter, for it would have distressed me too much to have taken him away from lady Byron, and I could not have trusted her with a son's education. I have no idea of boys being brought up by mothers. I suffered too much from that myself; and, then, wandering about the world as I do, I could not take proper care of a child; otherwise I should not have left Allegra, poor little thing, at Ravenna. She has been a great resource to me, though I am not so fond of her as of Ada; and yet I mean to make their fortunes equal—there will be enough for them both. I have desired in my will that Allegra shall not marry an English-

man. The Irish and Scotch make better husbands than we do. You will think it was an odd fancy; but I was not in the best of humors with my countrymen at that moment.—I am told that Ada is a little terriblant; I hope not. Perhaps I am wrong in letting lady Byron have entirely her own way in her education. I hear that my name is never mentioned in her presence, that a green curtain is always kept over my portrait, as something forbidden, and that she is not to know that she has a father till she comes of age. Of course she will be taught to hate me—she will be brought up to it. Lady Byron is conscious of all this, and is afraid that I shall some day carry off her daughter by stealth or force. I might claim her from the chancellor, without having recourse to either one or the other; but I had [would] rather be unhappy myself than make her mother so. Probably I shall never see her again! Here he opened his writing-desk, and showed me some hair, which he told me was his child's. During our drive and ride this evening, he declined our usual amusement of pistol-firing, without assigning a cause. He hardly spoke a word during the first half-hour, and it was evident that something weighed heavily on his mind. There was a sacredness in his melancholy that I dared not interrupt. At length he said, 'This is Ada's birth-day, and might have been the happiest day of my life. As it is'—He stopped, seemingly ashamed of having betrayed his feelings. He tried in vain to rally his spirits by turning the conversation; but he created a laugh in which he could not join, and soon relapsed into his former reverie. It lasted till we came within a mile of the Argyre gate. There our silence was all at once interrupted by shrieks that seemed to proceed from a cottage by the side of the road. We pulled up our horses, to inquire of a *contadino* standing at the little garden-wicket. He told us that a widow had just lost her only child, and that the sounds proceeded from the wailings of some women over the corpse. Lord Byron was much affected; and his superstition, acted upon by a sadness that seemed to be presentiment, led him to augur some disaster.

He pretended that women were fated to be his bane; but, if his happiness was seemingly diminished by his acquaintance with the sex, the mischief may rather be imputed to his own per-

verseness of temper than to the conduct of either his wife or any of his foreign favorites. The lady whom he most particularly admired, and who had the greatest influence over him, was the young countess Guiccioli. An interesting portrait is drawn of her by Mr. Medwin.—'Unlike most of the Italian women, her complexion is delicately fair. Her eyes, large, dark, and languishing, are shaded by the longest eyelashes in the world; and her hair, which is ungathered on her head, plays over her falling shoulders in a profusion of natural ringlets of the darkest auburn. Her figure is, perhaps, too much *embonpoint* for her height, but her bust is perfect; her features want little of possessing a Grecian regularity of outline; and she has the most beautiful mouth and teeth imaginable. It is impossible to see without admiring—to hear the Guiccioli speak without being fascinated. Her amiability and gentleness show themselves in every intonation of her voice, which, and the music of her perfect Italian, give a peculiar charm to every thing she utters. Grace and elegance seem component parts of her nature. Notwithstanding that she adores lord Byron, it is evident that the exile and poverty of her aged father sometimes afflict her spirits, and throw a shade of melancholy on her countenance, which adds to the deep interest this lovely girl creates.

'Extraordinary pains,' said lord Byron one day, 'were taken with the education of Teresa. Her conversation is lively, without being frivolous: without being learned, she has read all the best authors of her own and the French language. She often conceals what she knows, from the fear of being thought to know too much; possibly because she knows I am not fond of blues. To use an expression of Jeffrey's, 'If she has blue stockings, she contrives that her petticoat shall hide them.'

While he illiberally boasted of his contempt for the understandings of women, he admired the abilities of madame de Staël, but not without reserve. He said, that she 'had great talent in conversation, and an overpowering flow of words. It was once said of a large party that were all trying to shine, "There is not one who can go home and think." This was not the case with her. She was often troublesome, some thought rude, in her questions; but she never offended

me, because I knew that her inquisitiveness did not proceed from idle curiosity, but from a wish to sound people's characters. She was a continual interrogatory to me, in order to fathom mine, which requires a long plumb line. She once asked me if my real character was well drawn in a favourite novel of the day (Glenarvon). She was only singular in putting the question in the dry way she did. There are many who pin their faith on that insincere production.

'No woman had so much *bonne foi* as madame de Staël: hers was a real kindness of heart. She took the greatest possible interest in my quarrel with lady Byron, or rather lady Byron's with me, and had some influence over my wife,—as much as any person but her mother, which is not saying much. I believe she did her utmost to bring about a reconciliation between us. She was the best creature in the world.

'Women never see consequences—never look at things straight forward, or as they ought. Like figurantes at the Opera, they make a hundred *pirouettes*, and return to where they set out. With madame de Staël this was sometimes the case. She was very indefinite and vague in her manner of expression. In endeavouring to be new she became often obscure, and sometimes unintelligible. What did she mean by saying, that 'Napoleon was a system, and not a man?'

'She was always aiming to be brilliant—to produce a sensation, no matter how, when, or where. She wanted to make all her ideas, like figures in the modern French school of painting, prominent and showy,—standing out of the canvas, each in a light of its own. She was vain: but who had an excuse for vanity if she had not? I can easily conceive her not wishing to change her name or acknowledge that of Rocca. I liked Rocca: he was a gentleman and a clever man; no man said better things, or with a better grace.'

He distributed *praise* and *censure* among his literary countrymen, regardless of the manner in which his opinions might be received. He knew that the former would in some cases expose him to the suspicion of partiality, and the latter to the charge of illiberality or of malignity: but he consulted only his own feelings and judgement. He was particularly fond of ridiculing the earl of Carlisle. 'I have received,' said he,

'from my sister, a lock of Napoleon's hair. It is a valuable present; but, according to my lord Carlisle, I ought not to accept it. I observe, in the newspapers of the day, some lines by his lordship, advising lady Holland not to have any thing to do with the snuff-box left her by Napoleon, for fear that horror and murder should jump out of the lid every time it is opened! It is a most ingenious idea—I give him great credit for it.'

'He then read me the first stanza, laughing in his usual suppressed way,—

Lady, reject the gift, &c.

and produced in a few minutes the following parody on it:

Lady, accept the box a hero wore,  
In spite of all this elegiac stuff;  
Let not seven stanzas, written by a bore,  
Prevent your ladyship from taking snuff!

'When will my wise relation leave off verse-inditing?' said he: 'I believe, of all manias, authorship is the most inveterate. He might have learned by this time, indeed many years ago (but people never learn any thing by experience), that he had mistaken his *forte*. There was an epigram, which had some logic in it, composed on the occasion of his lordship's doing two things in one day,—subscribing 1000*l.* and publishing a sixpenny pamphlet! It was on the state of the theatre, and dear enough at the money. The epigram I think I can remember:

Carlisle subscribes a thousand pound  
Out of his rich domains;  
And for a sixpence circles round  
The produce of his brains.  
'Tis thus the difference you may hit  
Between his fortune and his wit.'

He had a high opinion of the talents of Lewis, but observed that he was not, upon the whole, a very successful writer. 'His romance of the Monk was abused furiously by Matthias, in the Pursuits of Literature, and he was forced to suppress it. Abellino he merely translated. Pizarro was a sore subject with him, and no wonder that he winced at the name. Sheridan, who was not very scrupulous about applying to himself *literary* property at least\*, manufactured his play without so much as an acknowledgement, pecuniary or otherwise, from Lewis's ideas; and had as Pizarro is, I know

\* Or any other property. EDIT.

that it brought in more money than any other play has ever done. Lewis was even worse treated about the *Castle Spectre*, which had also a prodigious success. Sheridan never gave him any of its profits either. One day Lewis, being in company with him, said, 'I will make you a large bet.' Sheridan, who was always ready to make a wager, (however he might find it inconvenient to pay it if lost), asked, eagerly, what bet? 'All the profits of my *Castle Spectre*,' replied Lewis. 'I will tell you what,' said Sheridan (who never found his match at repartee), 'I will make you a very small one,—what it is worth.'

I asked him if he had known Sheridan? 'Yes,' said he, 'Sheridan was an extraordinary compound of contradictions, and Moore will be much puzzled in reconciling them for the *Life* he is writing. The upper part of Sheridan's face was that of a God—a forehead most expansive, an eye of peculiar brilliancy and fire; but below he showed the satyr.'

'The Fudge Family,' he said, 'pleases me as much as any of Moore's works. The letter which he versified at the end was given him by Douglas Kinnaird and myself, and was addressed by the Life-guardsmen, after the battle of Waterloo, to Big Ben. Moore is one of the few writers who will survive the age in which he so deservedly flourishes. He will live in his *Irish Melodies*; they will go down to posterity with the music; both will last as long as Ireland, or as music and poetry.'

'Hunt would have made a fine writer, for he has a great deal of fancy and feeling, if he had not been spoiled by circumstances. He was brought up at the Blue-coat foundation, and had never till lately been ten miles from St. Paul's. What poetry is to be expected from such a course of education? He has his school, however, and a host of disciples. A friend of mine calls his poem of *Rimini*, *Nimini Pimini*; and *Foliage*, *Follyage*. Perhaps he had a tumble in climbing trees in the *Hesperides*! But *Rimini* has a great deal of merit.'

'It is satisfactory to reflect, that where a man becomes a hireling, and loses his mental independence, he loses also the faculty of writing well. The *Lyrical Ballads*, jacobinical and puling with affectation of simplicity as they were, had undoubtedly a certain merit:

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and Wordsworth, though occasionally a writer for the nursery, may and then expressed ideas worth imitating; but he had his price, and, since he has turned tax-gatherer, is only fit to rhyme about lasses and waggoners.

'A man who means to be a poet should do, and should have done, all his life, nothing else but make verses. There's Shelley has more poetry in him than any man living; and if he were not so mystical, and would not write *Utopias* and set himself up as a reformer, his right to rank as a poet, and very highly too, could not fail of being acknowledged. The works he wrote at seventeen are much more extraordinary than Chatterton's at the same age. In consequence of the shameful personality of the *Quarterly Review*, every one abuses Shelley—his name is coupled with every thing that is opprobrious: but he is one of the most moral as well as amiable men I know. I have now been intimate with him for years, and every year has added to my regard for him.'

'Like Gray, Campbell smells too much of the oil; he is never satisfied with what he does; his finest things have been spoiled by over-polish—the sharpness of the outline is worn off. Like paintings, poems may be too highly finished. The great art is effect, no matter how produced.'

'I was very much amused with Coleridge's *Memoirs*. There is a great deal of *bonhomie* in that book, and he does not spare himself. Nothing, to me at least, is so entertaining as a work of this kind—as private biography: *Hamilton's Memoirs*, for instance, that were the origin of the style of *Voltaire*. *Madame de Staël* used to say, that *De Grammont* was a book containing, with less matter, more interest than any she knew. *Alfieri's Life* is delightful. You will see my confessions in good time, and you will wonder at two things—that I should have had so much to confess, and that I should have confessed so much. Coleridge, too, seems sensible enough of his own errors. His sonnet to the moon is an admirable burlesque on the *Lachrymæ*, and his own style. Some of his stories are told with a vast deal of humour, and display a fund of good temper that all his disappointments could not sour.

'Coleridge is like *Nosia* in *Amphitryon*;—he does not know whether he is himself, or not. If he had never gone

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to Germany, nor spoiled his fine genius by the transcendental philosophy and German metaphysics, nor taken to write lay sermons, he would have made the greatest poet of the day. What poets had we in 1795? Hayley had a monopoly, such as it was. Coleridge might have been any thing: as it is, he is a thing 'that dreams are made of.'

'I have been much taken to task for calling *Christabel* a wild and singularly original and beautiful poem; and the reviewers very sagely come to a conclusion, therefrom, that I am no judge of the compositions of others. *Christabel* was the original of all Scott's metrical tales, and that is no small merit. It was written in 1795, and had a pretty general circulation in the literary world, though it was not published until 1816, and then, probably, in consequence of my advice. One day, when I was with sir Walter Scott (now many years ago), he repeated the whole of *Christabel*, and I then agreed with him in thinking this poem what I afterwards called it.

Mr. Medwin having asked, 'Is there one line of the *Pleasures of Memory* that has not been altered and re-altered till it would be difficult to detect in the patchwork any thing like the texture of the original stuff?'—'Well,' said Byron, 'if there is not a line or a word that has not been canvassed, and made the subject of separate epistolary discussion, what does that prove but the general merit of the whole piece? And the correspondence will be valuable by and by, and save the commentators a vast deal of labor and waste of ingenuity. People do wisest who take care of their fame when they have got it. That's the rock I have split on. It has been said that Rogers has been puffed into notice by his dinners and lady Holland. Though he gives very good ones, and female *Mæcenases* are no bad things now-a-days, it is by no means true. Rogers has been a spoiled child; no wonder that he is a little vain and jealous. And yet he deals praise very liberally sometimes; for he wrote to a little friend of mine, on the occasion of his late publication, 'that he was born with a rose-bud in his mouth; and a nightingale-singing in his ear'—two very prettily-turned orientalisms. Before my wife and the world quarreled with me, and brought me into disrepute with the public, Rogers had composed some very pretty commendatory verses on me; but they were kept

darked up for many long years, under hope that I might reform and get into favor with the world again; and that the said lines might find a place in 'human life.' But after a great deal of oscillation, and many a sigh at their hard destiny, their still-born fate, they were hermetically sealed, and adieu to my immortality!

'Rogers is the only man I know who can write epigrams, and sharp bone-cutters too, in two lines; for instance, that on a member of parliament (now a peer) who had reviewed his book, and said he wrote very well for a banker—

'They say he has no heart, and I deny it;  
He has a heart—and gets his speeches by it.'

'Hobhouse's *Dissertation on Italian Literature* is much superior to his notes on *Childe Harold*. Perhaps he understood the antiquities better than Nibbi, or any of the cicerones; but the knowledge is somewhat misplaced where it is. Shelley went to the opposite extreme, and never made any notes. Hobhouse has an excellent heart: he fainted when he heard a false report of my death in Greece, and was wonderfully affected at that of Matthews—a much more able man than the *Invalid*. You have often heard me speak of him. The tribute I paid to his memory was a very inadequate one, and ill expressed what I felt at his loss.

'I never travel without Scott's novels; they are a perfect library in themselves—a perfect literary treasure. I could read them once a year with new pleasure. He as much as owned himself the author of *Waverley* to me at Murray's shop. I was talking to him about that novel, and lamenting that its author had not carried back the story nearer to the time of the revolution. Scott, entirely off his guard, said, 'Ay, I ought to have done so, but'—there he stopped. It was in vain to attempt to correct himself; he looked confused, and relieved his embarrassment by a precipitate retreat. --- He spoiled the fame of his poetry by his superior prose. He has such extent and versatility of powers in writing, that, should his novels ever tire the public, which is not likely, he will apply himself to some thing else, and succeed as well. His mottoes from old plays prove that he, at all events, possesses the dramatic faculty which is denied to me.

'When Walter Scott began to write

poetry, which was not at a very early age, Monk Lewis corrected his verses; he understood little then of the mechanical part of his art. The Fire-King in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border was almost all Lewis's. One of the ballads in that work, and (except some of Leyden's) perhaps one of the best, was made from a story picked up in a stage-coach;—I mean that of Will Jones:

'They boil'd Will Jones within the pot,  
And not much fat had Will.'

I hope Scott did not write the review of Christabel, for he, in common with many of us, is indebted to Coleridge. But for him perhaps the Lay of the Last Minstrel would never have been thought of.—Of all the writers of the day, Scott is the least jealous. He is too confident of his own fame to dread the rivalry of others. He does not think of good writing as the Tuscans do about fever, that there is only a certain quantity of it in the world.

We do not concur in all the opinions or remarks of the deceased bard, nor are we certain that all are faithfully reported. We must make a considerable allowance for errors and inadvertencies, and for that haste and carelessness which we are more disposed to impute to a military man than to the patient and plodding Boswell.

#### MARRIAGE AND COURTSHIP.

To the Editor of the *Lady's Magazine*.

SIR—Being absent, I did not immediately see the reply which a correspondent has made to the first part of my 'Remarks on Courtship.' It cannot be desired that a controversy should arise on the mere effusion of a moment's leisure: yet every one is unwilling that his ideas should be controverted, however hastily they may have been committed to writing. The observations of T. R. Y. are certainly offered with that *bien-séance* which would disarm severity; and, were this rule generally observed, it would remove the strongest objection to which polemical writings are now exposed.

I will follow the order adopted by your correspondent, and will intrude as little as possible on your columns. He says that 'Every day's experience teaches, that the temper, disposition, and habits of any person may be satisfactorily known in the course of a compara-

tively slight acquaintance.' What! is there no chicanery, or no deep veiling of the soul in the ordinary affairs of life? and will not these very probably be most frequent in matrimonial speculations? I will venture to affirm that a *safe* knowledge of these particulars will never be attained, unless the persons be seen in their own families; for, when they are among strangers, a certain restraint is felt, which allows not such a display as is occasionally made under the paternal roof.

There is more difficulty in replying to an adversary when he is in part supported by truth. Thus the following remark requires some attention, because, as now worded, its appearance is very specious. 'Nor will courtship be found, when reciprocal esteem and friendship form its basis, to be a system of deception.' Now *Courtship* is not the word which ought to have been employed, because that is the act of one; and therefore in itself, or that from which it arises, there cannot be any reciprocity. In the next place, if we suppose this esteem to be mutual, is it therefore to be said that no concealment of personal frailties shall exist? in fact, to this there is a natural propensity, though perhaps not observed by the person by whom it is practised.

It is afterward said that courtship ought not to 'commence until a satisfactory knowledge of character and disposition be obtained.' But I would ask, is the writer so little conversant in the world of love, as not to know that on a first view a *penchant* may be felt which will draw into that frequent intercourse by the world at least called courtship? and surely, while this proceeds, it is the duty of a considerate man to scrutinize every part of the conduct and each peculiarity in the character of her with whom he would join till death shall command a separation. Again, he would seem to assert that in *public life* only the man should have the superiority. I suppose he considers it a matter of no importance to whom his house is open; in what manner his family *ménage* is conducted, or how his children are treated; yet these and other circumstances are intimately connected with matrimonial happiness. I will not intrude myself on the notice of those who may perhaps be interested in the abstract consideration of the effects of courtship; but must beg leave to inform T. R. Y. that, after having paid marked attentions to any

female, I have not been repulsed, and, though still a 'bachelor of some years' standing,' it does not arise from the causes he has charitably supposed. Still less would I interfere between him and his lady (by the way, for introducing her thus publicly, his delicacy can scarcely be commended); but the following remark is rather curious. 'I experienced no desire of superiority either on my side or that of my lady, nor have I since.' On his connubial felicity I offer him my sincere congratulations, but cannot do otherwise than marvel at a peace of twelve years' duration: perhaps, however, he acts in accordance with the direction of the 'Wife of Bath.'

—'Since in man right reason bears the sway,  
Let that weak creature, woman, have her way.'

On the comparative happiness of the married and unmarried states, I venture not to decide: *chacun a son goût*. Still in my own quiet though 'desolate' parlour, I can find pleasures for which I might vainly pant, were it mine to feel a necessity for consulting the will, perhaps the caprice of a fair co-partner. Besides, as far as I am concerned, the

day is now past. Those who marry should do so early, before habits be formed which can scarcely admit any change; however urgent the necessity or however obligatory the duty; for unquestionably those who may say with Shylock,

'An oath, an oath—I have an oath in heaven, are bound by every tie of morality and religion diligently to consult the comfort of those whom they have willingly sworn to cherish. I may here observe, that T. R. Y. lacketh not a comfortable self-esteem, when he recommends himself as an example for my imitation. Nevertheless, I hold not myself in absolute safety; for instances of folly are not of very rare occurrence; and, as others have fallen into the snare, so may I. Enfeebled by the progress of age, I may at last make earnest courtship to my buxom housekeeper, hoping in her to find sweet solace to my multiplying cares, and an affectionate though perhaps interested nurse to my increasing infirmities. If such should be my fate, may I experience the bliss of T. R. Y.

T. O.

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SONG.

TAKE back, take back these gifts and gold;

I crave no riches now:  
They will not heal a broken heart,  
Nor smooth a care-worn brow.

There was a time when for *her* sake  
I valued pomp and show:  
But now yon bright and glist'ning gems  
But mock my inward woe.

Oh! false yet most beloved one,  
How mem'ry clings to thee,  
And brings me back thy very tones,  
Sweet as they used to be;

Bright blushes mantled on thy cheek;  
Soft waved thy chestnut hair;  
How could I deem there lurk'd deceit  
Beneath a form so fair?

MRS. H—

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SONG.

WILT thou come with me, my love,  
Far o'er the sea,  
To some lone but happy isle,  
A home for the free?

There all they that would harm thee  
Will be far away,  
And thou through the green groves  
May'st wander all day.

Oh! the choicest of flowers  
That bloom in that isle  
Will I cull for thee, Mary,  
To win one sweet smile;

And when the silver crescent  
Is beaming on high,  
How sweet to tell a love-tale,  
And hear thy soft sigh!

MRS. H——.

THE LIKENESS.

Oh! let me soar on fancy's wing,  
And all the wealth together bring  
Of heaven and earth, and sea and air,  
To form another like my fair.  
A model carved from Parian stone  
The loveliest symmetry must own;  
When o'er the east sweet blushes streak,  
I'll steal from them to tinge her cheek;  
And Cynthia's purest beams that flow  
Shall give the polish to her brow.  
The sea's deep coral bed I'll strip,  
And mould the beauty of her lip;  
And then, the light-blue wave beneath,  
I'll seek rare pearls to range as teeth.  
I'll whisper to a mermaid there,  
To let me have her valued hair;  
And, when the siren doth rejoice,  
I'll catch the music of her voice.  
The perfumed breeze that lingereth  
In citron groves shall be her breath,  
And Indian-diamond beams shall fly,  
To impart the witch'ry to her eye.  
To throw round this a tender hue,  
I'll beg from Heaven cerulean blue:  
These charms a new soul will prepare,  
And form the likeness of my fair.

E. B.

PROPER DEPENDENCE,

*by Eleanor Dickinson.*

I DREAM'D of friendship, but 'tis gone:  
In vain each waking nerve I strain,  
The fleeting vision to retain:  
Its fragile form is wing'd, has flown.

Thus, some lone traveller's dreary way  
The moon's mild lustre faintly cheers;  
He views the soft reflected ray,  
But, while he views, it disappears.

Yon cloud, dark rolling, veil'd its form,  
Nor left one ling'ring beam behind  
To light him from the impending storm,  
Or cheer him 'mid the wintry wind.

What path shall now his steps pursue?  
Around him ruin darkly lowers,  
No friendly star to guide his view  
To safer walks, or shelt'ring bowers.

Weak mortal! let Heav'n be thy guide;  
On its unfading light depend;  
In its Almighty King confide,  
Who ever is the mourner's friend.

He will direct thy wand'ring steps  
To paths of safety and repose;  
His power the unfriended arm protects,  
His presence heals the suff'rer's woe.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN,

*from Mr. Bounden's Poem of the Deserted City.*

HERE all was intellectual—glowing—bright!  
No winter of the soul—no dearth—no night!  
Earth had no wisdom that was stranger here—  
In art no rival—and in joy no peer.  
The land's ethereal part; in sanguine hour,  
Here came each fiery soul, and rose to power;  
Till science soaring reach'd her highest aim,  
And pour'd o'er all the world a mental flame.  
The country seem'd but made to yield the best  
Of art and nature to adorn her crest;  
The willing slave to spread her ample board,  
With all the field, the garden, could afford.  
Howe'er the peasant lov'd his sunny scene,  
Boasted his cloudless skies and verdant green,  
Once cherish'd here, he slighted or forgot  
The listless quiet of the lowly cot,  
And found his soul in spell of magic bound,  
By more intense delights that spread around.  
For him the silent glen had charms no more;  
He came to wonder—tarry'd to adore!  
Where life was sameness—here 'twas ever new,  
With fresh excitement op'ning on his view—  
There lack of thought had dimm'd his vacant hours,  
While here his soul had scope for all her powers.

\* Yes, beauty o'er the rural prospect reigns,  
Clothes the fair fields, and brightens all the plains.  
'Tis joy to breathe the pure and fragrant air,  
And see the sun revel in glory there;  
To view the clouds in fairy form and hue,  
And the fields glitt'ring in a sea of dew;  
To see the yellow morn' its wings unfold,  
And ev'ning set in crimson and in gold;  
To tread the silent dell in pensive mood,  
And stray by moonlight through the thoughtful wood;

To be in solitude, but scarce alone;  
 Circled by forms that still are fancy's own;  
 To climb the mountain wild; and see below  
 The landscape stretching in the sunny glow,  
 Till, fading in the horizon's misty blue,  
 It seems to melt in clouds, and flies from view;  
 To hear the distant hum—the murmur'ing stream,  
 And wander lost in many a joyous dream:  
 These are high pleasures, and who feels them not,  
 Who views creation as a blank, or blot,  
 Must own a soul of cold and midnight form,  
 That thought can never thrill, nor feeling warm.  
 But still these beauties pall upon the sense;  
 The sated mind asks something more intense;  
 Some more ethereal, intellectual scope,  
 To rouse the fancy, and inspire with hope;  
 To wake—to fire—to agitate the soul,  
 Until she burn and revel past control,  
 Sweeping her own-created empire round,  
 That owns no law, acknowledges no bound,  
 But, unsubstantial as herself, displays  
 Unearthly scenes in fancy's brightest blaze!  
 And hence she flies, where kindred minds inspire,  
 And still in cities lights up all her fire\*.

## MARY AND THE ZEPHYR,

*Song, from the Gaelic, by Donald Macpherson, formerly a Highland Shepherd.*

O why do those heath-bells, so fresh and so blooming,  
 Give fragrance that heath-bells could ne'er give before?  
 A wanton young Zephyr, while lately a-roaming,  
 Found Mary asleep in a green shady bower:  
 He gently stole nigh,—the pilferer sly!—  
 And loaded his wings with the balm of her breath,  
 And as he flew by, in a whispering sigh,  
 He scatter'd the fragrance on yon blooming heath.

O why does the rose-bud that grows on yon thorn  
 Outrival in beauty, resplendence of dye,  
 The brightest and fairest effulgence of morn,  
 That spreads like a mantle of light on the sky?  
 A Zephyr that left the fair bosom of spring,  
 Where zephyrs their dewy ambrosia sip,  
 Found Mary asleep, as he flew on light wing,  
 And he gave to yon rose what he stole from her lip.

O why does the daisy that smiles through the dew,  
 As it rears its meek head in the valley below,  
 All flowers excelling, seem fairer to view,  
 Than the brow of yon mountain when cover'd with snow?  
 A Zephyr of summer stole into the breast  
 Of Mary, as through the green valley he flew,  
 And the hue of her bosom the vagrant impress'd  
 On yon daisy that smiles through the sparkling dew.

\* This contrast is too strongly drawn in favor of the town, although the author may vindicate his decision by the authority of Dr. Johnson.—EDIT.

## A SISTER'S AFFECTION.

LAURA NUGENT, at the age of eighteen, was so lovely, so accomplished, so sweet in temper, and gentle in manners, yet so gifted with all the higher powers of mind, and imagination, that she was the delight and the pride of her parents, the joy and admiration of her friends: many young eyes gazed on her with rapture, and many fond hearts throbbed at her approach.

Laura Nugent, at three and twenty years of age, was pale and thin. The fine contour of her graceful form had half lost its wavy lines, the pearly white of her complexion had received a bilious tint, and the roses on her cheek fluctuated between the blush of fever and the pallid hue of sickness. Her eyes were downcast, or, when uplifted, were filled either with wild wandering glances, or the dull expression of an absent mind. The vivacity of her youth, and the consciousness of talent and beauty, were withdrawn, and that better sense of power to render parents and friends happy had vanished also. Laura, once the charm of all eyes, the beloved of all hearts, was content to be thrown on the tenderness and compassion of those around, as a half-lost, bewildered, suffering being, in whom all energy was suspended, all exertion subdued, who was weak without sickness, imbecile without insanity, who loathed life, shunned its duties, and despised its occupations and enjoyments.

It will be evident to all our readers that love alone, misplaced unhappy love, could have produced this utter prostration of intellect, this morbid self-preying desolation of spirit. Every young and generous heart will sympathise with the acuteness of that sensibility which spread such a cloud over the morning of life in one so blest with all other means of happiness. Every parent will feel for the father, who had educated this his first-born child with so much care, and indulged in so many dreams of fond ambition for her, and conceive the pangs of her mother's heart, on witnessing sorrows she could not relieve, disease she could not cure, in one who was beloved with boundless tenderness.

It is true that Laura was not the only child of her parents: but she had been so for five years, and during that period her single claims and her infa-

ting grace had established her dominion. Mrs. Nugent subsequently became the mother of three girls and a boy, all of whom enjoyed from both parents the tenderness and care to which they were entitled; yet Laura held a distinguished and separate interest in their hearts. In early life a few years make a wide distinction. Laura was now a beautiful young woman, to whom the little sisters looked up as a superior being: there was no rivalry in their situations, and, when they were sent to school, it did not occur to them that Laura had always been left at home. Home was then to her a seat of quiet empire, where the homage of many hearts awaited her, and all those high intellectual pleasures she was so calculated to enjoy attended her will. Mr. Nugent was now a country gentleman, but he had studied for the bar, possessed great literary information, a refined taste in the fine arts, and some knowledge of music. His society was consequently courted by men of similar taste and acquirements, and his hospitable table was the general rendezvous of talent, when united to virtuous conduct and gentlemanly manners. He was indeed too hospitable for his fortune, too refined and elegantly occupied for the cares which belonged to him as a father, whose increasing family demanded attention to domestic and pecuniary concerns. Yet there was nothing to complain of in his conduct, since his excellent wife supplied all wants, and to see him and Laura happy sufficed to make her happy also.

Such was the state of the family when young Mayburton, the son of a neighbouring gentleman, returned from the university, and first became sensible that the charms he had admired as a boy were aided by qualities that fixed his affections as a man. His father was at this time very ill, and the attentions, his duty and inclinations accorded allowed him little leisure for visiting; but, when the old gentleman died, the deep affliction of his son would have found its best consolation under the roof of Mr. Nugent, where his great merit, not less than the noble independence he had obtained, would have rendered him a welcome guest, and answered him the good wishes of the parents. But, alas! in this interval, Laura had sung and walked and talked away her heart. She had found, in a handsome and specious stranger, the kind of being to which

her vivid imagination had attached every kind of excellence most dear to young and romantic minds, and, without being sensible of the extent of her own feelings, had yet an aversion to every thing bordering upon love from any other man. At this period the mourning son and timid lover spoke not of it; but another vacation followed, when he became more explicit, because he was still more attached. Laura, disregarding her father's wish, rejected the youth's offer with such gentle firmness, that there was little hope she would revoke her sentence. The lover was at this time too young for absolute despair.

Circumstances brought back the endeared intelligent companion; and, as the connexion was highly desirable, and Mr. Nugent had begun to discover the state of his daughter's affections, it may be concluded that both received his visits with pleasure. He was an inhabitant of the metropolis, and added, to the general information of a well-read man, that knowledge of the *belles-lettres* and of the progress of arts, and that personal intimacy with distinguished characters, by which conversation is rendered uncommonly interesting. He had also much talent for poetical composition, in which Laura had evinced taste and even genius, so that a tie of no ordinary influence subsisted between them; for similar ideas and opinions have an attraction not less magnetic than personal admiration. Before this evidently-favored lover all others fled, and proportioned to the violence of the passion felt by each was the celerity of desertion. Laura had awakened love too intense, for her decision to be witnessed with the coolness of philosophy. The absence of such intruders gave great joy to Laura; for Egerton filled all her thoughts, animated all her pursuits, gave a zest to the most trivial occupation. She was sensible that she loved, but she felt that the flame was unreprieved,—she was proud of the distinctions of one so meritorious, so congenial to her fastidious ideas and high-raised expectations. Her imagination being indulged to excess, her sensibility untamed by real sorrow, and accustomed to exhaust itself on the visions of poetic soarings, it is no wonder that her whole soul was absorbed by that sweet delusive dream which taught her to repose unbounded confidence in one whose heart and mind seemed to be so much en-

twin'd with her own, that the motions of one must be necessarily those of the other.

'Tis true,' Laura would say to herself, 'Egerton speaks not of love; but oh! how much more effectually does he plead his own cause than by such a vulgar medium!—Surely never did the minds of two human beings so coalesce as ours. How delicately has he explained his circumstances, how sweetly has he painted our future home, and so characterised his estimable relatives, as to make them dear to my heart! Heaven grant that I may be worthy of the exalted lot, the more than human happiness, of being the chosen of a mind like his!'

Yet when these interviews were frequently renewed, and no language except that of sighs announced the wishes of the lover, some shade of anxiety would arise even in Laura's mind. She thought he was unhappy, and she sought his confidence: she felt her right to be trusted; and her delicacy and her pride were alarmed. What was her astonishment—her distress—the inconceivable tumult of her emotions, when the long-supposed lover accounted for his pretended despondency, by saying, that he was about to depart for the continent, that the time of his stay was indefinite;—perhaps he should go to Greece,—that dear and glorious land toward which every heart beat high. 'Would you not advise me to go thither, my dear Laura? will you not in idea follow thither your banished Petrarch, and rove with him through those majestic ruins, hallowed alike by warriors and bards?'

Laura replied not; for her parched tongue, her throbbing heart, forbade the power. The heartless coxcomb doubtless suffered in seeing the situation of his victim, and therefore he fled at once to escape his own reproaches and those which he must read in her appearance. The sensibility of Laura had ever been so acute, that barely to have parted from him accounted at first for the pale wild looks she wore; but when, from her effort to speak, violent hysterics and faintings ensued, the alarmed father became certain that something uncommonly affecting had occurred. By degrees, all was revealed, and the sad truth came out, that Egerton, with all the ardent enthusiasm which seemed to be his characteristic, with all the apparent sensibility of a soul imbued with



passion for so artless and lovely an object, had never so committed himself as to be amenable to any rule of honor, or any positive law. Of a multiplicity of letters, breathing the language of adoration for nearly three years, not one had spoken of marriage: all were calculated to nurse the tender attachment of the heart, the profound admiration of the mind, but not one descended from the flights of imagination to the sober prospects of life. In the eye of the father, they bespoke the writer a villain—in those of the tenderly-infatuated daughter, they renewed the spell that destroyed her peace.

The anger Mr. Nugent felt not only toward Egerton (who was now far removed from expostulation or remonstrance), but even toward himself, was a serious injury to Laura, as it induced him to indulge her in that dreadful despondence into which her spirits unresistingly sunk. Conceiving that her unbounded affliction had been in some measure caused by his own error in suffering the affair to continue so long without his interference, he endeavoured to soothe her mind by complying with her wishes; and her mother, alarmed by the bewildered air, the settled dejection and utter self-abandonment which she betrayed, was equally indulgent. In consequence of this ill-judged tenderness, the once powerful mind, which required rousing to action, sunk into utter helplessness, and that imagination which had lately strewed the path of life with flowers, now served only to increase its thorns. Laura nursed the memory of departed pleasures into an actual source of anguish, until her lacerated heart, bleeding from one fatal wound, became insensible to all good, unconscious of all duty, and as selfish in sorrow as it had been generous and amiable in joy. She adopted the fatal idea of having a right to grieve to excess, so long as she obtruded not her sorrows on another; and, holding her own apartment sacred, she would seldom leave it. Balls were now abjured by her, music was abandoned, the flowers she had nurtured died on the stem unheeded, and the linnet she had fed, was consigned to a servant. Time seemed to confirm her despair: and such was the deep sense of sorrow which fell on the parents through the affliction of their eldest child, that they delayed the return of Ellen, their second daughter, from

school, till she had entered her nineteenth summer. Ellen was inferior to her sister in the graces of mind and person; yet she was not deficient in beauty or in good sense, was equal to her in suavity of disposition, and had acquired a more general knowledge of life. Nothing could exceed the surprise and mortification which she experienced on witnessing the dismal state of her father's house, except the sincere pity she felt for that sister, whom she had depicted to herself as her pride and her example: but she exerted all her vivacity to enliven the family; and by degrees the gloom which had overshadowed the domestic circle was somewhat lightened by the sprightliness and kind activity which, it soon became evident, formed the moving principle of this amiable girl. 'I cannot play to you, dear papa, as Laura did,' she would say,—'but do listen to me and instruct me. Mama, I have painted you some new hand-screens; I will get Laura to give them the finishing touch; she will not refuse me, for I have already prevailed on her to cut out some caps for old Sally Brown.' But poor Ellen could seldom prevail on the lovely melancholy sister to creep from her hiding-place, and mingle in the common occupations of life, except for the purpose of a long rambling walk, when it was evident that her mind recalled objects which still delighted her eye, although they brought poignant grief too often to her heart. That heart, which was once so warm and affectionate, showed however little affection toward her kind companion, until she discovered that the gay Ellen became 'a little serious,' and learned that of late Alfred Mayburton had been 'a little particular' in his attentions.

Alfred was the younger brother of that amiable man who had loved Laura some years before, and might be thought to love her yet, since, although he was decidedly considered as a 'marrying man' by all who knew him, he had made no other choice; and from his constant attentions to the family it might be inferred, that his heart still lingered round the spot where it first loved and suffered. He had in the interim gained "golden opinions from all men," from the manner in which he had fulfilled the duties of life, as a brother and a master, and had lately settled Alfred as a partner in a large mercantile concern, by making a considerable addi-

tion to his paternal fortune. The attachment manifested by this brother for Ellen Nugent was very pleasing to him, and in a very short time that attachment was declared in the most honorable manner. Ellen was happier (if less gay) than ever, and the long-sorrowing parents endeavoured to be happy also. Laura retained her apathy: so far as she regarded the affair at all, it excited only a kind of quiet contempt for an attachment so common-place, so distinct from those higher emotions which had once ruled her own destiny. After a time, she observed that Ellen was in distress, although she bore it without complaint, and she then kindly insisted that she should share *her* apartment: she would sometimes even lay her hand on the instrument for Ellen's amusement, or accompany her into the garden or the drawing-room. These concessions awakened the tenderest gratitude in Ellen; but, the moment her spirits were restored, they ceased—the long-wasted heart afforded only a short power of exertion, even when called on by the most exciting motives.

One evening, when Ellen entered her room very late, she was evidently overwhelmed in sorrow too impetuous for restraint. Laura, awakened beyond all former emotion, eagerly clasped her arms around her, and inquired what was the matter. 'He is gone'—cried Ellen, sobbing—'quite gone.'

'But not far, dear Ellen?'

'Oh! yes, gone abroad—gone on the wide seas. I shall see him no more!'

Ellen did not at this moment know what she said, for she was in the first transports of sorrow; but, as she became calmer, tears of gratitude and the purest sisterly affection filled her eyes, from perceiving the extent of Laura's kindness towards her, and conceiving (probably for the first time) the extent of that affliction which had blunted the affections of a heart, naturally so warm in the ties of friendship and consanguinity. A thought sprang in her mind which promised her the power of benefiting this beloved sufferer, and she resolved to pursue it.

The sisters alike on this memorable night wept themselves to sleep; but, when Ellen arose, she prepared to descend as usual, though evidently unwell. Laura endeavoured to dissuade her from attempting it. 'Stay with me, my poor fellow-sufferer,' said

she; 'I will ask you no questions; we will weep in *silence* together.' 'Aunt so will our dear parents, Laura—no, no, I must *exert* myself. I must not add to that burthen which has already bowed them down too much.' 'I think my father's hair is growing grey; surely it cannot be from witnessing my sorrows.' 'Unquestionably it is—but you, dear Laura, could not help it: your sensibility is more acute than mine; the stroke came on you more suddenly; you are much more to be pitied than I am. Last night my grief was impetuous. I now see my duty, and will attempt to perform it—but think not I therefore reproach you.' Ellen descended, and endeavoured to be cheerful; and in the course of the day Laura followed, being induced both by pity and curiosity to observe the conduct of Ellen. Many times she saw the tears spring into her eyes, but she never failed to twinkle them away. In the evening she offered to play a duet with Laura; she did not attempt to sing, and her sister was aware that her heart sustained itself only by a severe struggle. Esteem, respect, and a higher kind of affection, now inspired her, than she had ever felt for her before, and that which she felt she professed.

'Thank you, dear Laura,' said Ellen: 'I believe we shall understand each other better than we ever did; but let us not talk about either persons or things likely to awaken our feelings too acutely. If we cannot forget 'that such things were, which were most dear to us,' yet we may *conceal* our grief, and thereby save those who really love us from suffering. What efforts ought we not to make for our parents?'

Laura acknowledged this, but long habit made all exertion a task, and the limited power possessed by Ellen, though constantly acted upon, produced little effect. She was more ready to conclude that Ellen felt too *little* than that she herself felt too *much*; yet she consented to live more with her family, and highly pleased her father by sometimes inspecting his improvements, or taking an interest in a newspaper or review. This practice she had continued for several weeks, when the statement of Mr. Egerton's marriage met her eye, as having taken place some months before. The shock it gave proved that hope had never wholly forsaken her; but, when that shock had passed, she appeared to

way between the renewed sense of her right to be miserable, and the duty of exertion newly pointed out to her. Ellen saw the importance of the conjuncture.

'Do not, dear Laura (she said), ruin me by forsaking yourself! do not impose on me a task to which I am unequal—if you abandon yourself, I shall sink wholly: our parents will be involved in our suffering, and those innocent creatures, our sisters, will be as effectually lost as we have been. There is already a whisper abroad, that *something particular* attaches to us; and, if we should alike give up dress and company, and suffer our beauty and youth to fade in obscurity, depend upon it that will be confirmed. To tell you the truth, I think it is a happy thing that you are released from a tie which might be said to *cut*, though it did not *bind*: you are in the situation of a young widow, and ought to be sensible of your privileges.'

'You and I have different perceptions, and different characters, Ellen; you cannot read my heart, for you have not learned its language.'

'Not in all its idioms, I grant; but yet since I have certainly learned love's alphabet, I can make out many of love's characters. You have a refinement, a delicacy, a depth of feeling unknown to me, I grant; but have I not a portion of common sense that might be useful to you? That picture of our beloved mother, taken at her marriage; shows us a lovely object, and we gaze on it with pleasure; but is it to be compared in value with the now altered woman it represents, with all her excellent management, universal kindness, and active goodness?'

'I dare say you may be right, but I cannot argue; I can only feel, Ellen.'

'Then feel for me, feel for the parents who dote on you, and the sisters whom you used to love;—feel for yourself, my sweet Laura, for the waning virtues, for the fading charms, which all who know you lament so sincerely. Pardon me if I am warm. How can I see you self-sacrificed to a phantom which has no existence but in your brain? Egerton is not the thing you can or ought to love; you feed a flame on an idea.'

Laura was angry, but her subdued voice did not indicate it, and she knew not how it was, but she now found a degree of relief in this kind of colloquial warfare, and to obtain it often mingled

with the family. Winter passed, and in spring she remarked that Ellen was frequently out, that her bloom was more bright, and her countenance more gay, and in particular that she would frequently walk on the lawn for an hour with the brother of her late lover. She saw her actually blush one day when he entered, and bustle out of the room with him in a manner that seemed highly improper in one so wretched and lvelorn.

'Ellen, yours is a strange heart—it appears endowed with all the fickleness of man, even while it displays the tenderness of woman. Charles Mayburton may, I fear, gain an ascendancy over you, not less than Alfred once held,' said Laura.

'Then come down stairs instantly, and protect me from myself; yet I scarcely wish it; for he is very clever, very good, very well situated in life; and, if he would honor me by accepting me, why should I reject him?'

'Is it possible that you could be so mean as to accept him, dear Ellen?'

'Oh! yes, very possible: I would rather be Mrs. Mayburton than a duchess; and, since it is certain we shall all have very small fortunes, for such indulgent fathers as ours never save money, though I am not mercenary, I don't think the goods of fortune despicable appendages to an agreeable man. I have long had a sister's love for him, and I think a woman, when so young, may soon slide from that into a more tender affection.'

'But surely, child, you know that—'

'That he loved *you*, to be sure I do; it is for that reason I like him: he has touched my heart to its inmost core, by describing his sufferings and your beauty and sweetness; I like him for his constancy almost as much as I admire him for the spotless honor, the dignified simplicity, the various knowledge by which he is characterised.'

'But you would not desire your future husband to exercise constancy towards another?'

'Certainly not, but I trust your image is fading, and mine rising on his mind—he likes me for being like what you were, and if he should marry me, he will doubtless improve me, and bring me nearer to his own standard. In that cap and wrapper, you do not half so much resemble yourself, as I resemble you—every body says so. You may look in the glass and judge.'

Laura said, 'she had nothing to do

with glasses and looks; and for several days she did not leave her chamber; but when she did, it was observed that her lovely auburn locks were visible; and that she did not retire from the room when Mr. Mayburton entered. There was a certain intelligence in the looks of him and Ellen which annoyed her: she thought them both frivolous unworthy beings, yet she could not despise them: many times she determined to retire, but still remained; she even took part in a duet in which her evident superiority was consolatory, and the way in which Mayburton thanked her even touched her heart—it was the whispered tremulous praise of a lover, joined to the gratulation of a friend.

Every evening now brought Charles Mayburton, and the manner in which he was received by the family clearly indicated the terms on which he stood with Ellen, whose whispered intercourse with him proved always his power to make her heart gayer and her eyes brighter; yet every night thus passed tended only to confirm Laura in the belief that she was herself still the beloved of the expected bridegroom. Sighs reached her ears unsuspected by others, reminiscences of days long passed were brought before her; her old songs, her old portfolios, were more in requisition than poor Ellen's now were, and her opinions were regarded as decisive in all matters of argument. She was astonished at the blindness of Ellen, at her insensibility, and at length she felt it her duty to speak on the subject.

'Well, my dear,' answered the gay girl with great *sang froid*, 'have I not always said I was content to be second to you? To heal the wounds you have made, and be grateful that he will accept such a substitute, is all I can now do. It is true I don't think it quite fair that I should have to contend with your improved looks and amended manners; but don't be uneasy about me,—we shall do very well in time.'

Laura, however, became every day more uneasy; and between the bustle of preparing bridal clothes, and the necessity of entertaining Mr. Mayburton, who was continually at the house, and frequently wanted her opinion on subjects of literature, to which Ellen had little time to attend, her time and her mind were occupied. Her father, most thankful for the change, often engaged her in conversation on the subject of

Ellen's prospects, and heard her with delight point out the extraordinary merits of Mayburton; but, when he pressed her to accompany the family to his house (as a visit preliminary to the connexion), her refusal was positive.

'I would advise you to go now, my dear, for you must go by and by,' said Mr. Nugent.

'On that subject, and that only (she replied), I beseech you to exact no promise. I trust I shall never be the wayward creature I have been, and that, when our dear Ellen is gone, you will not therefore be left without a daughter worthy of the name—but in this request I must be indulged.'

One evening, soon after this conversation, on Mr. Mayburton's arrival, Ellen appeared unusually agitated from the moment when her eyes first met his: those of the gentleman by no means bore the same expression; they were turned mournfully, imploringly, on Laura, and she trembled beneath their influence. Years had passed since the same soft flutter had agitated her bosom, and the sensation alarmed her exceedingly, conscious that it went far beyond the pity which she had for many weeks cherished in her ideas of Mayburton. She rose in embarrassment, determined to retire, and never subject herself again to a trial she found too severe.

At this moment a carriage was heard, and the cheek of Ellen became pale, her respiration impeded. 'That poor girl has only too much feeling after all,' thought Laura, conceiving that this person must be the lawyer with the settlements; but in another moment the stranger proved to be Alfred Mayburton. He rushed into the room, and clasped Ellen in his arms, who received him with the warm and innocent fondness due to the affianced husband, whom painful but necessary absence had torn from his bride. The warm greetings and praises of all around him proved that his absence had arisen solely from this cause, and that he had acted well and proved fortunate.

Astonished, yet sensibly relieved from a long-pressing burthen, Laura stood aloof from the circle, when Alfred, breaking through it, approached her. 'My dear Miss Nugent, how do I rejoice to see you! and looking so charmingly, too!'

'Oh, yes, our dear Laura is all ours again,' cried Ellen; 'and both she and

you must forgive me for that deception by which I have so wrought on her tenderness as to restore her to us and to herself. I gave her to understand that you had forsaken me, yet imposed silence on myself as to all particulars, because I could not bring my tongue to blame you. Her sympathy and pity being roused to exertion, circumstances favored my design; she saw that I had some secret communication with Charles, for which she condemned me, and in this condemnation was led still farther out of herself, and taught to examine, and, as I hope, appreciate his worth. In short, we have played off a little drama upon our dear Laura with the best intentions, and the effects have gradually and happily justified us.'

'But not so far as I am concerned,' said Mr. Mayburton, 'since you have thereby brought me constantly into Laura's society, and have taught me to renew hopes and form wishes which this *dénouement* may crush for ever.'

Again his imploring eyes were fixed on the reviving beauty, who, although embarrassed, surprised, and a little angry, did not repel their entreaty, or fly from their adoration. In truth, at this moment, the remembrance of her own long and foolish self-surrender to deep sorrow, the trouble she had inflicted on her parents, the shade she had cast over her family, and the unceasing pains taken by Ellen to draw her out of 'the slough of despond,' all rushed upon her mind, and banished every other subject. She saw clearly how the idea had arisen in her sister's mind, how and wherefore it had been improved upon, and appreciated not less the motive than the pursuit, as one congenial with the tenderness of a warm ingenuous nature under the influence of love, yet not so absorbed by it as to forget the ties of early life, or the duties demanded by other connexions.

'Had you resembled me, Ellen,' said she, 'it is certain that, even with your happier prospects, you would still have been unequal to the happiness you have diffused over the house, and the new being you have given your sister. A sickly sensibility, like that under which I suffered, is at once the destruction of happiness and virtue.'

With these sentiments, aided by the consciousness that, in despite of long-cherished opinions and feelings, love could again spring up in her once deso-

lated breast, we cannot be surprised to learn that she was prevailed upon to accept the hand of her faithful lover. at the time when Ellen was united to his brother.

Restored to the society which she was calculated to adorn, soothed and re-invigorated by an enlightened and affectionate husband, whom she had always esteemed and now truly loved, Laura gladdened the declining years of her parents by displaying the virtues and enjoying the happiness they had so ardently desired for her: but never did she look back on that long and awful blank in her existence without shuddering, not less at the cruelty of Egerton than at her own imbecility in aggravating the grief which it was natural she should feel, by an excess of sorrow that it was criminal to indulge. Never did she forget what she owed to the incessant exertions, the good sense, and the affection of her sister.

## II—.

### AN EXPERIMENT, BY A FOREIGN ADVENTURER, UPON THE MUSICAL TASTE OF THE ENGLISH.

It happened (says a consequential personage in Mr. Galt's romance of *Rothelan*), that at the hotel where I took up my abode, an agent of the London Opera-house was then waiting for a favorable wind to transport him to Leghorn, on his way to Naples for the purpose of engaging performers. He was as little acquainted with Italian as I was with French; but he had a shrewd knave of a servant, a Neapolitan, who acted as his interpreter. This agent of the English opera had in his day been a cabinet-maker, and possessed no taste in Italian music. Having learned that he was in quest of a principal male singer, I sent for his interpreter, and told him that I would make him a handsome present if he could give his master an inclination to engage me; and it was arranged between us, that I should make occasional bravura flourishes in walking backwards and forwards in my chamber, which was near the Englishman's, and that the cunning Carlo should as often take an opportunity of repeating a thousand fine things of the wonderful *Bellavoice*.

Thus, to make a long tale short, I was in the end engaged to be first singer in the

London Opera-house; and the Englishman, who had no more idea of our music than he had of that of the spheres, was infinitely delighted with my flights and flourishes, and those other absurdities which the chaste taste of the Palermitan manager had pronounced so execrable. He accordingly wrote to his principals, that in Signor Bellavoe he had found the most incomparable singer and performer then in all Italy; and that I possessed, in addition to the extraordinary powers and capacities of the richest voice, one of the finest persons on the stage.

His letter was shown to all the musical professors and persons of taste in London, and mutual congratulations on so great an acquisition were exchanged in all quarters. The only circumstance which led them to suspect the veracity of the description was his account of my person, to which, as singers both male and female are in general surprisingly ugly, they could not give credit. However, it was rumored through all the fashionable circles, that *The Bellavoe* was to be brought out; and those ladies and gentlemen, the subscribers to the opera, who, in their simplicity, inquired if it was a serious or a comic piece, were informed that it was the name only of the most accomplished singer in all Italy. The bait thus took in London, and when I arrived there all the world was agape.

It was late in the evening when I reached the British capital, and I sent immediately on my arrival to apprise the manager, who came flying to me on tiptoe, and with expanded arms. Jaded and fatigued as I was after my journey, he insisted on dragging me with him to a concert, in the mansion of a magnificent and beautiful duchess. Nothing could exceed the *ecstasie* of my reception. The apartments were mean and small, compared to those in the palaces of the nobility in Italy and Sicily; but they were crowded to suffocation with all the great of the greatest nation.

The performers in the concert acquitted themselves so respectably, that I began to fear I had overrated the musical ignorance of the English, and also my own impudence. But the airs they sang were in a different taste from ours; and I was comforted when I heard the best of them attempt a popular Italian song. Toward the end of the concert, the lady of the banquet came to me, and begged me for the love of God to sing

one verse. It would oblige her so much; it would make her famous for ever, to have it said that I had first sung in England in her house. There was no withstanding this; and, besides, she was a beautiful and fascinating creature. The manager, who acted as interpreter between us, pleaded my fatigue in excuse, but without effect; for she so continued to implore and beseech me with a couple of the loveliest blue eyes, that I could not resist; and I sang accordingly one of my gayest songs, one which I reserved for jolly parties behind the scenes; but the English knew nothing of Italian, and I was applauded to the skies.—‘What taste! What sentiment! O, divine! Bravo!’ echoed from all sides. The duchess was transported into the third heaven; and the little manager was scarcely less in ecstasy.

The King’s Theatre, on the Saturday following, was crowded with such an audience as was never before seen; legs and arms were broken in the crowd, and some four or five score of lives lost. The king’s first minister got his head so jammed at the door, that, had it not possessed an enviable solidity, it must have been squeezed as flat as a pancake. But, for all that, the audience were in raptures of joy when I made my appearance; every song I sang was encored; and such (as it was reported in the newspapers) was my astonishing execution, that the orchestra could not follow me. This, I believe, was literally true; for I was continually running out of tune. It diverts me yet, when I think of the Londoners and their Italian opera. An old dowager, whom ago had rendered as deaf as a post, and whose box was in the remotest part of the house, assured me that I was the only singer she could endure to hear since the days of Farinelli; I was perhaps, indeed, the only one that bellowed loud enough to make myself heard in the utmost corners of that vast theatre.

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#### ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE SECOND,

by an eye-witness, differing from former statements.

‘YESTERDAY noon (says the chaplain to Dr. Turner, bishop of Ely), I do believe the most lamented prince that ever sat upon a throne, one of the best of kings, after near five days’ sickness,

left this world; translated doubtless to a much more glorious kingdom than all those which he has left behind him now bewailing of their losse. 'Twas a great piece of providence that this fatal blow was not so sudden as it would have been, if he had dy'd on Munday, when his fitt first took him: as he must have done, if Dr. King had not been by, by chance, and lett him blood. By these few days' respite, he had opportunity (which accordingly he did embrace) of thinking of another world; and wee are all prepared the better to sustain so great a losse. He shewed himself, throughout his sickness, one of the best-natured men that ever lived; and by abundance of fine things he said in reference to his soul he shewed he dyed as good a Christian; and the physicians, who have seen so many leave this world, doe say, they never saw the like as to his courage, so unconcerned he was at death, though sensible to all degrees imaginable, to the very last. He often in extremity of pain would say he suffered, but thank'd God that he did so, and that he suffered patiently. He every now and then would seem to wish for death, and beg the pardon of the standers by, and those that were employed about him, that he gave them so much trouble: that he hoped the work was almost over: he was weary of this world: he had enough of it: and he was going to a better. There was so much affection and tenderness expressed between the two royal brothers, the one upon the bed, the other almost drowned in tears upon his knees and kissing of his dying brother's hand, as could not but extremely move the standers by. He thank'd our present king for having always been the best of brothers and of friends, and begg'd his pardon for the trouble he had given him from time to time, and for the several risks of fortune he had run on his account. He told him now he freely left him all, and begg'd of God to bless him with a prosperous reign. He recommended all his children to his care by name, except the duke of Monmouth, whom he was not heard so much as to make mention of. He bless'd all his children, one by one, pulling them to him, on the bed: and then the bishops moyed him, as he was the Lord's anointed, and the father of his country, to bless them also, and all that were there present, and in them the whole body of his subjects: whereupon, the room being full, all fell down upon

their knees, and he rais'd himself in his bed, and very solemnly blessed them all. This was so like a great good prince, and the solemnity of it so very surprising, as was extremely moving, and caused a general lamentation throughout: and no one hears it without being much affected with it, being new and great. 'Tis not to be express'd how strangely every body was concerned, when they perceived there was but little hope.

'To all appearance, never any prince came to a crown with more regret, with more unwillingness, because it could not be without the loss of one he lov'd so dearly, then did our gracious prince (whom God preserve). He joy'd as heartily as any of the company in all the prayers the bishops offered up to God. He was as much upon his knees as any one, and said Amen as heartily: and no one doubts but he as much desired God would hear their prayers, as any one of all that prayed.

'The queen, whom he had asked for the first thing he said on Munday when he came out of his fitt, (she having been present with him as long as her extraordinary passion would give her leave, which at length threw her into fitts, not being able to speak while with him,) sent a message to him to excuse her absence, and to beg his pardon if ever she had offended him in all her life. He replied, 'Alas! poor woman! she beg my pardon! I beg hers with all my heart.'

'The queen that now is was a most passionate mourner, and so tender-hearted, as to think a crown dearly bought with the loss of such a brother. There was, indeed, no one of either sex but wept like children.

'On Friday morning all the churches were so throng'd with people to pray for him, all in tears and with dejected looks, that for my part I found it a hard task, and so I doe believe did many more, to goe through with the service: so melancholy was the sight, as well as were the thoughts of the occasion of it.

'The bishop of Bath and Wells, watching on Wednesday night, (as my lord had done the night before,) there appearing then some danger, began to discourse with him as a divine; and thereupon he did continue the speaker for the rest to the last, the other bishops giving their assistance both by prayers and otherwise, as they saw occasion, with very



good ejaculations and short speeches, till his speech quite left him; and afterwards, by lifting up his hand, expressing his attention to the prayers, he made as very glorious Christian exit, after as lasting and as strong an agony of death, almost as *Cæsar* was known;  
*Ely-Hussc, Lib 42, 1685.*

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR, OR CABINET  
OF POETRY AND ROMANCE.

THE admirers of elegant publications must be pleased at the rivalry which now exerts itself for their annual gratification. 'Forget me not,'—'Friendship's Offering,'—and other works equally embellished, useful, and amusing, invite the attention of young persons of taste, and form agreeable presents for the ladies in particular. The present publication was projected by Mr. Alaric Watts, whose poetic talent has been noticed with applause; he has procured contributions both in prose and verse from distinguished individuals, offers to our view a variety of well-executed engravings, and has produced such a volume as we are glad to recommend.

The reverend Mr. Bowles sent the following piece to Mr. Watts for insertion.

*The Swallow and the Red-Breast.*

The swallows at the close of day,  
 When autumn shone with fainter ray,  
 Around the chimney circling flew,  
 Ere yet they bade a long adieu  
 To climes where soon the winter drear  
 Shall close the unrejoicing year.  
 Now with swift wing they skim aloof,  
 Now settle on the crowded roof,  
 As council \* and advice to take,  
 Ere they the chilly north forsake;  
 Then one disdainful turn'd his eye  
 Upon a red-breast twist'ring nigh,  
 And thus began, with taunting scorn,  
 'Thou house-chimney imp, obscure, forlorn,  
 Through the deep winter's dreary day,  
 Here dull and shiv'ring shalt thou stay,  
 Whilst we, who make the world our home,  
 To softer climes impatient roam,  
 Where Summer, still in some green isle,  
 Resides, with her sweet and lovely smile.  
 Thus speeding; far and far away;  
 We leave behind the shortening day.'  
 'Tis true (the red-breast answer'd sleek),  
 No other scenes I seek or seek;  
 To every change alike resign'd,  
 I fear not the cold winter's wind.

\* The construction is deep erroneous and imperfect. We do not take council, but counsel; we hold a council or assembly.—*EDIT.*  
 VOL. V.

When spring returns, the vernal wind  
 Shall find me still contented here;  
 But, whilst my warm affection rests  
 Within the circle of my nest,  
 I learn to pity those that roam,  
 And love the more my humble home.  
 A short poem from the Spanish fluently satirises the occasional inconstancy of women.

One eve of beauty, when the sun  
 Was on the streams of Guadalquivir,  
 To gold converting, one by one,  
 The ripples of the mighty river,  
 Beside me on the bank was seated  
 A Seville girl with auburn hair,  
 And eyes that might the world have cheated,  
 A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair!  
 She stoop'd, and wrote upon the sand,  
 Just as the living sun was rising,  
 With such a soft, small, slurring hand,  
 I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing  
 Her words wrote thro', and not one more:  
 What could Diana's motto be?  
 The sun wrote upon the shore—  
 'Death, not inconstancy!'

And then her two large languid eyes  
 So turn'd on mine, that devil take me,  
 I set the air on fire with sighs,  
 And was the fool she chose to make me.  
 Saint Francis would have been dead'n'd  
 With such an eye and such a hand.  
 But one week more, and I believ'd  
 As much the woman as the sand.

Among the entertaining articles in prose, we find the *Young Author*.

'The young gentleman to whose performance this paper will be devoted had the misfortune, in early life, to discover that he was a genius (a piece of knowledge which most of us acquire *à force* and long after we arrive at years of discretion); and, in consequence of this discovery, he very soon began to *train* as a literary character. 'Link by link the mail is made,' appears to have been his governing motto; for he wisely determined to be great amongst little things and little people, before he made his *début* among great ones. He accordingly commenced his career by reading every new novel, spotting every new opinion, circulating the cant of the most commonplace critics, and adopting the *pet* phrases of the worst periodicals. He wrote in all the Albums, far and near, original verses on those original subjects, 'Forget not not,' and 'Remember me';—recommended books to very young ladies, kindly aiding their judgements in the discovery of fine passages;—quoted whole lines of *Macpate* and half-lines of *Byron* during the interval of a ball supper;—spoke Italian,



knew a little of Spanish, and played on the German flute;—was a regular loungeur at circulating libraries; could recognise authors by their style;—

Had seen Sir Walter's head, Lord Byron's hat,  
And once with Southey's wife's third cousin sat;

was the oracle of the tea-table on all tea-table subjects, and the arbitrator of all feminine disputes, respecting flowers and ribands. The ladies (peculiarly happy in their efforts when any thing is to be spoiled) flattered him without mercy; some for his pretty face, and others for his pretty verses; whilst he, not to be outdone in folly and affectation, wrote acrostics for them, collected seals, invented mottoes, drew patterns, cut out likenesses, made interest with his bookseller for the loan of the last new novel for them,—and proved himself, in all points, 'a most interesting young man.' These, it is true, were follies, but follies nevertheless, which a youth of even *real* talent might give into for two years and be none the worse, if at the end of those two years he discarded them for ever. But it was not so with our hero. Tired of the confined sphere in which he had hitherto moved, and the *little* greatnesses by which he had hitherto distinguished himself—from the bud of his former insignificance he suddenly burst forth into the glories of full-blown authorship. In an evil hour (for his publisher) he favoured the world with a small volume of amatory poems, which by no means raised his fame with that large portion of society who think that human life was intended for more important purposes than kissing and crying, and that rational beings have something else to do besides frisking like lambs, or cooing like doves. As a 'young author' he would have considered it very wrong to have been reasonable, or, to use his mother's phrase, 'like other people;' and he adopted, therefore, all those eccentricities and affectations by which *little* geniuses endeavour to make themselves appear *great*. He became possessed (as if by magic) of nerves and sensibilities, and 'thoughts too deep for tears,' and 'feelings all too delicate for use,' and unable of course to endure any society but that of persons as refined and intellectual as himself. Then came 'my study;—a repository of litter and literature, studiously disarranged for effect!

Books, plays, pictures, newspapers, magazines, &c. covering the table and chairs in most elaborate confusion! Then the large, massy, business-like looking desk, not merely loaded, but stuffed beyond the power of standing, with MSS.—and 'my proofs' so accidentally scattered about the floor;—and letters from 'my literary friends,' left open on the table with so much *careless care*;—and the heaps of well-worn pens, and the spattered inkstand, and the busts of Milton and Shakespeare;—and the real skull stuck between *bouquets* of artificial flowers;—and the pea-green walls hung round with portraits of living poets;—and the chimney-piece covered with 'contributions from my female friends;' and all the thousand theatrical affectations, by which the 'Tom Thumbs' of literature strive to hide their native diminutiveness! And then the late hours, (because Milton recommends lonely watching, and Schiller wrote his tragedies in the night), as our 'young author' can do nothing in the day-time for 'domestic annoyances,' and he never joins the dinner-table, because 'the children are so disgusting,' but dines upon 'one dry biscuit and a glass of wine,' and drinks coffee for three hours afterwards, because it is 'the only intellectual beverage;' and 'composes aloud in his own room' (when he has any neighbours in the next); and 'prepares himself for conversation,' and dislikes 'feminine babble,' and 'endures mirth rather than enjoys it,' as his 'dancing days are over,' &c. Then comes the climax: the pale and languid looks in public;—the 'melancholy smile;'—the little dry delicate cough, just to indicate 'consumptive tendencies;'—the alarm of mothers and matrons lest 'his genius should kill him,' and the declarations of the young ladies, 'that he is more interesting than ever!' Well! it is certainly a fine thing to be a 'young author!' But he shall now speak for himself in his own *memoranda*, a few of which are here transcribed from his pocket-book; and to those who may think this sketch of ineffable puppyism a caricature, we only say,—*never of course!*

*Mem.*—Determined, as Bubb Dodginton says, 'to make some sort of figure in life,' what it will be, I cannot pretend to say; I must look round me a little and consult my friends; but some figure I am resolved to make.

*Mem.*—Miserable thing for genius

to be born either after or before the age capable of appreciating it, as the chances of distinction diminish in exact proportion to the numbers who have already acquired, and the numbers who are now seeking to acquire it. Eminent dead authors ought decidedly to be forgotten, and eminent living ones to give over writing, to leave room for 'rising men.' Young authors are generally treated with gross injustice by their elder contemporaries, who dread being eclipsed. Public a great tyrant—unable to discover the virtues of promise for the leaves of obscurity (to introduce this figure in conversation to-night); determined to distinguish myself in some way or other immediately.

*Mem.*—To read over the old essayists, in order to see whether something may not be stolen from them and dressed up again—perfectly benevolent, since no one reads them now—have been dreadfully overpraised. Pray what are the Spectators, the Tatlers, the Idlers, the Ramblers, and all the rest of those old-world things, but collections

'Of tame trite truths, correct and commonplace?'

The present is decidedly the golden age of intellect. Heard yesterday there were six poets in \*\*\*; besides myself, the eldest not twenty-one!

*Mem.*—Agreed to contribute all the poetry for the \*\*\*\* Magazine, to write theatrical critiques for the New Whig paper, and employ the odds and ends of my time on a tragedy subject, either the Burning of Rome, or the Siege of Gibraltar. Z. says I have a very tragical turn of thought—astonishing how Z. improves upon acquaintance!

*Mem.*—Wrote yesterday six sonnets in imitation of Wordsworth's best—found it very easy. Parodied Auld Robin Gray; and gave the *Improvisatrice* a regular cutting-up—perfectly infamous for a woman to write, and write well; ought to be satisfied with reading what men write. Shall make a point of abusing every clever book written by a woman.

Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigued I said,

Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead! Wearied and overwhelmed with interruptions. Alas! the pains and penalties of a literary life! Must positively make some regulations to prevent such encroachments. Like *Alfred*, open no letters of which I do not know the hand-

writing. Write over my study door, 'Time is my estate'; forbid any morning callers; and make my sister answer all notes.

*Mem.*—Luncheons, except of dry biscuits, fatal to intellectual exertions; bottled porter the best beverage for a literary man; roasted mutton, taken in small portions, the best food to compose after.

*Mem.*—*Pensive*, a good epithet to apply to the evening star.

*Mem.*—To beware of praising too much or too often; risked my character the other day by speaking well of H.'s poems. Must remember that it is more creditable to a person's taste to discover a fault than a beauty. Shenstone said, good taste and good nature were always united—meant fastidiousness.

*Mem.*—To appear at Monday's ball without a neck-cloth; to order an amethyst-colored waistcoat; wear my arin in a sling, and sport bad spirits.

*Mem.*—To fall in love without loss of time; deep-blue downcast-looking eyes, not vulgarly happy,—fond faint smile,—'brow of alabaster';—must celebrate her under the name of Laura; my own (of course) Petrarch.

*Mem.*—Mrs. Radcliffe's *Italian*, vol. i. p. 173, contains a passage which may be turned into some touching stanzas.

*Mem.*—To get 'Walker's Rhyming Dictionary';—no degradation: Byron used one constantly. His *Dream*, by the way, strikingly resembles my *Vision*, received with so much applause at our Juvenile Literary Society, myself in the chair.

*Mem.*—Determined to send Blackwood no more articles, particularly as he has inserted none of the last six, and told Z. it would be better to bind me to some good thriving trade! A trade! bind myself to some little, low, paltry, sordid, shilling-scraping, penny-saving occupation, which would be as a blinding blight upon all the powers of my mind! There is madness in the thought. Suppose Shakspeare had taken his relations' advice, and continued a wool-comber, where had been the world's poet? No! fired by this glorious example, I will calmly and proudly pursue the bent of my genius and inclination; the morning sun, and the midnight lamp, shall find me at my studies; I will write, though none may read; I will print, though none may purchase; and, if the world's neglect ranker my young

spirit, and studious days and sleepless nights sickly my brow with the pale cast of thought, till, like Chatterton, the marvellous boy, I sink into an early and untimely grave, how small the sacrifice, how glorious the reward! when the world for which I toiled becomes sensible of its injustice, and the marble monuments and battle-dust—

*Mem.*—Prevented from finishing the above peroration by the forcible entrance of two villainous dams—a tailor and a washerwoman. May, nevertheless, introduce it as a soliloquy in my tragedy; for it possesses much of the sweep and swell of Burke.

But trusting that the reader is more than satisfied with the foregoing speciments of folly and foppery, I here close the young author's memorandum-book.

M. J. J.—

#### THE VILLAGE OF BARTON AND ITS INHABITANTS.

##### NO. IX.

##### A TALE OF THE DEAD.

I AM again driven by the monotony of a village existence to the charnel-house and the tomb; and some people begin to fancy that I am qualifying myself to fill the place of the sexton, who is getting old and rheumatic, whilst others call me a literary goulde, and expect to see me rival Weever and Gough in my funeral and sepulchral monuments. I leave these good folk to their conjectures, and pursue my vocation, doing the best I can to rescue the tenants of the grave from the obscurity to which they have been so long consigned. Though strongly tempted to continue my researches amongst the bones of the Fitz-allans, I recollect a promise which I made respecting the history of a certain noble Italian, whose dust is inclosed in a stone coffin on the pavement in one of the aisles, and I hasten to redeem my pledge. He flourished at a period when the division between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, and the factions which rent every state in Italy, offered a wide field for the ambitious and fearless adventurer: Isabella, heiress of the duchy of Milan, though surrounded by princely suitors, gave her hand and her possessions in early life to a simple knight, Cosmo di Vicenza; and an only son, Julian, was the fruit of this union. Relinquishing the au-

thority to her husband, who governed with equal valor and prudence, she lived for many years in tranquillity and splendor. Lorenzo Alberoni was the companion of Julian's infancy and youth; but, when the prince had attained the age of fourteen years, family connexions and flattering expectations called his friend into Spain, where, falling into the hands of the Moors, he long remained in captivity. Six years elapsed before he returned into Italy; and his arrival was wholly unexpected. He hastened to the palace, intending to surprise his friend by entering unannounced the apartments allotted to him, which opened into magnificent gardens. Each familiar object which he beheld in his progress struck him with delight; the ivy-mantled tower, the playful waters of the fount, the spreading branches of the lofty chestnut, all were the same, unaltered since those days when, a gay and heedless child, he had frolicked over the greensward, and gathered flowers from the blooming parterre. 'Let me find my friends equally unchanged,' he exclaimed; and turning, encountered the well-remembered face of Andreas, one of the officers of the household. He accosted him, and with an agitated heart inquired if all were well. 'Six years,' replied the knight, 'have made some alteration in our state of Milan: the duchess reigns alone.' 'I heard in Spain,' replied Lorenzo, 'a report of the gallant Cosmo's death, and grieve to find it true; but my friend prince Julian now hath attained a proper age to share the toils of government; doth he supply his father's place?'—'No, in faith,' returned the blunt Andreas; 'and if you seek promotion here at court, I would advise you as a friend to doff your helmet to the sentinel who keeps the palace gate, rather than rest your hopes on Julian's patronage.' 'It is strange,' rejoined Lorenzo, 'that an only child should thus be neglected by one who never seemed to cherish a thirst for absolute dominion. The public used to admire the graceful manner in which Isabella resigned her hereditary rights to the husband of her choice.'—'Nay,' cried Andreas, 'there is nothing very marvellous in the inconsistency of a woman. Chance or accident, good guidance, and wholesome restraint, may make a few individuals of the sex appear for a time wise, mild, or prudent; but, when the curb is re-

moved, the spirit breaks forth, and in the obedient wife we find a tyrant.—‘How does prince Julian bear this sudden change?’ inquired Lorenzo.—‘To outward appearance bravely; but we have learned to put little trust in our eyes and ears. The prince has too deep a cause for sadness in the factious intrigues of his enemies to be wholly unmoved by the power and authority which they have obtained. Milan has become a theatre for the exploits of desperate adventurers, and the weakness of the government gives to the enterprising the hope of mounting ambition’s ladder to its topmost round. You have heard of Galeazzo Borgia?’—‘Was he not,’ rejoined Lorenzo, ‘exiled from Genoa, a bold, proud man, whom the state feared?’—‘Yes,’ replied Andreas, ‘and ample cause they had to fear him: but here he is esteemed a demi-god; he leaves no arts untried to win the giddy populace. Eager for change, nursing fallacious hopes of some new system that shall equalise the lot of all and make the beggar rich, the dupes crowd round him, whilst the wiser portion (always the smaller class) of the community guess his designs and tremble.’

The entrance of the prince now broke off the conversation: Andreas retired, and Lorenzo, perceiving beneath the assumed gaiety of Julian’s address the marks of hidden anguish, ventured to express his fears upon the subject, and to entreat his confidence. The prince laughed lightly, and commenced a mirthful speech; but suddenly his countenance changed, and, seizing the hand of his companion, he said, ‘My father is dead, Lorenzo.’—‘Good my lord,’ he replied, ‘I will not offer trite consolation, which suits not hearts that feel; but Heaven requires entire resignation from the sons of men, even when its dispensations tend to the ruin of our happiness.’—‘Nature seems outraged,’ replied the prince, ‘when the son descends into the earth before his parent. It is our lot to see our sires entombed; and, when the watry frost of age makes the blood inert, we know the time draws very near; but he was in his prime, not even verging on declining years: yet if I had seen him on his dying bed, had watched his disease, and heard his last drawn sigh, I should have been satisfied.’—‘What do you mean?’ cried Lorenzo, in great astonishment. ‘It is scarcely safe,’ said Julian, ‘to breathe

even to a trusty friend like you the secret of my thoughts, so wild, so vague are my suspicions; yet they are not to be dispelled; they hang like a black cloud about any heart. My dear father, I believe, has been most foully murdered!’—‘Does the assassin live?’ inquired his soul-stricken auditor.—‘That is my curse,’ exclaimed the prince; ‘he lives triumphant.’—‘How, where, did Cosmo meet his death?’ rejoined Lorenzo. ‘Upon his route to join the Venetian forces against the Ligurians, being seized with a fever, he was conveyed by a companion to a hut, and there, it is said, huddled obscurely to a grave by peasants who dreaded infection. My mother was shocked at the intelligence; but, as she had no suspicions, she has given her full confidence to a pretended friend. I saw, Lorenzo, more than the arch-deceiver meant should be revealed, but not enough to justify the strong, the maddening impulse that I felt to seize him by the throat, and brand him with the murder.’—‘Does he still venture to sojourn in Milan?’ inquired Lorenzo. ‘Galeazzo Borgia?’ exclaimed the prince, ‘he is the oracle, the idol of our city; there are very few whose stubborn hearts bend not before him: he has even found the means to alienate my mother from me. In her faithful, dutiful, devoted son, the duchess is taught to see an ambitious rebel, who would wrest the sovereignty from her hands.’—‘Political jealousy,’ replied Lorenzo, ‘has done its usual work, and you must trust to truth and time to root the poisonous weed from Isabella’s breast.’—‘Banished from her councils, calumniated and proscribed,’ cried Julian, ‘I see the ruin which our enemy is bringing on the land: we shall be slaves to Germany or France; but, though I could achieve the downfall of this canker Galeazzo, though, if I should rear my standard, multitudes would flock round it, the motive would not sanctify the means; therefore I stand like a fettered slave, bearing the degrading lash, the iron chain that eats into my soul, rather than take up arms against my mother.’—‘Why do you remain a spectator of the ill you cannot heal?’ inquired Lorenzo. ‘My presence,’ replied Julian, ‘is a check even upon this minion of prosperity; and, should the veil be drawn away which now obscures a parent’s eyes, I shall be ready at my post to prove my

couage and my loyalty. In the mean time the misery that wrings my heart is solaced by the smiles of one whom it would be death to part from: I must not speak of her—my fond idolatry would weary friendship's ear.—‘Beautiful and noble,’ I presume,’ said Lorenzo.—‘An angel is not fairer,’ returned the prince; ‘but, if you have never loved, it will appear strange to you that I should know nothing of her birth or family—nothing beyond the silver melody, the music of her name, Valeria. We met within a holy edifice, and knelt at the same shrine. The purest intercourse of faithful hearts, affection, confidence, fidelity, in our sweet stolen interviews, are mine.’

As the prince ceased speaking, the garden began to fill with courtiers and expectants, repairing to the levee of the duchess, and the friends entered the palace together. Isabella's court was more than usually crowded; and, whilst Julian was suffered to stand almost unnoticed at a distance from the throne, Lorenzo beheld the homage paid to Galeazzo. Magnificently attired, he walked with a proud though smiling countenance through the lane which the divided crowd made for his approach; yet, as he paid his devoirs with graceful carelessness to those who hailed him as the rising sun, the observing eye might detect a dark shade which frequently passed across his brow: and Isabella herself perceived that something had gone wrong. Vexed at having betrayed the fire that burned within him, he rallied his spirits, and was quickly at ease. ‘He had a younger sister, whom he kept secluded from the world in a villa in the environs of the city. Until his own schemes of aggrandisement were perfected, he did not wish that she should be seen by any of the nobles of Milan.’ He had higher views for her in marriage, and he reflected that, if her hand should be asked by an apparently eligible suitor, he might make an enemy by the refusal. Being informed of the invasion of the solitude in which he had concealed this treasure by prince Julian, he suspected that the man against whom he meditated the deepest injury was seeking revenge in the seduction of one so nearly allied to him in blood. The agitation of his mind being too powerful to be allayed, he hastened to Valeria's residence: he found her, as usual, amongst her flowers, and with

consummate art affected to grieve that he had been compelled to devote her youth to that retirement of which she must be weary. Valeria smilingly repelled the insinuation as slanderous, and burst forth in an animated eulogium on her sylvan pleasures. ‘Thou hast done wisely,’ replied Galeazzo, ‘to beguile the time with innocent delights; but these sweet dreams will pass away; thou wast born for something higher than to nurture flowers and waste your beauty on the silent stars: forsake, therefore, this blooming wilderness to grace a court.’ She protested against a removal from the scene of her happiness, and expressed her aversion to the idea of mingling with a world which she had been justly taught to fear. Her brother smiled, and told her that her philosophy would not be proof against the witcheries which she blindly rejected, and asked her if she had never felt a wish to try her charms upon the heroes and gallants of the age. Instantly she denied that ever her fancy had indulged the thought of captivating, and assured him that her sole desire was to remain secluded from the temptations and flatteries of a court. ‘Thou warin and eloquent enthusiast,’ he exclaimed, ‘I marvel much that thy glowing fancy, nursed in delicious calm, hath never dreamed of love. Here, amidst these stocks and stones and trees, thou must remain for ever ignorant of the bright reality: here thou canst not even guess how pure is the bliss that waits on plighted hearts.’ Blushing and palpitating, she now burst into tears, and, throwing herself upon her brother's bosom, besought him to forgive her for her want of confidence.—‘I know not the cause of your hatred to Julian,’ said she, ‘but I dreaded its effects; he dreams not of our consanguinity; for I have faithfully observed the promise which I made to you never to reveal it.’

Convinced at length of the strength of Julian's attachment and its honorable nature, Galeazzo told his sister that he would not interpose his authority to separate her from her lover, if she would implicitly follow his directions. He assured her that the prince was so envious and jealous of the popularity which he had gained in Milan, and the favor which he enjoyed at court, that if he should discover the tie between them, he would sacrifice at once his duty for the sake of his ambition against the brother.

or endeavour to plunge her into infamy and ruin. 'You must, therefore,' he said, 'keep him in profound ignorance of our consanguinity, and prevail upon him to marry you clandestinely; and, the knot once tied, I will compel him to acknowledge you as his wife.'

Valeria shrank from the duplicity of the task allotted to her; but, terrified by Galeazzo's menaces, she pretended to consent, resolving to make one effort to secure the felicity which seemed to be rapidly fleeing from her grasp. Julian, meeting her in the garden, found her in tears. In answer to his passionate inquiries concerning the cause of her grief, she told him that it arose from a painful presentiment that a confession which she was about to make would induce him to relinquish her for ever. Alarmed and agitated, yet trusting that she magnified the cause of her fears, he besought her to tell him at once the reason for so strange a supposition; but she hung about him, entreating a short delay, a few moments of happiness, ere they should separate, perchance never to meet again.—'Say that you love me, swear that I am dear to you,' she cried, 'that I may live upon the remembrance of those words when banished for ever from your heart.'—'Oh Valeria!' exclaimed the prince, 'why do you wring my soul? you are pure, innocent, virtuous; no evil thought hath sullied thy spotless bosom; then who or what should separate us? you shrink, you tremble, you cannot have deceived me, my Valeria!' 'No! no!' she replied—'clasp me to your heart, Julian, for I am worthy of your confidence—another and I fear a last embrace.'—'No force shall part us,' said Julian, 'before the face of Heaven, I swear!'—'Swear not,' cried Valeria, 'for you will be forsworn; you will despise me, hate me, for my brother's sake—Galeazzo Borgia!' His arms relaxed, his countenance changed, and she sank from his embrace upon the grass; he gazed upon her for a moment with undiminished tenderness, and then exclaiming, 'farewell! farewell for ever!' hurried from the spot. She lay for a few minutes nearly insensible; but, being roused from her stupor by the dazzling glare of torches, she opened her eyes, and her brother stood before her.—'Valeria,' he cried, 'thou shalt be avenged; the traitor who has stolen thy affections, and left thee to mourn thy blighted hopes, shall not live to mock

thy wretchedness!—She looked up, and in the stern relentless expression of her countenance read her lover's doom. It was in vain that she implored his compassion; and in the agony of her despair she resolved to seek an interview with Julian, and warn him of his danger. She wrote a few disjointed words, conjuring him to meet her amidst the ruins of the church of San Ildefonso; and, snatching the jewels from her armpit and neck, she gave them to a servant as a guerdon of his embassy. The messenger proved faithless, and Galeazzo, acquainted with its contents, forwarded the letter to its destiny, as the readiest method of accomplishing his own designs. He had no intention of meeting Julian openly in the field, or of betraying his hostile feelings to the world; and the secluded spot and the midnight hour which Valeria had named encouraged him in his secret purpose of assassination. The prince, though at first disposed to neglect the summons, felt (as the time approached) an unconquerable unwillingness to refuse the earnest entreaty of his beloved. His sudden flight at their last interview, he thought, might have prevented her from revealing some secret connected with her future welfare; and he might still serve her as a friend, as a guardian angel. He had not confided even to Lorenzo the terrible discovery which Valeria had made, and he repaired to the place of appointment alone.

The night was dark; a dim lamp, burning before the dilapidated shrine of the saint, alone cast a faint illumination upon the crumbling walls and broken pillars of the decaying edifice; the wind whistled mournfully through the clustering ivy which had crept over the stone frame-work of the dismantled windows, and the raven croaked from the moss-covered turret. The prince stepped cautiously amidst scattered fragments of monumental effigies which were strewn upon the pavement; and, when he reached the altar, the flickering glare of the lamp revealed the approach of a female form, enveloped in a dark veil. He had scarcely repeated the name of Valeria, and heard her utter Julian, in reply, when he received a blow from a stiletto, which, though intended for his heart, only pierced his side. He had sprung forward to meet Valeria, and being more deeply wounded by the conviction that she had betrayed him than

by the danger of his assistant, he drew his sword, and offered a gallant but fruitless resistance. Overpowered by the blows of three ruffians, he heard not the shrieks of the half-frantic girl, and saw not the desperate efforts which she made to fling herself between him and his foes. Galeazzo, apprehending that her cries might bring some accidental passenger to the rescue of his victim, wrapped his cloak closely round her to stifle the sound, and bore her away; but, her piercing screams having reached the ears of a few monks who were engaged in devotional exercises in the adjoining monastery, they entered the church just as the prince had fallen apparently lifeless. His antagonists, perceiving the approach of strangers, and convinced that they had mortally wounded him, fled; and that they might not lose any part of the promised reward of their crime, they agreed to deceive their employer by an assurance that they had removed the corpse to the vaults of the church, according to his instructions. Examining the prostrate body, the holy brethren perceived that the vital spark had not left it, and, binding up the wounds, they conveyed the sufferer to their convent with anxious yet slender hopes of his recovery. In the interim, Valeria, scarcely in possession of her senses, was carried to her now miserable home, and Galeazzo, freed from the obstacle which had long impeded his progress, prepared to realise those ambitious hopes which had tempted him to the commission of the most atrocious crimes.

The disappearance of Julian, to all except Lorenzo, was a nine-days' wonder. This faithful friend secretly but steadily pursued his inquiries; for he alone suspected the fate of the prince, and the person of his enemy. The duchess, long taught to consider her son as a rival for power, was easily induced to believe that he had withdrawn himself clandestinely in anger and disappointment at the failure of his treasonable machinations; and, though grieved at his supposed apostasy, she felt herself relieved by his absence from the fears which had incessantly haunted her. Galeazzo had artfully concealed his pretensions to Isabella's hand even from the lady herself. Already in imagination he had grasped the whole sovereignty of Italy; the conquest of its petty states, wasted by intestine dissensions and foreign wars, appeared, to his ambitious

spirit, a work of no difficult achievement, if it should be undertaken by the head of a powerful duchy, in close alliance with France and Germany. While he revolved this scheme in his aspiring mind, his affection for his sister, and his desire to see her happy, had induced him to make an effort to gain the friendship and co-operation of Julian by marriage; but, as soon as he perceived the abhorrence and disgust which the prince entertained at the idea of a connexion with the house of Borgia, he dismissed every tender sentiment from his heart, and resolved at once upon the sacrifice of the offender.

Flushed with the sanguine hopes of triumph in his grand project, he asked and obtained a private audience of the duchess. Isabella received him with her accustomed friendly courtesy, but started with indignant surprise when he explained the occasion of his visit. 'Urge me no more upon the subject,' she exclaimed, 'on pain of my everlasting displeasure. My resolution is fixed never to emerge from my solitary state of widowhood.' The persevering lover, undismayed by this repulse, knelt at her feet, employing those seductive flatteries which are so frequently successful with the weaker sex. Isabella, however, disappointed him. 'Galeazzo,' she replied, 'let us remain friends, and do not oblige me to dismiss a counsellor, once so much valued, with scorn and contumely. You hold not your residence a single day in Milan unless you abandon this vain pursuit.'

The expression of his countenance changed; he arose haughtily from his lowly posture. 'I have done wrong,' he exclaimed, 'to waste my time in combating the scruples of a wayward woman. I have given you the option; it was in your power to submit quietly to your fate; and the consequences of your refusal will be upon your own head. You may deny my suit, and menace me with your resentment, but you cannot resist the will of Galeazzo Borgia. Look around you: have you one friend to assist you, one hope of escaping the destiny which I decree? your nobles are under my influence; the soldiers are fairly purchased to a man; and, as for the populace, I need only proclaim my wrongs, and they will invest me with the sceptre, torn from your trembling hands.'

Isabella saw in a moment the tolls



that were wound around her, and the frightful gulf which yawned before her path. She called wildly on the name of her son; and standing by in silent scorn, Galeazzo allowed her to exhaust herself, until at length her spirits being thoroughly subdued, he renewed his proposals and was accepted. She dignified not to conceal the reluctance which she felt to accede to his wishes; but this was of little importance to her intended husband; he fancied that he had gained his point, and cared not whether his bride accompanied him to the altar with rapture or with horror. Her unfeigned aversion, however, obliged him to expedite the nuptials, lest, having the wish, she might contrive the means of escaping from the snare in which he hoped to entrap her. He now turned his attention to Valeria, proceeded to the place of her retirement, and desired her to throw aside the mourning robe which she had worn since the night of Julian's attempted murder, and appear in habiliments suited to the splendor of her brother's fortunes. Her attendance upon the duchess in public appeared to him to be necessary for the promotion of his schemes. He trusted that her beauty would disarm the indignation of many who envied his advancement, and that, by negotiating with the suitors for her hand, he might acquire friends whose support would secure him in his elevation: besides, he doubted not that the adoration and homage which she would receive would soon reconcile her to the loss of her first love. He found her determined upon a life of seclusion, and his anger and threats only aroused in her a spirit of resistance. 'Leave me,' she cried, 'or, forgetting the hated tie which binds us together, I will rush into the streets of the city, and tell the shuddering world the story of your crimes.' 'Obey the impulse,' replied Galeazzo, 'arm all mankind against me; let the scaffold be tinged with my blood; and when, all angel as you are, you enter the realms of immortality, tell the parents we have lost, that their son was cut off in his guilt, and not indulged with time for repentance.'—'Unbeliever,' exclaimed Valeria, 'this mockery will not avail: hope not to deter me from my settled purpose; for well I know, that as penitence is the condition of pardon, thou wilt refuse the offered boon.'—'And hast thou,' cried Galeazzo, 'so little faith in the mercy of Heaven, so

little reliance on the intercession of the saints, as to suppose one cast off, abandoned, doomed to perish in any mind it may be thy will, Valeria, but is it not the will of Heaven.' His sister wept; and, perceiving her heart to be softened, he amused her with assurances of his deep remorse for his past offences, and his determination to renounce the vicious indulgence of his thirst for worldly gratifications: he expatiated upon the good effects which his union with the duchess of Milan would produce upon a heart which still knew how to estimate the beauty of virtue, and finally prevailed upon one, who though incredulous was unused to contention, and unwilling to encourage bitter feelings against so near a relative, to appear at the ceremony which was to link his fortunes with those of Isabella.

The marriage was to be solemnized in the cathedral, which was thronged at an early hour. Every shrine was blazing with wax lights, richly wrought silks were suspended from the walls, and the marble pillars were garlanded with roses. The numerous monuments of the dead, amidst the vaulted aisles, offered a strong contrast to the gaiety of the surrounding scene; and skulls and cross-bones, with other indications of mortality, were brought close to the gaze of the spectators. The martial statue of Cosmo on horseback, exalted on a marble tomb close to the altar, seemed to frown on the crowd assembled to celebrate the second nuptials of his wife. Galeazzo, gallantly arrayed in the splendid costume of the age, led his bride attired with almost regal pomp; but the diamonds in her hair mocked the declining lustre of her once sparkling eyes, and her cheek was white as the satin and pearls of her flowing robe. Another pale creature followed: it was Valeria. They had heaped gold and gems in rich profusion on her drapery; the ruby and the amethyst glittered on her neck and arms; but her lips and cheeks were colorless: she seemed to be uninterested in the brilliant pageant around her, and her tearful eyes continually sought the ground. The loud peal of the organ, and the choral burst of harmonious voices, had swelled the full tide of melody upon the thrilled ear, and then melted away in gently dying falls, till all was hushed, and not an echo reverberated through the fretted arches of the spacious edifice. A solemn silence



prevailed, and not a sound was uttered, except by the officiating prelate. The first words of the holy service had scarcely passed his lips, when suddenly Julian leaped from a dark covert behind a cluster of pillars on the tomb of Cosmo, and exclaimed with a loud voice, 'Stop these unhallowed rites! let not the murderer usurp the possessions of the slain! My father's blood cries aloud for vengeance! let the friends of justice seize that traitor Galeazzo.' In an instant Lorenzo, at the head of a numerous band of armed followers, started from the place of his concealment. Borgia, not easily dismayed, cast his eyes around him; but his partisans were unprepared for resistance, and, awed by the assailing force, shrank from the unequal struggle. Relinquishing the hand of his bride, who stood paralysed beside him, he grasped the arm of Valeria, and, posting himself in a niche, said, in low yet determined accents, 'We perish together—the last of our race! I will not leave thee to enhance the triumphs of my foe. Julian,' he cried in bitter scorn, 'even in death I have my solace in revenge. Valeria was faithful and innocent; and, if perfection dwells on earth, it is here within her spotless breast—she dies before thee.' A dagger gleamed in his hand, one arm was clasped around his sister's waist, the other raised to strike; but Julian darted forward with the speed of lightning, and passionately exclaiming, 'She is mine! nor man nor demon shall deprive me of my love, my wife!' he snatched her from the impending steel, while Galeazzo, writhing with disappointment, buried the uplifted blade in his own body, and fell bleeding on the ground; but the wound was not mortal. Julian's affection for Valeria preserved her guilty brother from the fate which he merited. Exiled from Milan, he wandered to England; and the stone coffin in Barton church contains the mouldering bones of Galeazzo Borgia.

#### THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

A GENTLEMAN, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, is a person who not only soars above the rabble, but also above the middle class of life, and is not engaged in a vulgar employment or mechanic art. The appellation, according to its etymology, formerly included honorable birth, or high extraction;

but now we call the members of the learned professions gentlemen, even though their fathers moved in the lowest walks of life. Opulence was also usually annexed to the title; yet we sometimes hear of a *poor gentleman*; and perhaps, like some of his brethren, the present writer may claim that designation; which, though not very splendid or imposing, is at least not dishonorable. Education likewise was incorporated with the idea of gentility; but the most illiterate persons are now deemed gentlemen, when they have retired from business with a comfortable sufficiency of wealth. Let us now hear what a lady, in the novel of the Antiquary, is supposed to say on the subject:—'Mr. Lovel is a very gentleman-like young man.'—'Aye, (says her friend)—that is to say, he bows when he comes into a room, and wears a coat that is whole at the elbows.'—'Indeed, brother, it says a great deal more: it says that his manners and discourse express the feelings and education of the higher class.'—'In deeds and other legal instruments, a gentleman is superior to a yeoman, and inferior to an esquire,—a mode of classification which reminds us of the indignant exclamation of a rich citizen, who, being mentioned in an assignment by the inferior title, said,—'I am not a *gentleman*—I am an *esquire*;'—like a captain who, when he was called a young soldier, cried out, 'I am no *soldier*—I am an *officer*.'

Leaving these definitions to the judgment of our readers, we proceed to observe, that a true gentleman is the most respectable and even exemplary being in the whole circle of civilized society. The first feature of his character is good sense, or (in the words of our great moralist) a 'prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety.' He knows what is decorous, just and expedient, in every case which concerns manners and life, and judges coolly and dispassionately, without prejudice or prepossession, of every occurrence which falls under his notice, every trait of human character, every circumstance of action and conduct. A sense of duty is the next feature in his portrait. He is not only acquainted with all the rules of morality, but adds practice to theory. He considers the maxim, 'do to others as you would wish them to act toward you,' as the foundation of that virtue which is the cement of society, and as

the source of every act of benevolence and of justice that human beings can exercise toward each other. If you wish to remain uninjured in your person, feelings, character, or property, you ought to abstain from molesting others; and, if you wish that your fellow-creatures should be kind and friendly to you, you are bound to show kindness to them, to assist and relieve them amidst the unavoidable accidents and misfortunes of life.

With regard to amusements and pleasures, he affects not that stoical apathy, or that rigid sternness, which would preclude a due enjoyment of the blessings of existence. He is of opinion that a gracious Providence did not infuse evil into the cup even of probationary life, without a mixture of good; and that innocent pleasures, therefore, are proper additions to the ordinary comforts of life. He is fond of social converse, and pleased with the company of the fair sex. He takes a cheerful glass without hesitation, is sometimes seen at a ball or at the theatre, and indulges himself in other recreations.

His manners include politeness to some, and civility to others. In the presence of his sovereign he is modest without being over-awed, and respectful without the meanness of subserviency. While he knows that he is inferior to a king in the eye of the law, he feels himself equal, as a man, to the greatest prince upon earth. To the gentry he behaves with graceful ease and complacency; and to his inferiors, if he can be said to consider any as his inferiors, he is affable without coarse or vulgar familiarity, and dignified without pride or haughtiness. He possesses the art of pleasing in a high degree; and, even where he does not make an impression decidedly favorable, (for it is impossible to please all), no one can justly state any explicit objection to his manners or behaviour. He never intentionally gives offence; and, when any one offends him by a freedom of remark bordering on rudeness, he uses, in some cases, the language of mild reproof, and, in others, he deadens the blow by the coolness of contempt. As the best and most respectable men are liable to insult, he cannot expect to avoid it; but on no occasion does he resent it by calling the offender into the *field of honor* (as the scene of a duel is falsely styled); for he knows that such a mode of settling a

dispute is not only inconsistent with common sense, because it is not calculated to afford the desired satisfaction, but repugnant to humanity, virtue, and religion. We remember that Mr. Pye, the poet, pretended to be disgusted with the character of sir Charles Grandison, notwithstanding its general excellence. The refusal of a challenge, he thought, degraded Richardson's hero into an object of contempt; but that could only be the idea of a worldly-minded man, who had a higher opinion of brutal courage than of philosophical fortitude; and, in all probability, Mr. Pye, with all his affectation of bravery, would not have practically enforced his own doctrine by exposing his person to the sword or the pistol.

Politeness is so habitual to the true gentleman, that we might say he was born with it, if we did not know that it is more artificial than natural, and is not observed in children before they have received parental instruction. In him it proceeds from early culture, operating on a good disposition, or from that gradual expansion of reason which would have exerted itself without the aid of positive instruction. His benevolence is equally conspicuous; it displays itself in his manly open countenance, and leads him into acts of generosity and liberality. It prompts him to soothe and console the mourner, to assist the friendless, reward merit, and mitigate the evils of poverty. He is endowed with that charity or philanthropy which, according to the apostle, 'is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.'

His religion is that which is established in his native country. He adopted it in his early years, and, on mature consideration, was not induced to resign it to the whims or fancies of heterodoxy; but he does not suffer it to impel him into bigotry or intolerance. He leaves to others their conscientious opinions, contenting himself with checking, in mild terms, the warmth or intemperance with which they are occasionally maintained. He does not hint to the presbyterians, as did Charles the Second, that their religion is not fit for a gentleman; nor does he tell the catholics that they have shamefully corrupted the purity and simplicity of the Christian faith.

In politics he is neither a tory nor a whig, and neither an ultra-royalist nor a promoter of radical reform. He admits not the 'right divine of kings to govern wrong;' nor, on the other hand, does he countenance that licentiousness which would lead to disorder and confusion. In the senate he does not blindly follow the leader of a party, but speaks and votes with the feelings of an independent patriot, opposing only those measures which appear to be unconstitutional, or to emanate from improper views or arbitrary principles.

In the circle of domestic life, he furnishes a good model for general imitation. He is a promoter of matrimony, because he regards it as a duty which one sex owes to the other, and as an augmentation of the comforts of life. He is not altogether pleased to see young persons rush into it, when they have only the prospect of poverty before them, as is frequently the case in this country, and more particularly in the kingdom of Naples and in other parts of Italy; yet he thinks that it would be impolitic to check it by law even on that ground, as the restraint might lead to one species of vice; and St. Paul says, 'it is better to marry than to *burn*' with passion. He treats his wife as his confidential friend and favorite companion; is affectionately kind, yet not too indulgent to his children; and is a good master, but not so weakly lenient as to connive at idleness, carelessness, vice, or dishonesty. He chooses his friends for their real merits and virtues, not for superficial qualities or vain pretensions; and, far from imitating the conduct of ordinary friends, he does not desert them in their adversity.

In this sketch of the character of a true gentleman, we have not animadverted upon those failings and imperfections which are inseparable from human nature. Our reason for such forbearance is this: they weigh so lightly in the balance against his merits, that they ought to be consigned to oblivion; and we are sure that they will not be 'remembered in his epitaph.'

#### SUPPOSED CONVERSATION OF GEORGE III.

It is well known that the late king had an extraordinary and peculiar mode and style of discourse, loose and desultory, but lively and pleasant. His conversation, deinceaner, and appearance, are

happily *hit off* in the novel of Andrew Wylie.

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'By sunrise on Sunday morning (says Mr. Galt), Wylie was brushing the early dew in the little park at Windsor, to taste the freshness of the morning gale, or, as he himself better expressed it, 'to take a snuff of the caller air.' On stepping over a stile, he saw close before him a stout and tall elderly man, in a plain blue frock, with scarlet cuffs and collar, which at first he took for a livery. There was something, however, in the air of the wearer, which convinced him that he could not be a servant; and an ivory-headed cane tipped with gold, which he carried in a sort of negligent poking manner, led him to conclude that he was either an old officer, or one of the poor knights of Windsor; for he had added to his learning, in the course of the preceding evening, a knowledge of the existence of this appendage to the noble or *ler* of the Garter. 'This,' said the embryo courtier to himself, 'is just the verra thing that I ha'e been seeking. I'll mak up to this decent earl; for nae doubt he's well acquaint with a' about the king;' and he stepped alertly forward. But before he had advanced many paces, the old gentleman turned round, and, seeing a stranger, stopped; and, looking at him for two or three seconds, said to himself (loud enough, however, to be heard), 'Strange man,—don't know him,—don't know him;' and then he paused till our hero had come up.

'Gude-day, sir,' said Wylie as he approached; 'ye're early a-fit on the Sabbath morning; but I'm thinking his majesty, honest man, sets you a' here an example of sobriety and early rising.'

'Scotsman, eh?' said the old gentleman: 'fine morning,—fine morning, sir,—weather warmer here than with you? What part of Scotland do you come from? How do you like Windsor? Come to see the king, eh?' And loudly he made the echoes ring with his laughter.

'The senator was a little at a loss which question to answer first; but, delighted with the hearty freedom of the salutation, jocularly said, 'It's no easy to answer so many questions all at once; but, if ye'll no object to the method, I would say that ye guess right, sir, and that I come from the shire of Ayr.'

'Ah, shire of Ayr!—a fine country that,—good farming there,—no smuggling now among you, eh?—No excisemen shooting lords now?—Bad game, bad game. Poor lord Eglinton had a true taste for agriculture; the country. I have heard, owes him much. Still improving? Nothing like it—the war needs men—corn is our dragon's teeth—potatoes do as well in Ireland, eh?'

The humour of this sally tickled our hero as well as the author of it, and they both laughed themselves into greater intimacy. 'Well; but, sir,' said Andrew, 'as I am only a stranger here, I would like to ask you a question or two about the king, just as to what sort of a man he really is; for we can place no sort of dependence on newspapers or history books, in matters anent rulers and men of government.'

'What! like Sir Robert Walpole, not believe history?—Scotsmen very cautious.' But the old gentleman added, in a graver accent, 'The king is not so good as some say to him he is, nor is he so bad as others say of him. But I know that he has conscientiously endeavoured to do his duty; and the best men can do no more, be their trusts high or low.'

'That, I believe, we a' in general think; even the blacknebs never dispute his honesty, though they undervalue his talents. But what I wish to know and understand, is no wi' regard to his kingly faculties, but as to his familiar ways and behaviour, the things in which he is like the generality of the world.'

'Ha!' said the stranger briskly, relapsing into his wonted freedom, 'very particular, very particular indeed. What reason, friend, have you to be so particular? Must have some: people are never so without a reason.'

'Surely, sir, it's a very natural curiosity for a subject to inquire what sort of a man the sovereign is, whom he has sworn to honour and obey, and to bear true allegiance with hand and heart.'

'True, true, true,' exclaimed the old gentleman; 'just remark. Come on business to England? What business?'

'My chief business, in truth, sir, at present here is, to see and learn something about the king. I have no other turn in hand at this time.'—'Turn, turn,' cried the stranger perplexed, 'what turn? would you place the king on your lathe, eh?'

Our hero did not well know what to

make of his queer and versatile companion; and, while the old gentleman was laughing at the jocular turn which he had himself given to the Scotchman, he said, 'I'm thinking, friend, ye commanded not to speak to strangers anent his majesty's conduct, for ye blink the question, as they say in parliament.'—'Parliament! been there? How do you like it? Much cry and little wool among them, eh?—'Ye say gude truth, sir; and I wish they would make their speeches as short and pithy as the king's. I am told his majesty has a very gracious and pleasant delivery,' replied our hero, pawkily; and the stranger, not heeding his drift, said with simplicity, 'It was so thought when he was young; but he is now an old man, and not what I have known him.'—'I suppose,' replied our hero, 'that you have been long in his service.'—'Yes, I am one of his oldest servants. Ever since I could help myself,' was the answer, with a sly smile, 'I may say I have been his servant.'—'And I dinna doubt,' replied the senator, 'that you have had an easy post.'—'I have certainly obeyed his will,' cried the stranger, in a lively laughing tone; but, changing into a graver, he added, 'But what may be my reward, at least in this world, it is for you and others to judge.'—'I'm mista'en, then, if it shouldna be liberal,' replied Andrew; 'for ye seem a man of discretion, and doubtless merit the post ye have so long possessed. May be, some day in parliament, I may call the conversation to mind for your behoof. The king canna gang far wrang sae lang as he keeps counsel with such douce and prudent-like men, even though ye ha'e a bit flight of the fancy. What's your name?' The old gentleman looked sharply; but in a moment his countenance resumed its wonted open cheerfulness, and he said, 'So you are in parliament, eh? I have a seat there too. Don't often go, however. Perhaps may see you there. Good-bye, good-bye.'

'Ye'll excuse my freedom, sir,' said Andrew, somewhat rebuked by the air and manner in which his new acquaintance separated from him; 'but if you are not better engaged, I would be glad if we could breakfast together.'—'Can't, can't,' said the old gentleman, shortly, as he walked away; but, turning half round after he had walked two or three paces, he added, 'obliged to breakfast with the king—he won't without me;'

and a loud and mirthful laugh gave notice to all the surrounding echoes that a light and pleased spirit claimed their blithest responses.'

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE VARIETIES OF  
THE HUMAN SPECIES.

*from the Animal Kingdom of the Baron  
Cuvier, edited by Mr. E. Griffith.*

ALTHOUGH mankind may be said to form only a single species, there are certain hereditary conformations which give rise to peculiar distinctions, and constitute what are denominated *varieties*. Among these are three which particularly merit attention, in consequence of the marked difference existing between them. These are, 1, the fair, or Caucasian variety; 2, the yellow, or Mongolian; 3, the Negro, or Ethiopian.

The Caucasian, to which we ourselves belong, is chiefly distinguished by the beautiful form of the head, which approximates to a perfect oval. It is also remarkable for variations in the shade of the complexion, and color of the hair. From this variety have sprung the most civilised nations, and such as have most generally exercised dominion over the rest of mankind.

The Mongolian variety is recognised by prominent cheek-bones, flat visage, narrow and oblique eyes, hair straight and black, scanty beard, and olive complexion. This race has formed mighty empires in China and Japan, and occasionally extended its conquests on this side of the Great Desert, but its civilisation has long appeared stationary.

The negro race is confined to the south of Mount Atlas. Its characters are, black complexion, woolly hair, compressed cranium, and flatish nose. In the prominence of the lower part of the face, and the thickness of the lips, it manifestly approaches to the monkey tribe. The hordes of which this variety is composed have always remained in a state of complete barbarism.

The Caucasian variety derives its name from the group of mountains between the Caspian and the Black Sea, because tradition would seem to refer the origin of the people of this race to that part of the world. Thence, as from a central point, the different branches of this variety shot forth like the *radii* of a circle; and even at the present day we

find its peculiar characteristics in the highest perfection among the people in the neighbourhood of Caucasus, the Georgians and Circassians, who are considered the handsomest natives of the earth. The principal branches of this race may be distinguished by the analogies of language. The Syrian division, directing its course southward, gave birth to the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, the untamable Arabs, destined to become for a period nearly masters of the world, the Phœnicians, the Jews, the Abyssinians (who were Arabian colonies), and the ancient Egyptians. From this branch, always inclined to mysticism, have sprung those religions, the influence of which has proved the most widely extended and the most durable. Science and literature have flourished occasionally among these people, but always clothed in strange and mystic guise, and obscured by a highly figurative diction.

The Indian, German, and Pelasgic branch (for it is one and the same) is infinitely more extended than the preceding, and was subdivided at an earlier period. We may, notwithstanding, still recognise very numerous affinities between its four principal languages: these are the Sanscrit, at present the sacred language of the Hindoos, and parent of all the dialects of Hindostan; the ancient language of the Pelasgi, the common mother of the Greek, the Latin, of many tongues now extinct, and of all those spoken in the south of Europe; the Gothic or Teutonic, from which the languages of the north and north-west of Europe are derived, the German, Dutch, English, Danish, Swedish, &c.; lastly, the Slavonian, from which come the languages of the north-east of Europe, as the Russian, Polish, Bohemian, &c.

This extensive and powerful branch of the Caucasian race may be placed with justice in the foremost rank of the sons of men. The nations which compose it have carried philosophy, science, and the arts, to the greatest perfection, and for more than thirty ages have been the guardians and depositories of human knowledge.

Previously to its entrance, Europe had been occupied by the Celtic tribes, who came from the northward, and by the Cantabrians, who passed from Africa into Spain. The former, though once considerably extended, are confined at

present to the most western extremities of Europe, and the latter are now nearly confounded among the numerous nations whose posterity are settled in the Spanish peninsula.

The origin of the ancient Persians is the same with that of the Indians, and their descendants at the present day bear the strongest marks of affinity to the European nations.

The Scythian or Tartarian branch, at first, extended toward the north and north-east of Asia. Accustomed to a vagabond and predatory life in those immense tracts, these wandering tribes left them only for the purpose of devastating the inheritance and subverting the establishments of their more fortunate brethren. The Scythians, who at so remote a period of antiquity, made irruptions into Upper Asia; the Parthians, who there destroyed the dominion of the Greeks and Romans; the Turks, who overturned the Saracen empire in Asia, and subdued in Europe the unhappy remnant of the Grecian people,—all sprang from this mighty branch of the Caucasian race.

The Finlanders and Hungarians are hordes of the same division, seemingly strayed as it were into the midst of the Slavonian and Teutonic nations. The north and the east of the Caspian Sea are still inhabited by people of the same origin, and who speak similar languages, but intermixed with a variety of petty nations of different descent and discordant tongues. The Tartar people have remained unmixed longer than the rest, in the region extending from the mouth of the Danube to the farther branch of the Irtish, where they so long proved formidable to the Russian empire, though at length subjected to its sway. The Mongols, however, in their conquests have mingled their blood with these nations, and we discover many traces of this intermixture more especially among the natives of Little Tartary.

To the east of this Tartar branch of the Caucasian race, the Mongolian variety begins to be discovered, from which boundary it extends to the eastern ocean. Its branches, the Calmucks, &c. are still wandering shepherds, perpetually traversing the great desert. Thrice did these nations, under Attila, Genghis, and Tamerlane (Timour), spread far and wide the terror of their name. The Chinese belong to this variety, and are thought to have been

the most early civilised, not only of this race, but of all the nations of the world. The Japanese and Coreans, and almost all the hordes which extend to the north-east of Siberia, under the dominion of Russia, are in a great measure to be ranked under this division of mankind. With the exception of a few Chinese literati, the Mongolian nations are universally addicted to the different sects of the superstition of Fo.

The origin of this mighty race seems to have been in the mountains of Altai, as that of ours was in the Caucasian. We cannot, however, trace the course and propagation of the branches of the one so well as those of the other. The history of these shepherd nations is as fugitive as their establishments. The records of the Chinese, confined to their own empire, throw little light on the traditions of their neighbours; nor can the affinities of languages so little known lend much assistance to our researches, or direct our steps in this labyrinth of obscurity.

The languages of the north of the peninsula beyond the Ganges, and also that of Thibet, bear some resemblance to the Chinese, at least in their monosyllabic structure; and the people who speak them are not without traits of personal similarity to the other Mongol nations. But the south of this peninsula is inhabited by the Malays, a much handsomer people, whose race and language are spread over the sea-coasts of all the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and through almost all the islands of the southern ocean. In the largest of the former, especially in the wild and uncultivated tracts, we find another race of men, with crisped hair, black complexion, negro countenance, and barbarous beyond measure. These that are most known of this race have received the name of Papuas.

The natives of the north of both continents, the Samoiedes, the Laplanders, and the Esquimaux, spring, according to some authorities, from the Mongolian race. According to others, they are only degenerate off-shoots from the Scythian branch of the Caucasian variety.

The Americans have not yet been properly referred to either of the other races, nor have they characters precise and constant enough to constitute a fourth variety. Their copper-colored complexion is not sufficient. The lank black hair and scanty beard would seem

to approximate them to the Mongols, if their well-defined features, and prominent noses, did not oppose such a classification; their languages are likewise as innumerable as their tribes, and no mutual analogy has yet been ascertained between them, nor any affinity with the dialects of the ancient world.

THE YOUNG ITALIAN;  
WITH A FINE ENGRAVING.

AMONG the 'Tales of a Traveller,' the story of the Young Italian is one of the most pleasing. He states that he was the younger son of a Neapolitan of noble rank; that he showed, when he was a mere child, a high degree of sensibility; that, as he grew older, he was easily transported into paroxysms of pleasure or rage; and that, after being long a plaything to the family, he became its torment. Being intended for the church, he was sent to a monastery, the director of which was his uncle; and, as the monks with whom he was thus obliged to associate were a gloomy saturnine set of beings, he contracted a tinge of superstitious melancholy, which he could never entirely shake off. After being thus secluded for many years from general society, he was permitted to accompany one of the monks on a mission, and was delighted with the sight of Naples and the adjacent country, where 'all the men appeared amiable, and all the women lovely.' He returned to the convent,—that is, his body returned; but, as his heart and soul never re-entered that 'tomb of the living,' he soon took an opportunity of escaping from it, and made his way on foot to Naples. Being coldly received by his father, and insulted by the servants,—finding also that there was an intention of sending him back to the monastery,—he embarked in a vessel bound for Genoa, and 'abandoned himself to the wide world.' Reduced to distress, he gladly became a pupil to a painter; and, having a talent for drawing, he was occasionally allowed to fill up the designs of his master. Sometimes he sketched faces; and, being desired to take the likeness of a young lady, he thus describes his introduction to her.—'She stood before a casement that looked out upon the bay; a stream of vernal sunshine fell upon her, and shed a kind of glory round her, as it lighted up the rich crimson chamber.—She was but sixteen years of age—and oh, how

lovely! The scene broke upon me like a mere vision of spring and youth and beauty. I could have fallen down and worshiped her. She was like one of those fictions of poets and painters, when they would express the *beau idéal* that haunts their minds with shapes of indescribable perfection. I was permitted to sketch her countenance in various positions, and I fondly protracted the study that was undoing me. The more I gazed on her, the more I became enamored; there was something almost painful in my intense admiration. I was but nineteen years of age, shy, diffident, and inexperienced. I was treated with attention by her mother; for my youth and my enthusiasm in my art had won favor for me; and I am inclined to think that there was something in my air and manner which inspired interest and respect. Still the kindness with which I was treated could not dispel the embarrassment into which my own imagination threw me when in the presence of this lovely being. It elevated her into something almost more than mortal. She seemed too exquisite for earthly use; too delicate and exalted for human attainment. As I sat tracing her charms on my canvas, with my eyes occasionally riveted on her features, I drank in delicious poison that made me giddy. My heart alternately gushed with tenderness, and ached with despair. Now I became more than ever sensible of the violent fires that had lain dormant at the bottom of my soul. You who are born in a more temperate climate, and under a cooler sky, have little idea of the violence of passion in our southern bosoms.'

After the death of the artist, the young Italian found an asylum in the house of a nobleman to whom his friend had recommended him; and here he unexpectedly met Bianca, the young lady who had already won his heart, and who was ready to give him her own. He was soon after recalled to Naples by his father, and obliged to quit for a time the fair object of his love.—'His parting with her (he says) was tender, delicious, agonising. It was in a little pavilion of the garden, which had been one of our favorite resorts. How often did I return to have one more adieu, to have her look once more on me in speechless emotion! There is a delight even in the parting agony of two lovers, worth a thousand tame pleasures of the world. I



Drawn by T. Smith, R.A.

Engraved by J. Smith, R.A.

**THE YOUNG ITALIAN**

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have her at this moment before my eyes; at the window of the pavilion, putting aside the vines that clustered about the casement, her light form beaming forth in virgin light, her countenance all tears and smiles, sending a thousand adieus after me, as, in a delirium of fondness and agitation, I faltered my way down the avenue.'

He found his father in a state of decrepitude, and remained with him to the close of his life. Then returning to Genoa, he was maddened by a discovery of Bianca's inconstancy. A treacherous friend had prevailed upon her to marry him, by assuring her that her lover had perished in his voyage. The youth, inflamed with revenge, murdered the traitor, and, being weary of life, surrendered himself to justice.

#### APPEARANCE, CHARACTER, AND MANNERS, OF THE FAIR SEX IN COLOMBIA.

THE Colombian women (says M. Mollien) exercise an irresistible influence over their indolent and enervated husbands. Unlike the Spaniards, they are never confined within gratings, but enjoy the full freedom of visits, balls, and amusements of every description, without the least apprehension of the control of their husbands, who very rarely accompany them.

It is generally thought that the greater the heat of a country, the darker is the hair of the women, and that in cold countries it is commonly light. The observation may apply in Europe; but here the reverse is the case. At Carthage we find females with white, and even sometimes red hair, while at Santa Fé, where the temperature is rather cold, none but brunettes are to be met with. It is a subject of some surprise to behold women on the coast of Colombia, at ten degrees from the line, whose thick flowing hair is of a length which would excite the envy of our European fair. Those who are thus favored by nature are particularly careful and formal in dressing their heads, which they render their greatest objects of attraction. At Panama they form their hair into two tresses, which fall in graceful negligence upon their shoulders. At Carthage they arrange it on the front of the head in thick curls, usually fixed by a tor-

oise shall comb, among which they tastefully display flowers of various colors. In some parts of the Cordilleras they ornament their heads with enormous shining insects, the brilliancy of which outvies the splendor of the emerald.

In the women of the hotter regions of Colombia nothing can be more beautiful than their heads; their features possess a delicacy and their eyes a brilliancy which can only be met with amongst the Spanish ladies. Their hands are exquisitely beautiful; their feet are extremely small,—a circumstance which is in some degree detrimental to the equilibrium of the body, the continual swinging motion of which, when they walk, is far from being graceful. In general the Flemings may give an idea of the descendants of the Spaniards in the colder parts of the country, for they bear a striking resemblance to each other, even in their accent, which is almost the same. Like the Flemings, the ladies of the *tierras frías* (cold districts) have a little too much *melancholy*; they neither possess the melancholy of the English, nor the languor of the German women, but are distinguished by a gracious smile constantly playing around their lips; and their countenances beam with an air of kindness and of gentleness, which their humane and charitable dispositions never belie.

The costume of the women of the Cordilleras is perfectly original. When they go abroad they wear a black silk petticoat, sufficiently tight to display the proportions of their figure; and a piece of blue cloth placed upon their heads, and which descends triangularly as far as the waist, is so arranged as to conceal their arms, which are always naked, and to cover the whole face, except the eyes and nose. Upon this mantle they wear a hat which, in the crown and rim, resembles the large felt hat of an ordinary man. The women of the coast are gradually renouncing the elegant costume of the Andalusians to adopt that of the English.

The females of Colombia are much given to envy and calumny amongst each other, and show little mercy toward their neighbours in their conversations, a practice natural enough to individuals who rarely go out, and who pass the day in turning over the leaves of a book which they throw aside continually from

*cnnui*, or in plaiting their hair, or (which pleases them better) in reposing upon a bed with a lighted cigar in their mouths.

The subject of love forms no small share in the conversation of the fair Colombians; and they speak of it with that freedom which men in France are often wont to employ, but which would make a well-educated European woman blush. They are confided in their tenderest infancy to the care of vulgar servants, and many of them imbibe their first ideas from the conversation of these attendants. They leave the convents, where they have merely been taught to read and write, at the age of fifteen, and enter the world with no other arms against the dangers they must there encounter than the earliest ideas of their infancy. Instead of occupying themselves with useful labors or agreeable arts, they know of no recreation except what is afforded by smoking. Their parents, wearied with a long and troublesome *surveillance*, then think of marrying them; and the choice is soon determined, as there are only certain considerations of interest to consult. The nuptials are celebrated; the ardent desires of the newly-married pair are shortly extinguished; they soon perceive that they have never loved each other, and hatred speedily succeeds this conviction. An appearance of concord is kept up until the birth of the second child, when the matrimonial intercourse is amicably broken off, and the husband separates from his wife. Thus do many nuptial unions terminate in the eastern Cordilleras. The same practice does not exist upon the coast and in the western Cordilleras, where the women are better educated, have more delicacy, and are more attentive to decorum.

#### A MEXICAN FESTIVAL.

ON the eve of the feast of St. Mark (says Mr. Bullock) the church of San-Miguel de los Ranchos, near Toluca, was gaudily ornamented with pictures and statues, and had that day been dressed with fruits, flowers, palm blossoms, &c., disposed in arches, chaplets, and a variety of other pretty devices, in

honor of the patron. Opposite the door, under a venerable cedar, of great size, was a temple with an altar, decorated in a similar manner, with the addition of several human skulls, quite clean, and as white as ivory. Round the great tree some men were employed in splitting pieces of candle wood, a species of pine which contains a considerable quantity of resin, and which, being lighted, burns with a clear flame like a candle.

I rambled through the villa; and the surrounding plantations of the *maguey*, or *aloe*: many of the plants were then producing the *pulque*. Night was approaching, and I hastened my pace to reach our lodging, when the bell suddenly tolled in a quick manner, and in an instant the churchyard was brilliantly illuminated by the flame of eight piles of the candle-wood, prepared for that purpose; the effect was heightened by its being quite unexpected. On my entering the churchyard four men discharged a flight of rockets, which was instantly answered by a similar salute from every house in the place: this was the commencement of the fête for the following day. In a quarter of an hour the bonfires were extinguished, and the church doors closed; and we retired to our place of rest to take the homely supper provided for us by our new friends, which had been prepared in a house in the village. Our meal was not finished when a message requested our speedy attendance in the church: on entering we found it illuminated, and crowded by numbers of persons, of both sexes. Dancing, with singular Indian ceremonies, had commenced in front of the altar, which to my astonishment I immediately recognised to be of the same nature as those in use before the introduction of Christianity. The actors consisted of five men and three women, grotesquely but richly dressed, in the fashion of the time of Montezuma. One young man, meant to personate that monarch, wore a high crown, from which rose a red plume. The first part of the drama consisted of the representation of a warrior taking leave of his family preparatory to going to battle;—a man and woman danced in front of the altar, and clearly expressed the parting scene, and knelt down and solemnly prayed for the success of his undertaking. The next act commenced with two warriors, superbly dressed;

one, a Mexican, was distinguished by the superior height of his head-dress, and by a piece of crimson silk suspended from his shoulders : after dancing some time, a mock fight began, which, after various evolutions, terminated in the Mexican taking his enemy prisoner, and dragging him by his hair into the pre-

sence of his sovereign ; then the dance was resumed, and the vanquished frequently implored mercy, both from his conqueror and the monarch. The various parts were admirably performed : no pantomime could be better : and I almost expected to see the captive sacrificed to the gods.

## Fine Arts.

INFLUENCED by an increasing taste for the imitative arts, many of our nobility and gentry are in the habit of employing agents on the continent to purchase the works of the ancient masters ; and, although their offers are not in every case accepted, valuable paintings and other curiosities are frequently imported. The stores of art in this country will thus gradually swell into ample treasures, tending to the delight of amateurs, and the improvement of artists.

Resuming our concise account of the most distinguished collections, we proceed to take notice of the royal gallery at Windsor Castle. The king's dressing-room, closet, and drawing-room, contain the best pictures. In the first, the spectators are particularly pleased with the Two Misers of Quintin Matsys, not for the choice of subject, but for the execution. This (says a critic), if it had been painted by Raphael, would have added even to his fame, so intense is the expression of it. In fact, the general style is not unlike his ; and it offers another proof, if any were needed, that high intellect has no predilection for either station or climate. Strength of *motive* is every thing : if the blacksmith of Antwerp could design and execute a picture like this to gain one mistress, he only needed the stimulus of another to make him color like Titian ! Here are two portraits by Holbein, of particular value and interest ; one of Erasmus,—calm, contemplative, wise, and good ; the other of Martin Luther,—bold, designing, fiery, headstrong, and with that somewhat *vulgar* look which reformers of all kinds seem destined to possess, and to pride themselves on. These are most characteristic and valuable portraits. As contrasts to these

*realities*, the spectator may turn with delight to two charming little gems by Carlo Dolce—a Salvator Mundi, and a Magdalen, each looking of another world, and calling up the thoughts this ther. Beside the above, this room contains one of those capital sketches of Rubens, which evince his genius even more strikingly and unequivocally than his most finished works. Every touch is instinct with mind and expression ; and there being no color, in looking at it we seem to think that color would be a kind of impertinence ; just as, in those of his works where the coloring is the predominant merit, we look for nothing else. The most admired performance in the royal closet is Titian's picture of himself and Arcotino. He appears to have under-painted himself, for the purpose of giving greater effect to the admirable representation of his friend, which is indeed one of the finest portraits that he ever painted. The Cleopatra of Guido is also viewed with admiration ; and two pieces in the drawing-room, by the same artist,—Venus attired by the Graces, and Andromeda chained to the rock,—are well conceived, and executed in a fine style. A Holy Family in this apartment, by Rubens, is rendered particularly striking by the attractive countenance of the Virgin.

The gallery of the marquis of Stafford, at Cleveland-house, requires a large volume for an adequate description ; but we can only at present take notice of some of its most striking ornaments. It is remarkably rich in the productions of Raphael. The Holy Family, represented in a landscape, is a specimen of his best manner ; and, for elegant simplicity of composition, purity and truth of design, and sweetness and propriety of expression, its equal per-

haps cannot be found. In another of his pieces on the same subject, the mother and child are admirably delineated. The Descent from the Cross, by Ludovico Carracci, presents an impressive scene to the eye and to the mind: the design is spirited and vigorous, and the principal figure is finely natural. Of the Three Ages, by Titian, the sleeping infants are the most attractive parts: a child who is awake is also charming; and the central figure, Old Age, is very expressive, though apparently unfinished: but his Diana and Acteon, and Diana and Calisto, are more distinguished by deep and harmonious coloring than by force of design, while his Venus rising from the sea is as excellent in the latter as in the former respect. Guido's Magdalen has at once a divine aspect and an air of human im-

perfection. The Last Judgment, by Bassano, has great merit, though the number of figures which it exhibits are not arranged with consummate skill.

At the gallery of the British Institution, many students have been permitted to copy the works of the Italian and other artists; and a display of these attempts lately gratified the admirers of the arts. The two best copies were those of Mr. Etty and Mrs. Carpenter, who drew from a fine model, namely, Tintoretto's Esther before Ahasuerus. Mr. Watts has copied one of Ruysdael's landscapes with success; Mr. Bradley, in a similar task, has evinced a degree of talent which will probably soon raise him into reputation; and Miss Ross has produced a good copy of Rubens' picture of the Man and the Hawk.

## Music.

THE late festival at Norwich had excited high expectations, which, we believe, were fully answered. The performances consisted of six concerts, which were given in St. Andrew's Hall, the remains of a monastery, now appropriated to civic purposes. The entire band consisted of above 250 persons; the leaders were F. Cramer and Kiesewetter, and the conductor of the whole was Sir George Smart. Catalani was not engaged, because her demands were very exorbitant: but her place was supplied by a great extent of female ability. Miss Stephens and Miss Carew gave some airs in the first concert with great effect: Madame and Signor de Begnis highly pleased the audience in a duet and other pieces from Rossini's operas of *Pietro and Il Turco*; and Mrs. Salmon, though she failed in *Cease your Funning* (an air which does not suit her style of singing), was very successful in a *scena* from *Elisabetta*. In the second concert, a selection from one of Mozart's grand masses had a fine effect; some parts of Haydn's Seasons seemed to please still more; and the grand chorus, *Hosanna to the Son of David*, reflected credit on Mr. Edward Taylor, being arranged by him with instrumental accompaniments expressly for this occasion.

In the third grand performance, the loudest applause attended the exertions of Signor de Begnis, whose alertness, humor, and spirit, in the representation of a musical enthusiast giving instructions to the orchestra, were very amusing. The fourth concert was confined to the Messiah, which, though finely performed, could not (whatever the duke of Sussex might say in the language of polite compliment) produce the elevated impression and noble effect that attended the celebrated performances at the abbey of Westminster. Above 2200 persons were present at the next concert. The most exquisite gratification was then afforded by Madame de Begnis' execution of *Di Piacer*; and a violin concerto, in which *Le Petit Tambour* was skillfully introduced, pleased every judge of harmony. The last performance consisted of sacred music, which gave general satisfaction.

At Newcastle, Catalani undertook the management of the festival, with a stipulation that a fifth of the receipts should be granted to charitable purposes. She was assisted by Braham; Mori led the band; and the performances were witnessed with that pleasure which scarcely any failure tended to allay.

## Drama.

## DEURY-LANE THEATRE.

As it was not to be supposed that the opportunity of exciting a pleasing horror by the representation of *der Freischutz* would be neglected by the manager of this house, he produced it in a grand style with all possible expedition. Some beautiful scenes were exhibited; the wolf's glen, in particular, was very fine; the business of incantation, and all the supernatural parts of the piece, were artfully contrived; the plot was more rational than at the other theatres, and the German music was more closely followed. Mr. T. Cooke and Mr. Horn displayed their musical talents with great effect; and Miss Graddon, who personated the heroine, delighted the audience by the melodious sweetness of her voice, her fine intonation, her delicacy and taste. Miss Povey, the subordinate lady of the drama, sang very prettily, and acted with playfulness and animation.

An Arabian tale of magic furnished the groundwork of a splendid entertainment called the *Enchanted Courser, or the Sultan of Curdistan*. To the scene-painters and the contrivers of the machinery we are in general more indebted for amusement, in pieces of this description, than to the dramatist; and here those artists were certainly very successful. The *Enchanted Garden*, by Stanfield, is perhaps (for the palm is strongly contested by Roberts' *View of Isaphan*) the triumph of the scenic art; it realises all our preconceived ideas of oriental landscape, and the perspective is admirably painted. Wallack, who was the hero of the piece, had an excellent opportunity for a display of his melo-dramatic attainments, of which he did not fail to take advantage. His dumb show in the opening scene was animated and graceful, and his acting in the last act by no means deficient in spirit and expression. Harley was a comical servant, and, as usual, was very diverting; and the chief female characters were well performed by Mrs. West and Miss Cubitt. The music, by Mr. Cooke, was of a superior order; but the horse-manship, although it was conducted by

Ducrow, did not answer the expectations of the public.

Several performers, who had acquired provincial fame, were lately transferred to this house. Mr. and Mrs. Bedford appeared as Hawthorn and Rowetta. The former pleased the audience by his skilful management of a good voice, and by the lively freedom with which he acted; and the lady proved herself to be an agreeable, if not a first-rate, singer. Mr. Armstrong was a respectable representative of Alonzo in the play of *Pizarro*; and, in the *Wonder*, Mrs. Yates was an efficient *Violante*.

## COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

As we admire the productions of some of our old dramatists, we are pleased with the adaptation of one of Rowley's comedies to the modern stage. It is entitled, *A Woman never Vex* [vexed], or the *Widow of Cornhill*. The plot, which is far from being complicated, may thus be given. An opulent merchant, named Foster, has a dissipated beggared brother, and a termagant wife. The conduct of the former, and the entreaties of the latter, induce him to break with Stephen Foster, and to warn his son from any intercourse with him. Stephen, in the mean time, makes love to a rich and beautiful widow, whom he marries; and to prove that women can work wonders, he becomes reformed. The merchant, who has embarked all his wealth on the sea, learns that his vessels have all sunk, is in turn a beggar, and takes shelter in a prison. The misfortunes of the elder brother change the sentiments of the younger, who, without the merchant's knowledge, discharges his debts, sets him free, and paves the way to returning affluence, at the moment that old Foster believes Stephen to be his bitterest enemy. With this feeling he appeals to the king against his brother; an explanation ensues; and they are reconciled.

Such is the ground-work on which an agreeable superstructure has been raised. Mr. Young sustained the part of the merchant, and we have never witnessed him more completely successful. The effect of his acting called forth the most

enthusiastic plaudits from all parts of the house. Mr. Kemble, as Stephen Foster, was equally excellent. Throughout the piece he was most successful, and well deserved the warm applause which greeted him. Miss Chester represented the widow; her acting was admirable, and the placidity and archness of the character were well kept up. Miss Lacy acted the shrewish wife, and has certainly established her fame by the manner in which she performed it: and the other characters were well sustained. The scenery was very beautiful, and the costume such as to reflect credit on the taste and judgement of those by whom

it was managed. The comedy met with a very favorable reception, and has been frequently repeated.

The new *Belvidera*, at this theatre, ought not to pass without respectful and commendatory notice. Mrs. Sloman has a pleasing figure, and a countenance capable of varied expression; and her voice, which is very agreeable, admits, without violent efforts, the display of impressiveness and even of energy. Her first scene with Jaffier convinced her auditors of her possession of considerable talent; and, as she proceeded, she confirmed and secured their good opinion.

## Fashions.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

#### MORNING DRESS.

DEJEUNE robe of fine jaconot muslin, trimmed down each side with broad lace, and cambric straps: the petticoat bordered with three flounces, each headed by muslin *bouillonné*. *Canczon fichu* body, with double capes, edged with a rich embroidery or with Urling's lace. Cornette of fine lace, crowned with full-blown blush roses. Boots of vermilion-colored kid.

#### CARRIAGE DRESS.

Witzchoura pelisse of *gros de Naples*, the color of the Indian rose; trimmed round the border with a broad fur of the grey American squirrel, with muff to correspond, and large mantelet-pelerine of the same, over which depends a Maltese collar of embroidered muslin. Black velvet bonnet, lined with rose-color, and crowned with black feathers. Pink gauze cornette, or colored ornament worn beneath the bonnet. Black satin slippers, and yellow kid gloves.

#### MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

Notwithstanding the prolonged sojournment of many of our nobility at their country seats, London witnesses the arrivals of many of those who belong to the higher classes, who, even if they stay only a short time, set invention to work, and generally give the fashion-mongers ample employment.

It is also in the dreary months of winter that we must look for novelty in the different articles of dress. At present the mountain clokes have a decided preference for the carriage, where we see them of every beautiful color that looks

well in winter, and trimmed in the most costly manner either with valuable fur, or facings and rouleaux of a distinguishing material to the mantle itself. For walking, many of these are of the fine soft cloth, called English Cachemire, which, however inappropriate its name to a material to which it has not the smallest resemblance, is a very beautiful article: these last mentioned clokes are often of fawn-color, and lined and bound with ruby-colored satin. A broad falling cape, cut in points, and trimmed with a rich tassel fringe, is a handsome improvement to the mantles worn in







*Carriage Dress.*

*Designed by Miss Simpson, & engraved for the Lady's Magazine, 7th 1874.*



*Morning Dress.*

*Designed by Miss Thompson & engraved for the Lady's Magazine, 1851.*



carriages, particularly when they are of *gros de Naples*. The marten, the lynx, and the light sable, are the favorite furs for the trimming of these cloaks. Yet the pelisse must ever be pre-eminent in favor for the promenade; its closeness, which renders it so warm and comfortable; its compact fitness to the form, which in cold and humid weather causes no kind of embarrassment, must always render it preferable to the cloak, which blows out with the wind, engages the hands entirely to keep it close, and lets in the air at the arm-holes, which, though an improvement, certainly render the covering less warm. But we do not wish to decry what is so much patronized by our fashionables: for the carriage we think them much fitter than a pelisse; but there are many ladies who may rank among the respectable members of fashion, yet not be so fortunate as to keep a carriage.

The most fashionable hats are of black velvet; and though many ladies prefer the plumage to be placed in that drooping way which we have represented in our engraving, yet the newest style is for them to be placed in front, where they stand up, and then partially recline over the back of the crown. Walking bonnets are trimmed with large satin bows, and many black bonnets are seen with broad colored ribands, striped and adorned with colored flowers. Colored velvet and colored satin bonnets are seen in carriages, elegantly trimmed and ornamented, either with short or long feathers; but a white bonnet is now very rarely seen. The crowns of the bonnets are somewhat higher than they were last month, and the brims are very wide, but not immoderately large. A few beaver hats have been seen, the plumage over which was uncommonly valuable: the hat we saw, was to be sent to the country for a lady of high rank, which may, perhaps, cause these appropriate winter head-coverings to be in favor this winter: they are, however, when not used in equestrian costume, only fitted for the depth of the gelid season.

Nothing very new has yet appeared in the article of ball-dresses; we remarked, however, one at a dress ball, of colored gauze, elegantly ornamented with dark winter flowers, which had a very beautiful and appropriate effect; the ball-dress was ethereal-blue, and the corsage white satin, ornamented with

pearls; the sleeves of tulle caught up with flowers, to answer those on the border of the dress. The bodies of low dresses display the shoulders, but the bust is delicately shielded. At the borders of silk dresses, the bias folds are yet in favor, but they are now put on so as to form diamonds, chains, chevrons, &c. Figured silks, particularly those with broad shaded stripes, differing very little in color from the ground, are most fashionable. Evening dresses, whether of silk, satin, or crape, are generally ornamented with two flounces of broad white blond, separated by a rouleau of satin. Short sleeves, except in ball-dresses for very young persons, are quite discarded: for evening dress, the long sleeves are transparent, of blond or lace; and white sleeves are much worn in half-dress, with dark-colored gowns.

Dress-hats of black velvet ornamented with white feathers are more worn than either caps or turbans in evening parties. Small dress caps of blond ornamented with flowers seen the favorite head-dresses at the theatres; they are much worn also in home costume. Yet the new turbans are very beautiful, and they are better adapted, we think, to the evening public spectacle; one we particularly admired of white gossamer gauze, entwined with pearls, and numerous little handsome plumes waving over it in every tasteful direction. The morning caps for the breakfast-table are becoming to very few faces: the borders are broad, and the lace irregularly plaited; long lappets of colored riband hang floating loose, and if the lady that wears this truly *negligée* head-dress has rather a broad and rosy face, she gives the idea of *une dame de la Hulla*.

Young ladies wear little ornament on their heads, except flowers or a diadem comb, but this is seldom seen; the hair is most beautifully arranged, and the flowers are seldom in wreaths, but generally in detached sprigs peeping through the tresses.

The favorite colors for mantles, pelisses, and dresses, are ruby, fawn, Indian-red, and ethereal-blue. For turbans, ribands, and trimmings, lapis-blue, flame-color, pink, marshmallow-blossom, and amber.

#### MODES PARISIENNES.

The mourning still continues; it is, however, now much enlivened by the association of different colors, much white

or light grey being also mingled with the black. The hair, if light, is slightly ornamented with jet, or bows of black riband; if dark, with a profusion of pearls or white beads: white satin hats too are often seen, ornamented with white flowers, and carriage pelisses of white reps silk; but black velvet hats are most in favor, though they are often crowned with white marabouts. Silver-grey dresses of *gros de Naples* are more in favor than those that are black: watered white silks, Cachemire, Merino, and white reps silk, are very general for gowns, with black trimmings of blond and a black head-dress, ornamented with grey feathers tipped with black, and, if in dress parties, pearls or jet beads are added. White satin hats, with small aigrettes of black feathers, are also in great request. The black velvet hats are generally either lined with white or with ponceau. Black bugles are much in use on the trimmings of white crape ball-dresses, though balls at present are only private dances. The bonnets are placed very backward, discovering the hair in full curls, confined by a bandeau of jet.

The Basque and Russian toques are made very high, and have a heavy appearance, being of black velvet, and rising fold above fold: being relieved by alternate folds of satin, ornamented with pearls, and placed very backward, they do not look amiss on light hair; however, those belonging to the court, who have black hair, and are conscious that deep mourning makes them look hard-featured, wear a false *chevelure*, of a very light brown.

The flounces placed on dresses are now most fashionable when reversed; short sleeves are quite out of date; and with black silk dresses of *gros de Naples*, long sleeves of white crape are universally adopted. Dresses of the color of the Parina violet are very frequently seen; and light blue, embroidered with black, with a black sash, and other black ornaments.

The form and size of the hats continue much the same as last month. The bows are very large, whether of sarsnet, *gros de Naples*, or broad striped riband.

The favorite colors mingled with black are grey, Evelina-blue, fire-color, ponceau, and lilac.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE 'Letters of Julia' are spirited, but they are too warm and impassioned. They seem to have been written by an amorous gentleman rather than by a young lady of sense and delicacy.

Due notice will be taken, in our next number, of Mrs. Carey's novel of *Lasting Impressions*.

R. T. is desirous of seeing, amidst our pages, the Verses on the Death of sir John Moore, admired by lord Byron, and attributed to Mr. Wolfe. We answer, that they appeared in one of our former volumes but we cannot at this moment point out the particular number.

Z. A. says, that our Magazine has always the appearance of being a month older than it really is, because, for instance, the number for October, is published on the 1st of November. This is a strange idea; for a work of this kind concentrates the literature of that month *during which it passes through the press*, and therefore any portion of it can no more be called the number for the ensuing month than for the next year. It is neither an almanac nor a monthly or annual memorandum-book.

The contributions of J. S. F. are received with thanks, but do not require an immediate decision with regard to their admissibility. His recommendation of the subject of a future engraving shall be communicated to our designer.

Mr. Holman's Letter from Windsor is under consideration.

THE  
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OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,  
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE PLEASURE DERIVABLE FROM THE PERUSAL OF LETTERS.—NO. IV.

THE interest excited by the gloomy reign of Charles I. is of so painful a nature, that a mind of sensibility can scarcely find pleasure in the letters of his time. It is hardly possible to refer to them without entering into political discussions,—topics which all candid and unassuming women will allow to be above their capacity and out of their province: they must lose one of their most exalted and precious attributes, ere they can be capable of forming a correct judgement of the actions of the defenders of civil and religious liberty. Though we detest sin, we cannot help pitying the sinner; though we are strong advocates for freedom, we shudder when we find it purchased by blood; though we abhor tyranny, we must weep to see the regal diadem soiled and prostrate in the dust, the Lord's anointed perishing under the axe of the executioner; and though we desire that strict and impartial justice should be established on the firmest basis, we would willingly extend mercy to all who with contrite spirits solicit the boon. Our feelings will be always at war with our reason, and the most brilliant emanation of masculine genius would be dearly purchased by the sacrifice of feminine tenderness.

After the conclusion of this dismal tragedy, in which the accumulation of evils heaped upon the head of the suf-

fering Charles has, notwithstanding the errors of his judgement or of his heart, chronicled him to all posterity as a martyr, we may find high gratification in contemplating the character and fortunes of his successor. It is a very amusing task to collect the different opinions which men of ability and eminence have entertained respecting Oliver Cromwell. 'Who,' says Dr. South (who, however, we are told, had been lavish in his praises of the present subject of his abuse when protector), that had beheld such a bankrupt beggarly fellow as Cromwell first entering the parliament house, with a thread-bare torn coat and a greasy hat, and perhaps neither of them paid for, could have suspected that, in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested with royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown?

Sir Philip Warwick, a man of veracity, describes him in the house as very ordinarily appareled; 'for it was a plain cloth suit which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar: his hat was without a hatband; his stature was of a good size, his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance was swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor. Yet I lived,' he adds, 'to see this very

gentleman (whom, out of no ill-will to him, I thus describe), by multiplied good successes, and by real but usurped power, having had a better tailor and more converse with good company,—in my own age, when for six weeks together I was a prisoner in his serjeant's hands, and daily waited at Whitehall,—appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely appearance. Even however during his most humble state, the eyes of the discerning discovered a promise of his future exaltation; Hampden said to lord Digby 'That sloven will be the greatest man in England.'

John Williams, archbishop of York, speaking of Cromwell to the king, mentioned him as his most dangerous enemy, assuring him that, though he was of mean rank in the army, he would soon climb higher. 'I knew him,' said he, 'at Buckden, but never knew his religion.'—Oliver visited his uncle and godfather, as the old gentleman himself told sir Philip Warwick, with a large party of horse, and exhibited a strong trait in his character, in asking his blessing, refusing to be covered in his presence, and at the same time plundering him of his arms and all his plate.

Amidst his numerous exploits there is not one upon record more entertaining than the method which he took to dissolve the long parliament, whilst the members were debating upon the expediency of continuing the session for a year and a half longer. He stationed a company of soldiers in the lobby, and interrupted the proceedings with the following pertinent speech. 'Come, come! I will put an end to your prating. It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue and your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and, like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of gold. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice ye do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your God. Which of you hath not bartered away his conscience for bribes? Is there a man among you that hath the least care for the good of the commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! Have ye not defiled this place, and turned God's temple into a den of thieves? By your

immoral principles and wicked practices, ye are grown intolerably odious to the whole nation; you who are deputed hereby the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become the greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings; and this, by God's help and the strength he hath given me, I am come to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place.' During this address he had been walking up and down the place of assembly; he stamped with his feet as he became warm with anger; his soldiers obeyed the signal, and rendered the concluding admonition very effective. 'Go, get you out, ye venal slaves! Make haste! begone! Take away that shining bauble there, and lock up the doors; and, so saying, he walked off with the key in his pocket. A measure so bold and so successful may excuse the superstition of the times, which attributed his extraordinary elevation to secret dealings with the powers of darkness; indeed colonel Lindsay went so far as to say, that he saw him enter into a formal compact with the devil.

A distinguished writer says, 'Cromwell was an illustrious villain, who can neither be praised without horror, nor despised without injustice,—whom we are at once forced to admire and to detest.' Cardinal Mazarine styles him 'a fortunate madman;' Father Orleans speaks of him as 'a judicious villain;' Clarendon calls him 'a brave wicked man;' and, according to bishop Burnet, 'his life and his arts were exhausted together; so that, if he had lived longer, he would not have been able to preserve his power.'

Few will be found to envy this ambitious and enterprising man. When he was at the highest point of his greatness, he lived like Damocles, with a sword suspended over his head by a single hair. His courage, brave as he was, could not entirely defend him from the apprehensions daily excited by the daring menaces of the royal party. A pamphlet entitled 'Killing no Murder' embittered the latter period of his existence; and it must have been a source of great vexation to perceive, that not a single member of his own family participated in his sentiments or rejoiced in his elevation. His amiable son Richard warmly

pleaded for the life of Charles, and his wife anxiously desired him to recall the exiled heir of the crown from banishment. His eldest daughter, married to Ireton, and after his death to Fleetwood, was so sternly republican, as well as both her husbands, that she could not bear to see even her own father invested with arbitrary power. Mrs. Claypole, his favorite daughter, is said to have died of grief at the refusal of her supplication for the life of Dr. Hemet, who was accused of a conspiracy against the usurper; and it is asserted that this lady, on her death-bed, upbraided her father with his crimes, and bade him 'descend from the throne of king Charles.' His other daughters are said to have had a secret kindness, of which he was not ignorant, for the Stuart family, and lady Falconberg in particular, who was distinguished by beauty, wit, and spirit, is reported to have taken an active part in the Restoration. The exertions of this lady, in favor of the banished prince, may perhaps warrant a conjecture, that she was the fair one whom the plotting genius of lord Broghill had selected as the means of effecting an union between the bitter persecutor of royalty and royalty itself. Those family records which are so much more interesting than the lofty chronicle of legitimate history inform us that he was the projector of the extraordinary scheme of marrying Cromwell's daughter Frances to the royal exile, whom he had privately sounded, and who was not disinclined to an adoption of the proposal. Putting vanity out of the question (and we admit that its gratification might have had great weight) few female hearts would have been proof against this gracious concordance: the sex, naturally generous, would have given the king greater credit for disinterestedness than the consent deserved; and hence we may easily account for the warmth with which lady Falconberg espoused the cause of one who would not have disdained to share his crown with the daughter of his enemy. Cromwell, however, could not be brought to adopt the measure.

The protector's letters, though master-pieces of hypocrisy, are not particularly entertaining; and we may draw more amusement from anecdotes communicated by his contemporaries than from any document which he has bequeathed to us. Dr. Tillotson, afterwards arch-

bishop of Canterbury, was present during a curious scene at Whitehall after Cromwell's death. There was a fast-day, and he went into the presence-chamber to see how it was observed. The new protector and his family sate at one table, and at the other were six preachers. 'By the bold sallies of enthusiasm uttered on this occasion, he was absolutely disgusted. God was, as it were, reproached with having neglected or undervalued the services of the deceased usurper, and challenged for having prematurely taken him away. Goodwin, in particular, who had repeatedly asserted only a few minutes before he expired that he was not to die, had the assurance to exclaim to his Creator, 'Thou hast deceived us, and we are deceived.'

Turning from the bigot reign of these puritanical zealots, we find much interesting matter in the accounts afforded by Charles the Second's faithful followers, of the hardships to which he and his loyal attendants were subjected in their melancholy wanderings through foreign realms. The famous earl of Clarendon, whilst in France, was in great poverty with his master: he assures us that in the midst of winter he had neither clothes nor fire to protect him against the severity of the season; that he wanted both shoes and shirts, and that the marquis of Ormond was in no better condition: they owed for all the meat which they had eaten at an obscure chop-house for three months to a poor woman who was no longer able to trust them; 'and my poor family at Antwerp,' he adds, 'which breaks my heart, is in as sad a state as I am, and the king as either of us.' The return of the merry monarch and his gay cavaliers changed the face of affairs. Praying and preaching grew into disrepute; and the courtiers and their imitators, not content with reprobating cant and hypocrisy, scoffed at and despised religion itself. Carnival lasted during the whole year; and the majority of the companions of Charles, by perpetual festivity, made ample amends for the ragged starved condition which they had been previously obliged to endure.

What a scene of licentious prodigality do the letters and biography of that era open to view! Yet, amidst the general contamination of manners, and the unblushing vices of Buckingham, Rochester, Shaftesbury, Arlington, and a long list of their competers and associates, the virtues of the good Clarendon, the pious



Evelyn, and the excellent Temple, shine forth with redoubled lustre. The scandalous annals of the day are disgraced by such horrid violations of every law of morality and decency, that the wit of the recital cannot reconcile a well-regulated mind to the perusal; and we must seek the true sources of unforbidden enjoyment in the writings of those who were happily preserved from pollution, to be handed down as bright examples of virtue existing in close contact with vice, for the instruction of all succeeding ages. The letters of sir William Temple are very interesting, inasmuch as they exhibit the character of William III. in a more pleasing point of view than that which he holds in the page of the historian. Sir William writes thus to his father. 'The prince of Orange came to the king at Newmarket, where he was mighty well received both by the king and the duke. I made the acquaintance there between the prince and the lord-treasurer, and in such a manner as, though they were not at all known before to each other, yet they very soon fell into confidence. The prince said not a word to any of them of any thoughts of a wife, whilst they stayed at Newmarket, and told me that 'no consideration should move him in the affair till he saw the lady.' The day after he saw her here, he moved it to the king and the duke, and, though he did it with so good a grace that it was very well received, yet in four or five days' treaty it proved to be entangled in such difficulties, that the prince sent for me one night, and, uttering his whole heart, told me, 'He was resolved to give it over, repenting from the heart of his journey, and would be gone within two days, and trust God Almighty for what would follow,' and so went to bed, the most melancholy I ever saw in my life. Yet, before eleven o'clock the next morning, the king sent me to him to let him know he was resolved on the match, and that it should be done immediately, and in the prince's own way.' Were it not for the evidence of his friend in his favor, few people would admit the probability of William's entertainment of any delicate scruples respecting the proposal of an advantageous marriage, on the score of some possible objection arising from the personal appearance of the intended bride.

The character of the princess of Orange, afterwards queen of England,

affords a pleasing study, and the difficulty of estimating the secret feelings of the heart, by the exterior show of gaiety, is forcibly evinced by the erroneous judgement formed by eye-witnesses of the temper and disposition of Mary. Evelyn describes her first appearance at court after the flight and banishment of her weak misguided father in his usual animated manner. 'I saw the new king and queen at Whitehall. It was supposed that both he, and the princess especially, would have shown some *seeming* reluctance at least, of assuming her father's crown, and made some apology testifying her regret, that he should necessitate the nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, which would have showed very handsome to the world, and according to the character given of her piety: but nothing of this kind appeared; she came into Whitehall laughing and jolly as to a wedding, so as to seem quite transported. She rose very early the next morning, even before her women were up, and went from room to room to view the convenience of Whitehall, lay in the same bed and same apartment where the late queen lay, and, after a night or two, sat down to play at basset, as the queen her predecessor used to do. She smiled upon and talked to every body; so that there seemed to be no change at court since Mary D'Este went away, except that infinite crowds thronged to see her, and she went to our prayers, instead of the mass. She seems to be good-natured, and to take nothing to heart; the king is serious, grave, and silent.' Mary was not, however, of so careless and unthinking a temper as Evelyn imagined. Her letters, now placed in every body's hands by the deserved popularity of Mr. D'Israeli's *Cu-riositys of Literature*, prove her to have deeply participated in the vexation and anxiety which very nearly induced her husband to quit the realms that he had been called upon to govern. Thwarted in almost every measure proposed by the ministry for the public good, and the slaves of those friends who had assisted in effecting the revolution, they were very frequently obliged to relinquish the dearest wishes of their hearts, and to comply with the obstinate resolves and uphold the private interests of violent party-men. In one of her epistles to the king, during his absence on the continent, we find this passage. 'The bishop of Salisbury (Burnet) has made a long

thundering sermon this morning, which he has been with me to desire to print; which I could not refuse; though I should not have ordered it for reasons which I told him.' It appears that the queen's wishes had no weight, when balanced against the bishop's desire to promulgate his furious denunciations of a party which, whatever might be its errors, it was his sovereign's wish to conciliate.

Resuming our notice of Evelyn, we may observe, that this good man, though an enemy to the measures of James II., was by no means pleased with the treatment which he and his luckless consort received at the hands of their successors. He remarks, in his entertaining Diary, 'I have been to see the queen's rare cabinets and collection of china: amongst the most remarkable of the former is one of amber with cameos (since a distinguished ornament of Fonthill), and one of silver filigree which belonged to Mary d'Este, and which ought to have been generously sent to her.'—The triumphal reception of queen Mary in the royal apartments formed indeed a strong contrast to the melancholy fate of her unfortunate step-mother, who had so lately fled from them in terror. We are told that the ill-starred queen, escaping with her infant prince from the ruin impending over the family, after crossing the Thames from the abdicated palace, took shelter beneath the ancient walls of Lambeth church for a whole hour, from the rain of the inclement night of December 6, 1688. Here she waited with aggravated misery, until a common coach, procured from the nearest inn, arrived, and conveyed her to Gravesend, whence she sailed and bade an eternal adieu to her husband's forfeited inheritance.

The rage for reversing all the measures of James, the most trivial as well as the most important, led to some perplexing consequences. Dryden's tragic-comedy of the Spanish Fryar, written whilst he was under the dominion of those principles which he subsequently abjured, when, in courtly compliance with the monarch's wishes, he became a papist, was selected for the first theatrical performance attended by queen Mary, because it was the only play whose representation had been forbidden by James. We are obliged to quote, from memory only, a very curious letter which we have seen in print, giving an account of the dilemma into which the royal au-

ditor was thrown by this inconvenient choice. The drama in question independent of the underplot, composed expressly to bring the catholic religion into ridicule and contempt, contains the adventures of a lady who has just succeeded to a throne to the prejudice of the rightful heir, who is detained in prison, and afterwards reported to have died there. Though at the first glance the circumstances in which the two queens were placed seem widely dissimilar, yet the play contained so many pointed allusions which might be turned to recent events, and to the present disposition of affairs, that they could not fail to strike the dullest comprehension. 'Some unhappy passages,' says the writer of the above-mentioned epistle, 'put the queen into disorder, and forced her to hold-up her fan, and often look behind her, and call for her palatine and hood, and any thing else she could think of, to conceal her perturbation; whilst those in the pit turned their heads over their shoulders, and the generality directed their looks to her whenever their fancy led them to make any application of that which was passing on the stage. In one place, where the queen of Arragon is going to church in procession, a spectator says, 'Very good—she usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and at the same time is praying for a blessing on her army.' This cut deeply; but a heavier blow succeeded. One of the characters having declared, 'It is observed at court, who weeps, and who wears black for good king Sancho's death,' the climax is contained in the following speeches uttered by a faithful friend to the imprisoned monarch: 'Who is that, that can flatter a court like this? Can I soothe tyranny, seem pleased to see my royal master murdered, his crown usurped, a distaff on his throne?—And what title has this queen but lawless force? and force must pull her down.'

Mary was not more fortunate in her city visitings than in her play-goings. The annexed communication, respecting her shopping excursions, is gathered from the letters of the time. 'Bucklersbury, a street which opens into Cheapside, was a fashionable place of resort for ladies, who crowded to it to purchase china-ware, fairs, and India goods of all descriptions. In William's reign it rivaled, if it did not surpass, the Exchange in the Strand. Queen Mary, ere the sombre temper of her lord

had wrought upon her complying disposition, and induced her to relinquish all her own tastes for innocent pleasures, was a visiter in Bucklersbury. She went from house to house among the most eminent traders, condescending to take refreshment and even to dine in her progress. As usual, this good-nature exposed her to censure. Either through accident or design, she omitted a celebrated ware-room. One Mrs. Potter, who kept it, arrogated to herself great merit from the political dialogues of her noble customers, and, vexed that she could not boast of the royal presence, said, 'She might have hoped for this honor as well as others, considering that the whole design of bringing in the king and queen was managed at her house, so that her majesty might as well have thrown away a little money in raffling.'

William violently condemned his consort's proceedings, as soon as they came to his ears: she gently excused herself by alleging that she did nothing more than the custom of the late queen permitted. 'Would you take *her* as your model?' was the stern reply; and meekly acquiescing in her husband's will, she who might have exercised her right to sway the realm, amused herself with knotting fringe and planting trees in Kensington gardens, content with the retirement which he enjoined. Whether he was the stern husband here represented may be doubted; yet appearances justified the conclusion. His manners were cold and repulsive; but the difficulties which he encountered in guiding the helm, rather than a morose objection to the indulgence of his wife in the amusements allowed to her sex and rank, might have been the cause of the gloom which hung over the court during his reign. From the letters now published by Mr. D'Israeli, the utmost confidence appears to have been established between him and his queen; yet Horace Walpole, as diligent an antiquary, vindicates the duke of Marlborough from the charge of treachery which Macpherson adduced against him, by a tale which, if true, shows that Mary was little trusted by the cautious monarch. The duke was accused of betraying the design on Brest to Louis XIV. 'the truth is,' says Walpole, 'he confided the secret to the duchess, and she revealed it to her sister, the popish duchess of Tyrconnel, poor and bigoted.' A corroboration of this was the wise and sententious answer of

king William to the duke, whom he taxed with having betrayed the secret. 'Upon my honor, sir,' said the duke, 'I told it to nobody but my wife.'—'I did not tell it to *mine*,' said the king.

#### MEMOIRS OF THREE DISTINGUISHED VOCALISTS, NOW LIVING\*.

MR. JOHN BRAHAM, formerly *Abram*, was born of Jewish parents; but he was left an orphan when very young. Having a natural inclination for the study of music, he was taken under the protection of Leoni the singer, and, at the age of about ten years, he made his first appearance on the stage at the Royalty theatre, which was then under the management of Mr. John Palmer. His vocal powers were at that time so great, that he was able to execute with correctness most of the *bravuras* which had been sung by madame Mara. The subsequent breaking of his voice, however, deprived him for a while of the means of making a farther progress in the public favor. It was about this period that Leoni, from the disarrangement of his domestic concerns, was compelled to quit the country. He went to Jamaica, and thus Braham was again left in a state nearly of destitution. In this emergency his abilities and good conduct procured him the aid and patronage of the Goldsmids, a family of high respectability in the city; and under their protection he became a teacher of the piano-forte. His greatest assiduity, however, was employed in recovering the powers of his voice; and, in the numerous musical societies which he frequented, he exerted his utmost efforts to regain its former excellence. At one of these meetings he accidentally became acquainted with Mr. Ashe, the celebrated performer on the flute, who, delighted with his vocal abilities, persuaded him to accept an engagement for the subsequent season at Bath. He readily assented, and in the year 1794 made his first appearance as a tenor singer at the concerts, of which Rauzzini was the conductor. He now became a pupil of that musician, and greatly profited by his able instructions. This liberal master even received him gratuitously into his house, and gave him lessons for three years.

\* From the Biographical Dictionary of Musicians.

In the spring of the year 1796, Braham was engaged by Storace to sing at Drury-lane theatre for a limited number of nights; but, before the opera of Mahmoud was performed, in which he was to appear, that ingenious composer died. It was, however, brought forward, and the young singer received from a London audience those unequivocal marks of applause which he so justly merited. In the following season he made his *début* at the Italian opera-house, in *Zemira* and *Azor*. No yet satisfied with himself, so long as he conceived that there was a possibility of improvement, he resolved to seek in Italy the supposed perfection of musical skill. For this purpose he embarked for the continent. He went first to Paris, where he continued nearly eight months, and had several concerts, which were crowded at the high price of a *louis d'or* for each ticket. Thence he traveled to Italy, and was received at Florence with the most flattering marks of approbation. Proceeding to Milan and Genoa, he was gratified with profitable engagements; and at the latter city he continued for a considerable time, and assiduously applied himself to the study of composition under the able *maestro*, Isola, of whose school he has exhibited such successful specimens. He received offers from the conductors of the theatre at Naples; but, as the troubled state of that country did not make it desirable to accept them, he directed his course to Leghorn, Venice, Trieste, and finally to Hamburg, where he was honored with general applause.

Having had numerous solicitations to return to his native country, he declined lucrative offers in Italy and Germany, and accepted one from the theatre of Covent-Garden. Here he appeared, in the winter of 1801, in the opera of *Chains of the Heart*, the composition of Mazzinghi and Reeve; and, since that period, he has maintained the first rank among our English singers. In energy and pathos of style, he is without a rival; and his powers in these respects are especially conspicuous in accompanied recitative, which generally expresses strong passion; thus the deeper and deeper still of Handel is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Braham's strong and pathetic manner, describing Jephthah in the agony of his rash vow. In the order of musical effects, his singing of this accompanied recitative is ranked, by an ingenious con-

tributor to the *Quarterly Musical Review*, with the finest efforts of Mrs. Siddons in the drama. Braham is likewise remarkable among the natives of England, for his power in sustaining, with the proper manner and pronunciation, the principal male characters on the Italian stage; so that, by many, his Italian singing is thought even to transcend his English.

He performed at the opera-house for several seasons with those celebrated singers, Mrs. Billington, Madame Grassini, and Madame Fodor. In 1809, he was engaged to sing at the Dublin theatre, on such terms as had never been previously allowed to any performer,--namely, two thousand guineas for fifteen nights; and so well was the manager satisfied with the bargain, that it was extended to thirty-six performances on the same terms.

For several years past, Braham has been engaged at Drury-lane theatre, where he generally runs the round of his characters with undiminished power and effect. Foreign singers, who are engaged in this country, pay his talents the highest compliment, by saying, '*Non c'è tenore in Italia come Braham.*'

With regard to his merits as a composer, we have only to observe, that if it be allowed that true genius is required to produce chaste and mellifluous melodies, then is Braham highly gifted; for he certainly has written a great number of songs, duets, &c. which have gained the greatest degree of popularity; as a proof of which, most candidates for vocal fame introduce some of them at their *débuts*. 'As a national song,' says an ingenious modern critic, 'Braham's *Death of Nelson*' has pleased and continues to please a vast majority of the inhabitants of the British isles; it has therefore accomplished its purpose; for to whom are national songs, which are always appeals to the passions and seldom free from vain-glory, addressed? To the multitude. They are meant to flatter the pride of the people, to cherish the love of their country, and to inflame their zeal in its defence. Of such compositions, this most popular singer has produced some that have operated with great force on public feeling, and will hereafter even be considered as features in the musical history of this eventful age. They will be preserved with the *Tyrtæan strains* of Purcell, Arne, and Dodin.'

Mrs. CHALKER INCLEDON, whose talents from public life were lately noticed, was born in Cornwall, in which county his father, we are informed, practised with reputation as a physician. At the age of eight years, having evinced a musical propensity, he was articled as a pupil to the celebrated Jackson, of Exeter; and, under that able instructor, he made a rapid progress, his fine voice and his skilful modulation of it being admired by all. He, however, was so averse to the restraint to which he was subjected at the cathedral, that, after remaining with Jackson six or seven years, he left Exeter, and, without giving his friends the least notice of his intention, he entered, in the year 1779, as a sailor on board of the *Formidable*. He sailed to the West-Indies, and continued in the navy for four years, during which time he was in several engagements. His talent for singing was soon discovered by his associates; and some officers, hearing of his musical education, advised him to have recourse to the stage, and furnished him with letters of recommendation to Colman; but the manager was blind to his merits, and the letters were consequently useless. Incledon, nevertheless, persisted in his purpose, and, about the year 1784, joined Collins' theatrical troop at Southampton. After having performed with this company for twelve months, he was invited to Bath; but a considerable time elapsed before he attained his full popularity. It was to the friendship of Rauzzini that he was indebted for the advantage of being brought forward in the manner which he deserved: his talents were also cultivated by Rauzzini with the greatest care and attention. It was in October, 1790, that Incledon first appeared before a metropolitan audience; for he then acted the part of Dermot, in the *Poor Soldier*, at Covent-Garden theatre. Though he was not considered as a scientific singer, his exertions in his favorite pursuit gave general delight. His vocal endowments were certainly considerable; he had a voice of uncommon power, both in the natural and falsetto. The former was from A to G, a compass of about fourteen notes; the latter he could use from D to E, or F, or about ten notes. His natural voice was full and open, neither partaking of the reed nor of the string, and seemed to be sent forth without the smallest artifice; and such was its ductility, that, when he sang *pianissimo*, it

retained its original quality. His falsetto was weak, sweet, and brilliant, but unlike the other. He took it without preparation, according to circumstances, either about D, E or F; or, in ascending an octave, which was his most frequent custom, he could use it with facility, and execute ornaments of a certain class with volubility and sweetness. His shake was good, and his intonation tolerably correct, though his verbal pronunciation was coarse, thick, and vulgar. His forte was ballad, not of the modern sort of whining sentiments but the manly and energetic strain of an earlier and better age of English poetry and song-writing, such as *Black-eyed Susan*, and *The Storm*, the bold and cheering hunting-song, or the love-song of Shield, breathing the chaste simple grace of genuine English melody.

MISS POOLE (now Mrs. DICKONS) exhibited, at the age of six years, a remarkable instance of musical genius; for she was then capable of performing Handel's overtures and fugues on the pianoforte, with an astonishing degree of taste and precision. Her father took advantage of this extraordinary talent, and placed her under the tuition of Rauzzini, thus infusing into her young mind the true Italian taste. In due time she was engaged at some of the regular periodical concerts, and also at Covent-Garden theatre, where she made her first appearance in the character of Ophelia, in which she evinced the most delicate feeling and pathos. She afterwards performed, with great success, a variety of operatic characters; and her fame was quickly diffused over the whole united kingdom. In Scotland she was as much applauded as in England; and by the people of Ireland she was received with particular enthusiasm. Her superior excellence in sacred music is also well known. In that style she sings with such a degree of sublimity, that religion seems to breathe through every note.

She was for some time engaged at the King's Theatre, and represented (among other principal characters) the *Countess* in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, with eminent success, to Madame Catalani's *Serzanna*. On the conclusion of her engagement at Drury-lane theatre in 1810, she was gratified with the appointment of *prima donna* at Catalani's theatre in Paris. Thence she went to Italy, and so highly pleased the admirers of music at

Venice; that she received the distinguished honor of being proclaimed *Socia Onoraria dell' Istituto Filarmónico*. She was engaged to sing at several places with the celebrated Veltuti; but the death of an intimate friend recalled her to England, before she could execute her stipulations; and Mr. Harris gladly availed himself of that opportunity to bring her forward again in his theatre. She excited applause and admiration by her improved style, and continued to act with that zeal and spirit which secured a continuance of the public favor: but she was at length induced to quit the stage, notwithstanding the most lucrative offers. She has also resisted some applications from Italy, and seems disposed to confine herself in future to the privacy of domestic life.

A CRITICAL ESTIMATE OF WELSH  
POETRY,

by Mr. J. H. Parry.

AMONG the general causes to which the peculiar attributes of Welsh poetry are to be traced, may be noticed, in the first place, the singular institution of bardism, formerly existing among the Cymry, and which appears to have grown out of the still more ancient system ascribed to the Druids. The bards, indeed, originally composed one of the orders of the Druidical institution; and when, in process of time, that political fabric was deprived of its primitive importance, they seemed to have formed themselves into a distinct association. Some memorials of the regulations, to which this new institution was subject, as well as of their singular tenets, still survive; but they are, for the most part, so interpolated with the metaphysical subtilities of later times, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. Enough, however, remains to show, that poetry formed an especial object of the care and cultivation of the bards, whose name has, accordingly, become synonymous with the art of song. Hence the art was subordinated to a strict discipline and a peculiar system of rules; and it cannot be deemed surprising, that the earlier effusions of the Welsh poets were also impregnated with the mystical doctrines of bardism. The bards, thus regarding poetry as a necessary part of their institution, were naturally desirous of rendering it an appropriate medium of the doctrinal or moral lore, which they thus trea-

sured. To this it must be, in a great measure, ascribed, that Welsh poetry combines a richer store of metres, than, perhaps, any other nation ever possessed, and which have been progressively increased, by the refinements of subsequent times, to the number of twenty-four. These are all dependent on a certain principle of alliteration, called *cynghanedd*, which, being peculiar to Welsh prosody, invests the strains, over which it presides, with a certain original air, that cannot easily be explained to persons who are ignorant of the Welsh tongue. But the influence of the bardic institution on the ancient poetry of Wales was not confined to its metrical embellishment. It was also productive of a more essential and a more honorable distinction in the love of truth, which it inculcated in its votaries; for 'the truth against the world' was not only a favorite axiom of the bards, but was also adopted as the motto of the order, and the vital principle of its proceedings; and, by a natural transition, it became a predominant feature of their poetical productions. For this reason it is, that, in matters of history, the poets have always been consulted as faithful chroniclers, while, by a singular contrast, the oldest prose compositions are regarded, for the most part, as the mere vehicles of romance and of fiction. This inversion of the ordinary character of the respective species of writing is, perhaps, peculiar to Wales.

Another and a material source of the native originality of the Cambrian muse is to be found in the particular characteristics of the language. Its oriental extraction, the copious significance of its simple terms, and the facilities resulting from the combination of these, added to its grammatical structure, have conspired to enhance this distinction by means of the various and novel sources of rhythmical harmony, which they have created. From this combination of accidents it has resulted, that the poetry of Wales, and more particularly that of ancient times, conveys to the ear of a person, uninformed of its peculiar properties, something unintelligible and obscure; and any attempt to explain it through the medium of a literal translation must necessarily prove unsatisfactory, as wanting those aids which give to the original the greatest portion of its beauty and energy. Nor is it possible, even in a poetical version, to preserve all

the sententious brevity, with the sudden transitions and occasional boldness of figurative expression, peculiar to the muse of the Cymry.

A third general cause of the literary phenomenon under discussion, and in some degree connected with the one last noticed, is the alliance that has ever existed between the songs of the bard and the strains of the musician. This has been the natural consequence of the harmonious properties already adverted to as inherent in the Welsh tongue. Hence arose the national custom of singing with the harp, known in Wales from time immemorial, and not yet extinct. The prevalence of this practice has, no doubt, contributed greatly to the formation of that rigid code of laws by which Welsh poetry is governed, and may have occasioned certain metrical symphonies to be studied at the expense of those loftier aspirations that confer dignity and immortality on the effusions of the muse. A desire to instruct the mind, or to delight the fancy, seems generally to have had less influence on the poet than an anxiety to pour his fascinations upon the ear.

#### A SKETCH OF MODERN POLICY, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

IN an annual volume which courts attention, both by literary merit and beauty of embellishment, we meet with a satirical survey of the present state of various European countries, pretended to be written by a wandering Greek.

I protest to you, my friends (says this bold censor), that I speak the truth, though it may appear to you to be unworthy of credit. But you must consider that, in those inclement regions of the north, nature herself, by her unkindness and severity, compels man to exercise his ingenuity, in order to render his life a little more comfortable. We have no need of this in our country, where nature is more bountiful to mortals; where we can live abroad both in winter and summer, and obtain with little trouble both the necessaries and the luxuries of life. Those, on the other hand, who sigh under the rigor of a six months' winter, are compelled to devise the means of creating an artificial summer within their heated houses; and because they are repulsed by nature, and confined as it were within themselves, they are more addicted than we to employ their minds in idle reveries,

in specious plans which they never execute, and in the investigation of all that it is desirable to know. Hence they are astonishingly learned and conversant in numberless things that contribute neither to wisdom nor to happiness; and they write copious volumes on the most frivolous matters, that we do not care about, and of which we scarcely know the names: they have even schools and academic chairs for this express purpose.

But the seasons are so constituted on this northern side of the globe, that heat and cold, day and night, pass from one extreme to the other; so that there is scarcely any medium salutary alike to soul and body; for, in summer, they suffer as much from intense heat as they do in winter from frequently mortal cold: during one half of the year, their days are nearly eighteen hours long, and in the other half not much more than seven. The minds of men in these parts are as feeble and as variable as their seasons; almost all of them are destitute of firmness and consistency of thought or deed. They have every year new fashions in dress, new species of poetry, and new systems of philosophy. Those who have one day overthrown tyranny,—after they have extolled with their lips the happiness of freedom, and abused it by their actions,—go, the next, and voluntarily bow their necks to the yoke of servitude.

Then there is, among those barbarians, the greatest inequality in every thing. One class of the people, composed of a few families, possess unbounded wealth, and wallow in luxury; but the far greater number are poor, and wholly dependent on the bounty of the rich. In like manner, a few individuals are in possession of all the treasures of science, while the multitude is enveloped in the darkness of the grossest ignorance. Both princes and priests deem this ignorance conducive to their authority, and strive to perpetuate it among the populace, who are of themselves predisposed to it by their poverty and sloth. Hence the lower classes of those nations are attached to the system of their forefathers, in all customs, institutions, and other things relating to the mind; and it is only in matters of sensual enjoyment that they are disposed to change. They nevertheless had any innovation, whether right or wrong, when it is productive of money or any sort of gain; for, with them, custom,



honor, religion, weigh as nothing, compared with gold and spirituous liquors.

Among the nations of Thule, freedom is unknown, so much of it as they might formerly have possessed having been, by degrees, taken from them by the violence or artifices of the great. They are governed by kings, who give out that they are sons of the gods; and the kings and their satraps are as often influenced by their concubines and favorites as by their counsellors. The people are divided into hereditary castes, like the Indians and Egyptians. To the first caste belong the kings themselves and their children. The second consists of the grandees, whose sons are invested with the highest posts, both in the army and in the state, as well as at the altars of the gods, without respect to worth or qualifications; for, incredible as it may appear to us, it has been the practice from time immemorial, among these barbarians, to pay greater respect to the caste of birth than to any other merit. To the third caste belong the inferior officers, the merchants, artisans, common soldiers, and husbandmen; likewise, the artists, *literati*, and the great body of the priests. The fourth caste is composed of the serfs or slaves, who may be sold or given away, like any other domestic cattle. Among the more polished tribes, who have partly laid aside their original wildness, the fourth caste does not exist. In like manner, there are individual tribes, in which good princes have ceased to enact laws without the concurrence of a senate elected from the different castes of the people.

The kings of the countries of Thule live in almost incessant enmity and jealousy of each other. The weaker have no security but in the mutual envy of the stronger. But, when the mutual jealousies of the stronger subside for a time, they fall upon the weaker states, on flimsy prettexts, and divide them among themselves. On this account, they assume the title of the just, the great, or fathers of their country; for the barbarians of all countries and ages have been extremely fond of such empty titles. But no sooner doth the lowest caste in any country, availing itself of its superior intelligence, rise up against the unconscionable encroachments of the higher castes, than all the princes of the higher castes of other countries suspend their individual quarrels, and unite to restore the former order of things in this

foreign land, frequently in a most disinterested manner. Such a war is always considered by the barbarians as a holy war, because they believe that the kings and the gradations of the castes have been appointed by the gods themselves.

The principal portion of the public revenue is swallowed up by the expense of keeping a splendid court; and, next to this, the army, even in time of peace, costs the largest sum. For the instruction of the people, for the encouragement of agriculture, and for all those things which promote the comfort and happiness of men, very little is allotted. In most of the countries of Thule, where the operative caste has the most duties and the fewest rights, it is obliged, by taxes, to supply almost all the necessities of the state.

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Like the ancients, these people pretend to write history; but most of their works of this kind are scarcely worthy of perusal; for they in general afford no information respecting the nations, but treat only of the kings and their marriages, the order of their succession, their wars, and outrages. The names of the authors of the most useful inventions are scarcely mentioned; but the names and deeds of military ravagers are circumstantially recorded, as if they were the real benefactors of the human race. The histories of these nations are moreover very difficult to be understood, because their manners and notions differ widely from ours; for their ideas of honor and virtue are not uniformly the same, either in all ages, or at one and the same period, or among all classes. In the higher castes, lewdness, adultery, extravagance, gambling, abuse of power, may be considered as praiseworthy, or at least as amiable foibles; though, in persons of lower castes, they would be punished as crimes with imprisonment, and even with death. The law has attached the severest penalties to fraud and robbery, committed by individuals of the inferior castes; but, if a grandee dupes the country, and enriches himself at its expense, he is very often promoted to higher posts, or permitted to retire from office with special marks of favor. The same principle obtains in regard to honor, as in regard to virtue and vice. The members of the superior castes need no other honor than their birth to deserve all sorts of privileges; and it is very rarely that any belonging to the in-



actions, and so by their virtues raise themselves in the public estimation; to a level with those favorites of fortune. But the honor which arises from the accident of birth is liable to be taken away by a mere epithet of abuse. Their mode of recovering it is truly singular. The man who has by a word attacked the honor of another, and he whose honor has been injured, meet, according to the prescribed regulations, like maniacs, with arms, and strive to wound each other. As soon as one is wounded or slain, no matter which, they seriously believe that their honor is restored to its former integrity.

For the rest, all these barbarians, without exception, are actuated by an insatiable desire of gain, for which they risk every thing, their virtue, and life itself. It is regarded as an extraordinary circumstance which excites astonishment or contempt, when one renders a gratuitous service to another, or sacrifices his property to the public welfare. They talk a great deal indeed about noble sentiments and generous actions; but it is only on the stage that these can be publicly exhibited without incurring scorn and derision. In fact, almost all the inhabitants of Thule resemble actors, and they are great adepts in the art of appearing to be what they are not.

They cannot, however, disguise themselves so completely, but that their knavery or their inconsistency is quite obvious. By way of promoting agriculture, they load the husbandman with the heaviest imposts, and his profession with their contempt; to encourage trade and commerce, they erect numerous custom-houses, and prohibit importation; to punish and amend the culpable, they shut them up in prisons, where the depraved mutually infect one another still more with their vices, and whence they return consummate villains into human society: to preserve their health they reverse the order of things; some watch at night, and sleep in the day; others destroy the juices of the body by heating liquors and spices, which they import at a great expense from India; so that there is scarcely a poor family that is satisfied with the fruits of its fields, or the produce of its flocks, without adding to them the spices of Arabia or India, and fish from distant seas.

## FASHION;

*from a new Sketch-Book, entitled Scenes and Thoughts.*

MAN proudly boasts; that, as he is created lord of this lower sphere, so he is free and independent of every earthly power; and that he breathes the pure air of a liberty which no other creature can invade. And yet, while thus plainly acknowledging the blessings and claiming the triumphs of freedom, how often does he voluntarily divest himself of one of the highest gifts which he possesses, and actually place around his neck, with his own hands, the yoke of Fashion, the shackles of custom, or some other badge of a state of slavery, equally odious and oppressive. He defies even his fellow-men to rule over his actions, and revenges himself on those who shall dare to usurp what he deems his rights, while, at the same moment, both his soul and body are perhaps under the guidance of an imaginary power, to be moulded as that power shall please to direct.

While I was one day musing with grief upon the strange inconsistency which is thus observable in the human mind, I fell insensibly into a train of thought, which ended by Fancy's usurping the throne lately occupied by sober reflection, and swaying her sceptre with so unlimited a power, that I knew not for some time that I was subjected to her dominion. She suddenly transported me into the midst of an immense building, or kind of hall, at the upper end of which appeared a large and apparently festive groupe, to which numbers were every moment hurrying with inconceivable speed. Curious to know what could excite all this haste and eagerness, I also followed the general example; but, before I had advanced far, I was stopped by a grave but intelligent, and, on a minuter inspection, a very pleasing looking personage, who called himself *Reason*, and who commanded me to go no farther, under the dread of being infected with the general mania which prevailed. 'Here,' said he, 'you may remain in safety, and behold clearly all that passes beyond; whereas, if you proceed, your visual organs will be quickly obscured by the magical arts of the idol, which you fools are so servilely worshipping, and you will not be aware of your own dangerous situation.'—And who, said I, 'is this wonderful creature who seems to hold so astonishing an influence over

that throng of human beings?'—'Her name,' said he, 'is Fashion; she is the offspring of Vanity and Error, by whom she has been deeply initiated in all the wiles which are necessary to introduce her to the human heart; and there you may see the effects of her diabolical skill. The young and the old, the rich, the learned, and the great, are alike bowing prostrate before her, and watching her every motion with the most intense eagerness. See what rich and splendid offerings they lay before her; what sacrifices they offer at her shrine! while all is spurned haughtily away, as unworthy of her notice and acceptance, and fresh supplies are continually demanded, and as continually ceded. With what expert industry does she constantly vary the gay and parti-colored dress in which she is arrayed! and how anxiously do her votaries observe and copy even her slightest movements! Some you may see glorying as it were in the extent of *her* influence and *their own* blind credulity, while others seem borne passively along with the general tide, content that they go with others, without examining the intent or termination of its course; and others again are struggling to escape from the impetuous violence of the torrent, though so weak and feeble is their resistance, that few indeed really succeed in their purpose.'—'And what is it,' said I, in great amazement, 'which can thus retain them in their present situation, even against their own inclinations?' 'Against their own inclination,' replied my informant, 'nothing indeed can retain them; for that is too powerful even for the domination of Fashion. But the fact is, that *that* is still possessed by her, although a transient view of my figure has partly dispelled the illusion under which they have been laboring; and if they would survey me steadily, and crave my assistance, with a real desire of obtaining it, they would soon acquire sufficient strength to approach me nearer. But, unfortunately, my rival yet offers charms to their imaginations, and, as I may not enter farther into her precincts, I must wait until they first exert their own endeavours, before I can render them any effectual assistance.' At this moment I saw, approaching the groupe before me, a venerable old man, whose appearance greatly interested me, and whose evident feebleness excited my commiseration. 'What!' exclaimed I,

involuntarily, 'and is he too infatuated with this siren?'—'Yes,' answered my companion; 'my power has been for some time diminishing in his mind, and now I fear it will be totally annihilated; but I will make one effort for its re-establishment,' added he; and he beckoned the old man toward him with a mixture of authority and entreaty. The latter started,—paused for an instant,—but then, as if with determined desperation, quickened his pace, and hurried on, although with tottering step, to the object of his search. 'He is now beyond my reach,' said Reason, with a melancholy voice; 'and he, who has for sixty years followed my dictates, and been ruled by my decrees, is now going willingly to immolate himself at the shrine of that un pitying sorceress. Behold the transformation which she has already wrought in him.' Directed by his words, I, who had just been watching some other victims, followed his glance, and, to my utter amazement, beheld the revered and respectable figure which I had just been admiring, changed into one of the most ludicrous appearance. In return for the sacrifice which he had made, Fashion had completely re-modeled his dress and manner, and, instead of the grave countenance on which I had before gazed, and which suited so well with his years, I beheld one that was forced into a thousand grimaces, spicing the smiles and the gaiety of youth, which contrasted strikingly with the wrinkles which time had made in his forehead. His person had undergone as complete a metamorphose as his face, and presented a curious mixture of helpless infirmity and assumed lightness and ease. I sighed with pity at this instance of the degradation of all that is most to be admired in the human character; and, turning away, directed my attention to another, although equally painful, object. A young and beautiful maiden appeared, conducted by those who should have made it their study to preserve in her mind that purity and shrinking delicacy which Fashion delights in undermining or destroying,—even by her parents,—to that altar at which they had themselves been accustomed to sacrifice. It was her first appearance in these hateful but fascinating regions, and she tripped on in blushing modesty, unconscious of her error, beaming in the radiance of beauty, of hope, and of excited expectation. Her

young fancy appeared to be charmed with the outward seeming of gaiety which prevailed, and she was soon lost in the midst of the crowd which opened to receive her. I stood for some time pondering on what I had witnessed, when suddenly she again appeared in sight; but, alas! what a cruel change had taken place! The roses of health, which once flourished on her cheeks, had given place to the false coloring of art. The bright but timid glances of her eye were superseded by those of conscious loveliness seeking for praise and admiration; and the animation, which once played naturally round her features, was succeeded by the fixed smile of constrained levity, which Fashion teaches to her children. The full beams of truth were no longer visible, and the veil of retiring delicacy was cast aside. She was, in fine, become a slave in the glittering but deceitful train of Fashion.

‘How wretched,’ exclaimed I ‘is the fate of that poor young creature! How much is she to be pitied!’

‘Yes,’ replied my instructor; ‘and yet, after such a warning of the pernicious counsels and gifts of Fashion, thousands will rush into the same snare, and experience the same fate. The youth, too, who should be the pride and ornament of their country, and the supporters of its power and its liberty, have bowed under the same rod, and are enervated by the same control. Honor, patriotism, principle, and even religion, are exchanged for frivolity, dissipation, and licentiousness. But, behold yon gaping crowd in the distance. How eagerly they are endeavouring to follow those who by birth or wealth have been enabled to get first in the race! and how comic are their imitations! how ridiculous the laborious efforts which they employ! and how unceasingly they struggle to obtain the few scattered remnants which Fashion throws from her contemptuously, when it suits her capricious temper to change the taste and color of her dress! Oh! Man, Man! what a satire thou presentest of thyself!—of thine own weakness, laxity of principle, and degeneracy of feeling!’

Reason uttered this apostrophe with so much earnestness, and in so emphatic a manner, that *Fancy* was forced to drop her veil, and give place to the sober garments of reality.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS HEAD;

#### *a Story of the Sixteenth Century.\**

ON a fine morning in May, 1540, two friends, meanly equipped, were carrying some works of art to the king of France. These were the famous Benvenuto Cellini, ‘as mad a man of genius as the sun of Italy, long used to mad geniuses, ever looked upon,’ and his handsome pupil Ascanio. After resting at a small inn near the entrance of the forest of Fontainebleau, the former resumed his journey alone; and the latter, in the evening, took a walk in the forest. Before he set out, he was warned not to stray too near a large mansion.—‘This house (said the host) belongs to chancellor Poyet, who says he does not choose to be disturbed in the meditations to which he devotes himself for the good of the state, by idle stragglers. To enforce his orders, he has an ugly raw-boned Swiss for a porter, who threatened to cudgel me one day for walking too near his garden wall.’—A hint was also given of a poor young lady being shut up in this guarded mansion; and it may be anticipated that Ascanio wandered that way.—‘A long garden, enclosed by a high wall, and thickly planted on both sides with trees, which entirely concealed its interior from view, was at the back, and it was this which he first approached.

He heard a low voice, which he thought was that of a woman in distress, and, listening more intently and approaching nearer, he was satisfied that his first impression was correct. He distinctly heard sobs and such expressions of sorrow as convinced him that the person from whom they proceeded was indulging her grief alone. A large birch tree grew against the wall near the place where he stood; he paused for a moment to deliberate whether he could justify the curiosity he felt, when the hint about the lady came across his mind, and, without farther hesitation, he ascended the tree. He looked from the height he had gained, and saw a young female on a low seat immediately below the bough on which he stood. She was weeping. At length, raising her head, she dried her tears, and taking up a guitar which lay beside her, she struck some of the chords, and played the symphony to a plaintive

\* Abridged from an elegant annual volume entitled, with a due sense of gallantry, *Thémis et le Drame*.

air which was then well known. Ascanio gazed in breathless anxiety, and wondered that one so fair and so young should have cause for deep sorrow.

A conference ensued between Ascanio and the maiden; and, to avoid a forced marriage with Poyet, she agreed to elope with the youth. — He clasped her in his arms, and once kissed her fair forehead, by way of binding the compact. He looked up to the wall to consider the best means of enabling the lady to scale it, when he saw above it a man's head looking at them. He at first thought they were betrayed; but the expression of the face, which he continued to look at, removed his alarm on this head. It was a very fine countenance, highly intelligent, and uncommonly good-humored. It seemed, as well as Ascanio could guess, to belong to a man of middle age. He had a long pointed nose, bright eyes, and very white teeth; a small cap just stuck on the left side of his head gave a knowing sort of look to his appearance, and added to the arch expression of his visage, as he put his finger on his lip to enjoin silence when the youth looked up at him.

‘Hush,’ he said, ‘it is a very reasonable bargain on both sides, very disinterested, and strongly sworn to. And now, my children, as I have been a witness to it, although unintentionally, I feel myself bound to aid your escape.’ Ascanio hardly knew what answer to make; but, as he saw it was perfectly indifferent to the stranger, who knew the whole of his secret, whether he should trust him or not, he resolved to accept his offer.

While he was endeavouring to get Beatrice (for so the lady was named) over the wall, he was attacked by three armed men; but, by the assistance of the brave stranger, he triumphed over his assailants, and hastened to Paris with his fair charge, upon a horse furnished by his new friend. He found Cellini in an old castellated house on the left bank of the Seine, which had formed part of the Neale palace, and which he had called *Il Piccol Nello*. Almost all the chambers, excepting the few in which they dwelt, were occupied by the numerous works in which the artist was engaged. At length Ascanio's fertile invention suggested to him an expedient, by which he might ensure an asylum for the lady, for a short time at least, until

he should be able to explain the whole affair to his friend.

Among the odd whims which, from time to time, reigned in the crazy brain of Cellini, that of making a colossal statue of Mars had for a long time been paramount, and he had proceeded so far as to make the head of the figure, when some other freak drew off his attention. This head was about as large as the cottage of a London ruralist, and occupied a large space in his court-yard. The frame was made of solid timber, and the outside covered with a very thick plaster, which was moulded into the form of a gigantic face, representing the aspect of the warlike god; and a very terrible affair to look upon it was.

Ascanio, who had often been much annoyed by the discordant noises with which his master conducted his labors, and no less by the incessant talking of the old house-keeper Catharine, had found a refuge from both in the cavity of this head, where he had formed a very convenient and not a very small apartment. Here he used to study painting and music, both of which he loved far better than either sculpture or working in gold; and he had been wise enough never to tell any person of this retreat. He entered it easily by a chasin from the ground, and a small ladder, which he had placed withinside, conducted him up to his chamber.

Cellini's oddities and the unceremonious method he had adopted of getting possession of *Il Piccol Nello*, had made him many enemies. Among others, there was a wretched little tailor, who had the honor of being employed for some of the *conseillers du parlement*. This tailor became for certain reasons the implacable foe of Cellini. He took a garret directly opposite to his house, where he used to watch the motions of its inhabitants, and, to soften the exasperation of his mind, he bestowed on them from morning to night all the maledictions he could invent. He had heard noises proceeding from the monstrous head in the court-yard, and even sometimes in the dead of the night he had seen two streams of light issuing from the great eyes; but, as he had no notion that Ascanio was then within the head, drawing by the light of a lamp, or playing upon a guitar, which he accompanied with his voice, the tailor's fears and malice induced him to spread a report that Cellini

was an enchantment, and that the *Testa di Marte* he had made was some demoniacal contrivance which he had animated for the destruction of the good city of Paris. Not content with reporting this throughout the quarter in which he dwelt, he told it among all the laquais of all the *conseillers* he knew, until at length the story of the devil's head was as well known as any other current lie in the city.

In this chamber Beatrice was placed: meanwhile the chancellor had found his bullies where Ascanio left them, but could persuade 'none of the three to tell him what had brought them into so sad a plight, and for this reason; two of them were dead, and the other was so faint, from the loss of blood, that he could not speak, and seemed very likely to follow his companions.' He however pursued the fugitives, and in his rage devoted the youth to utter ruin, and proposed to glut his rage by sacrificing Cellini, notwithstanding the favor which he enjoyed at the court of Francis I. The magical head was made the hinge on which the artist's ruin was to turn; and the duchess d'Estampes, and his majesty's confessor, both enemies of Cellini, entered into the confederacy against him. The confessor 'devoutly believed in all the legends of the Romish church, and thought it highly probable, that a man who could execute such beautiful sculptures, as Cellini had exhibited, must be in league with the devil. When, therefore, the chancellor began to tell his story, these two worthy personages chimed in, and backed his villainous project so well, that the good-natured king was diverted from his first intention, which had been to kick the chancellor, and to leave the confessor and the duchess (the only two persons in the world of whom he had ever been afraid) to themselves. He said he would see Cellini, who had stayed all night in the palace by his orders; and the artist was accordingly sent for.

'How now, Cellini,' said the monarch, as he approached, 'did I send for you to Paris that you should bring with you troops of fiends and demons, who, it is said, help you in your works?'

'I have no devils to help me in my work,' said Cellini, 'but your majesty's subjects; and if my great countrymen, Alighieri, were to lead me through all

the darkest places in the *Inferno*, I could not find worse fiends.'

'But here,' said the king, holding out the papers, 'two men swear that you have a head of the devil in *Il Piccol Nello*, and that the whole of the neighbourhood is infested by his legions, to the disturbance of the public tranquillity, and the great scandal of our holy church.'

'The confessor crossed himself.

'I abjure the devil and his powers,' said Cellini, crossing himself with no less fervor; 'and next to them I hate and abhor the villains who have thus slandered me to your gracious majesty. Let me know their names, and I swear they shall be better acquainted with the real devil ere long.'

The king declared that he would make a regular inquiry into the affair; but Ascanio had married the fair Beatrice before the royal commission reached Paris, and was gone to restore the stranger's horse, according to the directions he had received, at the time it arrived at the *Testa di Marte*, wherein the bride was lodged.

'The consternation of Beatrice may be better imagined than described, when she heard the arrival of so many strangers; but it was increased to an almost intolerable degree as she listened to the conversation which ensued, and heard the odious voice of her oppressor, the chancellor. She could not see any of the persons unless she had looked out at the eyes of the figure, and this she dared not to do lest she should discover herself.

'And this,' said the king, 'is what they call the Devil's Head.'

'Who calls it so?' asked Cellini, fiercely; 'it is the head of Mars, and whoever has called it the head of the devil is an ass and a liar!'

'Patience, good Benvenuto,' said the king; 'let us hear what they have to say against the head, which seems to be a very fine work of art, whether it has been wrought by man or demon.'

'The chancellor, who had taken care upon the journey to mature his plan, now produced the little tailor, who saw here a glorious opportunity of being revenged on his formidable antagonist. He, therefore, began a long story, every third word of which was a lie, about the sights he had seen and the sounds he had heard, in and about the dreadful head. He had often seen the four fiends, who

self go in and out, he said; he had heard the devils performing the sacred office of mass backwards; he had seen flames issue from the mouth, and no longer ago than last night, as he was a Christian and a tailor, he swore that he had seen two fiends enter the head, immediately after which it was seen to roll its fiery eyes in a manner truly horrible and awful.

‘It would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the extravagances which Cellini committed while this little idiot was uttering his lies. If he had not been restrained, he would have killed him on the spot; he roared all sorts of imprecations, he cursed every tailor that had been on the earth since the creation, and then, adding all those curses together, he heaped them in a lump on the head of the particular tailor then before him; in short, he acted so whimsical a madness, that the king laughed until his sides ached.

‘The chancellor, however, took up the matter in a much more serious light. He said it was evident from the relation of the witness that some foul deeds were practised, and that the head ought to be exorcised; never doubting that, if he could once gain the assistance of the clergy, they would invent some pretext upon which Cellini might be sent to prison. The king had no objection to this, and, as he had already enjoyed the farce so far, he wished to see it played out. Some of the brethren of the neighbouring Carmelite monastery were sent for, in all haste, and preparations made for the exorcising. The confessor directed a large stack of faggots, which stood in a corner of the yard, to be laid around the head, because, he said, the application of fire was always necessary to dislodge a spirit so malignant as that appeared to be which had taken up its abode in this structure. The preparations were soon made, and a torch applied, when a faint shriek was heard to issue from the head. All the bystanders looked aghast; the priests crossed themselves; even the king looked grave; Cellini’s hair stood on end; and the tailor ran away. At this moment Ascanio had returned from the park, and learning from a bystander that they were about to exorcise the magical head, because there was a spirit in it, he rushed in, dashed the torch from the hand of a lay-brother, who was applying it, and cried out, ‘Fiends, mon-

sters, advance one step, and your lives shall be the forfeit!’

‘Beatrice heard his voice, and, almost fainting with terror, she rushed forward, and threw herself into his arms. Supporting her with his left arm, and holding out his sword with his right, he continued to menace all who should approach.

‘What means all this?’ cried the king. But Ascanio was too much busied in encouraging the terrified girl to listen to the question.

‘The old chancellor, however, who recognised Beatrice instantly, now thought that his plan had succeeded even beyond his expectation. ‘My gracious liege,’ he cried, ‘this maiden is a ward of mine, whose person I require to be instantly restored to me; the youth I charge with having, in company with others, slain three of my household, and carried off the maiden by force.’

‘It is false,’ cried Beatrice, as she threw herself frantically at the king’s feet; ‘they were killed in fair combat, and I went willingly with him to seek protection from the cruelty of that vicious tyrant. Here, at your majesty’s knees, I implore your pity and protection.’

‘But what says the youth?’ exclaimed the king, while Ascanio was gazing on him in astonishment. He saw, in the person of the gallant Francis, the stranger who had so generously aided him in the forest of Fontainebleau. ‘Has he any witness beside that maiden to prove that he killed his antagonist in fair fight?’

‘He is one of a band of murderers and ravishers,’ cried the chancellor in a rage; ‘he has no witness.’

‘Thou art a liar, though thou wert a thousand chancellors,’ replied the youth; ‘and since peaceful men like thee do not make war but upon weak maidens, I defy thee by thy champion.’

‘No, my liege,’ he added, turning to the king, and kneeling—‘I have no witness save God and your majesty.’

‘And may every honest man have witnesses as good in time of need to oppose to perjurers and lawyers. He is no murderer, chancellor; by my holy patron, St. Denis, I believe he could himself have killed those three murderous villains whom thou dost retain; but know that I assisted him against the base knaves;—I helped him to carry out

the maiden, thy dead friend's daughter,  
whom thou didst basely oppress; and if  
he had not been there I would have done  
it myself.

'The king and his train then de-  
parted, leaving the young people with  
Cellini, whom the disgrace of the chan-  
cellor had put into very good humor.  
He made Ascanio tell him the story of

the fight in the forest over and over  
again. He kissed Beatrice, and called  
her his child; he forbade all work in Il  
Piccol Nello for a week; ordered the  
wedding to be celebrated with great  
magnificence; and said, that of all the  
works he had ever produced, none had  
made him so happy as the 'head of  
Mars.'

'Tis all in vain, thou dear, dear one,  
Vain all thy tears and care;  
The form that thou so long hast lov'd  
Soon the hue of death will wear.

I go to join our gentle babe,  
Who, like some lovely flow'r,  
Perish'd and droop'd ere the wintry cold  
On its opening bloom had pow'r.

My father's curse rings in my ears;  
Oh! it will never cease  
Until I am laid within the grave,  
And slumber there in peace.

I hoped, alas! my wasted form,  
My face so wan and pale,  
Would have won him to forget my fault,  
And hear my mournful tale.

I know I was his cherish'd child  
Whom he loved to look upon,  
And thought his stern heart would relent  
When he saw my bloom was gone.

No! he turn'd away with wrath and scorn,  
When I pray'd him to forgive,  
And told him, on my bended knees,  
I had not long to live.

Alas! I've often sigh'd to think  
How blessed it would be,  
Could but a parent's hallow'd smile  
Beam over thee and me.

And, though unkind, I wept to see  
My father's loneliness;  
No daughter nigh his aged form  
To soothe him in distress.

Yet think not that I can regret  
The hour that made me thine;  
Sorrow has link'd thy noble heart  
More firmly still to mine.

Oh yes! when nought but gloom and mist  
Around our pathway lay,  
Thy love was as the sun to chase  
The dark'ning clouds away.

Mrs. H—.

## SONG.

WILT thou be true, maiden, wilt thou be true,  
 Though long the time may be,  
 Ere I shall return from a foreign land  
 To gaze once more on thee?  
 Wilt thou turn from all who with flatt'ring words  
 Thy young heart would beguile,  
 And save for our next happy meeting hour  
 Thy best and brightest smile?

Wilt thou be true, maiden, wilt thou be true,  
 As the sun is to the day,  
 And forget not, 'midst mirth and revelry,  
 Thy lover far away?  
 When the billows rise, and the furious blast  
 Bends e'en yon aged tree,  
 Wilt thou remember, my own gentle love,  
 To breathe a prayer for me?

MRS. H—.

## THE CONVICT SHIP,

by Mr. T. K. Hervey; from the *Literary Souvenir*.

MORN on the waters!—and, purple and bright,  
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;  
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;  
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,  
 And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale—  
 The winds come around her, in murmur and song,  
 And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;  
 See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,  
 And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:  
 Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
 Over the waters,—away, and away!  
 Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart!  
 Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
 Music around her, and sunshine on high—  
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
 Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!  
 Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,  
 Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,  
 Treading its depths in the power of her might,  
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!  
 Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,  
 Seems not the ship like an island of rest?  
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
 Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain!  
 Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,  
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,  
 A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,  
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
 And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?  
 Who, as he watches her silently gliding,  
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
 Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?



Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life : while it passes along,  
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song !  
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurl'd ;  
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,  
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs :—  
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears ;  
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,  
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;  
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore  
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and o'er !

THE DECISION OF THE FLOWER.

*from the Literary Souvenir.*

THERE is a flower, a purple flower,  
Sown by the wind, nursed by the shower,  
O'er which Love has breathed a power and spell,  
The truth of whisp'ring hope to tell.  
Lightly the maiden's cheek has prest  
The pillow of her dreaming rest ;  
Yet a crimson blush is over it spread,  
As her lover's lip had lighted its red.  
Yes, sleep before her eyes has brought  
The image of her waking thought,—  
That one thought hidden from the world,  
Like the last sweet hue in the rose-bud curl'd.  
The dew is yet on the grass and leaves,—  
The silver veil which the morning weaves  
To throw o'er the roses, those brides which the sun  
Must woo and win ere the day be done.  
She braided back her beautiful hair  
O'er a brow like Italian marble fair.  
She is gone to the fields where the corn uprears,  
Like an eastern army, its golden spears.  
The lark flew up as she pass'd along,  
And pour'd from a cloud his sunny song ;  
And many bright insects were on wing,  
Or lay on the blossoms glistening ;  
And with scarlet poppies around like a bower,  
Found the maiden her mystic flower.  
Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell  
If my lover loves me, and loves me well ;  
So may the fall of the morning dew  
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue.  
Now I number the leaves for my lot :  
He loves not, he loves me, he loves me not,  
He loves me,—yes, thou last leaf, yes,  
I'll pluck thee not, for that last sweet guess !  
He loves me—*Yes*, a dear voice sigh'd ;  
And her lover stands by Margaret's side.

## STANZAS,

*written in the Country.*

SCENES of delight! where many a day  
 Has pass'd on rapid pinions by,  
 Why turn I from your charms away,  
 Or view them only with a sigh?

Why have ye lost for me those joys,  
 Which once were to my heart so dear,  
 When from a crowded city's noise  
 I brought a hermit's feeling here?

Ye are the same—as green your trees,  
 As richly do your blossoms glow,  
 As sweet a fragrance fills your breeze,  
 As pure your winding rivers flow.

Yet I—how changed a heart is mine!  
 I, heedless of your beauties, rove,  
 While doom'd, at distance doom'd to pine  
 From her whose smiles are joy and love.

J. O. R.

## LOVE AND THE SHADOW.

THE shadow, when pursued, flies fast,  
 All hope to reach it vain:  
 Try e'er so swift, 'twill not be past;  
 Or slow, and 'twill not gain.

But turn, and, lo! the changeful thing  
 As ardent follows you;  
 To ev'ry footstep close 'twill cling;  
 To ev'ry motion true.

Just like the shadow love is found,  
 As fickle men oft waver;  
 Careless they shun affection's round,  
 And beauty's smiling favor.

And this, forsooth, because the maid  
 No affectation feels,  
 Whose heart, by ev'ry look betray'd,  
 Its inmost truth reveals.

But let the scornful beauty frown,  
 And man's attentions spurn;  
 No fondness let her seem to own,  
 Nor one soft look return;

And, lo! the boaster, man, shall bow  
 To weaker woman's wile;  
 Shall kneel, fawn, flatter, pray, and vow,  
 To gain her angel smile.

J. M. L.

HINTS RESPECTING THE WONDERFUL  
TOUR OF A BLIND MAN.

MR. EDITOR—A late periodical publication having extracted a passage from captain Cochrane's Journal of his Travels through Russia, in which comments are made on my Siberian tour, I am induced

to request that you will insert the following reply to that gentleman's observations, as I apprehend that the extensive diffusion of sentiments which hold me up as a Quixotic adventurer, and as a person incapable, from peculiar circumstances, of obtaining correct in-

formation, may tend to excite an unfavorable impression, with regard, to the motives which led me to undertake and accomplish so arduous a journey, as well as the fidelity of my description of it. I feel myself the more especially called upon to endeavour to obviate such ideas, as the results of the journey in question are likely to be soon brought before the public.

In the first place, however, I beg leave to remark, that I cannot divine the state of feeling by which captain C. was actuated while writing the passage in question, which appears to be composed of compliment and sarcasm, mixed up with an affectation of pity, and intimations that whatever information I might collect must be of a spurious character.

Great as the affliction may be, Mr. Editor, which I sustain under the total loss of my power of vision, I assure you that I do not desire the pity of any man; and, although I by no means reject the kind sympathy of my friends, yet I feel that, if it were not expressed with greater delicacy of sentiment than the captain seems to possess, it would be more chilling to my heart, than the freezing blasts of a Siberian winter.

This gentleman cannot conceive my object in going to Siberia. A question of similar import has frequently been put to me with respect to the motives that induced him to undertake the same journey, and I must confess I have been equally at a loss to account for them; a fact which might convince the Russian government that we were not, as has been intimated, acting in concert. He adds, however (I suppose by way of a reverse explanation), that 'he may go there as well as any where else, for he will see just as much; but there is so little to be seen by those who have even the use of their eyes, that I cannot divine what interest he can have to attempt it.' Now as he admits there is little to be seen, I think my *prospects* were likely to be nearly as extensive as his own.

He then proceeds as follows:—'If his journal, which may be made interesting, be composed of hearsay, as it certainly cannot be of ocular evidence, he will indeed have enough to do to record the information he may receive, and which can only proceed from exiles and criminals, and consequently is not implicitly to be relied on, particularly situated as he is, possessing hardly suf-

ficient knowledge of the Russian language to appreciate duly the value of such hearsay information. His manuscript must become voluminous, and, of course, too bulky to be sent by private hands: it can only therefore be sent by post, where, without doubt, it will be subject to the examination of those whose duty it is to inspect documents of such a nature as this is likely to be, and will be treated according to its merit.'

'In every country, even in England, we find that foreigners should be careful of what they write. If they wish their packets a safe arrival at their place of destination, they should take care that nothing offensive to the government be inserted; for frequently, as in England, truth is a libel, and the greater the truth the greater the libel. Whether Mr. Holman has already learned this useful, and to travelers necessary lesson, time will develop: if so, he may go where he will, and be received by every person in the empire with open arms and warm hearts.'

Of the inapplicability of these observations every one will be sensible: they are, however, so contradictory in their import, that I am at a loss to conceive what we are to understand from them. The captain asserts, for instance, that my information must be hearsay, when he has just accused me of not knowing the language, in which this hearsay information is to be communicated: surely this is more than paradoxical. When he adds that it can only proceed from persons of no weight or authority, are we to infer that his own information was derived from such a source? and if so, what becomes of the veracity of *his* journal? I can only assure him, that my intelligence has been chiefly collected from the purest sources,—the principal inhabitants of the countries through which I passed, as well as some of the most respectable officers in the service of his imperial majesty.

His speculations concerning the voluminous nature of my notes, and the necessity and difficulty of concealing them from the vigilant eye of the Russian government, are equally futile, and show how improperly he estimates my judgement and experience in traveling, and also the method by which I preserve from such violation the materials I may happen to collect. The latter, it is true, I effect upon a principle, which might not have entered into his contemplation;—

that of depositing them in a portable and invisible form, within the cavity of my cranium,—a plan which, however, did not suggest itself from any sinister motive, but originated in the impracticability of committing them to paper in the ordinary way. Nor am I so young in the art of traveling as to comment on the proceedings of a despotic government, and then trust my observations to its post. Probably I might have learned this useful lesson as soon as the captain himself, being some years his senior, and having, I conceive, had almost as much experience.

JAMES HOLMAN.

Windsor, 10th Nov. 1824.

RAVENNA, OR ITALIAN LOVE; A TRAGEDY.

WHEN writers are doubtful of their own powers of invention, it is prudent to borrow from a more ingenious author; and, as two heads are better than one, it is equally prudent to secure the literary aid of a friend. Thus has the present piece been manufactured. It is founded on Schiller's *Cabal and Love*, and is the production of two persons, who, while they boast of 'new modifications of feeling, sentiment, and character,' and assure us, that the general superstructure which they have reared upon a foreign basis will appear, to every critical eye, to be of a 'perfectly distinct and original order,' are yet greatly indebted to their German model.

Removing the scene from Germany to Italy, the associated writers have introduced the marquis of Ravenna (prime minister of the duke of Milan), his son the count Cesario, his secretary Bartuccio, the princess Camilla, and Giana, a young and amiable lady, as the chief characters of the piece. The count has devoted himself to this lady; but his father, preferring a more elevated connexion for him, desires him to discontinue his addresses to Giana, and, by the advice of the artful secretary, who is also enamored of her, threatens to send her and her father to prison. Cesario remonstrates against this violence, and hints that he will disclose a murderous act formerly committed by his father, who, alarmed at the unexpected menace, recalls the order of arrest. An iniquitous scheme is then devised by the marquis

and his privy-counsellor, for the total annihilation of the fond hopes of the youthful lovers. Giana's father is thrown into a dungeon; and, by declaring that his life is in danger, Bartuccio prevails on her to make an assignation with a cavalier who has sufficient influence to save him, and also extorts from her an oath never to reveal the truth. The letter falls into the hands of the count, who, tortured by jealousy, and inflamed with rage, seeks an interview with the hapless maiden, and, not doubting her infidelity, poisons her and himself.

The improbability of the story will readily occur to the majority of readers: yet the tragedy is not deficient in interest, and some of the scenes are forcibly wrought. The conduct of the hero is not altogether natural, still less is it just or dignified; but we must take into our consideration the cruel jealousy of the Italian character, and advert to the strong circumstances which could convert ardent love into brutal fury.

We extract, as specimens of the composition, a mild love scene, and one of a less tranquil character. In the former, Giana appears in a garden, expecting a visit from her lover:

Giana. Still—still he comes not—  
Be hush'd, my throbbing heart—'twas but  
the wind

That mock'd thy listening—It is noon—yet all  
Is hush'd—still as the night—(pause)

Oh! that my bosom  
Could share the spirit of this gentle hour,  
And taste its deep tranquillity. It may not  
be—

Cesario!—oh Cesario!—It is sweet  
To breathe that name in secret solitude,  
To gaze upon the flowers that he hath look'd  
on,

To wander in the paths that he hath loved.  
I have a deep oppression at my heart  
Foreboding evil. Let it pass. Here is  
My lord! my love!—

Cesario enters.

G. (*Pressing her rapturously to his bosom.*)

My joy—my life—Giana—  
This earth hath nothing worth a thought but  
thee.

Let me gaze on thee—

Gia. Dearest Cesario!

Ces. And dost thou love me, Giana? Oh,  
my treasure,

I quit the vacant world to fly to thee,  
To hear from those beloved lips again  
That I am loved. I have no joy but thee. \*  
And art thou happy?—Thou look'st sad,  
Giana.

*Gia.* No, no, Cesario;  
Can it be, might not joy when thou art sight?  
*Ces.* Yet thou look'st pale and sad—these  
eyes

That should be bright as joy—pure, unstain'd  
Wherein I read thy soul—seem dim with  
care.

What care can dwell within Giana's bosom  
Cesario should not share?—It is unkind—

*Gia.* Alas! my lord, sad thoughts  
Will force themselves. I cannot but remem-  
ber

The distance of our rank. Your father—

*Ces.* Ha! what say'st thou!  
Where found you that? Art thou not mine—  
my own?

Canst thou be sought beside? Giana! Giana!  
Oh! didst thou love like me, there were no  
room

For doubt or cold suspicion in thy bosom;  
I should dwell there alone—they rob my love.  
My whole existence is one thought of thee.  
But thou canst harbour fears and doubts with  
love!

Thou dost me wrong, Giana.

*Gia.* Yes; if to do thee wrong  
Be to waste life in one long dream of thee—  
To weep for thee in secret—to tell o'er  
A thousand, thousand times the hours that  
part us—

To weary Heaven with prayers, and, if need  
were,

To die for thee, Cesario!—If this be wrong-  
ing,

Then art thou wrong'd full deeply.

*Ces.* Thou art my sweetest—

\* \* \* \*

When the arbitrary minister has com-  
manded the arrest of the young lady and  
her father, she exclaims, 'Is there no  
mercy?'

*Ces.* (*Heard without.*) Where is my love?

*Gia.* (*With a shriek of transport*) Here!  
Here!

(*Breaking from the guards, and  
throwing herself into the arms  
of Cesario; as he rushes in, the  
guards for a moment stand  
back.*)

*Rav.* Confusion!—Villains, do you pause?  
approach—

*Ces.* Who dares approach? Who dares to  
seize my bride?

Let him but move who loves to lose a life,  
Let him alone lay hand upon this form,  
Whose head is forfeit to the axe—he dies.  
And do I find thee thus, my own Giana,  
My own sweet bride? what power shall tear  
thee from me?

Though Heaven and earth be thrown between  
our loves,  
Bear witness she is mine.

*Rav.* Force them asunder—

*Ces.* Father, be merciful: ha! dost thou  
mock me?

Be merciful, then, father, to thyself,  
And urge me not to madness. I implore  
you,

Make me not do what we shall both repent;  
Tempt me not. There is one corner of my  
heart

Which never yet hath heard the name of fa-  
ther;

Oh! press not into that.

*Rav.* (*Furiously to the guards.*) Is this  
your duty?

Advance—tear them apart.

*Ces.* If ye be men,  
Obey him not. He bids ye trample down,  
With ruffian violence, what man's best pride  
Is to protect and cherish. Are ye less?

(*Draws.*)

Then singly I defy you. Sweetest flower!  
Nay, never droop—whilst strength, whilst love,  
whilst life,

Shall nerve this arm, or beat within this  
heart,

Not earth itself shall part us.

*Rav.* Villains!—claves!

No more!—rend them asunder—

*Ces.* Nay then—thus—

(*Fights and wounds one*)

*Ra.* Come, partide—shall I, too, feel  
thy weapon?

(*Seizes Giana, and gives her up to  
the guards.*)

*Ces.* (*Laughing bitterly*) Father, this is  
paternal—Look—look on her;

Have you a heart?

*Rav.* Away with her.

*Ces.* (*Talking at his feet.*) Father, by all  
that's hated,

By all the ties of filial duty and

Paternal love! make me not miserable,

Make me not mad: Oh, make me not to  
curse thee!

*Rav.* (*To the guards.*) Away—ye know  
my will.

*Ces.* (*Rising.*) Bear witness, Heaven,  
I've left no human means untried to move  
him;

Then blame me not, if I am driven to deeds  
Which shall make nature shudder.—She's in  
your power;

But, whilst you bear her to your dungeons—  
mark,

I will be then in conference with the duke,  
Disclosing secrets! Ha!—you start—the  
duke,

The duke. (*Rushes out frantically.*)

*Rav.* What's said he? hast release her im-  
standly.

Oh! stay, Cesario, my son—my son!

(*Runs wildly after him, & throws herself  
into the embrace of her father.*)

## THE ENGLISHMAN ABROAD,

by S. Weston, B.D.

THIS might be supposed, from the title, to be a book of travels; but, although the author's researches extend over a great part of the world, it is not a work of that description, being rather a medley of philology and of literary illustration. He is certainly a man of learning, and an amusing writer; but the volume is a desultory farrago, without plan or method. It begins with an Ode to Spring, in various languages; exhibits Gessner's admired poem of Daphnis in a good English version; and gives the sentiments of a German on the British national character in some verses which were written on the opening of the year 1807.

'Ah! whither, hapless friend, for refuge fly;  
Ere the coy vales of peace review?  
All dy'd in blood th' expiring year's gone by,  
And murder ushers in the new.

All states at will the tyrant's laws assign,  
And every social link is broke,  
By land, by sea, from Egypt to the Rhine,  
Beneath the victor's iron yoke.

O'er the wide world an uncontroll'd command  
Two mighty nations seem to claim,  
And waste with fire and sword each conquer'd  
land,  
And thunder o'er the briny main.

Gold, gold's the greedy Gaul's eternal cry,  
To vassals vile, by weight or tale;  
And Brennus like, with fraud and perfidy,  
He flings his sword into the scale.

See England stretch within her wooden wall  
Her polype arms from east to west,  
And, of the seas lord paramount o'er all,  
Shut up both France and Spain in Brest.

She runs through stormy seas 'gainst tide and  
time,

Some undiscover'd creek to find,  
To traverse deserts in a burning clime,  
And leave a paradise behind.

Go measure earth, o'er all the ocean steer,  
No spot like England's to be seen;  
Fresh through each season's ever-varying year,  
With liberty's immortal green.'

Jocular anecdotes and serious remarks are intermingled by the rambling divine; and from the former we select the following:

*Conversations of Frederic the Great, King of Prussia, with Quintus Icilius.*—Quintus Icilius, the son of a potter of Magdeburg, told the king, who had reproached him with the baseness of his

origin, that there was but one step between a potter and a prince's chamberlain.

*A military Retort.*—Frederic asked a soldier, who had a deep cut across his cheek, at a review, 'At what altitude didst thou get that scratch?'—'At Kellin, where your majesty paid the reckoning.' This was an allusion to a battle fought in 1757, in which the king lost the honor of the day.

*The Uncertainty of Physic.*—A German doctor had been called an empiric, and accused of being a quack. He answered, 'It is kill or cure with us all; regulars and irregulars, licensed and unlicensed, as I shall show you; and what is better, you will allow what I say to be true. We send to a physician; he comes with a great cane in his hand, and his eyes blinded, to put an end to the strife between the patient and his malady: if he strikes the sick man, he kills him; if he hits the case, he cures it.'

*Wit not extinguished by Wine.*—Frederic the Second wished to have a poet-laureate. Three candidates were named for his choice. One was a famous and ready wit, and confessedly so superior to the other two, that not the least doubt was entertained of the king's choice falling upon him. It was therefore agreed between the other two to make him drunk, and they asked the royal butler for champagne, before they were called for, in order, as they pretended, to put them in spirits for the trial of their extemporary talents. The wine was brought, and they drank their man so completely down, that when his turn came he could hardly stand, and went reeling to the king; and, in making his obeisance, hiccuped in his majesty's face, while the champagne ran out of his mouth. He retained, nevertheless, his presence of mind, and addressed Frederic in the following words:

'Thee, sire, on bended knees let others greet,  
I cast my soul for rev'rence at thy feet.'

The king, perceiving the trick his brother candidates had been playing him, named him his poet-laureate; saying, 'If he can do this when drunk, I shall

\* "The king dealt in china, and the manufacture at Berlin was under his immediate protection, and for his direct profit."

be curious to see what he can perform when he is sober.'

*Impudence rewarded.*—Frederic the Great, turning his back on his minister, who was with him in his cabinet, in order to reach some papers which the secretary wanted, saw him in a mirror take a pinch of snuff out of one of his majesty's boxes on the table. He turned round and delivered the papers; the secretary bowed, and was retiring, when his majesty called him back, and said, 'You have forgotten something: take the box; it is not big enough for two.'

*Witty Replies.*—In the first division of Poland, the bishopric of Ermland fell to Prussia. The prince bishop, Krasky, a man of great learning and wit, soon saw himself honored with the king's highest esteem, and dined almost every day with him. His majesty one day said pleasantly to the bishop, 'Be pleased, when you go to heaven, to take me under your mantle.' The prince replied, 'Your majesty having curtailed so much of my revenues, and in consequence so much of the length of my cloke, I fear that I shall not be able to cover your feet, and may be detected in the act of smuggling contraband goods.' The king, much pleased with this smart answer, said, 'But what will you say to me when we meet in heaven?'—'Great king, (replied the prince) protect me under the shadow of your wings, but spare me with your talons;' alluding to the black Prussian eagle.

*Relation of an Affair at Riga, in which Frederic was petitioned, and his Answer.*—A player ran away with the wife of the privy counsellor of L—e, who was related to the governor of Riga, Graf B—n. The fugitives were pursued, and it was discovered that they were at Francfort upon the Oder. The brother of the counsellor's wife, baron B—a, persuaded the governor to apply to the king to arrest the offenders. Unfortunately, in the seven-years' war, he had in a pitched battle attacked and totally defeated the king; and, although his majesty ever admired him as a hero, he never loved him as a man: time had not yet effaced his resentment, and he still entertained some little grudge against him. When his majesty therefore received the governor's petition, he declined all interference, and wrote under

it—'Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge, not Frederic.'

*A Story of an old Officer, who had a strong idea of military Promotion.*—It was his custom to make his children read a chapter in the Bible every Sunday afternoon. Upon mention being made of Nebuzaradan captain of the guard coming to Jerusalem, 2 Kings xxv. 8, he stopped the reader, and cried out in a tone of voice that showed how much he was interested in the matter, 'Good God! is that man still a captain? Why, he was a captain when I was a little boy. Promotion in his regiment must have been very slow!'

*Epitaph on an Organ-Blower or Treader, of the name of Knust.*

Here lies Georgy Knust,  
At last in the dust,  
Out of spirits, and low;  
Who for God's church did puff  
All his long life enough,  
And its organ did blow,  
'Till the puffer grim Death  
Blew him out of breath.

*Singular Epitaph and curious Inscription.*—On the tombstone of a joiner's son of the name of Ox, whose father had made the coffin, and written the inscription—'Here lies the little Oxlin, who never grew to be an Ox.'

*Rosbach.*—The French lost ten thousand men at Rosbach, in 1757, and the Prussians only five hundred, with which the subjects of Frederic used to taunt the Gauls upon all occasions. A Prussian officer having sold a Frenchman a fine horse, the latter asked if the horse was a good goer, and could run well?—'O yes' replied the Prussian, he was ridden by a Frenchman at Rosbach.'

#### PRESENT STATE OF THE VAUDOIS.

To the inhabitants of the valleys of Piedmont we are in a great measure indebted for that exposure of the Romish corruptions, and that resistance to papal tyranny, which paved the way to the Reformation, though ages elapsed

quent persecutions, their church still subsists, though in a low and depressed state, surrounded by Catholic zealots.

Some researches have lately been made in this cradle of protestantism, by the Rev. Mr. Gilly, who visited the director of this conscientious community. He thus describes his visits to the romantic village of Pomaretto, and his interview with the venerable pastor.

'With a young peasant as our guide, we set out, all impatience, to the valley of Perosa. This is inserted in most of the old maps as La Valle di Clusone, because it is divided along its whole length by that river. The Protestants are confined to the western side of the Clusone. At the point where we crossed it, near the confluence of the Germanasca, it is an impetuous body of water, which divides itself into a variety of channels, and rushes over masses of rock that are brought down by the torrents from the mountains, and lie in strange confusion in every part of its bed. We could not have passed over less than half a dozen wooden bridges, in the space of about three hundred yards; some of them intended for the use of the foot passenger only, and others thrown over the stream for mules and cattle. When Pomaretto discovered itself to us, seen as it was in its wintry aspect, never did a more dreary spot burst upon the view. It is built upon a declivity, just where the mountains begin to increase in height and number, with rocks above and torrents below. There is such a scene of savage disorder in its immediate vicinity, that one would imagine it had been effected by the most violent convulsions of nature; huge fragments of rock encumber the ground on all sides, and it seems as if the mountains must have been rent asunder to produce so much nakedness and desolation. The street which we slowly ascended was narrow and dirty, the houses, or rather cabins, were small and inconvenient; and poverty, in the strictest sense of the word, stared us in the face at every step we took. In vain did we cast our eyes about, in search of some better-looking corner, in which we might descry a habitation fit for the reception of the supreme pastor of the churches of the Waldenses. The street was every where no better than a confined lane. At length we stood before the *presbytery* of M. Peyrari, for by this name the dwellings of the ministers are known. But, in ex-

ternal appearance, how inferior to the most indifferent personages in England, or to the humblest manse in Scotland! Neither garden nor bower cultivated its appearance, and scarcely did it differ in construction or dimension from the humble cottages by which it was surrounded.'

In discoursing with Mr. Gilly, the minister spoke in a high tone of the services of the Vaudois.

'Remember,' said he, 'that you are indebted to us for your emancipation from papal thralldom.—We led the way; we stood in the front rank, and against us the first thunderbolts of Rome were fulminated. The baying of the bloodhounds of the inquisition was heard in our valleys before you knew its name. They hunted down some of our ancestors, and pursued others from glen to glen, and over rock and mountain, till they obliged them to take refuge in foreign countries. A few of these wanderers penetrated as far as Provence and Languedoc, and from thence were the Albigenses, or heretics of Albi. The province of Guienne afforded shelter to the persecuted Albigenses. Guienne was then in your possession.—From an English province our doctrines found their way into England itself, and your Wickliffe preached nothing more than what had been advanced by the ministers of our valleys some centuries before his time. Whence (continued my aged informant, with increased animation), came your term *Lollards*, but from a Waldensian pastor, Walter Lollard? And the Walloons of the Low Countries were nothing more than a sect, whose name is easily found in a corruption of our own. As for ourselves, we have been called heretics, and Arians, and Manicheans, and Cathari.—but we are like yourselves, a church built up in Christ. We have adhered to the pure tenets of the apostolic age, and the Roman Catholics have separated from us. Ours is the apostolical succession, from which the Roman hierarchy has departed, rather than ourselves.'

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A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY CHURCH-YARDS.

'— of graves and epitaphs.'

SHAKESPEARE.

It is an old theme, but it is a fertile one: a man may grow wiser, and there-



far better, in the contemplation of it. Meditations among the tombs, and tomb-funnings, as it were, with the sepulchres of those who once played, as we do now, parts in the great drama of existence, can at all events do no ill, and may be made instructive and interesting. It has, however, been too much the custom, with the modern illustrators of country churchyards, to gather their materials from the most grotesque exhibitions which those receptacles of the dead so abundantly furnish. Monuments that, for their oddity, or the roughness of the effigies that disfigure them—epitaphs and inscriptions particular for their pomposity, or ridiculous for their errors, have formed for the most part the foundations on which essays and periodical papers have been framed for the amusement, not for the reflexion, of mankind. I am no ascetic, no sectarian; nor is my spirit pharisaical, nor my composition formed after the cynical model of a Diogenes; yet I think that the reform in such a subject would be for the better, were we to endeavour to gather profit from those memorials of death's victory, which have something to recommend them for their merits or their lessons. I have employed myself lately in collecting several of this description, which I now submit to consideration.

Gray's eloquent Epitaph, with which he concludes his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, has long ago put to shame all rivalry in that which may be called the sacred department of poetry. But there is still something exquisitely pathetic and humble, yet beautifully complimentary in the single couplet that adorns the plain white marble sepulchre, which encloses all that remains of one who was the most charming of her sex. It is in the chancel of Wilton church, in Wiltshire, and on lady Diana Herbert, who died, 'just as the bud and promise of youth were ripening into the flower and fragrance of womanhood.

'Lie still, sweet maid, and wait the Almighty will;  
Arise wenching'd, and be an angel still.'

Perhaps I might here be pardoned for repeating Ben Jonson's celebrated epitaph upon the countess dowager of Pembroke. Brought up in the very demesne of the noble house of Pembroke, it is natural I should feel a joy in the repetition of those things which were the delight of my childhood. But, as others

may not feel the same joy, I shall avoid the repetition.

Prior's epitaph on himself has peculiarity, yet truth, to recommend it. The awful knowledge that we are gone 'in the twinkling of an eye,' is well implied.

'To me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given  
To live; alas! *one moment sets us even;*  
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven.'

The next which I have marked in my calendar is on Cowper the poet, and, in my estimation, does but justice to the creature, whilst it points upwards as it should to the Christian's hope, the good man's shield and buckler, his Creator.

'Ye who pure faith and moral worth revere,  
And to departed genius drop the tear,  
A fellow-bard this humble tribute claims;  
Cowper—enroll'd 'mid high poetic names.  
Tho' blest with fancy, genius, manly sense,  
And (to crown all) with pure benevolence,  
These by desponding thoughts were oft o'er-  
thrown,

When 'melancholy mark'd him for her own';  
Yet, while his spirit felt the chast'ning rod,  
Meekly he suffer'd, and confess'd his God;  
With grateful zeal Almighty love ador'd,  
And, though the poet droop'd, the Christian  
soar'd.'

Perhaps, however, the epitaph on miss Basnet, which any of my town readers may find in the old churchyard of St. Pancras, is still better. The character of one 'who slept in dust to wake in skies,' is both eloquent and amiable, and worth a thousand ordinary records.

'Go, spotless honor, and unsullied truth;  
Go, smiling innocence, and blooming youth;  
Go, female sweetness, join'd with manly sense;  
Go, winning wit that never gave offence;  
Go, soft humanity that bless'd the poor;  
Go, saint-eyed patience, from affliction's door;  
Go, modesty that never wore a frown;  
Go, virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.

Not from a stranger came this heartfelt verse;  
The friend inscribes thy tomb whose tears  
bedew'd thy hearse.'

Is not this language more consistent with the tablets upon which it is engraven than that which we too frequently see outraging propriety, and warring with sense, even upon monuments which as specimens of art may be elegant, but, as entablatures for the compliments of the living upon the dead, are indeed made unfaithful and unsightly chronicles. How much of that which our eyes are involuntarily led to trace as we gaze upon the stone and marble mementoes of frail mortality do we turn

from with disgust, seeming neither consonant to our feelings as Christians, nor to our reminiscence of the character of the departed one to whom the flattering or the faulty tribute has been dedicated ! It has been acutely observed, that every such piece of marble, whose red veins blush for the falsehoods which it tells, is in fact a monument of disgrace, and a perpetuation of infamy to the deceased. This, however, may be a too severe "warring against the dead;" and I would therefore rather assert that it is a fadeless shame-spot upon the reputation of the living. But were I to indulge myself in giving way to the crowd of thoughts that are investing my mind on this subject, I should far exceed the intentions that operated upon me at the commencement of my humble but well-intentioned task. I will therefore, at present, give only an additional specimen of 'addresses on the dead,' promising and asking permission to resume my subject at a future sitting. I think it was from Romsey churchyard, in Hampshire, that I copied the following inscription :

'Fare thee well, sister ! if the tears of those  
Who heard thy last sigh, saw thy eyelids close,  
Could raise fair flowers about thy early tomb,  
Type of thyself, sweet fragrance round should  
bloom :

But, as such sorrow would disgrace the sod  
Where sleep the spirits that shall wake in God,  
And our vain tears arraign the checkless might  
Of Him, who made the day, and rules the  
night,

We bow, lamenters, to the kind decree,  
That makes a messenger to Heav'n in thee.'

Mr. Editor, and ever gentle readers,  
I am  
your very sincere friend,  
J. S. F.

#### ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE CHARACTER, WRITINGS, AND OPINIONS OF LORD BYRON.

As the curiosity with regard to this extraordinary man has not yet subsided, we now call the attention of our readers to the 'Recollections of his Life, from the year 1808 to the end of 1814,' which form the contents of a posthumous work of Mr. H. C. Dallas, a confidential friend of the deceased peer. This gentleman has arranged his lordship's correspondence in such a manner as seemed to pre-

sent an interesting picture of his mind; and has connected the letters with the introduction of his own statements and observations; and these are the omissions which now appear, but with the omission of many parts to which the poet's executors objected.

Mr. Dallas, wishing to form an acquaintance with the young peer, to whom he was related by the marriage of his sister to captain Byron, addressed him in a complimentary letter, on the publication of his *Hours of Idleness*.—"I received (he says) a reply, professing to give a more particular account of his studies, opinions, and feelings, written in a playful style, and containing rather flippant observations made for the sake of antitheses, than serious remarks intended to convey information. The letter may be considered as characteristic of his prose style in general, possessing the germ of his satire without the bitterness of its maturity, and the prurieney of his wit uncorrected by the hand of experience. Though written in so light and unserious a tone as prevents the possibility of charging him gravely with the opinions he expresses, still the bent of his mind is perceptible in it; a bent which led him to profess that such were the sentiments of the wicked George lord Byron. I considered these expressions of feeling, though evidently grounded on some occurrences in the still earlier part of his life, rather as *jeu d'esprit* than as a true portrait. I called on him, and was delighted with the interview: I dined with him, and was more and more pleased with him. I saw nothing to warrant the character he had given of himself; on the contrary, when a young fellow-collegian, who dined with us, introduced a topic on which I did not hesitate to avow my orthodoxy, he very gracefully diverted the conversation from the channel of ridicule which it had begun to take, and partly combated on my side."

Of his lordship's personal character, as it appeared at this time, Mr. Dallas thus speaks:

'Nature had endowed lord Byron with very benevolent feelings, which I have had opportunities of discerning, and I have seen them at times render his fine countenance most beautiful. His features seemed formed in a peculiar manner for expressing the high conceptions of genius, and the workings of the passions. I have often, and with no little admiration, witnessed these effects. I have seen them

in the glow of poetical inspiration, and under the influence of strong emotion ; on the one hand amounting to virulence, and, on the other, replete with all the expression and grace of the mild and amiable affections. When under the influence of resentment and anger, it was painful to observe the powerful sway of those passions over his features : when he was impressed with kindness, which was the natural state of his heart, it was a high treat to contemplate his countenance.

Mr. Dallas accompanied lord Byron to the house of lords when he took his seat. — ‘ There were very few persons in the house. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before ; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him ; and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon lord Byron, who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into a hand, the amiable offer of which demanded the whole of his. I was sorry to see this ; for lord Eldon’s character is great for virtue, as well as talent ; and, even in a political point of view, it would have given me inexpressible pleasure to have seen him uniting heartily with him. The chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat ; while lord Byron carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said, ‘ If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party—but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side ; I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad.’ ’

It is the opinion of Mr. Dallas, that the death of captain Byron was the greatest loss which his friend (though perhaps unconscious of it) ever sustained. His uncle George not only stood high in his profession, but was generally beloved,

and personally well connected. Had he returned from India with health, he would have made amends for the failure resulting from the supineness or faults of other parts of the family ; and his nephew would have grown up in society that would have given a different turn to his feelings. The earl of Carlisle and his family would have acted a different part. They received his sister kindly as a relation ; and there could have been no reason why their arms should not have been open to him also, had he not been altogether unknown to them personally, or had not some suspicion of impropriety in the mode of his being brought up attached to him or his mother. Be this as it may, certain it is, his relations never thought of him nor cared for him ; and he was left both at school and at college to the mercy of the stream into which circumstances had thrown him. Dissipation was the natural consequence ; and imprudences were followed by enmity, which took pains to blacken his character. His *Satire* had in some degree repelled the attacks that had been made upon him, but he was still beheld with a surly awe by his detractors ; and that poem, though many were extolled in it, brought him no friends. He felt himself *alone*. The town was now full ; but in its concourse he had no intimates whom he esteemed, or wished to see.

‘ In addition to this his affairs were involved, and he was in the hands of a lawyer,—a man of business. To these combined circumstances, more than either to nature, or sensibility on the loss of a mistress, I imputed the depressed state of mind in which I sometimes found him. At those times he expressed great antipathy to the world, and the strongest misanthropic feelings, particularly against women. He did not even see his sister, to whom he afterwards became so attached. He inveighed more particularly against England and Englishmen ; talked of selling Newstead, and of going to reside at Naxos, in the Grecian Archipelago, to adopt the eastern costume and customs, and to pass his time in studying the oriental languages and literature. He had put himself upon a diet, which other men would have called starving, and to which some would have attributed his depression. It consisted of thin plain biscuits, not more than two, and often one, with a cup of tea, taken about one o’clock, which he assured me was generally all the nour-

ishment he took in the four-and-twenty hours. But he declared that, far from sinking his spirits, he felt himself lighter and livelier for it; and that it had given him a greater command over himself in every other respect. This great abstemiousness is hardly credible, nor can I imagine it a literal fact, though doubtless much less food is required to keep the body in perfect health than is usually taken. He had a habit of perpetually chewing mastic, which probably assisted his determination to persevere in this meagre regimen; but I have no doubt that his principal auxiliary was an utter abhorrence of corpulence, which he conceived to be equally unsightly and injurious to the intellect; and it was his opinion that great eaters were generally passionate and stupid.

Leaving his native country in 1809, lord Byron visited the Turkish dominions. During his absence, he kept up very little intercourse with England, which he had left with a 'sour mind, disclaiming all attachments, and even belief in the existence of friendship.' The fame which attended the publication of the first canto of *Childe Harold*, however, produced a strange effect. Mr. Dallas says it made such an alteration in his *original* character, 'that the traits which might give us an insight into his mind at the one period will scarcely afford us ground to form any judgement of it at the other.'—'I was now (he adds) to see lord Byron in a new point of view. Beside the speech he had made on the frame-breaking bill, he again attracted notice on the catholic question, which was agitated warmly by the peers. His name was in every mouth, and his poem in every hand. He converted criticism to adulation, and admiration to love. His stanzas abounded with passages which impressed on the heart of his readers pity for the miserable feelings of a youth who could express so admirably what he felt; and this pity, uniting with the delight proceeding from his poetry, generated a general affection of which he knew not the value; for, while the real fruits of happiness clustered around him, he neglected them, and became absorbed in gratifications that could only tend to injure the reputation he had gained. He professedly despised the society of women; yet female adulation became the most captivating charm to his heart. He had not admitted the ladies of his own family to any degree

of intimacy; his aunts, his cousins, were kept at a distance, and even his mother had hitherto shared the like fate. Among the admirers who had paid their tribute in prose or verse to the muse of the *Pilgrimage*, I have already mentioned one who asked for an acknowledgement of the receipt of her letter. He had treated that letter lightly, and said he would not answer it. He was not able to keep his resolution; and, on finding his correspondent to be a fine young woman, and distinguished for eccentric notions, he became so enraptured, so intoxicated, that his time and thoughts were almost entirely devoted to reading her letters and answering them. One morning he was so absorbed in the composition of a letter to her, that he barely noticed me as I entered the room. I said, 'Pray go on;' and sat down at one side of the table at which he was writing, where I looked over a newspaper for some time. Finding that he did not conclude, I looked at him, and was astonished at the complete abstraction of his mind, and at the emanation of his sentiments on his countenance. He had a peculiar smile on his lips; his eyes beamed the pleasure he felt from what was passing from his imagination to his paper; he looked at me and then at his writing; but I am persuaded he did not see me, and that the thoughts with which he termed prevented his discerning any thing about him. I said, 'I see you are deeply engaged.' His ear was as little open to sound as his eye to vision. I got up; on which he said, 'Pray sit.' I answered that I would return. This roused him a little; and he said, 'I wish you would.' I do not think he knew what passed, or observed my quitting him. This scene gave me great pain. I began to fear that his fame would be dearly bought. Previous to the appearance of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, his mind had gained some important conquests over his senses; and I also thought he had barred his heart against the grosser attacks of the passion of vanity. If these avenues of destruction to the soul were again to be thrown open by the publication of the poem, it would have been better if it had never been published. I called upon him the next day, when I found him in his usual good-humour. He told me to whom he had been writing, and said he hoped I never thought him rude. I took my usual liberty with him, and honestly warned him against his new dangers.

While I was with him, the lady's page brought him a new letter. He was a fair-faced delicate boy about the age of thirteen or fourteen years, whom one might have taken for the lady herself. He was dressed in a scarlet hussar jacket and pantaloons, trimmed in front in much the same manner, with silver buttons and twisted silver lace, with which the narrow slit cuffs of his jacket were also embroidered. He had light hair curling about his face, and held a feathered fancy hat in his hand, which completed the scenic appearance of this urchin Pandarus. I could not but suspect at the time that it was a disguise. If so, he never disclosed it to me, and, as he had hitherto had no reserve with me, the thought vanished with the object of it, and I do not precisely recollect the mode of his exit. I wished it otherwise, but wishing was in vain.

While his lordship was thus enlivened with general smiles, and seemed to be pleased with himself and with all the world, he was almost ready to become a courtier.—He was at this time (says his friend) 'the wonder of grey-beards, and the show of fashionable parties.' At one of these, he happened to go early when there were very few persons assembled; the regent went in soon after; lord Byron was at some distance from him in the room. On being informed who he was, his royal highness sent a gentleman to him to desire that he would be presented. The presentation of course took place; the regent expressed his admiration of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and continued a conversation, which so fascinated the poet, that had it not been for an accidental deferring of the next levee, he bade fair to become a visitor at Carlton House, if not a complete courtier.

'I called on him on the morning for which the levee had been appointed, and found him in full dress, with his fine black hair in powder, which by no means suited his countenance. I was surprised, as he had not told me that he should go to court; and it seemed to me as if he thought it necessary to apologize for his intention, by his observing, that he could not in decency but do it, as the regent had done him the honour to say that he hoped to see him soon at Carlton House. In spite of his assumed philosophical contempt of royalty, and of his decided junction with the opposition, he had not been able to withstand the powerful

operation of royal praise, which, however, continued to influence him only till flattery of a more congenial kind diverted him from the enjoyment of that which for a moment he was disposed to receive. The levee had been suddenly put off, and he was dressed before he was informed of the alteration which had taken place. It was the first and the last time he was ever so dressed, at least for a British court.—He soon gave up all ideas of courtly attendance, and 'fell into the habit of speaking disrespectfully of the prince.'

The poet continued to reside in England for some years after he had thus established his fame. He then left his wife and daughter, and, passing over to the continent, never returned to his native land.—'I trace him personally' (says Mr. Dallas) 'no farther. I continued to read his new poems with great pleasure, as they appeared, till he published the first two cantos of *Don Juan*, which I read with a sorrow that admiration could not compensate. His muse, his British muse, had disdained licentiousness and the pruriency of petty wits; but with petty wits he had now begun to amalgamate his pure and lofty genius. Yet he did not long continue to alloy his golden ore with the filthy dross of impure metal: whatever errors he fell into, whatever sins lie at his door, he occasionally burst through his impurities, as he proceeded in that wonderful and extraordinary medley, in which we at once feel the poet and see the man: no eulogy will reach his towering height in the former character; no eulogy dictated by friendship and merited for claims which truth can avow, will, I fear, cover the—I have no word, I will use none—that has been fastened upon him in the latter. The fact is, that he was, like most men, a mixed character; and that, on either side, mediocrity was out of his nature.'

#### THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER.

NEVER surely was the benignant influence of a sunshiny day more fully felt than on the entrance of the first month in 1834; for it certainly inspired all those genial emotions of warm-heartedness, which prompt us to greet our readers with the kind wish of a happy new year. It was not alone the balminess of the air, the mild courtesy of the

blue sky; nor the green fields which greeted our eyes in consequence of a walk to the extremity of Islington, that produced a sense of renovated hope and placid tranquillity. We actually rejoiced that we had entered another month; that we had bidden adieu to the 'dark and gloomy November,' which had unquestionably terrors and evils so far beyond his usual inflictions, that our memory cannot afford any parallel to it. The numerous fires in London, the far more destructive ones at Edinburgh, and the terrific ravages of repeated storms, gave us an appalling idea, that the two most mighty and dreadful elements were let loose upon mankind,—that thousands of our fellow-creatures were involved in that severity of distress, which no charity could alleviate, no earthly power console, and that the immediate judgements of Heaven were abroad on the earth. Day after day we met with accounts of misery beyond relief, or of crime beyond mercy; and, although we condemned the principle which in a season of such suffering seemed to concentrate the general interest on one man, yet we could not forbear so to sail with the stream, as to look earnestly into those details which laid open the inward movements of a spirit long laden with guilt, and now softened to repentance. We were harassed by anxiety, awake to sympathy, and inured to melancholy contemplation; and, although happily we had no personal acquaintance with any individual sufferer in these awful scenes, yet we felt in a peculiar degree that affliction which belongs to our common nature.

A fine day, promising tranquillity on the seas,—an assurance that the fires in the northern metropolis were subdued,—the remembrance that Mr. Fauntleroy was no more, and that, in contrast to his conduct in robbery, numbers were in various parts contributing to assist their fellow-creatures,—combined to convert a common incident into an actual feeling of relief, and to inspire that buoyancy of spirit, which springs to meet pleasure from the simplest circumstances, and to spread golden tints over objects of the most trivial character.

It is not, however, certain that, although December may be termed the midnight of the year, the zenith of darkness, the reign of chilling frost and dreary snow, it is yet a cheerful month? Its activity is of a bracing cast, and its social energies it awakens, solace us

for the privations to which it gives rise. We feel in it, as if we had conquered certain difficulties, and could look forward to certain rewards. It is, in the month of suffering, it is also the month of hope, and, even while little appears to authorise such promise, much is felt. Perhaps we might with more propriety call it the "month of faith;" for, as though all the riches of the vegetable world are locked in the tomb, we doubt not in due time to witness their resurrection. Beneath the winding-sheet of nature, we know that the germs of flowers and fruits yet survive, and will again delight and sustain us.

In the absence of all external pleasures, the treasures of the mind expand, the affections of the heart burn more vividly; and, escaping from the dull veil which the fogs of November threw over our faculties, we collect the means of social enjoyment, and defy the evils which would impede our intercourse or contract our utility. Thick shoes, warm clothes, the fleecy gift of the uncomplaining sheep, and the splendid skin which we have torn from the fierce panther, are all called to our aid, and teach us, in providing for our own wants, to remember those of our poor brethren. Never do those wants so touch our hearts as when they come thus recommended to our sympathies; and the cold we are compelled to feel frequently warms our hearts with the most amiable, and endearing emotions toward the houseless, the helpless, and the hungry. In no period of the year is compassion so active, or hospitality so diffusive, as in the sharp but spirit-stirring month of December.

It is true, much of this kindly feeling may (and we sincerely hope it does) spring from those feelings which have been long associated with the celebration of the great Christian festival, the glory of December. Though much of the ancient wassailing, and of the frequently disgraceful revelry, has passed away, and we no longer hold a feast instituted to honour the memory of our divine Master with the ebriety of bacchanals, or the phrenies of the pagan saturnalia, yet a cheerful, grateful, and social spirit, is diffused amongst us at this period. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, divided by advancing life and increasing connexions, meet and renew the endearments of early life, the custom of riper years. The cheerful song

and the merry dance, the circle of friends, the busy cares of liberal hands and warm hearts, are all afloat. Energies which had become torpid by time, or languid beneath the pressure of disease and misfortune, revive under this genial influence; and the grey-headed grandsire, surrounded by his youngest descendants, feels as if the weight of the last twenty years had vanished at the sight of their ruddy faces. The tender buddings of young hearts are not less gently facilitated, and the cousins who romped together as children some years ago, perceive in each other the character of manly knowledge and womanly beauty. The timid glances of bright though downcast eyes, the drawing together of innocent hearts, the expansion of intelligent minds by open communication and confiding sentiment, are more frequently to be found in the fireside circles of December than in the bowers of May, though it has been so long called 'the mother of love.'

In fact, whatever situation most opens the bosom to the general exercise of virtuous sympathies, and of those domestic sensibilities which are awakened by the ties of kindred, the pleasures of friendship, and especially the glowing devotion of social religion (whose sacred fires spread with electric force from breast to breast), will be always found most conducive to pure love and disinterested affection. In such seasons every heart is an altar on which some sacrifice is laid. The old renew their vows, the young presume to offer them; the busy forget their cares, the unhappy their sorrows; ambition is content with ease, and avarice willing to be bounteous. The most laborious obtain some respite, the poorest some assistance; and nature herself, from the clouds and tempests of her wintry throne, sometimes casts forth an eye of azure light, as if rejoicing in the happiness, or grateful for the consolations of her children.

B—.

#### MODE OF PASSING THE CHRISTMAS WEEK ABOVE NINETY YEARS AGO.

My house (says a correspondent of *Read's Weekly Journal*, Jan. 6, 1731), is directly opposite to a great church; and it was with much pleasure I observed from my window, last Christmas day, the numerous poor that waited at

the doors very liberally relieved; but my joy was soon over; for no sooner were the charitable congregation dispersed, than these wretches, who before appeared the very pictures of misery, forgot their cant, and fell to quarrelling about the dividend: oaths and curses flew about amongst them very plentifully, and passion grew so high, that they fell hard upon one another's faults. In short, I learned from their own mouths that they were all impostors, both men and women; and that, amongst their whole number, which was very large, there was not one object of charity. When they had tired themselves with scolding, they very lovingly adjourned to a neighbouring brandy shop, from whence they returned in a condition neither fit for me to describe nor you to hear.

The next day I met with another wonder; for, by that time I was up, my servants could do nothing but run to the door. Inquiring the meaning, I was answered, the people were come for their *Christmas-box*: this was logic to me; but I found at last, that, because I had laid out a great deal of ready money with my brewer, baker, and other tradesmen, they kindly thought it my duty to present their servants with some money for the favour of having their goods. This provoked me a little; but, being told it was the custom, I complied. These were followed by the watchmen, beadle, dustmen, and an innumerable tribe; but what vexed me the most was the clerk, who has an extraordinary place, and makes as good an appearance as most tradesmen in the parish; to see him come a-boxing, *alias begging*. I thought it was intolerable; however, I found it was the custom too; so I gave him half-a-crown; as I was likewise obliged to do to the bellman, for breaking my rest for many nights together.

Having talked this matter over with a friend, he promised to carry me where I might see the good effects of this giving box-money. In the evening, away we went to a neighbouring alehouse, where abundance of these gentry were assembled round a stately piece of roast beef, and as large a plum pudding. When the drink and brandy began to work, they fell to reckoning of their several gains that day: one was called a stingy dog for giving but sixpence; another called an extravagant fool for giving half-a-crown, which perhaps he might

want before the year was out : so I found these good people were never to be pleased. Some of them were got to cards by themselves, which soon produced a quarrel and broken heads. In the interim, came in some of their wives, who roundly abused the people for having given them money ; adding, that, instead of doing good, it ruined their families, and set them in a road of drinking and gaming, which never ceased, till not only their gifts, but their wages, were gone. One good woman said, if people had a mind to give charity, they should send it home to their families. I was very much of her opinion ; but, being tired with the noise, we left them to agree as they could.

My friend next carried me to the upper end of Piccadilly, where, one pair of stairs over a stable, we found near a hundred people of both sexes, *some masked*, others not, a great part of which were dancing to the music of two sorry fiddles. It is impossible to describe this medley of mortals fully ; however, I will do it as well as I can. There were footmen, servant-maids, butchers, apprentices, oyster and orange-women, common prostitutes, and sharpers, which appeared to be the best of the company. This horrid place seemed to me a complete nursery for the gallows. My friend informed me, it was called a *threepenny hop* ; and while we were talking, to my great satisfaction, by order of the Westminster justices, to their *immortal honor*, entered the constables and their assistants, who carried off all the company that was left ; and, had not my friend been known to them, we might have paid dear for our curiosity.

I believe I have almost tired you, as well as myself, with an account of the lower sort of diversions. I come next to expatiate on the entertainment and good cheer I met with in the city, whither my friend carried me to dinner these holidays. It was the house of an eminent and worthy merchant ; and though, sir, I have been accustomed, in my own county, to what may very well be called good house-keeping, yet, I assure you, I should have taken this dinner to have been provided for a whole parish, rather than about a dozen gentlemen. It is impossible for me to give you half our bill of fare ; so you must be content to know that we had turkeys, geese, capons, puddings of a dozen sorts, more than I had ever seen in my life ;

besides brawn, roast beef, and many things of which I know not the names ; minced-pies in abundance, and a thing they call *plum-pottage*, which may be good, for aught I know, though it seems to me to have fifty different tastes. Our wines were of the best, as were all the rest of our liquors ; in short, the god of plenty seemed to reign here : and, to make every thing perfect, our company was polite, and every way agreeable ; nothing but mirth and loyal healths went round.

#### LASTING IMPRESSIONS,

a Novel, by Joanna Carey. 3 vols.

ROMANTIC stories, which overstep the modesty of nature, and exhibit false or extravagant views of life, are frequently sought with avidity, and perused with pleasure : yet we are of opinion, that the most desirable work of fiction is that which closely adheres to nature, details probable incidents, and represents such characters as occasionally appear in the world. We do not mean that a writer ought to be applauded who dwells upon the most trivial circumstances of ordinary life, gives insipid and frivolous dialogues, minutely characterizes insignificant persons, and sinks into uninteresting tuncness ; for such an author would be unworthy of approbation, or even of notice :—we only protest against the wildness of unrestrained fancy, and the indulgence of a taste for whatever is improbable, grotesque, or *outré*.

We are pleased to find that Mrs. Carey is more desirous of gratifying the common sense of her readers, than of exciting their wonder by the visions of romance. She presents us with a pleasing narrative, diversified with appropriate conversations, and conducted with regularity and coherence : her characters are well drawn, and properly discriminated ; and some of her scenes are interesting and impressive.

The following extract will afford a favorable specimen of her manner of writing, and her skill in *portrait-painting*. Her style, we may presume, has received some touches from her husband's pen ; but of the characteristic delineations she may probably claim the whole merit.

The dinner-party consisted of the following persons—Sir William Conway and his lady, with their son and daughter—Stella's lover, Mr. Wilmore—and Dr.



Belknap, a humane and skilful physician, who prescribed for the real and fancied maladies of all the respectable families and individuals in that vicinity. There were likewise Mr. Belville, a sarcastic, but good-humoured old bachelor—and his nephew Mr. Simily, who fancied himself a poet, and who had written some tolerable (or, as his uncle said, intolerable) verses in praise of Mr. Askew's youngest daughter, the (to use the young gentleman's own phraseology) 'lovely, soul-melting Caroline.'

'Sir William Conway was one of those characters who may be found in all companies—distinguished by no shining virtues—remarkable for no extraordinary vices. To his lady (whom he had married to please his father) he was uniformly complaisant; and to his children (of whom he was remarkably fond) he had ever been kind and indulgent. His tenants, while they punctually paid their rent, found him a good-natured and accommodating landlord; and his servants, while they cheerfully obeyed his commands, a quiet and not unreasonable master.

'In discharging his bills, sir William was extremely punctual, and particularly exact; so that, among his numerous tradespeople, not one could be found who recollected even a solitary instance in which he had failed to pay or to exact even the odd farthing. He loved good eating, and prided himself upon giving the best dinners and the best wines of any gentleman in the neighbourhood. And his lady (who, like a good wife, had prudently studied the taste of her husband) would condescend to go into the kitchen herself, and give the necessary directions for preparing those dishes which she knew he particularly liked.

'It happened, however, a little unfortunately—considering the sphere in which fortune had destined her ladyship to move—that this attention to the *taste* of her husband had tended in no small degree to vitiate her own. Her frequent visits to the kitchen had led her into the habit of observing the commissions and omissions of its inmates: and the faults of servants, thus impressed upon her mind, were repeated in all companies, to the annoyance of some, and to the infinite amusement of others.

'With an understanding even below mediocrity, lady Conway—whose education had been confined—often lamented that the present system of teaching so

many accomplishments left no time for a young lady to learn what was, in her opinion, of more utility than all the accomplishments and all the sciences put together—the regulation and management of a family—which she had herself learned in early life, and particularly attended to ever since.

'In her youth, lady Conway had (as she assured her daughter) been herself extremely beautiful. And, though sir William—whose memory (she said) was bad—had entirely forgotten that beauty of which no vestige now remained, miss Conway was disposed to give full credence to her mother's assertion, as she had been told again and again that she was herself the 'very picture' of what that mother had been at her age.

'Thus early taught to consider herself a beauty, miss Conway—whose mind was weak and uninformed—was now, at the age of eighteen, vain, conceited, and ridiculous in the extreme. And, although her personal or *sterling* charms (for sir William had promised to give her a large portion on her marriage) had procured her offers from men of good estates, she had declared her resolution not to marry a commoner, but to reserve herself and her fortune for some titled lover, who would make her a duchess or a countess *at least*. As yet, however, no suitor of that description had owned 'the triumph of her eyes;' and she therefore looked forward with eagerness to the ensuing winter, when her father had promised that she should be introduced to the *Beau Monde*. And she no sooner heard that Emma was recently arrived from the metropolis, than she determined to obtain from her every possible information concerning fashionable company, fashionable amusements, and fashionable dress. To be sure, her brother—a captain in the guards, who, though last mentioned of the family, was by no means least in his own estimation—could have given her much information on those important topics. But then, 'he,' as she said, 'was so long drawing every thing out, and was besides so fond of quizzing people, that it was impossible to know when he was speaking the truth.'

'Nature had done much for captain Conway: but, ungrateful for her favours, he had suffered Fashion to usurp her place. At the shrine of that fickle goddess, he had vowed implicit obedience: and he neither spoke, looked, nor

moved, but at her command. Costume the most extravagant and preposterous disfigured his manly form; affectation the most absurd and disgusting obscured the lustre of an understanding naturally good; the virtues of a generous and feeling heart were concealed beneath the semblance of listless indifference, or apathetic insensibility: and, in short, the captain was one of those unnatural characters who have, at different periods, been known by different and numerous appellations—in modern fashionable circles cycled an Exquisite; and indeed, at times, even among exquisites, he was thought to be *exquisitely* ridiculous. If his mother had possessed those qualities which give weight to the opinions, and persuasion to the tongue, he might have been a very different character.—It is from woman, that man, the lord of the creation, receives his first impressions.

He cons his morn'ring task beneath her care,  
And lisps, with holy look, his ev'ning prayer.

And those who have watched the dawn of reason on the infant mind need not to be told how much may depend upon the precepts, and even casual remarks, of those to whom they have been accustomed to look up with respect and veneration. 'My mama says so and so,' and, 'My mama will be very angry, if I do this or that,' say the little prattlers, as soon as they can lisp their ideas. And happy indeed is the child, whose mother, at this period, is fully acquainted with her own influence, and uses that influence tenderly and wisely.

Unfortunately, however, for the captain and his sister, lady Conway had been too ignorant to form the minds or manners of her children, and too conceited to be at all conscious of her own deficiencies. Such common-place instruction as she had herself received, she imagined quite sufficient; and *that* (to do her justice) she freely imparted. Concerning their external appearance she had ever been particularly solicitous: and, as the captain had been a handsome child, she had prided herself not a little on that circumstance; and, lest strangers should not obtain a full view of his face, she had early instructed him, in all company, and on all occasions, 'to hold up his head, and behave like a gentleman.'

'Behave like a gentleman.'—Had the child called upon his mother to ex-

plain that phrase, she would probably have been quite at a loss. Certain it is, that she never entered into any explanation on the subject: and the child (for aught she knew to the contrary) might have conceived that to behave like a gentleman was, simply, to hold up his head; and, in truth, he seemed to have remembered that part of her instructions: he certainly *held up his head*; for the whale-bone, that encircled his neck, would not suffer him to bend it.

#### THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LEDGER,

by William Kitchener, M.D.

IF Dr. Kitchener had lived in ancient Greece, he would have been numbered among the benefactors of mankind, and a statue, even in his lifetime, would probably have been erected to his honor. He is professionally a physician, and, in that capacity, may be supposed to possess the art or capability of 'prolonging life;' he may also be said to 'gladden life,' by instructing persons in the principles and practice of music. He, at the same time, contributes to the invigoration and support of life, by recommending wholesome food, and informing cooks of their duty; and, by a sudden transition, he passes from *gastro-nomy* to *astronomy*, and devises schemes for the improvement of telescopes. These, assuredly, are strong claims to public favor and gratitude; and he now strengthens those claims by enforcing the advice of Shenstone;

—'Let thine eye descend  
To trace, with patient industry, the page  
Of income and expense.'

No one, he says, ought to live beyond his income; and it is not sufficient, he thinks, to live barely within it, but it is expedient to reserve two-fifths—one-fifth for the future benefit of the family, and the other as an annual surplus for unexpected contingencies. This is good advice; but it is very frequently impracticable. There are thousands of persons, who, without being reckoned among the poor, cannot without the danger of absolute famine, or the inconvenience of serious privations, reserve even one-fifth of their income. How, for instance, can those who have large families, and only 200*l. per annum*, reserve a fifth (or forty pounds), when the difficulty of subsisting in comfort is con-

sidered? Such housekeepers have an immediate occasion for every shilling that they can command. Each may say, 'I will save a fifth, or more, if I can; but how is it possible in my circumstances?—like the poor patient, who, when he was desired by a medical man to take wine as a cordial, asked how he was to procure it.

The doctor's directions are very circumstantial and minute. He says, 'To keep a scrupulously exact account of payments and of receipts can alone enable you so to regulate your plan of expenditure, that it will admit occasional indulgence without imprudent extravagance.

'Set down the smallest sum: 'Take care of the pence; the pounds will take care of themselves.' A penny a day is half-a-crown a month, and above thirty shillings a year.

'Who spends more than he should,  
Shall not have to spend when he would.'

'Not only limit your expences to pounds and shillings, but ever bear in mind the old favorite and fortune-saving maxim of frugal house-wives:

'One penny sav'd is two-pence clear;  
A pin a day 's a groat a year.'

'Don't let fools laugh you out of your money.

'Many a little makes a mickle.'

Leave to them their jest, and keep you your money.

'Keep within compass, and you shall be sure  
To avoid many evils which others endure.'

There are two questions which the Cook's Oracle advises every economist always to ask before he makes any purchase:

'Is this actually wanted?  
(Can we do without it?)'

'Beware of 'tis buts.'

'There are very few of my readers, who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that, if they had saved all those little sums, which they have spent unnecessarily, their circumstances would be very different from what they are.'

\* This strange jargon may be explained by saying that it refers to the excuses frequently made for spending money idly—'it is but a trifle'—'it is but a shilling.'

Beside the ledger itself, which is arranged so as to comprehend every article of expenditure that can be conceived, and in addition to the comments of the learned doctor upon imprudent house-keeping, and his strong recommendation of strict economy, we have Tom Thrifty's Essay on the Pleasures of Early Rising, a scheme for an Early-hour Company, and proverbial maxims, tending to inculcate industry, integrity, and benevolence. So fervent is the zeal of our worthy reformer, and so versatile are his talents, that he will, in all probability, soon encroach on the province of the divine, and, in his elegant style and refined manner, impress on a negligent world the great truths of religion.

#### A SIGHT OF HORROR; OR, THE LADY AND THE GUILLOTINE.

THE German Student is one of the best stories among the Tales of a Traveller. The author has given a bold sketch of the fanciful spirit of a young German enthusiast, bewildered by visionary conceptions, and irresistibly ardent in the pursuit of his object. The student is supposed to be tormented by the idea of an evil genius, constantly watching him, and, like Satan, seeking his ruin. But it is unnecessary to dwell on this story, as we gave the substance of it on a former occasion\*. We only now refer to it, because the horrible engine of revolutionary murder, and the shadowy form cowering under it, seemed to one of our designers to be a striking subject for his pencil. The engraver, we may add, has done justice to the design, and this illustration of an admired tale cannot fail to please the amateurs of art.

#### URANIA'S MIRROR, OR A VIEW OF THE HEAVENS, ON A PLAN PERFECTLY ORIGINAL; ACCOMPANIED BY ASPIN'S FAMILIAR TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY.

A YOUNG lady, who is attached to the study of astronomy, because she regards it as a sublime and delightful science, has devised a plan for facilitating its acquisition. She has framed thirty-two large cards, on which are represented all

\* See the 484th page of this volume.





the constellations visible in our hemisphere, with the old figures,—the archer, bear, dragon, scorpion, &c. Each card contains one or more of those remarkable divisions which ancient astronomers framed to assist the memory, and enable them to describe the positions of the stars. Thus marked out for more distinct elucidation, the new plan is completed by perforating every star in the constellation, in proportion to its relative magnitude, and in its actual place; and, by holding up the card to the light, you perceive at once the entire form, the precise situation and character of each. The contrivance is ingenious, and the designs are neatly executed.

Mr. Aspin's treatise is a proper companion for the Mirror, as it affords a good view of the solar system, according to the latest discoveries. His account of the sun is as follows:

'The sun, the glory of our system, and the agent by which the great Creator dispenses light and heat to the surrounding planets, was, in the infancy of astronomy, reckoned among the planets; but it is now numbered among the fixed stars. It appears, indeed, bright and large in comparison with them; but this is only because we are so much nearer to it; for a spectator, placed as near to any star as we are to the sun, would see a body as large and bright in that star as the sun appears to us; while the sun, on the contrary, viewed from the same distance that the nearest fixed star is to us, would assume the appearance of a star, and its attendant planets would be invisible. Although we thus speak of the *nearness* of the sun to the earth, it must be kept in mind that the expression is used only in a relative sense; for its distance from the earth amounts in round numbers to about 95 millions of miles; and a cannon-ball, moving at the rate of about eight miles in a minute, would be upwards of twenty-two years in traversing the intervening space. In this respect, therefore, the sun is at a very great distance from the earth; but, when it is known that the distance of the nearest fixed star is eighty thousand times that of the sun, and that a cannon-ball, moving at the rate already supposed, would not pass thence to the earth in less than 523,211 years, the sun may well be said to be comparatively *near*. The figure of the sun is that of a spheroid, higher under the equator than about the poles. Its diameter is com-

puted at about 890 miles, its circumference about 2,700,000 miles, and its bulk upwards of a million of times greater than that of the earth. It revolves upon its axis from east to west once in about twenty-five days, the axis being inclined to the ecliptic somewhat less than  $23\frac{1}{2}$  degrees. It has also a periodical motion, in nearly a circular direction, round the common centre of all the planetary motions.

'The sun was long believed to be an immense globe of fire; but modern philosophers are of opinion that, like the earth, it is a cold, opaque, habitable globe, yet is surrounded with a luminous phosphoric atmosphere, which diffuses light through the whole solar system, and, by uniting with the inflammable matter contained in the earth and other planets, it becomes also the source of heat, though without such union it remains cold. Hence perpetual ice and snow are found upon the summits of our highest mountains, which, rising above the clouds, are continually exposed to the sun's rays; but, for want of sufficient caloric in themselves, they do not elicit heat. Dr. Herschel has shown that the lucid matter of the sun exists in the manner of luminous clouds, swimming in its transparent atmosphere, and he considers that there are two different regions of solar clouds, the lower of which consists of clouds less bright than those which compose the upper stratum. The removal or opening of these clouds, he supposes, exhibits the opaque globe of the sun to our view, and hence [*arise*] those dark spots which from time to time are visible upon his disc. The bright spots he supposes to be caused by a decomposition of the transparent and elastic fluids by which the sun is surrounded, and lucid appearances are thus formed of various degrees of intensity. By observations of these spots, the revolution of the sun upon its own axis has been ascertained.

'Besides the solar spots, the zodiacal light is a singular phenomenon which accompanies the sun. It begins to be visible a little before sunrise, appearing at first like a faint whitish zone of light, somewhat resembling the galaxy or milky way, with its borders ill-defined, and scarcely to be distinguished from the twilight, which is seen commencing near the horizon. It is then only a little elevated, and its figure agrees with that of a spheroid seen in profile. As it rises

Above the horizon, it becomes brighter and larger, to a certain point; after which the approach of day renders it gradually less apparent, till it becomes quite invisible. This phenomenon is usually attributed to atmospheric refraction.

While we reflect on these high topics, and contemplate a scene of which grandeur and immensity form the most striking features, we are lost in admiration; and, if we cannot with our finite minds fully comprehend the subject, we may at least wonder and adore.

#### HOUSEKEEPERS IN GREAT HOUSES.

It has been said, and with partial if not complete truth, that, in the present advanced state of society, little distinction of character is found; that all are educated, all to a certain degree informed; that the raciness of that originality, for which the English were once so remarkable, is merged in general propriety and common-place decorousness of manners; that vulgarity is rare, provincial distinctions of dialect or custom are fading every day, and the peasant so treads on the heels of the courtier, that politeness may soon be expected from plough-boys, and grammatical accuracy from parish-clerks.

Yet surely the race of housekeepers, though very much altered from those of yore, retain specific characteristics even now, and continue to enjoy and even increase that power and importance which either constitutes or attaches to their office. Kings and queens, generals and admirals, prime ministers, and privy-counsellors, theatrical heroes and heroines, mistresses of robes to queens and of boarding-schools for young ladies, and beauties, whether of courts or cottages, are unquestionably all *very* great people in their way. They can make others admire, court, fear, and obey them; but what comparative power can any of them assume or enjoy, with the head of a great house in a great country establishment?

That this *great* person is the housekeeper admits no possible doubt; for those secondary stars, the house-steward and my lord's valet, always concede such rights to her, the more readily when one of them happens to be her husband, who, on this single occasion, never deems himself his wife's liege-lord. As to the

nominal heads of the house, it is generally evident that they are rather convenient appendages for swelling her state, than persons who share her privileges, or encroach on her dignity. The greatest use we have been able to find in the master, or the gilded man of straw, is the power of drawing company to the mansion, and of adding, to other *insignia* of greatness, that air of diplomacy, and that assumption of secret-keeping, which increase the magnificent burthen of a mind so deeply-freighted as that of the old housekeeper.

We remember, in very early life, to have seen as fine a specimen of this species at Chatsworth, as that palace of the Peak could ever boast amid its exquisite varieties of attraction. The distinguished person to whom I allude was then on the verge of fifty, but with an eye so bright, that we much question whether it had not as keen a vision as that of the duke of Wellington himself. It told us immediately, that so consequential a guide would only accept gold, and that was a very changing property in a schoolboy's pockets. We seem to feel the very action of that scrutinizing glance even at the present moment. The dread of being in some manner exposed to shame before the family of cousins whom we accompanied, and the sudden dejection which put to flight all sense of pleasure from the novelty and magnificence of the scene, are not yet forgotten. Very heavy were our steps as we ascended the grand staircase, gazing at the mighty width of a brown satin gown, covering a deep-blue quilted petticoat of the same costly material, worn by this important personage, every rustle of which seemed to denote her contempt for the party; and never shall we forget the sense of relief which we experienced, when the good-natured uncle, who had unwisely suffered us to set out without him, suddenly made his appearance, removed all our responsibility, and diffused a gleam of sunshine over our hearts and the face of the housekeeper. So far as I can recollect, there was very little of the Malaprop vocabulary in this stately dame; and when my uncle, a Derbyshire squire, began to unlock the stores of her memory, by showing the deficiency of his own, she was a perfect court-guide as to the chronology of all the *Cavendishes*; and their collateral branches that ever had existed; and her details of history of Scotland, when given in the very

bed-room of that beautiful princess, so far diminished the distance between us and that unfortunate lady, as to give us the most lively sympathy for her days of captivity. In fact, we had all begun to like the housekeeper before we parted from her; and she has ever since existed in our recollection as a person who associated the awful and the useful in character, with a fair portion of the agreeable.

I have only been enabled from personal observation to trace the progress of one nobleman's housekeeper; and although she has in her day been considered very pretty and 'mighty genteel,' I confess she is not equal to my first specimen, being not half so large, half so grand, nor gifted with that impressive eye which seemed to be formed for command.

Sally Cranford, the daughter of a Yorkshire farmer, an acute, careful, smart lass, was pitched upon by a knowing aunt who had seen the world as the only one in her father's numerous household who was worthy of the honor of traveling to the southward to seek her fortune. She had blue eyes, light hair, a very fair skin, and withal a very bashful look; and a careless observer might have concluded her more likely to lose what she had than to gain what she wanted: but the aunt was in the right: she knew that there was in Sally much of all for which her county is proverbial, mingled with her simplicity. She was a Yorkist in her shrewdness—a Yorkist too in her honesty; she knew on which side to butter her bread, and also how she ought to deal with that of her employers. She was therefore placed as under nursery-maid in a noble family with safety at eighteen, and soon evinced much tact for her situation, which was one of extraordinary difficulty. Not only had she a young lord to nurse, but another young lord to please, whilst her superior enjoyed the ease and pleasure suited to her dignity: she was also bound to avoid disgusting the noble mother by her provincialisms of language and dress, or (what was much more difficult) charming the marquis their father by her pretty face and its novelty. The marquis was one of those who are not satisfied with what they possess; for instance, he preferred other females to the very lovely woman whom he had adored until she became his wife; and as she (the wife in humble life) was not in-

clined to be grateful to those who took out of her hands the trouble of pleasing her fastidious husband, frequent discontent arose in the household; and many more changes took place than are usual in great houses.

Sally soon perceived that there were also circumstances in this, which she had certainly never dreamed of as belonging to such establishments. With much of the state that is inevitable to rank, there was the poverty which arose alike from narrow income and (on the nobleman's part) from improper expenditure. She had been an economist from necessity at home, and had really a taste for saving, which, aided by much native ingenuity, she began to exercise on all within her reach so meritoriously, modestly, and yet firmly, that at length the well-made and well-mended frocks of her nursing attracted notice in what she would call 'the proper place.' In less than two years she was at the head of the nursery, then lady's maid, and finally housekeeper under the age of five and twenty years.

Sally loved power, and so far all was well with her; for at this period she was not only ruler of all below, but in a great measure of all above her. The children loved and feared her; and the mistress of the house was anxious to preserve so excellent a manager, and also to prevent the disclosure of those 'secrets of the prison-house,' which propriety, not less than pride, taught her to conceal. Her noble master was yet more under the necessity of keeping well with Cranford. His conscience and his creditors, his interest at all times, and his intentions in past times, subdued the desire of resisting petty encroachments or even occasional rebukes, and the housekeeper reigned paramount.

But alas! never had queen a poorer sovereignty. So far was the notable and indefatigable Cranford (who was denounced from the dining-room to the piggery for her stinginess) from feathering her own nest, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could make the nest tenable for its higher inhabitants, who, after expending all they could borrow in the embellishments of show-grounds, took advantage of the peace to seek restoratives to their exhausted finances on the plains of Piedmont, and left the trusty Cranford to starve in state, until the duke's death should call them



to the enjoyment of wealth long envied, and the exhibition of black that would be any thing but mourning.

Now she lived, how she starved, with what adroitness she managed the scanty resources on which there were many dependents who *must* be fed, and some who *would* be paid, might, if properly delineated, serve for a lesson to some future minister, when at the close of a long war he finds the treasury empty, the people clamorous, and the opposition exulting in his distress. Not that *his* perplexity could equal *hers*; for alas! every one seemed to be in opposition to the unfortunate housekeeper, whose management was decried with the violence due to a speculator and the contempt awakened by a miser. Such was the detraction leveled at her character, the disgust manifested to her person and her conduct, that, amidst the extreme difficulties of her situation, her spirits must have sunk entirely, if the sense of her own ability and her consequent importance had not sustained her. People may say what they will against the union of pride and poverty; but really to us the match seems very suitable; for the husband sustains the wife in a very proper style for persons in their circumstances.

If it be the glory of other housekeepers to be looked up to by many eyes, to feed many mouths, to arrange great hospitalities, and provide exquisite luxuries,—to preside over numerous subjects, control various tempers, diffuse extensive charities, and conduct a wide yet not extravagant expenditure,—to keep all persons and all things in their places,—teach obedience by example, and enforce it by command,—Mrs. Sarah Cranford had her glory also. It was hers to calculate to a cabbage the consumption of her want-besieged Capitol; to consider the age, constitution, nature, and temperament of every living thing around her, and so to give its meat in due season, that the smallest ratio might serve, yet never so to pinch as that the honor of the house might be injured; a point which she held so sacred, that, the thinner she grew, the more stately she walked, and in proportion as her unrenewed wardrobe declined in value, she became the more delicately neat in her clothing.

Her self-satisfaction during this melancholy period had two points of consolation: one was the steady affection of an affianced lover, who, as well as her-

self, had for fifteen years patiently awaited the day when their wages should be paid and their services rewarded; the other, that the late king had once broken fasted at the house, approved every thing, and even eaten a slice of cold beef which she cut for him with her own hand. Many may think that the steady love and the long letters of Mr. Walter were the better of the two consolations; but they are people who have never been near kings, and have not so proceeded in life as to jump from farm-yard drudgery to being the 'dear, good creature' with a noble mistress, toward whom not only the self-love of vanity, but a much better feeling, unquestionably drew the heart of our heroine. Happy was she, when, in the midst of many enquirers on the subject of supplies, 'the dear, good old king,' and the slice of beef, the manner in which his majesty handled his knife and broke his bread, rose to her mind, and flowed from her lips: it seemed to be *beef and bread* to her, and the recollection gave flavor to the potation she denominated tea, and substance to the aerial wafers called, *par excellence*, 'her own light cakes.' How fully were her few visitants aware of the justice of the appellation!

The time at last came, when the duke died of old age. The family then returned, and the great show-house succeeded to the little show-house, when Mrs. Cranford became Mrs. Walter Weatherall, and presided at the head of the longest second table in the kingdom. Women have a happy facility of change in their characters; and it was really astonishing to see with what ease the bride slipped into her new name, her great chair, rich silk dresses, and laced linen. Unquestionably she must have cast 'a longing, lingering eye' over the dishes which disappeared as by magic, under the hands of her new subjects, and from habit trembled for the warts of the morrow; but she made herself rich amends for the mortification of submitting to these depredations by her increased importance with the higher powers. Her private communications with 'certain persons,' her power of 'procuring audiences,' her anxiety on the settlement of the younger branches, especially those whom she denominated her *own* children, undoubtedly repay her for wasting health and almost life in toil and solicitude,—for unmerited obloquy and the pressure of actual poverty.

One thing is at least certain, that her thin spare form and care-worn, though care-concealing, visage, from which the graces of early life were prematurely banished, are now acquiring rotundity and resuming youth, and that she has ceased to recommend water as the only wholesome beverage, or decry strong tea as a vegetable poison. Having no longer any trouble, excepting that of general control over the 'officers of the mouth,' in such an extensive establishment, she generally suffers those affairs to proceed according to precedent, affects to take all things with ease, as one *accustomed* to abundance, and shows due pity for those who are attached to persons in narrow circumstances. It is true, that times will come when something 'rotten in the state' awakens her just reprobation; and then the old leaven appears in Philippics of no common force and pungency, too often seasoned with such anecdotes as, whilst they prove her abilities, prove also the cause of their exertion, which she is so desirous of expunging from all remembrance.

Farewell, worthy Mrs. Weatherall! In an age which frequently and justly complains of the selfishness, extravagance, and worthlessness of the race to which you belong, it is something to know one genuine disciple of the old school of servants, who really served 'for duty, not for meed'—one who not only rendered her virtues, but her vices, serviceable to her employers, was avaricious without selfishness, and faithful with few and distant hopes of reward. Long may you continue to enjoy unbounded confidence from those above and due homage from those below! Long may you walk forth with your white wand to show Titians and Domenichinos with the airs of a connoisseur and the precision of a blue-stockings lady, arrayed in that well-earned finery which, in the days when such things are usually most tempting, you had the wisdom to despise! Let others remember the time when you corrected the gluttonous proclivities of pigs and the bolting of thoroughbreds; when your chicken breasts suggested instead of merry thoughts, and your table beer precluded any call for spring physic; when you fed young noblemen on yeast dumplings, and gardeners on butter-milk, substituted thin flank for sir-loins, and made minced pies of chopped lights, which blew up in the oven. Your biographer will only

remember that, even then, the very requisites you took for exhibiting the fair scene of your operations, were appropriated to the purpose of finding pocket-money for lord — at Eton, and for his brother on ship-board.

#### CONTRAST BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND IRISH, IN THE LOWER CLASSES OF LIFE.

THE essential difference of character (says a writer from the lately-colonised district of Cuneinara) has been brought into very amusing contrast by the English servants and laborers, who are among the latest importations to this new settlement. The Irish show none of the curious pride which might be expected from *aborigines*; and the English, while they call them 'the strangest people in the world,' yet add, 'they be very good-natured though.' The natives very contentedly yield precedence to the invaders, and appear, indeed, naturally inclined to treat them with the respect due to superiors; yet, in the variety of contrivances to which a new colonist is obliged to have recourse, their own peculiar talents are often placed in the brightest light. Their quick ingenuity of character, which adapts itself to all circumstances, and finds a remedy, either bad or good, for all misfortunes, often comes in aid of the steady perseverance and plodding regularity of the Englishman. The want of proper implements, and the loss of usual comforts, drive the new settlers almost to despair, while the old inhabitants, nursed by want, and educated by poverty, have been accustomed from their infancy to a life of expedients, and, having no idea of the neat cottages and well-cultivated farms of Hampshire, can scarcely be supposed to sympathise in the distress occasioned by the loss of what to them must appear to be the luxuries rather than the necessities of life. A bad potato harvest brings with it a greater extent of real suffering than can easily be comprehended by the English peasant; and those who thus feel themselves continually liable to be starved, will not think much of any smaller privations. If they have turf and potatoes enough, they reckon themselves well provided for: if a few herrings, a little oatmeal,

and above all, the milk of a cow he milks, they are rich, can enjoy themselves, and dance with a light heart after their day's work is over, though they are all the while objects of pity to their more fastidious neighbours.

The difference in the strength of an English and an Irish laborer is very remarkable, but surely not surprising. Can it be expected that a diet of potatoes and water should give the same physical support which an Englishman derives from wheaten bread and vegetables, with the addition of meat occasionally? Can it be expected that the Irishman, who works as hard as any one upon English food, should do as much upon the meagre diet of his own country? The probability is, that under equal disadvantages, an Englishman would lose his natural strength, and gradually be brought to the level of his neighbours; and indeed we have an instance of this among our own people. A young Englishman came over, many years since, to a relation of his mother. That friend died upon his arrival, and he was left to support himself by his own industry. He was then sixteen, strong and healthy; he never rose beyond the situation of a common laborer, and has told me, that after living and working, like the rest of the peasantry, for eight or ten years, his strength at six and twenty was not equal to what it was upon his first coming over. Such, indeed, must be the natural consequence; for it cannot be doubted that the present diet of the laboring classes, in this part of Ireland more especially, where they have not the addition of oatmeal, is insufficient for the support of a hearty laborer.

Three or four Irishmen were lately employed in removing a huge stone, or rather a piece of rock. The noise or the hallooing was heard, which generally takes place among them upon occasion of any unusual exertion. An Englishman was passing at the time; a powerful man, upwards of six feet high. 'What's all this about?' cried he, in a blunt, almost a surly tone. 'Where's the need of all this jabbering? If you must talk, why don't you say what can be understood?' and pushing them aside, to their great surprise, he, without any assist-

ance, lifted the stone into the sledge. I laughed when the story was repeated; for it reminded me of the silly Frenchman, who condemned the English language as having so little connexion with the real nature of things. '*Pain, c'est tout simple; cela veut dire pain—mais ce bread, qu'est ce que veut dire bread?*'

The haughty and imperative tone in which the Irish gentlemen are too much accustomed to speak to their inferiors, has been very much resented by our English strangers. The question which has been rudely and peremptorily put, they have occasionally disclaimed to answer, arguing, that he could be no gentleman who would speak in that manner. An Irish landlord, when he is neither canvassing for an election, nor has any particular point to carry, shows none of that courteous urbanity which is so commonly exercised toward the English poor. The ragged barefooted tenant who meets his landlord on horseback, and has a petition to offer, will run by his side, telling the tale, and directing his eye alternately to his honor's countenance and to the ground, that he may avoid the sharp stones that lie in the road, while his honor rides carelessly on, nor thinks of checking his horse to attend, for a few minutes, to his breathless petitioner. You may imagine how the lofty bearing of an English spirit revolts from such 'proud contumely.'

A ray of the new light has, however, fallen upon this part of the new system, and there is a marked difference in the manners of the rising generation. The young men who have been educated in England imbibe something of English feeling, and are inclined to cherish that spirit of independence in the tenantry which would be alike beneficial to both parties. If the peasants were raised to that rank in society which, with reference to the civilisation of the upper classes, they ought to occupy, the respectability and the opulence of the landlords would naturally be increased. But I must beware of treading on a shaking bog—we can see the evils by which we are surrounded; but by what causes they have been brought upon us, or by what means they are to be removed, is not so easily ascertained.

## SCENES IN THE CENTRAL PYRENEES.

I APPROACHED (says the author of the second series of *High-ways and By-ways*) the edge of a chasm, the most appalling that I had ever beheld; one formed, as I thought, in a moment of Heaven's deadliest wrath against the world; looking as if the ireful stroke of a thousand concentrated thunderbolts had split the whole body of Mount Arbizon, from its summit to its roots, and torn open and scattered down to the vale the huge rocks that lay buried deepest in its heart. In my breathless curiosity to look over the chasm, I had lain down on my face, and crept cautiously along to its vast and broken edge. With one hand twined in the roots of a thick tuft of rhododendron, and the other grasping a jagged piece of granite that stood out over the yawning depth, I cautiously gazed down into it. Shivered fragments of rock of immense magnitude, wrenched as it were from their hold in the earth, first caught my view. Some appeared in the very act of falling down, as they hung balanced in the ocean of the air by a slight isthmus of clay and stone, which seemed waiting the first storm-gust to sever it across. Other enormous masses toppled over the abyss, from projecting ledges of earth, not a hundredth part of the size of the crags they supported. A few wild flowers and shrubs, dangling from the irregular sides, gave a horrid air of animation to the scene, and looked like living victims suspended over the chasm. One solitary pine-tree, with broken branches and withered stem, hung out over the side. Its roots were bare, all but three or four fibres, by which it seemed to cling tremblingly to the cliff where it had been self-planted, as if conscious that the next shower of rain would wash away its scanty bed of earth, and precipitate it down below. The whole perpendicular face of this gulf was seared and shivered by the lightnings of countless ages and innumerable storms. Not a living thing was in sight, but two or three eagles that flashed through the sky far beneath me. The clouds rolled away thousands of feet below, and hid the tops of many a smaller hill—for I was then on one of the highest points of the Pyrenees. Every thing farther down was lost to me, in the solid mist that seemed settled in the shelter of the ravine. I looked up and saw nothing but the thick haze of dawn, for

the sun had not appeared over the distant edge of the horizon. That obscured the Pic du Midi to beyond its plateau rising. I viewed, instead of it, this scene of harrowing desolation. I started back from the precipice, recovered my feet, and hurried off down the smooth eastern side of the mountain. On another excursion (says the same writer), I gazed around me, and was pleased to see the mists rising gradually upwards, and leaving the bottom of the valleys clear. I distinguished the little river which had narrowed as we mounted towards its source, and the still smaller streamlets that trickled down towards it, like skeins of silvery tissue hanging on the heathy mantle which covered the mountain. A fresh breeze came from the eastward heralding the rising sun, and I marked appearing above the horizon those pre-lusive beams which he sends out, as *avant-couriers*, to clear his path along the ways of heaven. I and my companions paid, in silence, our homage to the sovereign whose love we were hurrying to attend. The vapors kept pace with us at first; they mounted beside us for a while, but soon outstripped our progress; and, as they left all clear before us, we saw them blending gradually with the clouds, which had already taken their high stations close to the mountain's summit. As the light increased, a gradual tone and appearance of security seemed to accompany it on the earth. The howling of the wolves, and the barking of the shepherds' dogs, which had kept concert during the night, now gave place to the hum of insects. Some eagles, sure of their way, came floating down through the air, and seemed to pierce with keen gaze the deepest recesses of the vale. The wild flowers opened their bosoms, and freely shared their fragrant scents with the breeze, that kissed them as it passed upwards. All nature began to robe itself for the coming ceremony. The grey clouds assumed a variety of tinges of many brilliant colors. The peaks rising here and there above them shone in roseate hues, and the snow-heaps that lay on their granite beds were covered with a deep blush of blended crimson and purple. I hurried breathlessly forward, for I feared I should be late. I found that nature was too quick for me. I saw the horizon covered with the yellow streaks, on whose steps the sun treads so quickly. His dazzling beams were fast

piercing up the skies, and the west of Heaven was glowing in all the splendid mixture of bright colors which it catches from reflection. I hastened on still faster. I had taken the lead of my companions. I did not look at all before me, until, enveloped by thick mists, and losing all sight of the beautiful panorama around me, I found that we were actually in the clouds. A pang of disappointment was my first sensation, but I did not pause in my career. I heard my guides calling to me that I was mounting too high from the path; but I replied that I would soon rejoin them. They paused, and I rushed on. I hoped still to find an opening through the vapors to catch a glimpse of the world below me, blazing in all the splendor of the fully-risen luminary. The mists told me that my hopes were vain, and that the moment was past; for they were all at once illumined with a sudden rush of brightness, that gave to every particle of which they were composed a silver brilliancy, and seemed to throw a glow of warmth into the atmosphere. A few minutes more led me to the confines of this bright veil. The pointed peaks of the mountain began to appear—then the blue heaven above—and, in another step or two, I had passed the edge of the mist. I looked round, and felt a thrill of awe shoot through me, as I gazed on the solemnity of the scene. As far as the eye could penetrate the apparently boundless extent, a wide ocean of thick clouds alone was visible below me, and the spotless vault of heaven above. Not the slightest sign of earth, or of man, was within view. The heavy mass of congregated vapors, in their millions of invioluted folds, brought at once to my mind the notion of the universal deluge,

when the world of waters swept majestically along, crushing and burying all traces of animal and vegetable existence. I imagined the last of living victims flying from the coming flood, and hurrying his tottering steps to the summit of the highest hill. I retreated involuntarily upwards, and could have fled in the midst of my abstraction, had not the outbursting of the glorious sun given a new and splendid character to this most wonderful scene. He rushed up rapidly from the mass of clouds into the clear blue heaven. He flung no beams around him. Nothing existed as a groundwork to throw them out into shadow, or mark their palpable touch. He was a ball of single and intolerable splendour. My gaze was instantaneous, and had nearly blinded me. I covered my eyes for a moment, and when I looked again the whole ocean of clouds was as a multitude of wreaths of snow, wrapped one over the other in folds of dazzling whiteness. The scene was too splendid and too sublime for my continued gaze. I turned in search of relief, and caught, to the southward, the wide extended chain of mountains spreading to the right and left, and lost in the imperfect light of their far distant limits. Barren and desolate as they looked, there was still something in them which spoke of a nature that was not strange to me. They were palpable realities that recalled me to the world, and brought home to me associations of humanity. I looked on them in all their venerable magnitude of form and extent, enthroned on earth, and covered with the glow of heaven. In all my reverence for their mightiness, I was never so impressed with it as now.

## Music.

AMONG the concerts which enlivened the country in the autumn, that which took place in the capital of Scotland not only claims our notice, but demands our approbation. The pieces were, in general, well selected, and admirably performed. Madame de Begnis sang in such a manner as to give full effect to the meaning of the English words, while she pronounced them with that propriety which her auditors did not altogether expect; but her Italian effusions seemed to afford greater delight, and the exertions of her husband and of Braham were also highly applauded; and Miss Goodall vied with Miss Stephens in taste and spirit. The result of the whole entertainment, in one respect, did not give satisfaction; for the demands of the principal singers were so exorbitant, that the charitable institutions derived little benefit even from this attractive festival.

The musical publications which appear to be most worthy of mention are the following.

The veteran Cramer has favoured us with *Ten's Hurcuz*, a fantasia for the piano-forte. It is pleasing and tasteful, but not in his best style.

The *Variations for the Harp*, adapted to the air, 'Where the bee sucks,' are creditable to the skill of Mr. Chipp, who has called into use passages of moderate difficulty, and arranged them with taste and even novelty. The same composer has evinced less judgment in a fantasia, in which he has introduced the air, 'Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd;' for some of his variations are inconsistent with the character and design of the melody.

Mr. Lilycrop, in adapting to the same instrument the *Grand March in Rossini's Lady of the Lake*, has given a faithful version of a favourite piece, with some modest additions.

Bochsa's *Selection of Airs from the Opera of Clari* will gratify the players on the harp and flute, for whom he has arranged them in a judicious and not difficult manner.

A *Serenade for the Piano-Forte*, by

Mr. Hewett, is rather pretty and easy than forcible or striking. It is followed by a *Thema*, which displays greater variety.

*Calder-House, a Divertimento*, by Mrs. Nightingale, is an agreeable piece, in which the well-known air, 'Auld lang syne,' is happily introduced. He has also skilfully arranged the chorus in the Messiah, 'For unto us,' as a duet.

Mr. Moore, the poet, has adapted some airs of Crescentini and Bishop to his own poetry; namely, to the ballads of 'Poor Wounded Heart,' and 'My Heart and Lute,' and to the duet of 'the Pretty Rose-Tree.' The words and the music agree remarkably well.

*Le Carillon du Village, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and an accompaniment for the Flute*, by Mr. Latour, cannot be recommended to performers as an easy piece; but its difficulties will yield to perseverance, and its graceful melody will then sufficiently appear.

Hummel's *Waltz-Rondos for the Piano-Forte* are marked by ability and taste; and a *Rondo by Ries* is very pleasing, without presenting such obstacles to the player as many of his pieces confessedly offer.

Novello has published the *Evening Catholic Service, including the whole of the Gregorian Hymns, newly arranged, with an accompaniment for the organ*.—In his display of the old church tunes, he has strictly adhered to the original melodies: but in order to give a greater variety of effect to these fine specimens of the solemn ecclesiastical style, he has harmonised each verse in a different manner; and the work will be found to combine almost every species of style, from the simplicity of early times to the elaborate artifice of modern composers.

*Forty-eight Overtures, composed by Handel*, have been well arranged by Mr. Watts, for the organ or the piano-forte; and the work cannot fail to be very acceptable to the admirers of classical music.

## Drama.

## DEURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE management of this house has lately performed some of his best characters with an alertness and vigour scarcely impaired by the progress of age; and he has not only brought forward some popular pieces with new assignments of character, and various alterations of form, but has produced a novelty in the shape of a musical farce, and also a splendid spectacle. On the revival of the *Maid of the Mill*, Mr. and Mrs. Bedford were the representatives of Giles and Patty, and both were gratified with applause, to which, however, the lady was rather more entitled than her husband; for her performance was marked with an appropriate simplicity of manner, and her singing was pleasing and tasteful. Mrs. Waylett, as Fanny, was arch and lively, without coarseness or vulgarity. According to the custom which now prevails, several new songs were introduced, in which Mr. Horn, the Lord Aimworth of the evening, displayed scientific skill, delicacy, and grace.

The favourite play of 'As you like it' has been embellished with musical accompaniments; but, though some of the airs are delightful, they are not all characteristic or well connected with the piece. Mrs. Yates acted Rosalind on this occasion, and observed the due medium between flippant forwardness and insipid tameness. Mrs. Bedford, in the character of Celia, was not sufficiently animated; but Mrs. Orger was an excellent Audrey. Macready's Jaques was an able and dignified performance, while Wallack's Orlando, though respectable, did not give general satisfaction. The part of Old Adam was well sustained by Terry, and Harley was a very good Touchstone. The last performer has endeavoured to rival Munden in Autolycus, in the *Winter's Tale*; but he has not so fully identified himself with that character. The Perdita who then appeared was the younger Miss Paton, who acted with vivacity and spirit. In the opera of the *Siege of Belgrade*, Mr. Sapio, the well-known singer, appeared for the first time as an actor. He has a good manly figure and an expressive countenance; his voice possesses sweetness and variety, if not that compass of which Braham may boast; his taste and skill few will be

disposed to deny; and his acting is more judicious, and also more spirited, than the public in general expected to find it. Beside the Seraskier, he has performed the part of Prince Orlando in the *Cabinet*, with great applause. On these occasions Miss Stephens was the Lilla and the Floretta. In the latter character, she evinced an improved style of acting; and, in the song, 'the Bird in yonder Cage confined,' she mingled traits of arch humour with fascinating melody. Mr. Downe, a provincial performer, who had failed in Sir Peter Teazle, acted Peter in the *Cabinet* with success.

The new musical entertainment, called *My Uncle Gabriel*, is not destitute of merit and attraction. The most important personage in the piece is an old stock-broker, who, knowing that his niece will be rich, resolves that no person shall marry her unless he can prove that he is in possession of 20,000 pounds (the amount of her fortune), or can produce the written consent of her uncle to the union. Her lover is lieutenant Sutton, who, not being able to comply with the former proviso, employs his friend Jack Ready to procure the desired document by disguises and tricks. Gabriel at length falls into the snare, and the officer obtains the prize at which he aims. The performers, more particularly Terry, Harley, Knight, and Mrs. Orger, strenuously exerted themselves in behalf of the author, who, we understand, is Mr. Parry the composer. The music which he has furnished is pleasing, though we cannot say that it is entirely new.

A grand oriental drama has also been performed at this house. It is styled *Hafed the Gheber*, being borrowed from Moore's poem of the *Fire-Worshippers*. Some of the scenes are taken from the *Enchanted Courser*; but striking additions have been made to them. The music, by Cooke and Horn, is appropriate and well executed, and the whole performance may be considered as an agreeable entertainment.

## COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Rowley's altered comedy is so amusing in itself, and so forcibly recommended by the ability with which it is performed, that it continues to please and attract. The comedy of *Charles the Second*, the opera of *Clari*, and the *Imitations* of







*Private Concert Dress*

*Designed by Miss Phipps & engraved for the Ladies Magazine VII 1871*



*Carriage Dress.*

*Invented by Miss Pierpoint, & engraved for the Lady's Magazine. N<sup>o</sup>. 1024*



Der Frieschutz, also divide the public attention with the standard plays of Shakespeare.

On the 3d of this month, a new tragedy, bearing the title of *Rauenza*, was offered to general notice. Having already stated the subject and the chief incidents of this piece, we now only advert to the acting. Mr. Young, in this respect, bore away the palm; for he represented Cesario with great force and efficiency. Miss F. Kelly, as Giana, was occasionally pathetic and interesting; but sometimes she was too tame and inanimate. Miss Lacy, who personated Camilla, the duke's mistress, displayed greater energy than the heroine, and manifested that proficiency which arises from progressive study and experience.

Cooper, as the artful minister, was respectable, and Bartley ably represented the father of Giana. The two first acts seemed to please; but, as the interest was not well sustained in the sequel, the audience declined into that languor which disappoints the eager hopes of an author; and indeed the piece, though it was allowed to be repeated, was unsuccessful.

The *Frozen Lake*, which first appeared at the English Opera-house, has been very effectively performed at this theatre. It has assumed a more splendid form in its arrangements and decorations; some charming pieces of music have been introduced in its progress; and to the acting of Jones and Miss Tree great praise is unquestionably due.

## Fashions.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

#### PRIVATE CONCERT DRESS.

DRESS of marshmallow-blossom colored crape, with detached trimmings at the border, formed of upright folia & stripes, in *chevaux de frize*, of the same color and material as the dress; a row of this trimming is placed just beneath the tucker, and in front is brought lower, forming a kind of pointed festoon: the tucker consists of a full plaiting of tulle. The sleeves are short and of the melon kind, trimmed round the arm, next the elbow, with a row of blond. Armenian turban of Indian rose-color, with three elegant gold *esprits*, placed one above the other, leaning to the right side, at the base of which is an ornament of gold. Ruby necklace and earrings, and gold chain, with a ruby cross depending. Antique bracelets of wrought gold, worn over the gloves.

#### CARRIAGE DRESS.

Velvet pelisse, the color of the Parma violet, bordered with the fur of the grey squirrel, and muff of the same. The pelisse made without a collar, and surmounted by a ruff of Urling's lace. Cornette, with full lace border, under a black velvet bonnet, lined with pink, and crowned with a superb plumage of black feathers, two of which droop over the right side. The ornaments worn over this pelisse are a rich gold chain and watch, with valuable seals and other trinkets depending.

To the taste of Miss Pierrepont, we are indebted for the above fashionable dresses.

#### MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

The twelfth month of 1824 now brings our calendar to its close: the bleak and dark appearance of December's short days is soon succeeded by the brilliant evening, where, in the warm apartment, with the cheerful fire, the closed shutters, and drawn curtains, we forget the storm that may rage without, and behold only the dazzling lights,

shining over the festive board, adding eclat to beauty, arrayed in all the attractions of fashionable costume: while the thronged evening rout, through a suite of splendid drawing-rooms, the private concert, and the midnight ball, display, in the attire of our fair countrywomen, every diversity of taste, elegance, and magnificence.

Thus, in the chill, wintry season, the art endeavour to compensate for the pri-

various of spring and summer's *natural* beauties; and, from the above-mentioned sources, we are enabled to lay before our readers a correct statement of the fashions this month, and of those for the commencement of the next.

*Pelisses* of velvet or *gros de Naples*, bordered with broad valuable fur, with a pelerine of the same, prevail much for the promenade: when these pelisses are worn in the carriage, and are of dark velvet, it is not unusual to see them fastened down the front with gold ornaments. Though many pelerines are of fur, they are reckoned most elegant when of the same material as the pelisse, and edged round with a simple row of the same fur as that which trims it. Mountain cloaks both of levantine and British cachemire, still continue in high favor, either for the carriage or the morning walk. The long sleeves to the pelisses are very full, yet not quite so capacious as they were last month: they have also mancherons, which are little required, when the long sleeves are so wide. All the walking pelisses are buttoned close down the front; and the row of buttons is generally ornamented down each side with two rouleaux: the sashes are all tied with ends depending on one side.

Heron's feathers have been seen on some of our carriage hats, the only kind of plume that looks well upright; and this seems a favorite method now of disposing plumage, but it is neither graceful nor becoming. The new bonnets, though very wide in front, are of a good shape, and are ornamented with much taste; the plumage, which is of the brush kind, and of mingled colors when the bonnet is colored, consists of short feathers, which are made to play very beautifully among puffings or ornaments of satin. The bonnets for walking are close, and at present are oftener of black satin or figured *gros de Naples* than velvet; but it is expected the latter material will soon succeed: in the present close and appropriate shape of these bonnets for the retired dress in which a British gentlewoman chooses to walk, they are better to be of the same materials which compose them this month. Colored satin hats are chiefly confined to the carriage, yet we have seen one of rose-color on the head of a young married lady, without any ornament, at the promenade; she had simply a white lace veil over the face with it. Velvet puffings are placed on velvet hats, between

each of which is a bouquet of colored flowers of various winter kinds; and this mode of trimming seems more in favor than feathers. The plumage on all hats consist of short feathers, detached from each other, and made to play and wave very prettily among the bows of riband, or the puffs. The bonnets are now seldom seen with the strings or lappets floating loose; they are tied carelessly on one side even if of the latter kind. A few hats of plush silk have been introduced, but though a very appropriate material for the winter, they do not seem to gain much patronage; nor will they while the trimming is rendered so heavy by being of plush also: *gros de Naples*, sarcenet, or satin would look infinitely better in forming the large bows, puffs, &c. of these hats.

Black velvet robes, trimmed in the old English style, with broad white lace à la *Vandyck*, are much admired for evening dress parties, as are dresses of black lace over white satin or rose-color. Silks of various colors in *gros de Naples* and levantine are most fashionable for dinner parties; and white, and light colored satins, are in high favor for evening full-dress. Bias folds, both of velvet and satin, are still prevailing ornaments at the borders of gowns for half-dress; but they are differently disposed to the way formerly adopted: they touch each other and are laid on in various forms. This looks rich and well in any way excepting when they form chevrons, which ought to be more distinct: they are rendered confused by being crowded too close together. Quatrefoils and antique *rosaces* look well on satin dresses, and are very approved ornaments. The half-dresses are made partially high, with the corsage *en gerbe*, the folds of which are larger than usual, and mark out the form of the shape better.

Black velvet hats, ornamented with pearls or polished steel, with white plumage, are still in favor with our matronly belles. Russian toques are of black or colored velvet, and turbans in the Moorish shape, of white or colored gauze, beautifully folded, and with or without feathers, according to the style of dress. Sometimes these turbans are of two colors entwined; but they do not look well, and it destroys that eastern appearance, which renders this head-dress so truly attractive. Knots of riband, and small bunches of early flowers, such as crocuses, snowdrops, and prim-

roses, form the ornaments to caps for fire-side costume. These caps, however, are often seen at the theatres, though we cannot think them appropriate to the dress circle; we must confess we are old-fashioned enough to admire the good old times, when the well-dressed ladies in the boxes, like a 'gay parterre,' added to the splendor of the spectacle.

The favorite colors for dresses, mantles, and pelisses, are crimson, violet, Christmas-green, and Hortensia. For Russian caps, bonnets, and turbans, pink, pomegranate-blossom, Macassar-brown, and celestial-blue.

#### MODES PARISIENNES.

The mourning, though it still continues, becomes very slight, and is much varied. White and black feathers are mingled together on light grey hats, and in carriages; and in the public walks are seen white satin hats with white feathers. At the grand parties given by the different members of the diplomatic corps are seen turbans of light grey gauze, with black flowers, and a bandeau composed of cameos. Dresses of white crape, striped with grey, and ornamented with black flowers, composed the costume of some young married ladies: many of the party wore garnets, and polished steel ornaments. The pelisses are made plain, and without collars. The cold is severe in Paris this winter, and the ladies are well wrapped up; often a mantle is worn over a pelisse, but most generally it is a large Cachemire shawl, folded four times double. The French lady who takes a morning walk merely for health's sake is distinguished by a warm mantle of coating, of a dark color, lined with silk of the same hue; the mantle has two large pelerine capes, the under one falling nearly as low as the elbow. The sleeves of the pelisses are still made excessively wide; the skirt of the pelisse fastens as close as possible down the front, with buttons set very close together. The spencers are all made *en militaire*, so much so, that they have the distinguishing marks of gradations in the service on the sleeves, such as two, three, or four chevrons on the arm: we have seen such distinctions on corporals and serjeants in the British army, but they appear very whimsical on the sleeves of a French lady's spencer. This useful dress for walking is generally worn with a satin petticoat.

Hats are now seen of grey, violet, light blue, and even dark green: they are generally of velvet, and are often trimmed with broad jagged leaves made of velvet. Hats of crape or gauze, often worn in carriages, are ornamented with several short white feathers placed all round the crown, in the Mexican style. A few velvet hats of pomegranate blossom-color have been seen, trimmed with the same material.

The corsages are made à la *Savoignè*; the favorite material for dresses is *gris de Naples*, a white ground, with very broad black or grey stripes; however, many colored gowns of this kind are already seen, shade heaped upon shade in the stripes, and corresponding with the yet lighter tint of the ground. Rose-color stripes are often found on a silver-grey ground, lilac on white, and celestial blue on camel's hair-brown. Bouillons of gauze, fastened by knots, and finished by points of satin; and rows of feather trimming form the favorite ornaments on the borders of dresses. Ball-dresses are made of *tulle*, trimmed at the border with satin points, and worn over a white satin slip. The display of colored flowers in the magazines of the artificial florists are a proof they will soon be in general requisition: and we doubt not but that at the commencement of January, 1825, we shall have nothing concerning the mourning worthy of record.

Dress hats of satin, or of spotted velvet, are favorite head-dresses for evening parties and at the theatres. They are ornamented with blond, bows, and feathers: one side of the brim is shallower than the other, and has a battlement edge; while some hats are turned up on one side with a brooch of jewels. Toques of velvet are ornamented with rouleaux of satin, of a different color to the toque. Flowers constitute the chief ornament on the hair of young persons; and diadems à l'*Inca* of gold, with a row of short white feathers round the head, are in favor for married ladies. The toques and turbans are chiefly black, but they have colored ornaments either in feathers or flowers: the toques are made to discover the hair, beautifully arranged. Gold is much used in ornamenting head-dresses.

The favorite colors at present are ponceau, silver-grey, La *Mallice*, Macassar-brown, barbel-blue, and rose-color.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY has sent some stanzas on the *Lady's Album*. She admits that it is made the 'vehicle of much abuse,' and that it frequently contains 'lines of a trifling kind;' but she adds, in a style rather more poetical, that it

— 'often may display  
The pencil's finest touch and paintings gay.'

'The garden's ransack'd to adorn its page,  
And every trifle sought that may engage.'

Another little piece, by the same lady, extols the dignity of the mind. She laments that iron fetters sometimes enslave the arms, and stocks confine the footsteps, of the brave; but she consoles herself by reflecting that

— 'the mind is free  
To climb Parnassian heights, or cross the sea.'

The Sonnet to Despair, and the Verses on Friendship, will speedily be inserted.

The 'Acrostic on Mr. ———, previous to his execution,' is 'apparently the production of a silly school-boy. We do not believe that any 'prayers were addressed to God' to spare the life of Mr. Fauntleroy, except by his own family, or by those friends whom his villainy had not shocked. We know that petitions were presented to an earthly sovereign with that view; and they were perhaps signed in many instances, by men who, with inhuman inconsistency, would have called down the utmost vengeance of the law upon the forger of a five-pound note, or the coiner of a small piece of gold, if the offender had belonged to the lower class of society. The custom of pitying the most daring delinquents, and consigning comparatively modest offenders to their fate without a sigh, is neither creditable to the good sense nor to the humanity of the age. At the same time, we are of opinion, that even in its most culpable extent, forgery is too severely punished by the infliction of death. We are sorry that the British penal code too nearly resembles that of Draco.

The 'Vindication of Lord Byron' is not so strong as his admirers would wish, and, at the same time, it would be deemed too zealous by the poet's adversaries.

A. C.B. ought again to learn A B C; and, with regard to the subject of his poem, we advise him rather to woo Hope than the personage whom he repeatedly calls *Diss-appointment*.

A *Honeysuckle Bower*, we doubt not, is a very pleasing retreat; but its comforts and joys are not so poetically described by E. B., as to justify our insertion of his stanzas.

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